

The McClelland & Stewart poetry program, supported by its active Board, is committed to publishing Canadian poets whose work engages and excites, and who stand out because of the distinctiveness of their voices, their rigorous dedication to craft, and the scope of their imaginations.

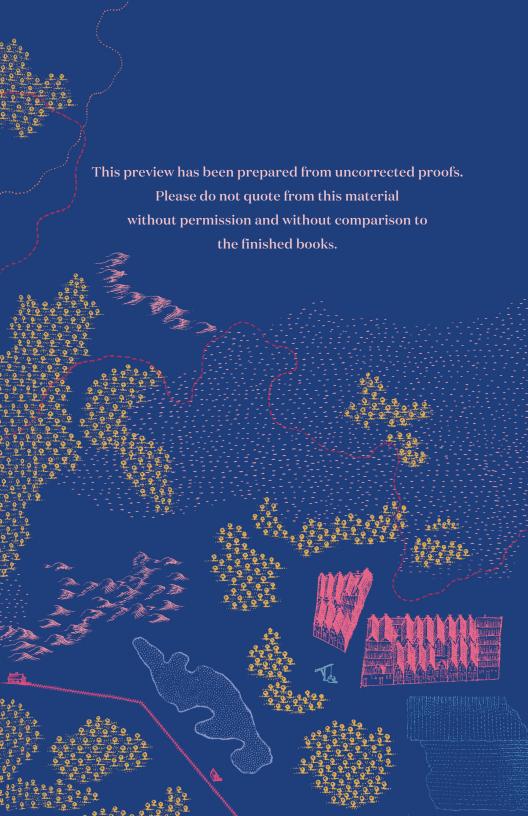


THE McCLELLAND & STEWART POETRY BOARD

Poet **Ken Babstock** is the author of five books of poetry: *Mean*, winner of the Atlantic Poetry Prize and the Milton Acorn People's Poet Award; *Days into Flatspin*, winner of the K.M. Hunter Award; *Airstream Land Yacht*, winner of the Trillium Book Award for Poetry and a finalist for both the Griffin Poetry Prize and the Governor General's Award; *Methodist Hatchet*, winner of the Griffin Poetry Prize; and, most recently, *On Malice*. In 2014, he was named the inaugural winner of the Latner Writers' Trust Poetry Prize. His poems have been anthologized in Canada and the U.S., and have been translated into several foreign languages.

Poet, novelist, and essayist **Dionne Brand** is the author of ten volumes of poetry, including *No Language Is Neutral*, *Land to Light On, thirsty, Inventory*, and, most recently, *Ossuaries*. Her poetry has received numerous awards, including the Griffin Poetry Prize, the Governor General's Award, the Trillium Book Award, the Toronto Book Award, and the Pat Lowther Memorial Award. From 2009–12, she was Toronto's Poet Laureate. Brand is a professor in the School of English and Theatre Studies at the University of Guelph. Her most recent novel, *Love Enough*, was a finalist for the Trillium Book Award.

Kevin Connolly is an award-winning poet and an arts journalist. His books include *Asphalt Cigar*; *Drift*, winner of the Trillium Book Award for Poetry; *Revolver*, which was a finalist for both the Griffin Poetry Prize and the Trillium Book Award; and *Xiphoid Process*.



Roo Borson | CARDINAL IN THE EASTERN WHITE CEDAR

Aisha Sasha John | I HAVE TO LIVE.

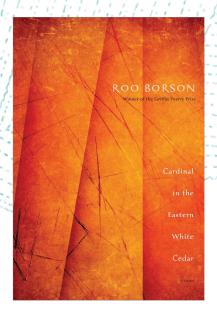
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Cardinal in the Eastern White Cedar

by Roo Borson

After Roo Borson's two previous collections – *Short Journey Upriver Toward Ōishida* and *Rain; road; an open boat* – set the seasons in motion, focusing the poet's mind on time, mortality, transience, and absence, *Cardinal in the Eastern White Cedar* arrives to complete the triptych. From the glittering, classically rendered image to a freighted, lucid, narrative line, Borson's voice can shift and refract while holding true to the momentary facts of the shifting, given world. Her meditations are a kind of fidelity to inquiry, to attachment, to what can't be fully known. Here the distant past collides with the near future, the present opens suddenly into another age, and friendship becomes the measure of time's salience. These poems depict what vanishes, the various modest homes where half-remembered lives all flow toward their common end. Roo Borson has crowned a sustained achievement with a work of startling intimacy and vividness.

On sale: March 28, 2017 Trade paperback / 978-0-7710-1224-2

Can. \$19.95 / U.S. \$16.95 / 5 ¾ x 8 ½ / 96 pages



Roo Borson has published thirteen previous books of poems, including *Rain; road; an open boat* and *Short Journey Upriver Toward Ōishida*, winner of the Governor General's Award, the Pat Lowther Memorial Award, and the Griffin Poetry Prize. She has also won awards for her essays. With Kim Maltman, she writes and translates collaboratively under the pen name Baziju. She lives in Toronto.

"[Borson's] poems invite the reader to embark upon a contemplative journey full of imaginative encounters with death, love, beauty, creativity, and the mystery of the physical world. [Her work] resonates on profound spiritual levels, juxtaposing the mundane with notions of transcendence."

— Jury citation, Governor General's Award

"Here are poems that hold the reader in a deep conversation that excites and calms in turn. . . . Through form, Borson explores what it means to be alive and mortal in the natural world with its ever-present human influences."

— Canadian Poetry Review

ONE

Every Tuesday at 4 p.m. he would come to me, one of the company of the dead, familiar, only now in Montreal, in winter; it would be snowing wonderfully; I would order a coffee and a sandwich: but it had to be a Tuesday, and at 4 p.m., and Montreal, and then, and only then, he'd come to me. And because I had a body, and now he did not, this one among the company of the dead, whom I had known, and thought, though without thinking, always to be present, and because I had grown used to it, I'd order a coffee, anywhere on earth I'd order a sandwich, but it had to be a Tuesday, and at 4 p.m., in Montreal, and snowing wonderfully, and then, and only then, he'd come to me. I'd order the sandwich and the coffee as if with my body his might eat again, and drink, and see; it would be snowing, wonderfully; and though it could have been a Wednesday, in Los Angeles, say, at noon, under the numbing sun, on the street where he was raised.

where we would sometimes
go when I was young, this is how he came to me:
on Tuesdays, and at 4 p.m., in Montreal,
all that winter, until finally
that winter, with its wonderful
continuously falling snow,
and with it, too, my time in Montreal
were drawing to an end, no matter how much
I'd grown used to it, he went with the snow
and did not return, whether on Tuesday,
or Wednesday, or anywhere,
for it was only there that he would come,
and then, in Montreal, on Tuesday,
just at 4 p.m., while it was snowing wonderfully,
that one among the company of the dead.

WINTERLIGHT

Sometimes on a winter midnight I wake

to winterlight, and the past that isn't gone. Driving in winter, two girls on our own.

Late – still only halfway through New Hampshire, on our way to Maine. Stopping in ski country –

barely enough between us for a room – amidst so many well-heeled strangers.

After the steep climb to the second floor, the feel of being parachuted into sleep,

then, without warning, morning sun, the new snow out the windows of the little inn.

Coffee, cornflakes and cream that came free for the asking, before the breakfast order.

From there to here it's one step, maybe two.

Making my way downstairs by winterlight, a half-moon balanced in the pines.

The snow, the light from the snow, is delicate, cold, dense, not deep.

THINKING OF THOMAS WYATT'S "THEY FLEE FROM ME"

Now that I've heard at least half my friends making love (not all together, mind you) – passing a closed door in the hall,

through casually opened windows, or thin summer walls, even amplified once – the pipe beside the stove

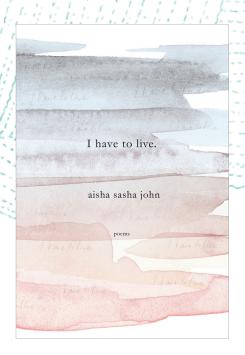
suddenly crying and grunting as I fried the eggs – it's as if I'd dallied with them myself – a little wearily perhaps,

but after, knowing which one whimpers, whose fingers want to be licked. And now that all, or most, are scattered, or else gone,

and the nights, empty of those sounds, grow long, as long as those once but no more well-travelled highways stretched

across the plains, town after town with their motels strung with post-Christmas lights still glistening in the rain –

now, now, what a strange joy it would be, to hear those cries again, to once more breach that privacy.



I have to live.

by Aisha Sasha John

A demand and promise; an obligation and challenge;

a protest and call: I have to live.

Juiced on the ecstasy of self-belief: I have to live.

A burgeoning erotics of psychic boldness: I have to live.

In which sensitivity is recognized as wealth: I have to live.

Trumpeting the forensic authority of the heart: I have to live.

This is original ancient poetry.

It fashions a universe from its mouth.

On sale: April 11, 2017

Trade paperback / 978-0-7710-5070-1

Can. \$19.95 / U.S. \$16.95 / 5 ¾ x 8 ½ / 160 pages



Aisha Sasha John is the author of *THOU* (2014), a finalist for the Trillium Book Award for Poetry and the ReLit Poetry Award, and *The Shining Material* (2011). She choreographs and performs in the feminist collective WIVES as well as authors solo performances (The Aisha of Oz, VOLUNTEER). Aisha's video work and text art have been exhibited in galleries (Doris McCarthy, Oakville Galleries) and installed at Union Station in Toronto (Art Metropole). She was born in Montreal.

"An act of deep attention to the physical self, to the positioning of bodies in the world, Aisha Sasha John's *THOU* takes us on a journey. . . , offering an intimate, clear-eyed look at our shared humanity. Original, funny, sensuous; at once profound and unpretentious, John's lines are a pleasure and a revelation."

— Jury citation, Trillium Book Award for Poetry

"[John's poetry] bristles with an intelligence sharpened on the realization that feeling is a way of thinking. . . . The effect, of looseness carrying and building tropes in a way that explicates and satisfies, while maintaining an air of mystery, makes *THOU* a model of poetic construction."

— Michael Newton, *Urchin Movement*

I sleep in a room.

I store clothing there.
Outside my room is a hallway
That leads to a door
Beyond which
Is a street
In a city
In a world
In which I live too.
I live in this world.
I live
Today.

I'm of a time. It will know its name when It is over

When I am dead this time Will be an object And I Will be an object Too.

That's okay. Right now I am alive And I like it.

My boobies are soft.

There's a vast Coldness behind my waist.

The sky.

I am an angel but I respire.

I drink a cold red juice.

It's Sunday in the truth study centre remember when I was sleeping, freezing And so put my cashmere coat on upside down? And reached down and from the floor of your room

There black and soft inside my grip was a jacket made of rabbit and I made my Face and shoulders smooth in it?

"The Bay Area"

The hallway.

It was a good hallway – light. It had air.

I said to her our destiny

Is beyond this hallway - and

What did we see outside?

A man.

I climbed to his stoop and I sat beside him.

I rubbed his back. He was old

And small.

He was telling me something important

That I don't remember

But I remember that then he said something that made me stop

Rubbing his back.

She said my breath smelled like ice cream.

We went to Golden Gate Park's Botanical Garden and ate them.

And stretched on the lawn

Awaiting their arrival and then they came.

All the while we had excellent timing.

When she stretched her lower back on the grass I took

Photos in which her nose looks unlike it does actually.

I braided her whole entire head on the bench

And she let me

Saying

She felt as if she looked like

Felicia

From Friday.

They affected my hands such that I could arrive at the heat

Her hands emitted to a sensor in my own cold palm that was

Larger than touch.

The goat

He has to bray.

To pull his rope leash in the light.

He did it again in the black-blue sky
Of my leaving.

It is death.

He has to fucking bray

Because he is alive

And

Tied up.

I asked Fadwa what A phrase meant; It had hooked my bad ear and what She said is it meant You should be Shy.

And then Manuela said my buns were horns
Were my tied-up
Sex.
I released them.
Je ne sais pas how to say this en anglais mais
My selves:
I suppose we
Gave me a course
Making our soul of a fitness enough
To scorn you
But not enough to
Not scorn you —
D'accord?



Thing Is

by Suzannah Showler

Suzannah Showler's bracing, intense second collection is equal parts cultural critique and phenomenological investigation. Building on the enlightened skepticism of her much-praised debut, *Thing Is* puts the hashtag age through some much-needed paces. Witty, cutting, heartbroken, and cautiously hopeful, these poems are really about "aboutness" – and what it means to be alive right now. They also nimbly advance the longstanding poetic argument for the value of considered attention: "What follows from / what you know is / not the same thing / as knowledge. Even / when you get it right."

On sale: March 28, 2017 Trade paperback / 978-0-7710-0555-8

Can. \$19.95 / U.S. \$16.95 / 5 ¾ x 8 ½ / 96 pages



Suzannah Showler's first book, *Failure to Thrive* (2014), was a finalist for the Gerald Lampert Award and named one of the best books of the year by the *National Post*. Her poetry and non-fiction have appeared in places such as *Slate, The Walrus, Maisonneuve*, the *Los Angeles Review of Books*, and *Hazlitt*. She is a 2017–2018 Presidential Fellow at The Ohio State University.

"Spiked with snarky wit and punctuated by slivers of tenuous hope. The writing is tight, poignant, and accessible."

— Maisonneuve

"[Showler's] navigation between the funny and the broken is both startling and captivating, and makes us wonder whether the two are more similar than we might think."

— CV2

"Her poems are distinguished by their cultural awareness . . . without losing sight of the human ethos that defines modern living."

— Publishers Weekly

NO MATTER

0

Focus on a deviation and the pattern comes to you – everything original must repeat. See, here's the morning

looking for recruits, sun poking its foreshortened finger in your eye. No matter. Value comes less

through repetition than its absence. The less you see a thing, the more you look for it. They say success

is mostly showing up. Or was that putting on a show? See, I'm pretty good at parties. I've nailed this one

discourse on what the body doesn't have going for it. I'm all: *mind over mind*, *you know*? This is how

I draw a crowd: lots of scribbled circles overlapping. Even I can see this is ordinary. As my own condition,

I'm really feeling myself. Do you see where this is going? No, I mean it. I don't know where to get off.

TURN



The alleys wider than the houses they shadow keep turning up colours charitably described as muted. Meaning, they aren't talking to you anymore. It's hard to stop thinking of yourself

as a fuck-up, wondering whether the plot may turn more interesting with, say, a few sobbing parties for a chorus. Or more nights you follow, maybe even join, as they sneak into the new

day's abandoned warehouse. You, too, could be a part of some crowd of people swimming through good lighting, looking for themselves to turn into something new. Have you noticed

how it's always the same, every city patterned by shadows and colours you forget to look at after a while? Turns out, you don't ever get too far from yourself, and once you've seen a thing,

the only real turn-on is remembering when you hadn't. I know this isn't what you had in mind. But don't you find there's an unexpected charm? To feel for a centre and wind up in the middle.

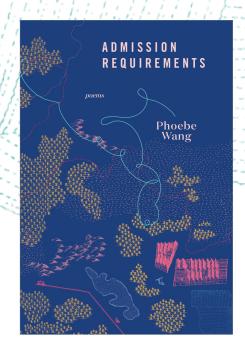
SELF-PORTRAIT WITH IPHONE

Touch a picture of a wastebasket for forgetfulness. A gear when you want to change your fate. This isn't mechanical, but if the tooth fits, there's a bite. I can drag boxes from the centre, swipe to bring on a quick cascade of the new. Each moment arrives like a group hug, a float in a parade. My best dick pic is a panorama, frames feathered across the screen. Nothing to see. No thing to see here.

PREDICTIVE TEXT



Left a note to myself on the counter. Bald side up, it drinks all the light. Fear is, to turn it over would foretell my standing here, not turning it over. The record of last night's me knowing I'd be here, stuck with one foot in the nearest verb tense like a pervert enjoying a soaker. What follows from what you know is not the same thing as knowledge. Even when you get it right.



Admission Requirements

by Phoebe Wang

The poems in *Admission Requirements* attempt to discover what is required of us when we cut across our material and psychic geographies. Simultaneously full and empty of its origins, the self is continually taxed of any certainties and ways of being. The speaker in these poems is engaged in a kind of fieldwork, surveying gardens, communities, and the haphazard cityscape, where the reader is presented with the paradoxes of subsumed histories. With understated irony and unsettling imagery, the poems address the internal conflicts inherent in contemporary living.

On sale: March 28, 2017

Trade paperback / 978-0-7710-0557-2

Can. \$19.95 / U.S. \$16.95 / 5 34 x 8 1/2 / 112 pages



Phoebe Wang was born in Ottawa and currently lives in Toronto, where she writes and teaches. She holds a BA in English from York University and a MA in Creative Writing from the University of Toronto. She is the author of two chapbooks, *Occasional Emergencies* (2013) and *Hanging Exhibits* (2016), and was the 2015 winner of *PRISM international*'s Poetry Contest. *Admission Requirements* is her debut collection of poetry.

"'Best forget / the satellite on your shoulder.' And then enjoy that edge of anxious anticipation as you consider *Admission Requirements*; relish this smart poetry as it outlines the conditions of a diasporic imagination. 'The lineup [she's] stuck in,' Phoebe Wang tells us, 'is moving faster than most.' The 'lineup' is, of course, poetic language, rambunctious perceptions of a mental navigator reciting the biogeography of an indeterminate world. This poetry meets the deadline."

— Fred Wah

TEA GARDEN

Are we done at last with the idea of breaking ground now every bit of *terra nullius* has been subdued?

In the art of cultivating discipline, a grid conquers that unruly yard, those previously landscaped parterre beds so you can commence

scratching the crowded surface.

The messiest part of the business is behind you.

You don't have to bother

with stray, wildling pines, or dynamiting resistant granite faces. Trails blazed by others are guidelines. You can micromanage the dwarf trees,

the low-maintenance partitions buffering your dry island. Think of how you'll displace stalled sheds and fallow holdings.

Of what outcrops, bulks, and props you'll seize to create a natural impression.

Think of where you'll invoke a lake

with white gravel, and whether rafts will float across its quietude or if you'll trek the long way around. To what ends.

SELF-PORTRAIT OF A DIASPORIC SUBJECT

The letters I send fly to their destinations. Inside my cupboards are five varieties of rice: Arborio, brown, basmati, jasmine-scented, wild.

I pocketed two white *azulejos* knocked loose from the *praças* of Lisboa to tip the scales from weightlessness to permanence. One day I'll send for the hope

chest my father dove-and-jointed when I was eleven and volumes of Emilys and Annes travelled with me in economy class. If my black duffle carry-on

was rifled, it didn't issue trouble. I carry the addresses of other women who swapped glazed fathers for advanced degrees in self-sovereignty.

I was born with bona fide blue stamps on my brow that are coveted in thieves' markets. The lineup I'm stuck in is moving faster than most.

LESSON PLAN

Every day we build on the conversation. They ask me the meaning of the expression, and I tell them it's common. I say, "Imagine you're running behind, that there's somewhere you need to be and you've got to get a move on. You grab a coffee on the way like you grab hold of the unspecified things getting away from you – that dredge of sweetness at the bottom of the cup, the rearmost monarch slipping summer's turnstile, your daughter's receding lisp - " The whiteboard charts the model sentences. the arched marks of inflection. "Picture yourself running into an old friend, whose turns of phrase and cool demeanour bring back this very room with its rigid set-up and minute hand suspended as if in judgment. Let's grab lunch, he says, and you chime back, We can get caught up. You're both going places, hedging bets," and in that moment I believe it too, that if they just hang in there, they'll get where they're going to in the long run, in due course, as if my authority could slow or hasten them toward the moment when things don't need explanation.

STILL LIFE WITH DISAPPEARING ACT

First, our footprints. This was to be expected. They had no continuity. They were hardly more than a presumptuous wish, and could be painlessly edited out. Then our secondhand sedan and the trellises wore cloying veils as if playing hide-and-seek with us. When they remained cloaked as cold looks, we concluded they'd only been lent to us, as if we couldn't be trusted to leave The avenue of crabapples forgot an impression. my father had supported their rise to supremacy. The pavement shuddered at the betrayal, but clutched their white bribe. What of the tiny grocery store where we nodded at Maggie's grandpa over his reserves of longan and fresh peanuts? The impassive counters we'd waited at, and been waited on? They lay suppressed under a fine, sparkling glaze commonplace as sugar, but otherwise spared. Not so our timid smiles and frayed bones. We didn't see them go. That was merciful. By morning, the Scottish terriers and German shepherds who lapped at the hems of our clashing woollen coats will circle the craters of silence, making kind and wordless inquiries. We'll fill in the cavities. We'll disayow the crimes. As long as our routes recall our myriad ways.

MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS

Distribution to media, booksellers, bloggers, and influencers
Poetry launch in Spring 2017
Online poetry features on PenguinRandomHouse.ca
National review mailing
National Media Attention
Events and festivals
Ongoing features on www.facebook.com/McClellandPoetry

For more information, please contact: RUTA LIORMONAS, PUBLICITY MANAGER Phone: (647) 788-3978 E-mail: rliormonas@penguinrandomhouse.com

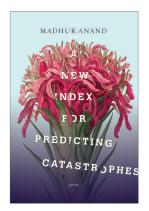
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SELECTED POETRY BACKLIST



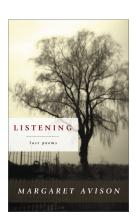
Madhur Anand A New Index for Predicting Catastrophes 9780771006982



Margaret Atwood The Door 9780771008474



Margaret Atwood Morning in the Burned House 9780771008337



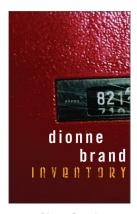
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Roo Borson **Rain; road; an open boat** 9780771012983



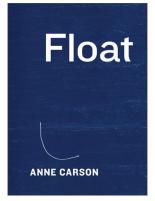
Roo Borson Short Journey Upriver toward Ōishida 9780771015915



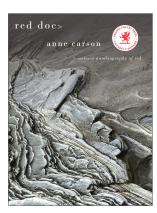
Dionne Brand Inventory 9780771016622



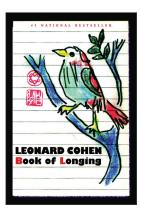
Dionne Brand
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Anne Carson Float 9780771018435



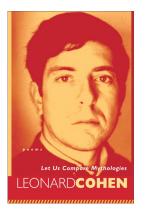
Anne Carson Red Doc> 9780771018213



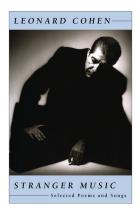
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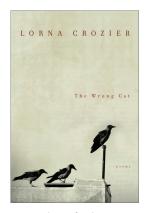
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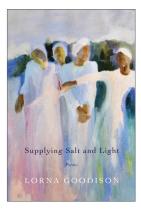
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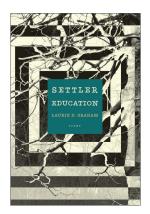
Lorna Crozier Small Mechanics 9780771023293



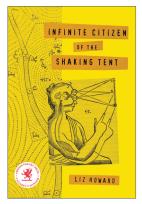
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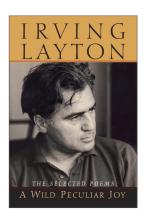
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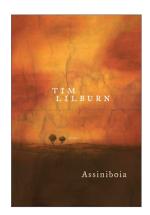


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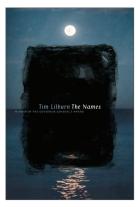


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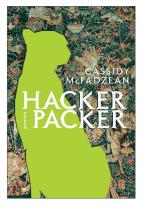
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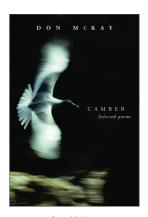
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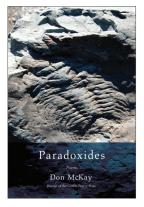
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Cassidy McFadzean Hacker Packer 9780771057229



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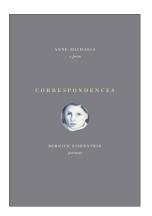
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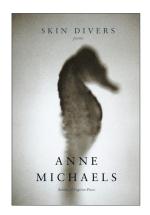
Jacob McArthur Mooney **Don't Be Interesting** 9780771057243



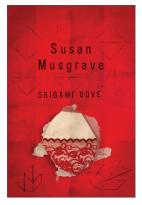
Jacob McArthur Mooney Folk 9780771059391



Anne Michaels; with artwork by Bernice Eisenstein **Correspondences** 9780771056512



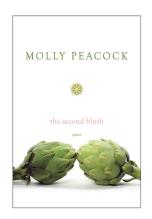
Anne Michaels **Skin Divers** 9780771059070



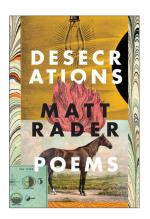
Susan Musgrave Origami Dove 9780771065224



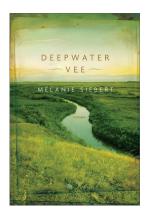
Michael Ondaatje The Cinnamon Peeler 9780771068812



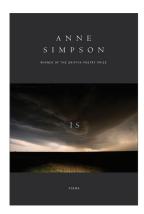
Molly Peacock The Second Blush 9780771069628



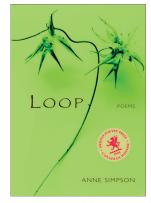
Matt Rader **Desecrations** 9780771072482



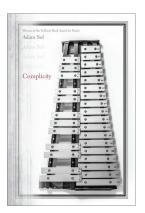
Melanie Siebert **Deepwater Vee** 9780771080333



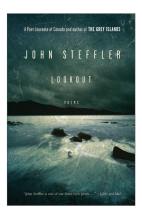
Anne Simpson **Is** 9780771080517



Anne Simpson **Loop** 9780771080753



Adam Sol Complicity 9780771079276



John Steffler **Lookout** 9780771082672



AWARDS RECOGNITION FOR M&S'S 2015 POFTRY LIST

Madhur Anand | A NEW INDEX FOR PREDICTING CATASTROPHES

• Trillium Book Award for Poetry - finalist

Lorna Crozier | THE WRONG CAT

- Pat Lowther Memorial Award winner
- Raymond Souster Award winner

Liz Howard | INFINITE CITIZEN OF THE SHAKING TENT

- Griffin Poetry Prize winner
- Governor General's Award for Poetry finalist
- Alanna Bondar Memorial Book Prize honorable mention.

Cassidy McFadzean | HACKER PACKER

- Saskatchewan Book Award's First Book Award winner
- Saskatchewan Book Award's Regina Book Award winner
- Gerald Lampert Memorial Award finalist
- Canadian Authors Association's Emerging Writer Award finalist

