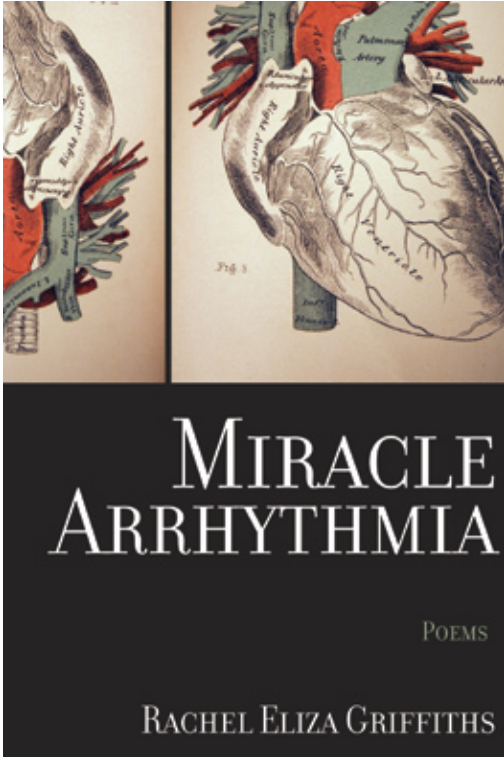


PRAISE FOR DEBUT COLLECTION, *MIRACLE ARRHYTHMIA*,
POEMS BY RACHEL ELIZA GRIFFITHS



“Candid, intimate, brimming with impressively keen and sensuous description, Rachel Eliza Griffiths’ *Miracle Arrhythmia* raises autobiography and personal odyssey to the level of myth and inspiring music. An arresting debut by a passionate, hard-at-work new poet.”

--Cyrus Cassells

For some years now, I have believed that Rachel Eliza Griffiths would be known as one of the most exquisite, powerful, and heart-breaking poets of her generation. Gracious and precise in its craft, unusually expansive in its emotional range, her new collection, *Miracle Arrhythmia*, is a simply stunning volume of poems. Rachel Eliza Griffiths writes a poetry of perfected clarity and profound courage. She is a poet we will be looking to -- for the consolation and wisdom of her work -- for many more years to come.

-- David St. John

Rachel Eliza Griffiths is a poet, painter, and photographer. She received the MFA in Creative Writing from Sarah Lawrence College and the MA in English Literature from the University of Delaware. A Cave Canem Fellow, she is the recipient of numerous fellowships including The Vermont Studio Center, Provincetown Fine Arts Work Center, Soul Mountain, and others.



Her poetry and/or visual work has appeared in Callaloo, Crab Orchard Review, RATTLE, Brilliant Corners, Indiana Review, Puerto Del Sol, Mosaic, Hambone, Lumina, and many others. She is the author of *Turn of Heaven* and *According to Beauty* (chapbooks; Paris Boulevard Press). She lives in New York. For more information please visit www.rachelelizagriffiths.com



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Ode to the Gazelle While I Bathe on Sunday Evening

Gazelle, you are mine. Your corpse
pounds into me like music. We shift
chords in this clear pool of brine & blood. Tears
curve like sharp fish ribs; the drum
under your heart is now an orchestra
of birds. Your faces, ebony, brass, amber
& gold, I kiss. Bones slide down in the white
porcelain tub. You leap from the hunter,
your neck cocked to the hammer, the cry
inside your mouth like a soaring horn
freed from the trunk of a white tree.

O animal heart, I am you
this evening. Green water
makes the hide soft & rutted, mute
brown throat of a river. Gazelle,
my drum, you cannot die. I want to be
more useful than memory, after
the body is bathed with vinegar
in death. I want to be more ancient
than language & hands. Nothing kills
the drum after the skin begins its new life
as a song. Yes, we were once
animals. We cannot die twice.

Possessed by the eyes of life & death, the poems of Rachel Eliza Griffiths are intimate with the earth & its realms of loss & rain, peonies & devastation--& light. Eerily exact in her craft, her powers of story & image both hammer & resuscitate the heart. Many-eyed. Many-brained. We have found, in her, an Orpheus willing to walk through the terrains of devastation & grief to sing to what has ears, still--reviving what others might have deemed unsalvageable. A tremendous & difficult task, one senses that Griffiths loves the world so much that she writes towards all of its rooms & parts--boldly naming what is there. For this & for her many eyes, I trust this poet immensely.

-- Aracelis Girmay



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