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REVIEWS & PRESS

Lewis Warsh. *Inseparable*. Granary Books, 2008.

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Wright, Jeffrey Cyphers. "Poetry Roundup." *The Brooklyn Rail* (May 2008).

Lewis Warsh—luminous waltz. These writings possess an otherness, an alterity that persists as they switch from verse to prose to poetry. The introspective narrator achieves a sui generis quality, unlike anything you've read before.

Sometimes structures surface. "Consecutive Sentences" suggests non-sequiturs, but Warsh pushes the ball forward by repeating words or themes. Similarly, by hopping from pronoun to pronoun in section 13 of "The Flea Market at Kiel," he frames the reflecting pond. The traces we follow aren't strictly linear since "we're changing contexts at full speed." Still, it's clear someone is talking directly to us: "Finish this sentence...."

The poet draws from copious notebooks, making observations that toggle between philosophical and pedestrian. His convincing balancing act admits the proposed and the overheard.

"Or more to the point," the poems resonate. The titles of the thirty-five poems are laconic and catchy: "Flight Test," "Disorderly Conduct" and "Last Cigarette," But the poems are proliferous as Warsh circles his target and reports in from advantageous vantages.

You can get wonderfully lost in these poems where "We float out past the reef & the rocks." Present and past commingle, propelling the words into the future. Memories, places, people and experiences are banked. The poet's steady voice kindles them as he breathes through the lines.

Corbett, William. "Selected and Otherwise: A sheaf of post-April poetry and poets." *The Boston Phoenix* (16 May 2008): 13.

A selection from a longer review:

Not too long ago, I was complaining to a magazine editor that small-press books don't get reviewed in magazines and newspapers. He proposed doing an omnibus review of small-press titles, which is exactly not what I had in mind. Small-press books are just like those published by the big presses — some are bad and some good. They deserve to be looked at on their own and not as part of some publishing category. Lewis Warsh's *Inseparable: Poems 1995–2005* (Granary Books) is a book of mostly longish poems divided into numbered sections. Warsh is playing variations on the serial poem, but he is also a collagist (the cover image of jumbled cut-out alphabet letters is by him) who builds on statements that start one place and end another. These sound something like a bass line that he will suddenly break with a straight narrative — “My father shortened his name from Warshafsky. . . .”; “Once I was a jealous husband walking down Avenue B” — that will pull you up short and concentrate your attention as the poem goes deeper than expected and, often, hits home. Warsh writes believable non sequiturs. He has a sense of humor, but he's no ironist. It is the poems that are inseparable, one from another and section following section.

This is a selection from a longer review that considers recent books by Charles Simic, Jorie Graham, Marianne Boruch, Lewis Warsh, Geoffrey Young, the journal Parnassus and Jonathan Williams . Click [here](#) to read the full review.