



P R E S S R E L E A S E

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Just released: *Halfives*, a chapbook by ANDREW C. GOTTLIEB. A finalist in the 2005 NMP/*DIAGRAM* chapbook contest, this lovely thing, 40pp, is available now by mail or from the NMP storefront (credit cards accepted) at: <newmichiganpress.com/nmp>. Several poems from this chapbook are at right. You are going to like this chapbook, mature, accomplished, excellent.

ANDREW C. GOTTLIEB was born in Ontario, grew up outside of Boston, and now lives and writes in Seattle where he most recently taught creative writing at the University of Washington. He has received grants from the Seattle Arts Commission, Artist Trust, and the Washington State Arts Commission, and his short fiction and poetry has appeared in many journals and literary reviews. He has his MA in creative writing from Iowa State University and his MFA from the University of Washington. He is currently working on a novel.

We would like to invite you to order a copy. \$7 + \$1 (s&h) gets you yours. Or test-drive his work in *DIAGRAM* available online at: <<http://thediagram.com>>.

(Bookstores and press, contact nmp@thediagram.com.)

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Yes! Please send me [] copies of *Halfives* at \$7 per copy + \$1 for postage. I've enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to New Michigan Press. Please send my copy/copies to:

STAND-OFF, BEDSIDE

My grandmother's breath had weakened
by then, brief exhalations lifting slurred sound
out thin, wrinkled lips taut over teeth
reddened with blood she coughed.
We urged her to stop, as if silence
could comfort our watching,
and save her for one more day of sun,
but she fought us and our wait,
talked on as if her words stood up
on their own, pulled on boots with their ties,
marshaled life with a song,
and escaped in the dark with a march.

FUGUE FOR WHEELCHAIR

We'd find my father sprawled on the hard wood
floor of the master bedroom, fallen from
his scooter—as we called it, hoping names
could make things not what they were—and waiting
for us to return home grocery-laden.
I'm okay, he'd shout, and heavy bags of food
would drop. My mother's face. Could she run.
And he, always amused at the refrain
of our concern as if the strains of panic
weren't the dissonance of fear and anger,
proof that leaving home could be a danger.
My parents wrestled with such tasks—balance
lost and found with luck—but me, I simply etched
the record with new grooves. The needle sticks
sometimes; the clinging notes of home repeat:
my father's careless laugh; my mother's pounding feet.

PRODUCE CO-OP

My storefront racks up losses. I don't mind.
Business is a toss-up when you share.
I give change to strangers, love women
with dropped hearts, large purses. A stolen apple
means it's needed elsewhere. Inventory's
useless, only shows the hurts, the broken glass.
My awning still holds water. I'll line the bins,
count soft touches, gentle cup bruised fruit.