

ISBN: 978-1-939530-10-3 trade paper I 128 pp. US \$14.99 I CA \$19.00

POE000000 POETRY / General

On-sale date: March 24, 2020

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At Home with Disquiet I Erin Wilson, Poems

At *Home with Disquiet* takes us on a woman's progress through childhood, early womanhood, marriage, childbirth, divorce, death, new love. Raw, tender, always unsparing, Wilson gives us a mother growing even as her children grow, revealing to her more of the world, dissipating the violence of the self. Total easement is not granted—just, perhaps, a gentler reckoning with existence.

ADVANCE PRAISE

Compelling, urgent, lean, Erin Wilson's poems read as though Emily Dickinson's secret love child ran off to Canada and mated with a wolf.

- Roger Mitchell, The Hamilton Stone

At last, a voice at home with music. A voice that understands rhetoric, simplicity, complexity. Erin Wilson's collection has the range that a dynamic assortment of poems demands in this era. At Home With Disquiet flows like a northern river through the woods and the canyons and homes along the riverbank, its poems like stories, its poems like chants. This is one of the most powerful gathering of poems I've read in years.... Our study is to understand that a new voice has strode across the field, and made its place. Disquiet is solid, mysterious, yet clear as it unfolds in the meadow of her life with children and lover floating past. — Brian Brett, author of The Colour of Bones in a Stream, To Your Scattered Bodies Go (2011 CBC poetry prize) and Uproar's Your Only Music (Globe & Mail Book of the Year)

...Bursting with abundance and beauty.... This is a book of dualities, of not only odes but laments, for the hand that generously gives is also the hand that harrows. Farm life and its surrounding wilderness stun with the "[s]tippled fringe of conifer and a crosshatch of white birch" yet also with the cow, succumbed, stuck to a southbound fence in a winter storm, "one eye a perfect pond / frozen over." A hungry ache, of both the spirit and the body, hums through these poems, and motherhood, that yearslong tightrope walk of plenitude and loss, leaps to vivid life. "It doesn't matter what she makes the fire with. / The mother burns...." This book will smolder inside you long after you close its pages.

— Francesca Bell, author of *Bright Stain* and *A Love That Hovers Like a Bedeviling Mosquito*

In At Home with Disquiet, Wilson gives to us a rich poetic narrative, the sensual and delicate moments of life, as well as the small but profound details of hunger, desire, and connection.... Wilson takes us through growing pains in all stages of life and returns us to the bittersweet sense of home, or as she puts it, "taking the portal directly into being (which ends way past sorrow), / being the willing slave to marvel." — Abbie Copeland, Dying Dahlia

I would call *At Home with Disquiet* a triumph—however, this poetry grants no illusion of conquering or overcoming or divining the essence of whatever it is that has shaped it. With the insight and grace of a resolute and keenly observant desert dweller, Wilson is a Desert Mother of Kathleen Norris' plains, the kind who "leans into herself like tilted kindling... The mother burns." — Nina Murray, author of *Minimize Considered* and *Alcestis in the Underworld*

ABOUT ERIN WILSON

The daughter of a trapper and a cook, step-daughter to a butcher, Erin Wilson grew up in a rural community on Manitoulin Island, Canada. Her work has appeared in journals including *The Literary Review of Canada, Natural Bridge, Poetry Ireland Review* and *The Hamilton Stone Review. At Home with Disquiet* is her first book. In 2019, she was long-listed for Canada's prestigious CBC Poetry Prize.