December 2018

& One Night the World Will Have Changed

Hanna Andrews
andreh2@unlv.nevada.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalscholarship.unlv.edu/thesesdissertations

Part of the Classical Literature and Philology Commons, Creative Writing Commons, Gender and Sexuality Commons, and the Women's Studies Commons

Repository Citation
https://digitalscholarship.unlv.edu/thesesdissertations/3209

This Dissertation is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Scholarship@UNLV. It has been accepted for inclusion in UNLV Theses, Dissertations, Professional Papers, and Capstones by an authorized administrator of Digital Scholarship@UNLV. For more information, please contact digitalscholarship@unlv.edu.
& ONE NIGHT THE WORLD WILL HAVE CHANGED

By

Hanna Andrews

Bachelor of Arts—Literature & Music
Sarah Lawrence College
2004

Master of Fine Arts—Poetry
Columbia College Chicago
2007

A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the

Doctor of Philosophy—English

Department of English
College of Liberal Arts
The Graduate College

University of Nevada, Las Vegas
May 2018
Dissertation Approval

The Graduate College
The University of Nevada, Las Vegas

April 24, 2018

This dissertation prepared by

Hanna Andrews

entitled

& One Night the World Will Have Changed

is approved in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy – English
Department of English

Donald Revell, Ph.D.
Examination Committee Chair

Claudia Keelan, M.F.A.
Examination Committee Member

Emily Setina, Ph.D.
Examination Committee Member

Susanna Newbury, Ph.D.
Graduate College Faculty Representative

Kathryn Hausbeck Korgan, Ph.D.
Graduate College Interim Dean
ABSTRACT

& One Night the World Will Have Changed is a collection of poems largely concerned with thresholds—what does one have to reconcile when standing at a precipice, when grappling with a crisis of faith, and how does one begin again? The collection is marked by three distinct sections: the first section of poems considers the effects of a devastating storm along with the emotional upheaval of abandonment (both the act of having been left, and then later, of leaving behind one life for a different one.) The second section is a series of prose poems that narrate the aftermath in a collective voice, using first-person plural to act as a literary chorus, as a commentary on the often shared but unspoken experience of trauma. The third section of poems is concerned with beginnings and the hopefulness that accompanies new, or re-vision. The progression of these sections, while not necessarily rigidly sequential, contribute to a narrative arc from grief to possibility.

The notion of community is essential to these poems. In the first section, the subject navigates the anonymity of city life while recognizing the communal aspects of urban dwelling, from “belonging” to a particular neighborhood, to crisis management en masse. In the book’s Khoros (section two), the subject is subsumed into a collective “we”—a “city of daughters” who must shoulder the burden of trauma, but find a way to transcend it together. In the third section, the “I” finds community with the natural world, with a beloved, with family, and begins to understand her life as a reflection of this company.

The heart of the book, its middle section, is the Khoros. As it does in traditional Greek literature, such as Sophoclean and Euripidean drama, the Khoros exists as a collective character who provides context, and sometimes direct narration, for the dramatic action. Just as the Greek chorus was a liaison between actors and audience, this book’s chorus serves as the liaison between the lyric
subject and the reader. In terms of the Greeks, however, there was some differentiation in application, as some choruses (i.e. Sophocles’) were integrated within key scenes or dialogues, while others (i.e. Euripides’) served merely as bystanders. Aristotle, in the Poetics, favored the Sophoclean, stating that the chorus should be considered an “actor.” The poems in the chorus of & One Night the World Will Have Changed follow that directive and radically extend it—the chorus becomes the actor and its concerns become the plot itself. The chorus speaks to the reader, but also (and notably) to each other, of its collective experience. While the chorus does inhabit classical traits (homogenous, non-individualized) and the poems are voiced as if speaking in unison—i.e. “We do not sleep”—it also serves to decentralize the traditional lyric “I” and the classical hero narrative by re-authoring the dramatic action through a collective (female) voice. While the classical chorus is a body of citizens whose chief interest is in the protagonist’s success or failure, the Khoros in & One Night becomes the protagonist—its chief interest is in its own reclamation of the heroic.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to the editors of the following journals where some of these poems have previously appeared, in varied formats, and sometimes under different titles:

*Denver Quarterly*  
Khoros (“We will watch the falling whole”; “Which detail will help us see the story entire”; “We practice silence”; “We do not sleep”; “All the deaths in the dreams”; “The prophets say we will marry again”; “None of us can live here anymore”; “In this city one can take a train to the sea”)

*Interim*  
“The night the chorus appeared”  
“& one night the world will have changed”  
“My dreams saw a man”

*Jellyfish Magazine*  
Khoros (“For a while we brush aside all notions of forgiveness”; “How do we describe the shape of our bodies”)

*Nevada Public Radio*  
“The Chariot”

A variation of “Poem for the New Year” (Part I) was published as a broadside by Lame House Press.
for Eryn & Aya

where we are three, through any threshold, by any sea
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT .................................................................................................................. iii

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS ............................................................................................... v

DEDICATION .............................................................................................................. vi

TABLE OF CONTENTS .............................................................................................. vii

1: ANEMOS ................................................................................................................ 2

2: KHOROS ................................................................................................................ 25

3: POEMS FOR THE NEW YEAR .............................................................................. 46

NOTES ......................................................................................................................... 66

CURRICULUM VITAE ............................................................................................... 67
Inlet: Four Questions

Where do you live
in relation to water

How will you divide
what you have been given

What vision receded
as the room
took on form

Which name hatched
in your throat as the sky
disassembled
ANEMOS
Interregnum

Brinked & sensing the wind’s direction, the mind filters lilac, scented hair pomade, color-coded zones, evacuation designs. Hunger trigger, a survival drive that logic brushes off. The body has been so much more in need than now, the heart pulled and quickened past the fissures in the sky, the way something has been breaking for years interior. All the lights shaking through the trees, the signals, the shaking, in waves across the eastern seaboard, in wavering orison, the dream of an offering that could calm the colossus. I have learned that there are many kinds of waiting. Small moon in the scrolling clouds. Neroli at the edge of rain. The map moments before it floods red.

My hands. Divided against the part still transmitting messages into the dark. Those lights, near-roiling. The signals, the signals. The shaking.
Anemos

I.

Sentries saw the orange glow
sneaking under sky veil

felt the air expand & push against
the walls. I stood watching too

the truck downslope, swallowed into
horizon line. All sound dulled

into the atmosphere, seeping &
dark like that, a midday error,

the prophets sending out signals
calling us in from the water

do you know what might be lost?

Some heard their voices
on the gathering wind

& I stood listening too
II.

Danger isn't precise
a hex that looms
in changing colors, hours
of white noise

You said you were just going for a walk

then the world slows down

I try to beautify the threat

*windfall*

*filament*

watch dead leaves scrape & swirl up
from the sidewalk
III.

On the news they are watching Far Rockaway
I shop for peanut butter & water bottles, the couple
in front of me preparing their storm party
Do you remember our neighbors with the same commute—
they had a baby

Evening in the prismatic fracture
off high-rise facades, a collective breath let out
moments before the winds descend
IV.

We were once hungry enough, licking salt from jawlines in the sweltering temple, amp fuzz & one bare bulb buzzing by the staircase. Went home early, unholy. The night before you left town the stoners burnt our pizza & we tried to forget our lives — the dispersal of seabirds at our approach like a fleet of balloons released clear against the evening then, indistinguishable
Dear Emperor

All I wanted was time, blank time—
the ancient books foretold the pull & plea,
the moment myth made on the page
folded over in soft focus of memory

One stretch of afternoon in greylight—
deleting shadows from the plaza,

no palimpsest upon which to crutch—
threw it all into relief. Wear the lack long enough

& anything will fill it: the gulls gliding overhead,
hope for a boathouse wedding, the excavation

of fear, confession’s clean edge. In those arcless
hours, our oaths occluded the peripheral pyre

In truth, we were always already on fire. & the sky
merely predicting its pall: pity a great house about to fall
Pity a great house about to fall: the signs align &
in broad daylight, one of us gets killed a little:

my name misspelled in your mouth, slant vowels
& shame of fucking through the guns going off

outside, waking blanked by dislocation & bargaining
the interior. Is this steady madness by impermanence—

the floating island of our city, its loosening frame, time
shrugged down to a man’s dumb luck, my unfluctuate

love? & somewhere in the mythogeographic trick, didn’t
I float down the Hiwassee, its surface cream-thick & slow?

Didn’t the pretty bartender at the Lost & Found take all
your song requests, just days before the place was razed?

Skylines recast as empty lots, your old haunts gone to bones,
& you drift dreaming of alien fields, unknown homes
In dreams, pursuing alien fields & homes as yet unknown, 
you careless lay the curse upon our own. We once married 
in the mouth of ruin, eucalyptus carried in thick salt air & 
together dreamed an empire there, was it not your choice 
to sprawl your suitcase upon the unmade bed, to itch 
myopic as the between season blew in through bridge & 
tunnel, as your body turned to hull under my hands? 
One plain afternoon I followed you, trained my view to 
the receding form, waited until the sky was waterblack, 
to let loose the long sound wild against the shore: the whole 
unsaid reaching into wind. & if you looked back, even once 
with regret, every greatness of your life will include it. 

A white sail on the willing wind unfurls to mark the death: 
my ghost catching flight, body severed from its breath
Like the body severed from its breath, you in two
realms again, this time in hiding, sunk so low, as if

there’s a place god can’t go. Each day you send me photos
of the underworld; path littered with antique piles, rusted
statuettes of animals, frozen mid-pose. You summon the
oarsman then send him away, prepare a winding soliloquy

while the bulb flickers in the foyer lamp, the wainscoting
cracks in corners & spreads across the hours when I can’t
give up the ghost, surplus of sobs climbing the skin. You
doctor up more images: still life in small rooms, crowned &

bound to duty. I conjure coordinates, as if any current could
carry you home, as if your fate called from somewhere other

than within, the unmothered wound that charts your plans,
forgets the pledge once sealed with our right hands
Not the pledge once sealed with our right hands—
not the image of low moon warming our lake, nor
the bend of my body clinging to your call, angling
to sustain what wisp & echo may remain. How many
nights now am I thinned to a sentence: exhausted
translator of the waning sound & disappearing wire
strung between westbound clouds. At the blank end
of conversation, the air in the room ushers a vision
of the small porcelain ships of my childhood, near-
imperceptibly swaying in the vent’s sudden squall.

I once thought I could hold the ocean in a glass—
(Let go the ships, the sight of glassy shallows after wake)

How what remains is sometimes an indelible light:
may you, heartless, far at sea, drink down deep the sight
& then from down deep drew a site, a city in the mind:
the home that I had made ago, that now-neglected island

went out to survey streets enclosed in scaffold's metal glare,
the trees with thin & empty arms, I head uptown to hear

the poet speak: she wonders at the cost of O's misfortune,
the ease with which he shifts his face for gain. O, profiteer—
your name was Nobody; you could have survived without
testing the border between gift & game, Calypso’s illusion

traded for what you could contain. & walking back, now
a sound brought down, deep string's chromatic low:

Eva, a woman in a window driving forth her bow & so
I stood a while in the traffic of the afternoon. I felt

that funeral in my brain, in the wake of bass's drone,
then came rising from my bones an avenger once unknown
Our kingdom for a song & the next venture still unknown,
I made my way back to that edge where wreck once

troubled up, walked on the promontory since the tide
had yet to touch & threw no curse upon your land,

admired closer shores. The inscape tender, tender yet
but set upon the sight of snowfall moving softly in &

covering the night. & dawn, the world was still the world,
snow concrete against the shovel, the landlord & his

family on a Caribbean cruise: Dear Emperor, they shut off
the power. Dear Emperor, the heirlooms are piling up

as sentimental interest from the old empire. As for
the rest, I confess, I threw it on the fire. No trace,

no sound, no shrine, no ash: that death a dormant path.
& all I need is time, blank time, & love the aftermath.
The night the chorus appeared

& the light lay a white path
across the water’s surface.

Folded into future lucid dreams
where I let go my hand,

fixed outward toward
the illuminated lane: cloaked,

enclosed, & matched the chant
until the only voice was mine.

limestone seawall
madonna della strada

I’ve written this a hundred times
& can’t summon the cruelty

to get it right. You, low in the
loam. Something like endlessly.
The screen flamed out

lengthened across linen
the rest ransacked
Unreliable recall
your frame materializing
at last around the corner
fable of
Magnolia cake
stolen whole from someone
else's birthday party
What fiction was this
shoving letters between books
late from the night commute
What kind of accomplice
my blind belief in
the actor, a stuck grin
eclipsing, then
bleaching the flags
Paradise

That one's a non-starter, sweetie,

& while I agree it was heavy-handed
to find Persephone in the laundromat,

I loved you a little less for your

shrugging off the lowland

a south more floridian than Faulkner.

Maybe you missed

the reeds shushing in the marsh,
calculations made in tiny jaw-muscle
movement—you could neither charm

nor soften her, a non-starter,
rubber-banded roll of dollar bills

in the refrigerator drawer,

unornamented refusals,

a whole conspiracy of heroines:
cinema carapace impermeable

No collars on their necks,

no frail organist compelled
to visions of the master’s face,

his carnival of souls

just a girl in the world, a prayer song

for pulling linens out of the dryer
Nostos

Some small pleasures better
felt alone: rote morning, kettle steam &
coffee. Room thick with no-sound

I live further inland now
who knows what I am capable of
vita nova
the water right before it boils
the moment you run out of the restaurant
recognized

In the months before I stopped wanting
to ask, refolding over & over
blue shirt from the laundry pile

Where the body is & the mind isn't:
you know
To walk away from is no small thing—
every displacement recasts the skyline

The night after you left I walked out of the room &
into the corporate lights & felt ordinary

I didn't ask if grass had grown over iron
what became of the rails behind Wren Road,
the thousand trains you didn't take

Who will you be when the doors close

Who can you say that you've loved

The experience of un-memorizing a face
some murky surface
I have chosen who I am
Invitations scatter across the city,
thickening syllabics of a new nickname bound to stick, napkin portrait pinned to the wall of a cafe

A shower spent in older winter watching ice planks sway atop the lake’s dark surface wintered into location, ghost-lives becoming the people we might have been

In the current sluice rush & retreat, steamed glass & scene: your body receding in a parking lot, beginning to get clean
You say *tell me something* & the only thing that comes
to mind is the pin oak— how I, just moments ago, gathered
its dark, wet branches, managed its jagged ends into a pile,
clearing the walk. You want a different story, the one I’m
crafting from small scraps of prophecy because you’ve left
that job to me, that I might build you back into being,
rearrange your mouth to find the one good sentence
that sustains you. The pin oak stands alongside the
runoff: its leaves, caught in the current, stream
downhill to drain (the floodwater celebrating its own
departure); its small snapped shoots glowing momentarily
orange as they pass under the sodium lamp. You’re
asking for the exigent detail & it is that I am alive
on seventh street, the pin oak is experiencing its
denouement & a hydroplaning taxi drowns you out.
On the edge

of an eve: fight or flight
an imposter face after
a slow dance

The turning of a year
my friends arguing
in the street outside the building
of the writers who got rich
playing poker

bathtub bottles of champagne
silver necks
freezing our fists
in the dark garden

Women who searched the city
variously, in sickness—
the moment before
we grabbed the keys & knew

(final line between you
& your next self)

We walked until we had to sleep
weathered like
you can't imagine

the pink skies

what happens after

the roots loosen at the shoreline
just like you said

when one lifts they all
begin to lift
Aura

An atmospheric condition
for after hours, expectation
of a cool-fingered touch
to the neck
A woman balancing on
the edge of whether
learns her empty name
through autumn-blaze maples
in the unseen gown,
realizes it is wrong
to bear this contract
of transcendence;
it belongs to the community.
We will watch the falling whole—one last act before they lift the scrim & we must orient our bodies against raw framework, rehearse inertia toward the office. Backlit, the moonflowers untwist to reveal starred centers. We didn’t ask to be so public, but our bounty sunk somewhere south of here, so at the harbor we become the harbor. We remember home as the windowangle bearing light on the longest stretch of street, one breaking question in the doorway. We are wronged & so we wander.
The weight of the absentee: we bring it everywhere. No luggage left on the carousel, filling the brackets between arrivals, re-checking the status. We stand real still so we can say we are primed for any subtlety of presence. The mail turns pink, delinquent. Unstick the placard from the directory, blank the inquiries, each sensation from waking. Begin the day remembering to feel appalled by your fixation on young girls’ socks in paintings, portraits of your mother, one blond strand wild across her brow. You left them hanging in the kitchens, you left the girl baring an axe, smiling, some unsettling token. They survive you in places, in other people’s homes. We leave them in closets when the leases run out.
For a while we brush aside all notions of forgiveness, though it wants us badly & makes its case in the meditations. We can’t yet imagine an ethos outside of the daily pacts we begged for, fueled on, narcotic, barrel bottom. Say it when we wake up I promise say it at the end of the line, say it again when the sick rises up in our throats at the apparition hour. We can’t yet imagine ourselves. Who do we pardon for the knee-jerk & repeat, for the restorations when the resources were spent. O we have not lost our lives but all of the materials—
The locus shifts dirty & down: glasses of iced tea with enough sugar to stand a spoon in. Didja think I was just gonna leave you here to die? In the locative: where you are is not where you are from. On the locomotive: snaking through the Rockies’ claustrophobic corridor. Bodies become parallel and veer off the map. We carry shoebox dioramas when we go. We are being followed. Moon haunted. Sending our voices west to the translation machine. *Crack the code of public phone booth vernacular / Think of me in the shower.* In the locative: the brightest eyes we’ve ever seen coming toward us on the off-ramp. In the locative: from the Mormon temple in the heights, all lights. Between the here & no where. Remember when we really filled a kitchen—latitude in the lungs, in the arms’ expanse? In the locative: we are missing. You are missed. There are those who return, sure as sun. There are those who go on, right as rain. There are some who go walking until they are located, scaffolding for miles, then suddenly, none.
We are a natural wonder, morning glory braided into the weeds. We don’t remember yesterday; we just say *scrambled eggs, o my baby*, we had so many fantasies. Go missing. Go blameless. Slip into a red hold. A code on the bulk of westbound clouds, a celestial map as parting gift. We know, we know, your name is still so soft, a mohair halo, a dreamword that melts sweetly when thought into shape. We’re not really demagnetized with amnesia, not post-context, not point unplotted: *how we love your legs!* But how we love our own, too! & our good drugs! & our fool heart! & the warm center we wake back into again & again with wonder, with natural wonder, a little wonder, beyond the echo of your designation, beyond the ocular field of your sweaty dress shirts, our dead pet names.
Which detail will help us see the story entire. In the winter we were carried to the cold window, made small enough to know down to the angles, to the shape of elbow, earlobe, our Concrete Blonde done badly on the answering machine. It snowed four months straight. Trouble your own house & the weather will freeze like an audience: we're all on the wire. We wore someone else’s initials in black electrical tape across our breasts. We were unmoored in yellow light. We were carried away. When they ask why. It was never as easy as. The frame was Swedish magazines. We’ll allow ourselves these thoughts as you allowed yourself your failure.
We deny the referents, shrug off affiliation at the video store, note never to return. The neighborhoods endure beautifully: dogwood flowering, bright sun hanging like a title over the hour we venture to approximate the living. Scooping up a pile of newspapers for the curbside bin, whole numbered days neatly stacked, unattended, our silhouettes pearlescent against daylight.
We practice silence. Soon, the surround around the ears is just din, tinny, drowned by the tritone of the train pulling away. Daysounds loop into private rooms, a low hum lulling us into nonspecific night. We feel cicadic in the corners at parties, underscore small talk with blood drumming, recall thuds from boxes we hauled to the curbs, muted strains of faraway concerts in parks, all those happy families in their leisure quadrants, all that noise blurred past the possible.
How do we describe the shape of our bodies. Unattributed, multidirectional. *This is a crucial time*, we are told. As though our bodies are an emergency. As if they brought the house down. The moonflower vines wrap around each other through the fence, chains in chains. The wide white walks seem built for what’s beyond us. Pollen lilts in the narrowing light of the hour, carrying itself to the next receptacle. We suddenly have the desire to speak in long sentences. We have the sun on our faces & nowhere to go.
We lit the ground around the summer thistle, buttercups to nose tips, pollen smear. Spread towels over the crag, wished for salt hair when the algae wove to our shoulders. Later, when the bar closes for a private party, we stutter out to the street, not so smooth, eventually sprawl over cobblestone. We’re autopilot, rubber room. Counting toward something on the calendar. We use our shadow voices, *sotto voce*, send ourselves roses at the office on all the right holidays. Didn’t spring come in like a chokehold? Watching chemical orange backlight all the buildings we know & those June weddings where the horses pose for photos on the sloping plains, our bodies pastelled into tableau. When the colors turn, we promise ourselves, we’re going to Kentucky, we’re going to the fair. For now, we wait with star charts & faith in the slow fate, a latewalker’s return. We remember you most when framed by the doorway, or when the aspen grove waves mother-of-pearl in the westward wind shift. We spend whole afternoons underwater, drowning in your inheritance.
We can’t remember when time & place converged, perhaps two cities ago, when the flora exaggerated itself & weather made the same day by multiplication. Maybe only one of us was there then. We didn’t travel like this, advancing the plot.
We do not sleep. We think of a faraway place, where the local brewery makes a salted beer in summertime. We watch dashboard footage of western highways, blend our breath with the receding scenic hum.

There was a noodle bar under the Damen blue line. We cannot recall its name. Lot’s wife was warned by the angels not to look back on the burning field when she fled. There was a coffee roastery where we learned to add honey to espresso in lieu of sugar. Lot & their daughters ran straight to the mountain, but Lot’s wife stayed behind & turned to face the city, what she had built there. For her actions she became a pillar of salt.

We change apartments, start going to the office parties, leave shopping bags full of the good sea-blue china next to the public trash. The reel continuously unspooling—speechless after nightmare, speechless after dream. Conflagarations bursting from the peripheries of train platforms, little divorces of the senses.

The wistfulness a man can get away with somehow, that holy broken.

Sometimes Lake Michigan felt like the ocean.

In the story, Lot’s wife is never named.
Maybe the timing was off. Maybe we wanted everything we deserved. Maybe we stood alongside the ocean at night & felt each wave pull around our ankles, recede over & over, touch & almost immediately resist us.

We cease the conjuring of alternate endings, begin to wear colors again, pick up the phone when it rings.
All the deaths in the dreams mean change so we can’t help but fear it. The bodies fall & suddenly we’re back searching the basements of Appalachia. How many hours have we been frantic on the line, how sealed our affiliations with long corridors of dread? We wonder what it will be like to have memories of this, to rise in some version as yet undiscovered.
The prophets say we will marry again, on a beach this time, or in a white coliseum in a snowlit park. No longer blind, we’ll go many-arrowed. We will call each other *accomplice*. 
We are the city of daughters & we will not be attending the party. It is omission season, and every day we come to this: hair shaking free from its pins, a clearing, no attempt to re-strike a spent match. On the sidewalk, where you once hunched, shriveled inside your clothes, night quickens & rain blots the brake lights free from their precision. Ruby blur, serpentine. What we mean to say is that the narrative has rightfully strayed. We only sing for each other. We will not come for you. We have recast the veladoras in our own likenesses, we light our own way home.
None of us can live here anymore. One night we take your money for the last time. We sell seven copies of *Don Quixote* & rub dust off the sill where the lantanas died. Brown-edged magnolia carpets our exit; in the streetlight it looks like a snowfall. We let it blank the walk until the next block begins.
In this city, one can take a train to the sea, so we have come to the water to front time. To witness future fade into peripheries of widest sky. A paper boat must bear the message—its little trailing flame—& moves too slowly away from us. Patch of atmosphere distorts around black smoke licking the air, last ditch, like spending August in those mountains wishing you were somewhere else: rippled night around the fire, blurry vision a pretext for your multiple dark. That long con we had to learn. Goodbye in the golden hour, a pane of shimmerglass at the dividing line, a moment before the light field blinks into particulars again. This is how we refuse faithlessness. How we resolve ourselves back into our names.
POEMS FOR THE NEW YEAR
& one night the world will have changed

The where is sonar, the blip inside you when a friend calls Montana big sky country. The way hope is an opening & you locate yourself in the airport causeway listening to the one calming song that balms the ascent over & over even when the engines begin to drown it.

When you get stuck in Durango, a family will pick you up in town & fix your car on a Sunday. When you circle back home from Independence Pass, the birds may crest over the rolling hills & spread overhead before aiming toward the horizon.

You will second guess it all & ask to be saved. You will be saved. You will draw the right cards & the seer will tell you there is nothing left to do but be where you are. You will learn joy from one who can teach it. You will focus on the flare of Aurora city lights as you push a daughter into existence. Cups, cups, cups, six of wands, the world. But first, you will board the plane.
Weaving through debris

of the flooded battery
abandoned offices
 gilded doors strange against
industrial rubber boots
dirty rivulets
pooling between cobblestones
soundvoid of technology
whole avenues unhummed
two men carry a soaked couch
from the lobby

At night, an errant sock
in the drawer, a fragment
of Gilgamesh
& the collection agents use
your full name
My dreams saw a man

misreading *My Life by Water*,
so I left it there,
the whole error year,
woke to strip the shelves,
Renee in the doorway
saying *this is the bridge*
*where your selves have met*

The idea of fairness
falling away

There is a kind
of distance that lessens
bent under the sun shelter
at Coney Island, becoming
familiar with the sound
of my own voice
in the morning. The way
*you* changes shape & color,
is a specificity, a whole
direction. & I'm sorry
I took so long
*Jaspered sidewalks*

turned to glitter at the right angle, line of lamplight strange against the day, getting longer & bluer: we cannot contain its persistence we are part of the season

The world is wild with messages, fogsteam &
car windshields weeping & that sheen on the branches is so vernal. Gold-thick & blue edged window-view, you’d say *heaven* woven through
Off Franklin

I came to a chainlink fence
where someone had strung
long white letters: we are still here
I couldn’t find a seam
in the story—like I got too close
to something & it changed form

Later, riding the train
alongside the Manhattan Bridge,
ocean froth like hot milk
rolling over in the pan
Paul's Birthday

Because I believe in the precision
of convergence, I cannot come
to the wedding. Your red pants in
North Carolina, my cold beer a salve
in starless Heights—
Early Paul and I
seconds after the broken sky
carried air conditioners in the rain
trying to flag a car
Tonight
I brush my hair one hundred strokes
wear silver, answer the door
Renee’s with someone just here on business
Sam’s in the living room, dancing
like somebody’s crush
Paul’s playing saxophone in his room
where I will sit, with strangers
in the small hours & think
of you, scuffing your shoes
in rings around a barn
Poem for the New Year

I.

A field of vision is its own
landscape. Listen, I should tell you
from the rooftop, the city lit up
like Christmas. Bridges at the edges
& one barge blinking on the river

The others, caught in flashbulbs,
paired off around the perimeter.
My body unheld, wind woven through

If I fix on the water, the lens ripples—
let it unravel in the cold soundless
astounded—held in by the edges

Friends, you are a field of nightlights,
happy new year. If everything that
left me finally leaves me, drawn out
on the drafts, happy new year

& to you, beyond all
scope of my seeing.
II.

There’s a photograph of you going out for coffee—gorgeous victorious while we were sleeping on every soft surface in the pink apartment

Woke in mourning clothes & makeup, eggs on toast Lars von Trier, the day doublepaned, twice removed, until the room flashed in gold dust for a while: spider & jade, illuminated & wintered into memory

Walking home in the epistolary mode, dear ones, greetings from under the moving nightclouds of what I know now were the last days of our particular company, warmly & gratefully, yours—
Range

I.

The days like days again
planes land on patchwork

& the mountain range is already
predicting the season. I left

our fee in the signpost box, got lost
in rock shelves, thicket, dizzy with

shallowbreath, charred air. The way
you said *It's going to be a banner year*

& then we rounded the canyon to see
colored flags hanging off the cliffs.
II.

Resort town strung with
silver cables, hanging
jewelboxes &
cars catching sun
yellow meadow
hides the mountain

Thought too long about
the deep unseen, the names
one must reckon with
in the minutes before sleep
& woke to a hyaline sky
calm pine, evergreen
III.

Worn against the new weather
an old necklace turned verdigris
still makes the poem a surprise

There are streams like sapphires
between canyons, I’ve seen
it all: beyond the condensery,
my life once hinges & squares
dismantling the hours
from their attendant skies

Now glad for this passage,
winding into new revision—
\textit{vista}
Somewhere there is a hymn

that calls you back:
somewhere opalescent
fingers worry your hair
Survey one patch of sky
selective memory
cooling your sunburn
with aloe gel, ice cloth
One glimpse of
the future perfect
the architecture of
postponement: beautiful
vase on the edge of
the mantel, a movement
building to its resolution
I.

City of stone, even the children’s
school a fortress at night
we loved to say *boun-lan-ger-ie*

downhill into the cold, wisps
of chimney smoke & breath
held shoulder-to-shoulder in

the tiny mirrored elevator
No stars but the yellow light from
the cathedral—later neon strobes

in the gutted apartment across
the street, the staggered roof antennae,
like ships’ masts dividing the sky—

I cut your hair. By the fountain
said *yes*, then *yes* again & the strings
were singing the streets
II.

& one morning everyone
left their apartments
wearing International Klein Blue

the bartenders knocked giant blocks
of ice with wooden mallets for caipirinhas,
set small crystal glasses in a row—

Cold fangs still hung from the gutters,
Stalactites from shopwindows,
a whole tree reflected in a puddle

I stood at the top of the stairs
in someone else’s blue dream,
& knew you then, in swelling color

blurred body plunged into a
bed of seafoam, your name
alighting: wingbeat, rapide

Swift-flying love, in two seasons
your life will catch up to
your hurtling desire to be in it
Nostos

I.

The crows flood the oaks &
I could only think of what
Merwin wrote: my one chance
 bleeding from me

then: tulips in the median
for a mile downtown

green hills foregrounding
a line of turbines

tumbleweeds wind-held
to the fence
II.

The mountains make us smaller
than skyscrapers can—

On the edge of the basin
of the Great Salt Lake, the
land crusts over white forever
moonsurface
combination plates, cash only
the economy of a salt town

In western Utah, I meant to notice
everything, but only wrote down
surprise: lavender fields
The Chariot

It was the cargo train brokedown ahead
that stalled us in Nevada. Sudden swallow
of the power going off. Red dirt, dust up
to ankles along the car-length of track.
Vague human material muted against
the whole air rustle though no visible wind.
The fear of here, a pull toward it, like
the great lake, that stretch with a disappeared
question. All peripheral burning away —
I was having the idea of an experience
desert
everything elemental, so that one might be
prompted to ask of the fates, sight marbling
sky with heat particulate, delirium blue,
blink once for safe passage, twice for
I will give you all that you can take.
That the land & the sky can drive us out
That there can be different degrees of alive
Inlet: Creation Myth

The sweetest part is the beginning
when your vision holds everything
you can bear. A field, a postcard,
small aperture of beach
between buildings

When the children are there
& they gather the blankets
when the tide comes in

then run shrieking toward
the foamy edge

Begin again:
remember to be only a point
in the observable distance,

but the brightest one

this time, I carry your names
NOTES

“Poem for the New Year” is for Becca and Kristin
“Paul’s Birthday” is for Paul, LJ, Renee & the golden era of 377 Montgomery Street

“Paradise” refers to the 1993 film *Ruby in Paradise*, written and directed by Victor Nuñez

“Nostos” (section 1) owes a debt to poems by Louise Glück (by way of Dante) and Kenneth Koch

“Dear Emperor”
* Each sonnet’s beginning and ending lines are Dido’s from Book 4 of *The Aeneid*, tr. Robert Fagles. The lines used, sometimes with slight variations are:

  “Not the pledge once sealed with our right hands?”
  “Even if you were not pursuing alien fields and unknown homes,”
  “pity a great house about to fall, I pray you,”
  “and when icy death has severed my body from its breath”
  “All I ask is time, blank time”
  “Come rising up from my bones, you avenger still unknown”
  “And may that heartless Dardan, far at sea, drink down deep the sight of our fires here”

* In the sonnet beginning: “In dreams, pursuing alien fields…” the line “was it not your choice / to sprawl your suitcase upon the unmade bed” owes a debt to Laura Walker’s poem “Littoral”

* In the sonnet beginning: “& then from down deep drew a site…” the poet mentioned is Anne Carson; her 2010 Blaney Lecture on forms of contempt and “selling out” in Homer’s *Odyssey*, Moravia’s *Il Disprezzo*, and Jean-Luc Godard’s *Le Mépris* was the inspiration for the poem. The poem also mentions the second movement *Marcia funebre* (funeral march) of Beethoven’s Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, *Eroica*.

“Khoros”
* In the poem beginning “We are a natural wonder” the line “scrambled eggs o my baby how I love your legs” was John Lennon and Paul McCartney’s working first lyric to the song that eventually became “Yesterday”

* In the poem beginning “What detail can help us see the story entire” the phrase “Swedish magazines” refers to the Iggy Pop song “Five Foot One”—the lyric is “I wish life could be / Swedish magazines”

“Range” quotes the line “still makes the poem a surprise” from Frank O’Hara’s poem “Today”

“Nostos” (section 3) quotes a line from W.S. Merwin’s poem “The Nails”
CURRICULUM VITAE

HANNA ANDREWS
hanna.e.andrews@gmail.com

EDUCATION

University of Nevada, Las Vegas (Las Vegas, NV)
PhD, English, 2018
Black Mountain Institute Fellow, Poetry

Columbia College Chicago (Chicago, IL)
MFA, Poetry, 2007
Follett Fellow, Poetry

Sarah Lawrence College (Bronxville, NY)
BA, Concentrations: Literature and Music, 2004

RESEARCH & TEACHING


2015 - present | Instructor, Department of English, University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Courses: Advanced Poetry Workshop, Composition I & II, World Literature

2013 - 2014 | Adjunct Professor, Department of Liberal Arts, Rocky Mountain College of Art & Design
Courses: Composition I

2011 - 2013 | Adjunct Professor, Department of English, Fordham University
Courses: Composition II, Ethnographic Writing, Postmodern Forms & Movements of American Poetry

2007 - 2009 | Adjunct Professor, Department of English, Columbia College Chicago
Courses: Writing & Rhetoric I & II (including Honors), Beginning Poetry Workshop
PUBLICATIONS

Book:

Journal Publications:

EDITING

2015 - 2017 | Poetry Editor, Witness magazine, University of Nevada, Las Vegas

2010 - 2013 | Content Editor, The Academy of American Poets, New York, NY
Editor: American Poet magazine (circulation ~9000)
Content Editor: Poets.org (1 million views/month)
Editor & Curator: Poem-a-Day series (60,000+ subscribers)

2006 - 2008 | Poetry Editor, Columbia Poetry Review, Columbia College Chicago
Proofreader, Court Green, Columbia College Chicago

EDITING/PUBLISHING

2006 - 2018 | Founding Editor & Publisher, Switchback Books

Book Publications:
Talk Shows, Monica de la Torre; Our Classical Heritage, Caroline Noble Whitbeck (2007)
Pathogenesis, Peggy Munson; Oneiramanes: an Epithalamion, Kathleen Rooney (2008)
The Bodyfeel Lexicon, Jessica Bozek (2009)
The Haunted House, Marisa Crawford (2010)
[ red mistakes ], Jennifer Tamayo (2011)
FOUR, Monica de la Torre (2012)
Manifest, Cynthia Arrieu-King (2013)
A Table that Goes On for Miles, Stefania Heim (2014)
Other People’s Comfort Keeps Me Up At Night, Morgan Parker (2015)
Copper Mother, Alyse Knoc; But I Have Realized It, Crystal Curry (2016)
Reversible, Marisa Crawford (2017)
PANELS & CONFERENCES

Chair/Panelist | “Locked Inside the Crowd and Carried in its Movement: Translingualism in Theresa Hak Kyung Cha’s DICTEE” MELUS conference, Las Vegas, NV (2018)

Moderator | “Multiple Feminisms and Publishing / Celebrating 10 Years of Switchback Books” AWP Conference, Los Angeles, CA (2016)


Panelist | “Contemporary Women’s Poetry: Emerging Forms & Movements” Lifting Belly High Poetry Conference, Duquesne University, PA (2009, in absentia)

AWARDS

Doctoral Research Award Fellowship, University of Nevada, Las Vegas (2017)

Brooks Family/Chris Hudgins Outstanding Essay Award, University of Nevada, Las Vegas (2017)


Getz Outstanding Graduate Student Award, Columbia College Chicago (2007)

English Department Merit Scholar, Columbia College Chicago (2006)

ACADEMIC/DEPARTMENT SERVICE

Graduate Student Advisory Board (GSAB), Columbia College Chicago (2005-2007)

Search Committee, Poetry, Columbia College Chicago (2006)

Search Committee, Nonfiction, Columbia College Chicago (2007)