Crossing

Olivia Clare Friedman

University of Nevada, Las Vegas, olivia428@gmail.com

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CROSSING

By

Olivia Clare Friedman

Bachelor of Arts – English Literature
University of California, Berkeley
2006

Master of Fine Arts – Creative Writing
University of Iowa
2008

Master of Professional Writing
University of Southern California
2012

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Olivia Clare Friedman

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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

Rayme Cornell, M.F.A.  
Graduate College Faculty Representative

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

The poems in *Crossing* search for the ineffable and numinous on Earth—in objects, current and historical events, natural and psychological phenomena, and in particular personae, real or imagined. This work comes from a deep nostalgia for both the past and present.

Elements such as slant rhyme and refrain play a heavy role in these poems. Refrain, particularly, acts as a kind of engine for the poems, perhaps because I am so influenced by music and its mechanisms. The first section reflects these interests; the poems experiment with sound and musicality. The main experiment in these poems is the elimination of particular vowels. The question arises: can words sing without their vowels?

Many of the poems in *Crossing* address the visual arts and music, looking for harmonic linkages between literature, painting, sculpture, music, and dance. For example, one of the long poems, “Numbers,” is partly inspired by the book and documentary *The Rape of Europa*, which concerns the art that was looted and lost during World War II. In a sense, the poems want to “find” lost things, to dwell in what has gone missing.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A portion of this manuscript is published as part of my book of poems, *The 26-Hour Day* (New Issues 2015).

Many thanks to these journals, in which some of these poems appeared, sometimes in different form:

*Barrow Street*: “The Girl Asleep in Rilke’s Ear”

*Colorado Review*: “Thee”

*CutBank*: “Sex”

*Indiana Review*: “Dora_s”

*The London Magazine*: “Bone and Hue”

*Massachusetts Review*: “Don Giovanni”

*Ninth Letter*: “The Widdershins Garden”


*The Paris-American*: “Crossing”

*Pleiades*: “H.D.’s Pear Trees” (as “Waking Up”)  

*Poetry*: “Warp and Weft” (as “Who Lived Among Them”)  

*Quarterly West*: “Burning Cities”

*Seattle Review*: “The Funeral Mute, A Small Woman in Top Hat and Suit” and “Be as Private as Two”

*Washington Square*: “Sabina”

Thanks to *Verse Daily* for reprinting “The Widdershins Garden” and *Poetry* for reprinting “Bone and Hue” and “Don Giovanni.”

“Sex” also appeared in *CutBank’s 40th Anniversary* online anthology.
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Many Like Some

Strling sng endlessly.
Sng sprrws toward sng.
During the annual
recrudescence

of sngng. Swmp sprrws
in the second year. Summer
and early fall. Both sng
and both call. Both
follow and both call.

Strling sng for one hour.
Each day for an hour. Was
there an obscure jy in this
that she missed, she missed

so many. Like some
cooing sng. And ran out.
A Best Year

Nd wrds falling from th tip of yr hand,
yr hd I sd,
to th lined whit ocn, such sails,
its bl-grn wves p and dwn,
p and dwn, and hllo,
hllo,
hllo, wrds.

Hllo, I sd.
Said This to Him Then

nd wh are you
nd who nd who
are you who
wants t know.

I put th notes
wherer I like.
But Not Everything

A warmth broke.

Ws so enchnted. Was so nchnted.
Ws there n obscure jy in this
tht I mssed. I thght that.
As I mssed so many.
Each day fr an hour.
So many I mssed. Nd many
I thght, having lain down.
II.
Exit Poems

All these things
thin as a hair’s breadth
everywhere unmarvelous

not leaving me Ways
I have asked for
these written ways I have

to find in the blueblackblue
What will work what
ways will find you I ask
Oh what a pretty mouth
in the photo I’ve known you
had or had not seen what I could
Not seen what you are
I want to see a long
time My eyes like eyes
of a crow splayed wide
as my hand in the shadow of a tree’s
red leaves and all
others green
I’d name the branches
of Yggdrasil the branches
of Kalpavriksha
Ashvastha Until there’s no
more to be named
I go from this room
changing each thing changed

all this matter mattering
I trace you less

on the bed before you leave
like the Corinthian Maid
traced the silhouette
of her shepherd on the wall

asleep against it the night before
he leaves and him
to war or Rome
I would have I would have
had him I would have her

leave She the maid
starts her shepherd on the wall
head first an ear crossed out
All this accumulation All

crossed out this his profile in
parts I part I Rome
These sounds
coming through
from another place
like distant brasses

Beneath this
a floor holding me up
falls inward
Any irreal sound

terrible but the silence after
before fertile
And that second silence
shifts Gives way
You in the room
a second self or near-invisibility
from a story I’ve invented
but did not and did not want
to believe in

Your face
little stamp of late shadow
centered on your eye

Two notes fire from my head
Athena Athena
I can hold them
a swift dotted gash along
the blankness

The eye and ear collide
one sense organ of seeing-hearing

black to thunder
beebuzz to white

No paper
Noise of wheels against noiselessness

A hand struck through the thought
talking not with words
between fingers gaps between
sounds within the gaps Sounds
III.
Bone and Hue

There was a young woman
who lived in her shoes.

Bare-backed, she sat
with elders and sheened
her nails with sloe.

Felt purse, trunk,
berries in bottled gin.

Smoke rose
from the purples of the ground.

Moscow maybe next, or
Poland, where the numbers burned.

Purples of the mosses turned.
Some million shades.
Six million more.

Purples of the mosses,
and all the millions, blue.

She had so many lives,
she didn’t know what to do.
The Funeral Mute, A Small Woman in Top Hat and Suit

Silence commemorates an exit
better than an abrupt shriek,
lifted from the procession (to where?),
past a wildflower left
to collect an isolate miracle on the grave,
and chatter among mourners
kills the dead. My father died;
I kept his silence among wailers
staging un-Greek tragedy and buried
a Dickinson-wren with him
in the foxfire wood to sing
all night until it quieted, too,
and no one to sing for the bird.

I could not think
I could not love. My blood,
there is an art to leaving you.
Sabina

Was a woman once.
Had a cognac accent.
Ate zander and rice
sprinkled with sebsi ash.

Lived right by the sea.
Just an oarsman or two
might know her name
and minx nape

with a belled jade. She drew
the Vitruvian Man.
Drank from Italian cups
and circled lines.

Made him equidistant.
Spread him lengthwise.
Measured the inches
from her hand to his.

She writhed in the circle.
Writhed in the square.
A varnished oar in the yard
pointed Thrace-ward.

He sang as he rowed
home. Some women,
some men, have
never seen the sea.
Crossing

We came to a prime, a vexing, a rhythm.
A figure in granite, remote,

unused. And who has
placed it here, between

the mainframes, towers,
towers? I said, I will

take this remoteness,

and fastened he/she to my back
and stepped into the river twice twice.
Numbers

i.

Lorca’s House, Huerta de San Vicente. 
Children in the yard, asleep for a century,  
crickets near their ears. 
Children by the white house  
with fibrous walls, 

as if made of A-strings,  
electronic lyre—someone has left  
a fretless, burnt  
clay moon encrusted  
with wine at the pitch-green door,  
has wiped his feet and gone in  
to what’s now a museum.

He fills a wine bottle  
up to the hip with sand,  
pours more children out,  
asleep with Spanish  
consonance in  
bullet-resistant mouths.
Some time from now, in a diorama,
in the Dresden music history museum,

a plaster human
with a mechanized finger fingers
the third

string on a Gasparo
da Salò viola
once every 3.5 seconds.

His mechanized eye-whites
flit to the time

like two
pizzicato pearls.

On the warm side
of the glass, Eurydice
in headphones receives
what the mannequin mimes—
a static recording
on repeat—10 notes

from Schumann’s Piano Quintet
in E flat, Op. 44.
iii.

Where is Turner’s *The Mouth of the Thames*.
Courbet’s *The Stone Breakers*.
Van Gogh’s *The Lovers: The Poet’s Garden IV*.
Van Gogh’s *Still Life: Vase with Five Sunflowers*.
Van Gogh’s *The Park at Arles with the Entrance Seen Through the Trees*.
Raphael’s *Portrait of a Young Man*.
Albinoni.
Baltic amber from the original Amber Room
in the Catherine Palace in Tsarskoye Selo.
The original Goethe-Haus.
Sarcophagi from the Camposanto Monumentale.
Friedrich’s *Monastery Graveyard in the Snow*.

Klimts are burning at Schloss Immendorf:

- **Musik II** (1898)
- *Schubert at the Piano* (1899)
- *Golden Apple Tree* (1903)
- *Procession of the Dead* (1903)
- *Medicine, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence* (1899-1907)
- *Garden Path with Chickens* (1916)
- *Portrait of Wally* (1916)
- *Leda* (1917)
iv.

In an American museum, I take an elevator to the top through floors of contemporaries and walk into the large domed room—an exhibit: *The Cave*, Graphite, Ink and Charcoal on Wall.

A placard reads, “Here, sketched, are the shadows of a civilization as developed from nature, spirituality and religion.”

“Here are tools, technology, reason, and then the liberation and expression of the emotional life.”

On the west side, a graphite firing squad. Black bullets and monochromatic shrapnel, pixelized powder and metal exploded in gray men’s gray lungs. The caption: “11,443 dead.”

In the middle of a square, the drawing of a shadow of a man in protest lighting himself on gray fire: “One dead.”

And men in gray denim drink from clear bottles on a modern gothic bridge above a charcoal ocean.
A drawing of a shadow

of an inauguration of a president
with an abnormally long right hand

Next to that, “A wall comes down,
and the bricks are sold.”
Adolf Hitler, art collector…
hundreds of thousands of
confiscated paintings and pieces
in caves, castles, cellars, salt mines,
bank vaults, attics, barns.

Racket of
quadrilaterals,
concussive eyes on
Klimt’s *Adele
Bloch-Bauer I’s*
(1907, survivor)
brain-like dress:
golds, glyphs,
avenues, fanned
carnival eyes,
amygdalae
firing: these

minor chords heard
in low talk, hours before
the Klimt-gold sun on a
train, its *da-da*
rhythm a syntax of
spondaic quotients:
divisions of
space by time.
vi.

Carbon monoxide blows from a flue gas stack at the 400-megawatt coal plant across the river. I write that down.

The granularity of my brain’s representation of the river is not qualitatively finer than that of images on the Internet.

I’d just read of “the holographic principle” that says the world might be a hologram. I look for amber.
There is a futuristic music
beneath what I hear now,
as alien as the sound
of a computer modem
to a typist in 1912.

1924, George Antheil composes “Ballet Mécanique” for drums, propeller, siren, bells, piano,
xylophone, bass drum, tam-tam and 16 synced pianolas (quarter=152) playing 8.5 feet/minute of
paper rolls. But the technology for his music didn’t exist: pianolas couldn’t be synchronized until
years after his death when, in 2000, came the posthumous performance of what Antheil had
heard in his head: electronic pianolas accompanied a robotic orchestra of electronic percussion
with mechanical mallets.

Sometimes I think I was near the sound
the day I stood beneath an ancient dome

mosaic of slate and had just come
from swimming in the Mediterranean,

and I stood in the center beneath
a mosaic of squares painted 88 shades
between white and black.
Two rooms, the Aegean, 2008,
there lived a rhapsode and his wife.
When they ate, they ate straight
from the vine. Her curves, sibilance,
Serbo-Croatian chants. His chants,
curves of clocks, tarnished bells.
When they ate, they boiled wings and gills.

Nights, slate olives, he couldn’t see.
*Your words warp in the salt of the sea.*
Nights, slate olives, the girl who watched
goats leapt the fence
of fret wire to watch
the rhapsode’s wife writhe lily-wide.
When they ate, they ate straight from the fire.
Burning Cities

You had Hebrew, to wonder at Elohim,
on your arm. Tell me, itinerant,
the ending of your story on
a Los Angeles road: “That day in the museum,
a woman saw the vermillion
eyes of Jeremiah. I named cities and
dates and fires.
I boarded the train to 586 BC.
Jerusalem, I can barely speak.”
The Girl Asleep in Rilke’s Ear

Small bygone human face,
Remnant, bi-shard
mouth, whinstone eyes, who could,
with a lariat to swing a cardiac pace,
catch the second-long sight of you?
You’re awake all the hours
in a night's space. Shape or Lie,

if a warm hand/wind blessed you,
would you stay with the living,
would you stay with the dead,
who might speak to you, if at all,

with more-than-human grace—where are you?
Kindred, in a flickering place.
Will I Know You

I saw what you might look like if
you’d been born of someone and me.

You pulled a horse with small, chromatic bells
in his mane. You asked who I was.
 Imaginary, I said;

Like a number?
Like you.

Called into the house (a penta syllabic
name I didn't know), you ran

toward this year's war on the television.
You might have been the 301,139,843\textsuperscript{rd} person
to be born in this place;

you were ten and did not know me.
Carlight,  
east red and west white.  

Women, and men made of them,  
and lambs in their droves, and power lines east  

to the women-made men and women of men,  
when a man is a sum  
of what women he knows, and I  

blurred my vision till I  
saw a woman and lambs in the streets,  
west red and white east,  

and I wanted to eat. Women and men,  
don’t fear me, I am  
a hand come to wake. And red  

in the west says  
woman is man is woman is man.
What Humans Say

She brought coffee to the table. He read a letter from Rilke.
She sang in her head.

In the glass perimeter of her cup
was the reflection of her question.

Angels pretend to know what humans say.
It’s the only way they’ll listen.

I think he said, This is my life.

She said, A muse is a firing net of neurons. This is my life—

For the first time one of them believed the other.
Thee

Thee for my redbreast!
Thee in thy overture, thy muscled dual thrush, and thy blatantly clock;
Thy bleeding Saint Cyprian body!
Thy palpitating Siegfried, parallax and rococo, habeas corpus, slang at thy sides;
Thy metropolis, now swine and robin pantheon—now tar in the resistance;
Thy loom, blockade, bound variable star, tilled with perpendicular;
Thy dualist and turpentine, Belgravia from thy smut;
Thy knitted franchise, spurge and vandal, trench mouth of thy whippoorwill;
Thy caraway, Oberon, and möbius fluorescing,
Through storm of Calpurnia, now spackle, now shank of soldier catalepsing:
Trick of the modulation emblem of motley and PR prick of the continent!
Come sewage the Muse, and merge in autochthon with stratosphere and falling soapstone;
By A.M., thy Warwick, ringworm bell to cue Sousa,
By P.M., thy silica signals Lancelot to swing.

Roman through my Chaos, with all thy anarchy of musk ox! thy smarmy lamps at nihil;
Thy prehistoric laughter! thy ecliptic, rumbling like an easter.
Lax on thyself, replete, thine own track fish hawk haranguing;
(No sequestered Debussy of talcum harness or global platitude thine)
Thy trinity of screech by rapier and telegram returned,
Laurel o’er the preempt wide—albeit the lamb,
To the free slander, unpent, and glider, and Styx.
H.D.’s Pear Trees

H.D.’s pear trees are left
in the poet’s memory
in the hospital room,

where dust, neither silver
nor pear, lifts. Where she hoards
paper-white from white pear atoms

in her head. Strange, as if very young,
a little past the age
of speaking, she’s counting
pears to stay awake:

purple hearts of echoing pears
on the electrocardiogram,
higher than her arms.
From Florence

for Q

At a 13th century pharmacia, the monks made perfume from the rhizome of an iris, bound for boudoirs of Medici queens, and a cologne from opopanax (Joyce’s Molly wears it). I don’t know, I thought about these things in Rome. I had some water from a spigot in the plaza, ate some bread and onion with an unemployed composer I know, who seemed happy.
Dora$_x$

She left at night to take the man’s dead wife’s place
and arrived at his door at six with the dead wife’s repose.
She arranged cut pears on the woman’s dishes,
kissed the man. She took Dora’s name and vocation,
consulted collections of narrative songs. She practiced
a madrigal, two voices. *Sospira, sospira, dolce bella*, the skeleton
of a refrain seemed to sing itself to her with a Dora-like lilt
to the line. Without her willing it, an image came
—wren-bones in red leaves—and later
listeners would say, she was not quite the same.
She could and did love her children, the littlest’s
ratted hair and milk tooth fallen out. She was
pregnant as Dora$_{x-1}$ had been. And the child came
that night; he died before anyone saw him.
Dora’s body was transported from the bed
without ceremony. At six the next morning,
the woman came to take the man’s
dead wife’s place. She was not simply forgotten.
Time-Lapse of a Future Year

New York: a germanium chip.
Antennae immobile above
the crows’ height of ever. I live near

a weathervane
and thorny, ladder-shaped trees
—torched clusters,

still stems like arteries vertical
in the dark. Who left
ribbons on the trees?
Grassblades, panes of your skin;
there is no one I know
as well as you, and you
inlay the ground, faceted
house of windows.
Be as Private as Two

I speak into my hand
to speak to you.
We don’t need to
look at one another—
eyes like missals.
This city, I

hardly live in it. What good
is being wistful.
Let us be as private
as two children
with their own song,
or not at all.
Cryonics

Is it a country or mind you walk, near your future,
lying in a long-jawed Lazarine box?

Gambler, pilgrim,
you are caught
in an hourglass neck
of cells not dividing.

Etherized requiem in a choral lung.

Who down the glass’ spine weighs more than the time
of a sandgrain?

Sheened sleep, white spade
—what you will wake
to an unknown year and face?

Michael, revive:
child the father
of the sand.
Sex

They lay across each other in the shape of a secular cross.

Her expression she had modeled off a Klimt.
He on top.

They wrapped around, not one another, but intimations.

His face was taken from a photograph she’d taken.

He’d visited some pornographic sites.

They’d seen a cross of limbs in the newspaper—Maria Tallchief and George Balanchine.

They’d seen a cross in the yard of a woman, whose breasts he kept thinking of, lilium candidum.

This woman used her shadow to calibrate the sun’s position until her shadow became the dark.
The Widdershins Garden

Blink the sunglint flies
from canthi; close,
and the dipterous air
dials back
the sunwise:

a Lucifer arrives
with wine on wings,
a nebuchadnezzar in hand.

With a wafer-edge,
he skins and splits an appled worm
bilaterally, alive.

Eat and Drink—
all their lives, humans
will query their clay
hearts, chase out
divinities as you hunt
flies. Beloved

of wine and worm turns
you sheer-winged and blithe, and
I with compound eyes.
The girl, a few hundred feet from his table, on which were berries and cream and over which his head and beard bent, walked steadily and would soon pass the outdoor café in which the man sat in late summer when the tourists were few on the island of Corfu.

From the indoor kitchen, a high sharp pitch came from the pan and a radio churned with advertisements in Greek. There were no other patrons at the café. All summer, he would not go into Corfu Town. He was not far from the town’s beach with its see-through teenagers in sea-wet clothes, who drank beer by the bonfires.

He had eaten at home, fish bought from a neighbor, who’d wrapped it in translucent paper, saying nothing to him in that silence that was the courtesy they understood, and he cooked the fish with salt and lemons and licked the paper where the fish left prints of scales in oblong stains of oil.

And now the girl came up the road with the silence of a stone creature made animate by dim carlight, and the man looked up, continuing to say deep nothing to himself. He heard the radio in the kitchen saying little. He had turned eighty. He had a wife, dead in America, and a house of two rooms two miles away. The girl was close by. She wore nothing serious.
Dorcas, his wife, when alive, would come up the hill slowly back to the house after her walk into town for sunscreen, fish, tomatoes, something. She was late in her forties. At dinner, she was barefoot, sometimes topless, and they talked a little.

Collarless dogs followed Dorcas home; she was tempted to take the one with the brindled pig-face, but she said, “Do you remember in a book by Kundera?” The dog is dying—there’s often death in a book, it’s a matter of figuring who it’ll be.

“She tells her husband she might have loved the dog better than she loved him.” Or differently. “Is that some manipulation or lie?”

“No,” the man said. “The wife knows. Of course it’s different.”

A spider crept in the corner, as one often did, and the man got up from the table and struck the spider with a stone he kept in his pocket.

“So course maybe it’s not better,” Dorcas said.

“It is in some ways.”

“I thought so. It’s why I wanted the pig-face.”

Dark sienna, in this light, her face was a brief machine of pumps and valves beneath a taut, paper mask. She thought about the children—she talked about the sixteen-year-old female tourists in the sea floating belly-down atop boards with cartoon Japanese flowers.

Most daily talk was nothing. They agreed.
Dorcas walked down the hill and flew to a hospital in America, and a copy of a death certificate was mailed to him later, as they had agreed.

All day they’d been quiet. She left in a dress at the hour they’d decided upon, with her pocketbook and some money. She walked past the house and was visible for a time.
iii.

The waiter washed what of the dark oil would wash from his pan, and a few Greek cats asked the man for his cream, and the man was aware of his face in the dark and the tart berry seeds in his teeth, tartness up through his nose like a foreign word ringing, a bell’s tin in his nostrils and his chest breathing tin.

As if her coming was the man’s premonition, she walked and, for some seconds, passed out of the light. When her feet came together, little lyre, they rhymed completely. Was the girl thirteen or fourteen? Saturn was up. She was damp from the sea.

He thought lightly of what he’d read in a newspaper—soon printed books would become obsolete: books without paper and ink, bookless books. He had no choice but to regret it, though it was not objectively negative: if he’d live long enough, he might like it. He could remember the few books he owned—the atlas, the rare book, the sketchbook, the journalist writing about images of men on television in the West.

He mourned endangered Things, each with a harsh, pearl worth. Of what little there was in his house, there were those books and a horn paperknife. And he carried the weight of the Thing of an off-white stone in his pocket and was pleased when he struck the weight of the Stone against the weight hitting its Mark, a Spider.

Speech was made of Things, but, to him, more important was weight, exchange, and taste. Now he put the weight of a Spoon filled with Cream, which comes from Butterfat, from Milk. If this was the end of the printed book, there would be more endangered Things (Paper, Spine). But there
were Spices and Wines in the Kitchen. Black Pepper from Vietnam. Table Salt in shipping Crates from Egypt. A Bottle of Red with a Bar Code.

Light was on her again, and the girl came near, silent like a secondhandless clock.
iv.

It was never Dorcas coming up the hill. But she was not silent. She was not silent like the woman who sold fish. There is a place for Dorcas, but she was, is, no archetype, no symbol. Her eyes were not with coins. She has no eyes. Unshe. Sheless. The dead are not our opposites.
v.

Then the man in the café saw the girl was near him, shivering a little from the sea. She did not want to pass. She did, not looking toward him, head a little raised.

(He wanted to hold her there, not with hands but time, and maybe she felt this and passed him quickly.)
CURRICULUM VITAE

OLIVIA CLARE FRIEDMAN
oliviclare428@gmail.com

EDUCATION

Ph.D. (ABD) University of Nevada, Las Vegas, expected May 2016
   English Literature with Creative Dissertation, Poetry

M.P.W., 2012 University of Southern California, Creative Writing, Fiction

M.F.A., 2008 Iowa Writers’ Workshop, University of Iowa
   Creative Writing, Poetry

B.A., 2006 University of California, Berkeley, English Literature
   Highest Distinction in Scholarship, Minor in Creative Writing

ACADEMIC APPOINTMENTS

2013— University of Nevada, Las Vegas, Las Vegas
   Graduate Student Instructor, Creative Writing, Literature, Composition

2013 Adjunct Instructor, Creative Writing; Online Instructor, Creative Writing,
   George Washington University

2010-2012 Assistant Lecturer, Composition, University of Southern California

2008-2009 Instructor, Creative Writing, Colgate University

2007-2008 University of Iowa
   Graduate Student Instructor, Creative Writing, University of Iowa

PUBLICATIONS

Books


Anthologized Short Stories


Journals – Poetry

2014  “I Build A Machine” and “Weeks,” MARY
2014  “Sex,” CutBank’s 40th Anniversary
2012  “Crossing,” “The sound is...,” “The sound is like distant brasses,” The Paris-American
2011  “Enoch’s Blocks,” “Don Giovanni,” “Bone and Hue,” Poetry
2010  “Waking Up” and “Seconds,” Pleiades
2010  “The Girl Asleep in Rilke’s Ear” and “Horse Walking in a Sphere,” Barrow Street
2010  “Peniel” and “Bethesda,” Denver Quarterly
2009  “Don Giovanni,” Massachusetts Review
2009  “Bone and Hue,” The London Magazine
2009  “The Widdershins Garden” and “Will They Hum,” Ninth Letter
2009  “Sex,” CutBank
2009  “Jouissance de Soi,” Arts & Letters
2009  “Sabina,” Washington Square
2009  “The Beaten Brothers,” *Subtropics*
2008  “Embracing Cities,” *The Southern Review*
2008  “The Boy with the Goats” and “Burning Cities,” *Quarterly West*
2008  “Stradivarius” and “Waterhouse’s *Saint Eulalia*,” *FIELD*
2008  “At the Border of Hunger and Holy” and “The 26-Hour Day,” *American Poetry Journal*
2008  “Reverence is not Idle, I did not Stand Stunned,” *Bat City Review*
2008  “Dora,” *Indiana Review*
2008  “Be as Private as Two” and “The Funeral Mute, A Small Woman in Tophat and Suit,” *Seattle Review*
2007  “Thee,” *Colorado Review*

**Journals – Short Stories**

2016  “The Visigoths,” *The Boston Review*
2015  “Two Cats, the Chickens, and Trees,” *ZYZZYVA*
2014  “Pétur,” *The O. Henry Prize Stories 2014*
2014  “Quiet! Quiet!” *The Yale Review*
2014  “Satanás,” *Granta*
2014  “Creatinine,” *The Southern Review*
2014  “Things That Aren’t the World,” *Epoch*
2013  “Rusalka’s Long Legs,” *The Kenyon Review*
2013  “Santa Lucia,” *n+l*
2013 “Migrant Workers,” The Hopkins Review
2012 “Pétur,” Ecotone

HONORS & AWARDS – POETRY

2013— Black Mountain Institute, Ph.D. Fellow
2013 Residential Fellow, The MacDowell Colony
2013 James Merrill Fellowship, Vermont Studio Center, Residential Fellow
2012 Finalist, Yale Younger Poets Prize
2011 Ruth Lilly Poetry Fellowship, Poetry Foundation
2010 Residential Fellow, Djerassi Foundation
2008-2009 Olive B. O’Connor Fellow in Creative Writing, Colgate University
2006-2007 Truman Capote Fellow, Iowa Writers’ Workshop
2006 Emily Chamberlain Cook Prize in Poetry, UC Berkeley

HONORS & AWARDS – FICTION

2015 “Quiet! Quiet!,” Notable Story in Best American Short Stories 2015
2015 Scholar, The Tin House Writer’s Workshop
2014 “Pétur,” The O. Henry Prize Stories 2014
2014 The Rona Jaffe Foundation Writer’s Award

TEACHING – COURSES

University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Undergraduate:
Advanced Creative Writing: Poetry (Spring 2015, Fall 2015)
World Literature II (Fall 2015)
Introduction to Creative Writing: Fiction and Poetry (Fall 2014)
Composition I (Fall 2013, Spring 2014)

George Washington University

Undergraduate:
Introduction to Creative Writing: Fiction, Poetry, and Nonfiction (Spring 2013)

Online – Undergraduate:
Introduction to Creative Writing: Fiction, Poetry, and Nonfiction (Summer 2013)

University of Southern California

Undergraduate:
Critical Writing and Reasoning (Fall 2010, Spring 2011, Fall 2011, Spring 2012)

Colgate University

Undergraduate:
Introduction to Creative Writing: Poetry (Fall 2008, Spring 2009)

University of Iowa

Undergraduate:
Fiction, Poetry, and Nonfiction Workshop (Fall 2007, Spring 2008)

EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE

2010—  
The Winter Anthology (online)
Editor (poetry, fiction, and nonfiction)

2014-2015  
Witness Magazine, Las Vegas, NV
Poetry Editor

2013-2014  
Witness Magazine, Las Vegas, NV
Assistant Poetry Editor

2008-2011  
Narrative Magazine (online)
Reader for annual fiction contests

2006-2008  
Iowa Review, Iowa City, IA
Editorial Staff

2005-2006  Berkeley Poetry Review, Berkeley, CA
Editor-in-Chief

2004-2005  Berkeley Poetry Review, Berkeley, CA
Assistant Editor

2005  Ghosting Atoms: An Anthology of Poems on the Subject of the Atomic Bomb, Berkeley, CA
Co-Editor with Lyn Hejinian
Consortium for the Arts Press

2004-2006  Small Press Distribution, Berkeley, CA
Editorial Assistant

INVITED PANELS, LECTURES, & READINGS

2016  Reader, with Claudia Keelan, Donald Revell and Andrew Nicholson, King’s English Bookshop, Salt Lake City, UT, January 14, 2016.

2015  Reader, with Donald Revell and Andrew Nicholson, Black Mountain Institute, Las Vegas, NV, November 3, 2015.

2015  Lecturer, Las Vegas Writers Group, Las Vegas, NV, November 19, 2015.


2012  Reader, with Barlen Pyamootoo, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, LA, November 16, 2012.