1. Record Nr. UNINA9910478884803321 Autore Nannestad Elizabeth Titolo Jump [[electronic resource]] Pubbl/distr/stampa Auckland University Press, 2013 **ISBN** 1-77558-099-7 Descrizione fisica 1 online resource (84 p.) Disciplina 811.52 Soggetti Poems Poetry -- 20th century -- History and criticism Poetry -- 21st century -- History and criticism Electronic books. Lingua di pubblicazione Inglese **Formato** Materiale a stampa Livello bibliografico Monografia Note generali Description based upon print version of record. Nota di contenuto Cover; Half-title; Title Page; Table of Contents; We Who Are Still-; Family Photograph Album: My Mother's Mother, Dearly Beloved; Elegy: Stone Figure; Portrait of a Young Cynic; Portrait of a Lady; Late Evening Rain; Passion Flower; Queen of the River; Mosquito; Andean Flower; Bamboo Hotel; Horses Dancing; The Altiplano; We Watched the Moon Rise; Lovesong in Front of Mountains; Self Portrait; You Must Be Joking; What Makes the Heart Stand Still-; Moon and Water; My brother in the stars; Portrait of an Uncle in Lincolnshire; "You're Just a Dreamer"; Hanging Wave; Midnight; Black Dress SunshineThe ring is lovely; In Delirium; The Witch Speaks Gently; Patterns on the Floor of the Pool; This small art; She-; Portrait Across a Room; Arctic Circle; Portrait of My English Grandmother; Yes, You Are Beautiful; Out in the Rain; Come Back Down; My younger brother; Red Scarf; Portrait of My Brother, Aged Twenty-Five; Charles and the Cafe; Mountain: Penelope: Delphi; You gave me a shoulder: Rene Sleeping: Here We Go Again; Sleeplessness; Portrait of a Fisherman; First Day of Summer; Jump; Copyright Sommario/riassunto <DIV></DIV><I>Jump</I> is the first collection from poet Elizabeth

Nannestad, who has also worked as a doctor and forensic psychiatrist. These brief poems come to us in a singular voice, deceptively deft and simple. They are capable of song, wit and mystery. Elizabeth Nannestad

writes of these poems: They are all about movement around some pivot that appears for the moment to stay the same; they are made that way so that as far as poems can, they have lives of their own. They can take off now for wherever they like to go.