1. Record Nr. UNINA9910829142703321 Autore Maier Jennifer <1961-> Titolo Now, Now / / Jennifer Maier Pubbl/distr/stampa Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania:,: University of Pittsburgh Press,, [2013] ©2013 **ISBN** 0-8229-7915-2 Descrizione fisica 1 online resource (76 p.) Collana Pitt poetry series Disciplina 811 Soggetti American poetry - 21st century Electronic books. Lingua di pubblicazione Inglese **Formato** Materiale a stampa Livello bibliografico Monografia Description based upon print version of record. Note generali Nota di contenuto Contents; Part One; Hangman; Big Tree; Responsible Person; Paper Roses; Love Poem; Daphne to Her Father, God of Rivers; Etymology; Daydream While Frying Bacon; Jane; Heat and Light; Part Two; New Year's Eve: Your Life in Dances: Flv: A Puzzle: The Wind Blows Mv Dictionary Open to "man"; Cri du Coeur; The Bridge; The Man from Eden; Annunciation with Possum and Tomatoes; Carried Away; Aubade for Dave, the Electrician; Part Three; Homeland Security; Saudade; Last Word; Sharing a Bath; Hoop Skirts Recalled; Rummage Sale; Haute Couture; Wishbone; A True Story; A Little Dream of You Acknowledgments Sommario/riassunto In Now, Now, Jennifer Maier's second poetry collection, time is of the essence. Moving with quantum ease through the porous membranes of the past, present, and future, the speaker wonders: What is each moment but the swirling confluence (or shy first meeting) of past and future--of what happened, and what-has-not-yet-happened but will? Such phenomenological questions are sparked by ordinary events: a friend's passion for jigsaw puzzles; an imagined conversation with a neighbor's dog; a meditation on the uses of modern poetry. Here, in language at once elegant and agile, intimate and universal, the author probes beneath the surface of happenstance, moving with depth, humor, and compassion into the heart of our shared predicament: that

of loving what we cannot keep. But if time in these poems is relative, it

bends toward grace--even, as the title suggests, towards consolation. Taken together, the poems invite us to raise a glass to the way we're each "held light and golden in Time's mouth," and to savor something of the eternal--distilled, sparkling, already lost--inside every now.