

1. Record Nr.	UNINA9910961967003321
Autore	Morton Karla K.
Titolo	Accidental Origami : New and Selected Works of karla k. morton / / karla k. morton
Pubbl/distr/stampa	Huntsville, Texas : , : Texas Review Press, , 2016 Baltimore, Md. : , : Project MUSE, , 2021 ©2016
ISBN	1-68003-088-4
Edizione	[Edition: first.]
Descrizione fisica	1 online resource (215 pages)
Disciplina	811.6
Soggetti	American poetry American poetry - 21st century
Lingua di pubblicazione	Inglese
Formato	Materiale a stampa
Livello bibliografico	Monografia
Note generali	Contains selections from the author's previous 10 poetry anthologies, as well as new material.
Nota di contenuto	New works -- TCU Texas Poet Laureate series (TCU Press) -- Redefining beauty (Dos Gatos Press) -- Wee cowrin' timorous beastie (Lagniappe Publishing) -- Names we've never known (Texas Review Press) -- Stirring goldfish -- Hometown, Texas (TCU Press) -- Passion, art, community: Denton, Texas, in word and image (The City of Denton, Texas) -- 8 voices: contemporary poetry from the American Southwest (Baskerville Publishing) -- Constant state of leaping -- Texas Poets Laureate cookbook (Texas Review Press).
Sommario/riassunto	This book features Morton's best work to date from her ten collections. While her poems range in style, topic and region, they capture each universal emotion, delving into our desire to know our place in this world; the reason for our very being. Her words are comfort and wonder and hope. She writes: This is a book of poems to swallow, to seep in your bloodstream/ and pound open the chamber doors/ of your own heart, reminding us of our huge capacity for love, guiding us through each tiny fold of synchronicity to discover the big picture-- what it means to truly be alive. Time And where did the day go? A late Sunday of mingling legs, sermons of hawk and crow, a choir of mockingbird. Sitting outside, legs still reaching for one another, together; just words. The hours, dulcet and vaulting like dog years.

These are the best unremarkable days of our life, when nothing happens but the bloom of tiny wildflowers, the kind you have to sink to your knees to see.

---