

Where does good writing come from, according to Maxine Kumin in "Menial Labor"? Use evidence from the text to support your answer. "Menial Labor and the Muse.

Table of Contents I. Walker, Alice - Everyday Use. Silko, Leslie Marmon - Lullaby. Lorde, Audre - Poetry is Not a Luxury. Norris, Kathleen - A Starfish in Mott. Marshall, Paule -From the Poets in the Kitchen. Medley, Cassandra - Waking Women. Silko, Leslie Marmon - untitled, Prologue to Ceremony. Cervantes, Lorna Dee - Refugee Ship. Chin, Marilyn - First Lessons. Lorde, Audre - A Litany for Survival. Majaj, Lisa Suhair - Recognized Futures. Nye, Naomi Shihab - Adi os. Walker, Margaret - I Want to Write. Walker, Pamela - Good Shabbos. Harjo, Joy - Family Album. Sanchez, Sonya - Dear Mama. Wasserstein, Wendy - Tender Offer. Clifton, Lucille - Daughters. Dericotte, Toi - Touching, Not Touching: Gallagher, Tess - Each Bird Walking. Hogan, Linda - Germinal, and Elk Song. Ratner, Rochelle - Bentshen Light. Song, Cathy - Pic ture Bride. Voigt, Ellen Bryant - Visiting the Graves. Hogan, Linda - Imagining a Wider Community. Niederman, Sharon - A Gift for Languages. Olsen, Tillie - O Yes. Morrison, Toni - The birth of Denver, excerpt from Beloved. Ozick, Cynthia - The Shawl. Tapahonso, Luci - Preface: The Kaw River Rushes Westward. Momoko Iko - Gold Watch. Clifton, Lucille - them and us. Clark, Patricia - Bill of Sale D. Dove, Rita - Crab Boil. Klepfitz, Irena - Warsaw, My mother is walking down a road from Bashert. Mirikitani, Janice - Prisons of Silence. Mora, Pat - La Migra. Pastan, Linda - Family Tree. Remember the Things They Told Us. Stephens, Mariflo - Waltzing into Heaven. Winslow, Joyce Madelon - Born Again. Joy, Eileen - Emma. Wolf, Naomi - Hunger. Raz, Hilda - Junk. Drexler, Rosalyn - 17C. Allen, Paula Gunn - Weed. Clark, Patricia - Betrayal. Byer, Kathryn Stripling - Dusk. Gallagher, Tess - Red Poppy. Gluck, Louise - The Undertaking. Hogan, Linda - Geodes. Keener, LuAnn - Hummingbirds. Moss, Thylias - Tornados. Watanabe, Sylvia - Living Among Strangers. Kincaid, Jamaica - Poor Visitor. Naylor, Gloria - from Mama Day. Blaumer, Laurie - The Invention of Imagination. Byer, Kathryn Stripling - Carpenter. Olsen, Tillie - Working Lives. California - The Magic Strength of Need. Houston, Pam - How to Talk to a Hunter. McDonald, Jeanne - Cousins. Springer, Lisa - Between Girls. Ferris, Lucy - Love and Learn. Lamott, Anne - from Operating Instructions. Willard, Nancy - The Friendship Tarot. Neipris, Janet - The Agreement. Allen, Paula Gunn - Eve the Fox. Angelou, Maya - Known to Eve and Me. Broumas, Olga - Lullaby. Gallagher, Tess - Sea Inside the Sea. Hacker, Marilyn - Self. Olds, Sharon - First Night. Song, Cathy - The White Porch. Willard, Nancy - Angels in Winter. Willard - Finding and Gathering and Dreaming. Watanabe, Sylvia - Talking with the Dead. Marcus, Adrienne - The Paincaller. Lyon, George Ella - Singing. Sarton, May - Silence is the food I was after Timpanelli, Gioia - There Are Times. Shange, Ntozake - Boogie Woogie Blues. Harjo, Joy - Healing Animal. Hogan, Linda - Drum. Kallet, Marilyn - Passover. Oliver, Mary - Mockingbirds. Piercy, Marge - Wellfleet Sabbath. Voigt, Ellen - Song and Story. Thomas, Joyce Carol - Church Poem. Zimmerman, Elaine - To Essie Parrish. Colwin, Laurie - Another Marvelous Thing. Houston, Pam - Blizzard and Blue Sky. Kincaid, Jamaica - Just Reading. Cofer, Judith - More Room. Henley, Beth - Am I Blue? Friman, Alice - The Good News.

Chapter 2 : Poetry Daily Prose Feature - Maxine Kumin

Where does good writing come from, according to Maxine Kumin in "Menial Labor"? Use evidence from the text to support your answer. It comes from when you are busy, "doing simple repetitive calendrierdelascience.com allows those free-associative leaps out of which a poem may come from".

Pick out a good place to dig the hole. Indeed, the life and death of horses provide Kumin with opportunities to bring into conflict the depredations of greedy and mercenary commercial forces with the humane intentions of those who have only words and sympathy to protest cruelties against animals. Maxine Kumin is not going quietly into that good night and she sees no reason why pigs, cattle, and chickens should do so. These are all storytelling poets with obvious links to English and Irish models, and though their poems are technically innovative in ways that have had an enduring influence, they all prized lucidity of expression. There is no longer a New England tradition in American verse, and regionalism as a whole has been dissipated by the tendency of American poets to follow jobs in academia rather than settle down in their homelands. I am not saying that such poets are provincial, but that they had and have a consensual commitment to certain ways of framing dramatic content in discursive blocks of stanzas. In anecdotal poems Kumin pays tribute to authors far in time and place from her New Hampshire study: She experiments with the pantoum, the ghazal, the shape poem, and the sonnet. She speaks truth to power with caustic poems about, among others, Ulysses S. In a poem protesting the uninhibited hunting of animals, Kumin seeks out a target who likes to be noticed: What happened to him when he was a boy? Again, there is much to admire in this plain-style passage, following one on Teddy Roosevelt and Ernest Hemingway, about a notably autocratic figure, whom Kumin places among Sicilian immigrants as an obvious innuendo. Kumin claims that she subscribes to a religion more nourishing, though lacking moral fervor, than Judaism: Nevertheless, she has acquired the experience necessary to write movingly and persuasively about the rewards of submission to Nature, the everyday labor that keeps a vegetable garden or horse stable in order. Part of this willing submission is to get into her poems as many natural beings as possible and to do so by writing what she observes. Kumin always keeps it real, and the sound of her poems keeps the reader alert and entertained: The animals have different enzymes from us. They can eat amanitas we die of. Kumin is convinced, and rightly so, that poems both pastoral and political, or both at the same time, are quintessential critiques of barbarism. Somebody has to demystify the debased vocabulary of an era—waterboarding, rendition, black sites, ghost prisoner—which she mocks unremittingly. Lights off a long minute at midnight squeals and false moans madcap Anne long dead now and Jack snowily balding who led the drive to halt the bomb and I alone am saved to tell you how they could jive. Each carried the antirational message announced by another bard of the counterculture, Jim Morrison: Other poets and critics complained loudly about the strained mysticism and overworked archetypes of this new gospel of surrealism: What made For the Sleepwalkers so interesting was that Hirsch had already predigested this controversy and made it into one of the subjects of his volume. That is, he had a powerful intellectual disposition sharpened by his graduate studies and professional ambitions. He had no intention of drinking one cup of darkness after another until he fell into a permanent stupor. Yet the poem ends with one of those classic deep-image closures, as if paying homage to the visionary techniques that seized him then and never loosened their grasp: I carried my books through a labyrinth of mysterious buildings, obscure signs, and ended up on the edge of a vast park where the sky suddenly brightened overhead, a west wind lifted the wet leaves from the wet ground and trees shimmered in the distance like the airy shades of women dancing in black slips. His clear-eyed portraits of friends and lovers, and of himself, eschew the mystical strain, except for local effects. An elegy for a fellow sports fan and colleague at Wayne State University, this swiftly moving sequence of seventeen couplet stanzas, forming a single sentence, follows a power-forward down to a successful score, but leaves him stretched out on the floor, under the basket, like a figure of sacrifice. And I remembered the game in my senior year When we met a downstate team who loved hitting More than we did, who battered us all afternoon With a vengeance, who destroyed us with timing And power, with deadly, impersonal authority, Machine-like fury, perfect execution. Throughout the s Hirsch develops a tragic view of life, grounded in some family history he

relates in numerous poems, and amplified by his experience in American and European cities and his immersion in twentieth-century postwar literature, especially from Germany, France, and Eastern Europe. This is no glamorous sleepwalker but a tormented wanderer in search of work and food. Hirsch finds a modern figure to match him in Simone Weil, the subject of several poems. Weil maintained her Catholic faith even as she underwent the grueling experience of being victimized first by the French authorities and then by the Nazis. Authors are summoned to testify on the power of love in his volume of , *On Love. Monologues* by the likes of Charles Baudelaire, Margaret Fuller, Gertrude Stein, and Colette offer ways of thinking about the spiritual and physical demands of love, in a variety of formats that favor fixed forms like the villanelle and rhymed stanzas. These other voices, mimicked and subjected to often humorous correction, threaten to usurp the grain of his own speech. I want to call attention to two longer poems, one earlier, one later, one in relation to beauty and one in relation to horror, that seem to me among his best at evoking the strangeness of life. One might expect Hirsch, like so many other poets of our time, to write at length on, say, Edward Hopper, but thankfully there is only one poem about a Hopper painting in the collection. Instead, he focuses on the meticulously detailed canvases featuring kitchen and parlor objects, costume, furnishings, and, most of all, light. Dutch painting, he argues, deserves our highest respect, for we now appreciate the bourgeois comforts, as those painters did, as a form of spiritual grace. Spending a day at the museum eases the estrangement that comes from neglecting the kind of minute particulars noticed by the painters: That February day I looked directly into a wintry, invisible world and that was when I turned away from the God or gods I had wanted so long and so much to believe in. That was when I hurried down the stairs into a street already crowded with people. Having exorcised the ghosts of his ancestral religion in poems like this one, however, Hirsch paradoxically steeped his work increasingly in Jewish content. The success of this method can be tested by comparing a sequence like this one to the well-intended but often turgid skeins of imagery in some recent poetry of witness by Americans and Europeans alike. Hirsch has cultivated, from graduate school days to the present, a scholastic habit that has enriched his best poems with deep thought, strong emotion, and canonically approved imagery and diction. But the subjects that he may need most as he steps back from his customary historical themes are those nearest to hand: All those ordinary facts of life that have previously glowed in his imagination, intermittently, like the light in a Vermeer. For more information please contact mpub-help umich.

Chapter 3 : Decades of Poems: Webb, Kumin, Hirsch

Maxine Kumin won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry and was the Library of Congress poet laureate in Her 17th collection, Where I Live: New & Selected Poems , won the Los Angeles Times Book Award in

In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Works Cited Aaron, Daniel. American Writers and the Civil War. The Marrow of Theology. Chelsea House Publishers, Woman and the Demon. Letters to a Young Lady, on a variety of useful and interesting subjects: My Life A Loaded Gun: Female Creativity and Feminist Poetics. Unpublished Letters with Notes and Reminiscences. Houghton Mifflin Company, The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. Boston and New York: Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson. Little, Brown, and Co, The Literary Debut of Emily Dickinson. Harper and Brothers, Editions Pierre Seghers, The Politics of Intellectual Culture. Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Masters, Smith and Co. Poems by William Cullen Bryant. Collected and arranged by the Author. U of Pittsburgh P, Feminism and the Subversion of Identity. Selected Essays, Poems and Other Writings. Institutes of the Christian Religion. U of Chicago P, "â€". Dickinson and the Limits of Genre. John Hopkins UP, Librarie Armand Colin, Presses Universitaires de France, Liberty, A Better Husband. Elaine Marks and Isabelle de Courtivron. The Kent State UP, Exploring the Interaction Order. Paul Drew and Anthony Wootton. Polity Press, , The Life of Florence Nightingale. Arms and the Woman: War, Gender, and Literary Representation. U of North Carolina P, The Bonds of Womanhood: You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 4 : Weekend Poem: Remarkable Women, An Apostrophe by Maxine Kumin – indiatopia

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Kumin got started in poetry at a young age and at a time when women poets were still not well-regarded. When she finally got back to it, the highest compliment she often received was that she wrote like a man. But she did get back to it. Eventually, for her, this was on a New Hampshire farm, raising both animals and children. Also, a great number of poems were dedicated to her two favorite pastimes: Horse-carriage driving caused her a near-death injury that took years to recover from, though never fully. She credited poetry and her family for helping her get through. She was a prolific writer throughout her life: It is also reported that Norton wants to publish a memoir drawn from magazine and literary journal pieces about her coming of age as a poet and feminist. Over time, this situation has been addressed somewhat, but it took that significant public act of objection to get the ball rolling. While the predominant themes of her poetry were centered on the rhythms and transience in life and nature and she often used vivid, memorable metaphors and earthy images, she eschewed language that was too flowery or bucolic. And, indeed, her poems have a unique musicality and it is hard to find any flabbiness in them. Being from a Jewish family and having studied at a Catholic school, many of her poems explored the concepts of religion and God both in her own culture and others. In her later years, she did turn to the wider historical and political contexts because, as much as she was concerned about losing the lyricism in her poetry, she said that those more political poems were wrung from her. Instead, she preferred to tell profound, understated stories without much extremism or absolutism. One particular and enduring theme in her works was that of paying homage to those poets and writers who had influenced or inspired her, for example: It was published in and includes selections from five previous collections as well as a host of new ones. While it is, by no means, the best of her oeuvre, it includes the key themes by which Kumin lived her own life and, in that sense, is, possibly, the best way for us to honor her. So too, in this poem, rather than addressing us, the readers or audience, Kumin is addressing the three remarkable women who are the subjects of the poem: These are three very different writers, but what unites them is that they were women ahead of their times in terms of seeking and gaining their respective versions of self-reliance, which Kumin, as a female poet trying to break free of the male persona and establish her own voice, undoubtedly identified with. Potter was also well-known for being a natural scientist and conservationist with a deep love for the natural world. After her books brought her some financial success and she was left a legacy by an aunt, Potter was able to move to and run a farm in the Lake District. Over the years, she bought up many farms around that countryside for land preservation purposes. When she died, she left most of her land to the National Trust. Today, she is credited with having preserved much of the land that forms the popular Lake District National Park, which had also once been the home of poets like Wordsworth and Coleridge. Kumin opens the verse with an image of Potter in her old age – fat and wearing heavy tweeds which would have been necessary for that bitter cold and open landscape where Potter farmed and raised livestock till the end of her days. Born to Transcendentalist parents who believed in community-based self-reliance versus organized religion and politics, the young Louisa did not have a comfortable life. Yet, despite his innovations in teaching methods and the respect he gained from other Transcendentalists, he was never able to properly support the family of four daughters. It fell to Louisa May Alcott, the second daughter, to find any job she could – seamstress, governess, teacher, writer – to support her mother and sisters. Having been educated by literary and philosophical greats such as Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Fuller in Concord, MA, she was also an early feminist and eventually managed to earn a decent living off her creative writing talents. She died at 55 of a long-suffering illness or infection – never married, though there was an unrequited love. Kumin reminds Alcott of how she had said, often, that she was like the man of the house, going out and working to keep the family going: And then, her legal guardian, Uncle Alec, who returns from sea, brings her back to health and happiness with his unique child-rearing methods. The final verse is addressed to the 20th century author,

naturalist and farmer, Helen Nearing. And to live a simple life with only basic needs met through hard, manual labor, civic work, and art is easier said than done. Still, the Nearings had managed to strike that elusive balance between a dependence on modernity and an elemental self-reliance. Their lifelong self-development process continues to be held up as an example and emulated by many even today. Kumin reminds Nearing how she had said that, up to the age of 26, she had never even planted a vegetable. Helen, in fact, was known for her stonemasonry skills and the back-breaking work that she continued to do well at an advanced age, like her husband. The reference to sugarbush tending is related to the sugar maples that the Nearings cultivated in an orchard for another source of income. The final two lines of this wonderful poem are a closing salutation from Kumin to all three women. And she tells them that they have been such a strong influence on her own life that they are always with her wherever she goes, inspiring her with their spirit. Maxine, you, who never flinched from life, even when it came trampling down on you and, taking away your precious words, caged you in titanium and graphite, like a stationary, soundless parrot. But, like those California peppers setting fruit in your Zone-Three garden after so many summers of failure, your art won and your beauty rose. As we say now of you, who will live forever with us: Eight Cousins was my favorite, orphaned Rose saved from invalidism by Uncle Alec. Oh, I was lily-handed, square-knuckled, liver-spotted, laying up the house you built with Scott stone by stone, tending the sugarbush, the raised-bed garden, I salute you all, I take you with me wherever I go to fire me with your fevers.

Chapter 5 : Allyn & Bacon/Longman: Catalog: Being in the World: An Environmental Reader for Writers

Women Animals & Vegetables Essays by Maxine Kumin available in Hardcover on calendrierdelascience.com, also read synopsis and reviews.

In the Writers Chronicle of December I described myself as largely self-educated. In an era before creative writing classes became a staple of the college curriculum, I was "piecemeal poetry literate" in love with Gerard Manley Hopkins and A. I wrote at least a hundred lugubrious romantic poems. One, I remember, began
When lonely on an August night I lie
Wide-eyed beneath the mysteries of space
And watch unnumbered
pricks of dew-starred sky
Drop past the earth with quiet grace
Deep down I longed to be one of the tribe but I had no sense of how to go about gaining entry. I had already achieved fame in the narrow confines of my family for little ditties celebrating birthdays and other occasions, but I did not find this satisfying. I have noted elsewhere that I chafed against the domesticity in which I found myself. I had a good marriage and our two little girls were joyous elements in it. But my discontent was palpable; I did not yet know that a quiet revolution in thinking was taking place. Of course motherhood was not enough. Perhaps I could become a literary critic? Hoping to find direction, I subscribed to the *Writer*, a Boston magazine. My first ever four-liner appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor* in March of that year. I had been ghostwriting articles for some local doctors on subjects ranging from the benefits of electroshock to the treatment of third-degree burns, spending Saturdays at a medical library in Boston while my husband took over my domestic role. Now I had found a profession that was infinitely portable. I could try out lines in my head while doing the dishes or hanging the laundry—no dishwasher, no dryer—or conveying a child to a music lesson or the dentist. I grew adept at composing poems in the car while I waited for the musician or patient to be trained or treated. Or maybe
They have no scions who wake
At midnight with ill-defined ache.
Nor have they at 2 yet another child
bringing her nightmare to Mother.
If they had, they would gather
That this simile is mere blather.
As for me, I am happy to own up
I would much rather sleep like a grown-up.
In summer, beach and billows beckon;
And in between, you dab a speck on.
In autumn, who feels dutiful? The foliage is beautiful.
In winter, little can be done;
The brush will freeze, the nose will run.
And fortunately, two months distant.
About these lines I must add this incredible detail: This is not as far-fetched as it sounds today. In the fifties, women, along with people of color, were still thought to be intellectually inferior, mere appendages in the world of belles lettres. Writing light verse actually served me well as a poet. It pressed me into the exactitude of rhyme, and working in rhyme allowed me to trot some of my dark poems out of the closet and try to cast them in formal patterns. I greatly admired Edna St. I continued to write in isolation until , when I stumbled upon a poetry workshop at the Boston Center for Adult Education conducted by the poet and Tufts University professor John Holmes. Anne Sexton and I met in that class; our deep personal and professional relationship ensued and ran for seventeen years until she took her own life. Holmes became my mentor, and in private I called him my Christian academic daddy. He proposed me for membership in the New England Poetry Club and soon thereafter put me up for my first academic position at his university. Still, entry into this circle of emerging poets only highlighted the tension I felt at having to juggle domestic and professional spheres. This acrobatic act dominates a letter I wrote to my mother in to wish her a belated happy birthday: Just call me Mrs. Up sooner than betimes; dryer broken, youngest out of underpants. All underpants soaking wet on line. Ten minutes of earnest persuasion, no one would know he was wearing old baby pair, no one would see. Find plastic bag to protect violin case. Write check for violin teacher. Live dangerously; payday Wednesday. Find cough drops for middle child. Middle child coughs anyhow. Youngest watching Captain Kangaroo. Make beds, do dishes, get dressed; car pool late for youngest, writer late for appointment. Car pool comes, writer leaves; rushes to Tufts. Interview with chairman of English Department, 30 minutes. What was Slavic course you took junior year? Think back; possibly 19th century Russian history. Discuss elements of English renaissance? Writer knows little about this period. Next meet chairman, Freshman English. Each have a cigarette. Back to chair of department. Accompany him across campus still pouring to meet Dean. Dean looks too young to shave. Decision after June Arrive home, gobble sandwich, deliver girls back to school. Go pick up youngest, rush to

bank for cash. Suspicious green tint to complexion. Abandon plan to go to market. Does not throw up. Borrow neighbor in case; go to market. Husband has clean shirt? Girl Scout cookout postponed, rain. Clean chicken, set table. Middle child comes home. Deliver middle child and cello to lesson. Retrieve child and cello from lesson. Poets from workshop call, farewell party for John Holmes Friday night? Find children for early supper. Throw on dress; husband and sales director arrive. Guest leaves and so betimes to bed. I remember that life well. I was just beginning to get my "true" poems published, first in little magazines like Audience and the Beloit Poetry Journal, then acceptances from the Atlantic, Harpers, even the New Yorker. I remember teaching freshman comp part-time to phys-ed majors and dental technicians; I was the first woman ever hired in the Tufts University English department and therefore not to be trusted with liberal arts students. Gradually I came to realize how arduous the road to acceptance as a woman artist would be. Attitudes changed at a glacial pace. I have cited elsewhere, more than once, an event that took place in Blessedly, Langston Hughes leapt up to assert that she was the best Negro woman poet in the country. What astonishes me is how few women today, hearing this story, appreciate the irony in it. In , when my first book appeared, it was one of forty-odd poetry collections published in the United States that year. Just eight were by women. That statistic and the following ones are provided by Wikipedia. By my rough count, thirty-plus were women. I could hardly believe my good fortune. In , the same year that Halfway came out, the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study announced the recipients of its largess. Incredibly, both Anne Sexton and I were among the twenty-four women who received grants in fields ranging from poetry and painting to science, history, and philosophy. Although the dollar amounts were small, the grants authenticated us. They said we were real and what we did was valuable. Although poetry was my first and remains my most enduring love, I wrote extensively in other genres. I never felt any ambivalence about working in prose; in a comforting way it relieved the tension of the high-wire act of writing the poem. When my children were small I turned to writing stories for them, many in tight rhyme. Richard Wilbur, Jarrell, and Eliot had sanctified this terrain before me, and I found it joyful and relaxing. I declined, citing some bogus reason; the truth was I was too scared to accept.

Chapter 6 : Worlds in Our Words: Contemporary American Women Writers

Maxine Kumin, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, dies at 88 By MIKE PRIDE For the Concord Monitor Friday, February 7, Maxine Kumin knew what she was looking for.

John Tallmadge, In the Mazes of Quetico. Rick Bass, From River People. Harris, From Mississippi Solo: Arlene Blum, From Annapurna: Scott Russell Sanders, Cloud Crossing. Henry David Thoreau, October , John Muir, Yosemite Falls: Journal Entry April 3, ; Letter to Mrs. Carr April 3, ; An Unexpected Adventure Edwin Way Teale, From October. Henry David Thoreau, From Walden. Sandra Cisneros, Four Skinny Trees. Maxine Kumin, Menial Labor and the Muse. Michael Pollan, Why Mow? The Case Against Lawns. A Strabismic View of Zookeeping. A Sense of Place. Wendell Berry, A Country of Edges. Terry Tempest Williams, Yucca. Visual Representations of Nature: Landscape Painting and Photography. Frederic Edwin Church, Mt. Julius Schrader, Baron Alexander von Humboldt Joel Meyerowitz, Porch, Provincetown, Spiritual and Aesthetic Responses to Nature. Loren Eiseley, The Flow of the River. Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Larry Littlebird, The Hunter. Susan Mitchell, Dreaming in Public: Nature and the Mind. Loren Eiseley, The Winter of Man. Barry Lopez, Children in the Woods. John Daniel, The Impoverishment of Sightseeing. Polemics, Conjectures, Records of Conflict. Joseph Meeker, Nuclear Time. Global Thoughts, Local Actions. Richard Nelson, Oil and Ethics: Adrift on Troubled Waters. John Nicols, Keep It Simple. Baruch Fischhoff, Report from Poland: Science and Politics in the Midst of Environmental Disaster. Wangari Maathai, Foresters Without Diplomas. Paul DiPerna, Truth vs.

Chapter 7 : Cerise Press – Four of Us: Akhmatova, Mandelshtam, Pasternak, Tsvetaeva

Worlds in Our Words: Contemporary American Women Writers, 1/e. Kumin, Maxine -Menial Labor and the Muse Childress, Alice - Florence. Braid, Kate - 'Girl' on the.

Agent—Curtis Brown, 10 Astor Pl. John the Divine, —; chancellor, Academy of American Poets, Progress Report sound recording, Watershed, Looking for Luck, W. Norton New York, NY, Connecting the Dots, W. Selected Poems, , W. The Long Marriage, W. Uncollected Early Poems, , W. Jack and Other New Poems, W. Still to Mow, W. Quit Monks or Die! What Color Is Caesar? To Make a Prairie: Women, Animals, and Vegetables: Essays and Stories, W. Inside the Halo and Beyond: The Anatomy of a Recovery, W. Contributor to over a dozen poetry readings recorded by Library of Congress. Despite the necessity of traveling away from home to lecture at schools and universities around the United States, she has retained close ties with her home in rural New Hampshire; in an interview with Joan Norris published in *Crazy Horse*, the poet disclosed: Kumin is often referred to as a regional pastoral poet as her verse is deeply rooted to her native New England. New York Times reviewer Michiko Kakutani found her works to be most like those of Galway Kinnell, since both are "concerned with human mortality, with the love shared between parents and their children, with the seasonal patterns of nature and the possibility of retrieving and preserving the past," as Kakutani wrote. Kumin did not begin to write and publish until mid-life, although she had shown an inclination to write poetry much earlier. During high school, she wrote what she considered to be the very poor poetry of a late adolescent. Later, as a freshman at Radcliffe, she presented a sheaf of poems to an instructor for his comments. As she recalled to Norris: Writing became a kind of therapy, and she found encouragement in workshops at the Boston Center for Adult Education. A Self-Portrait in Letters. The two poets "often communicated daily, by letter if separated by oceans, otherwise by telephone. As Kumin related in *Anne Sexton: The Artist and Her Critics*, Sexton had written several poems based on fairy tales that later became part of her Pulitzer Prize-winning book *Transformations*. Sexton "had no thought of a collection at first," said Kumin. Rather, observed Monroe K. Spears in the *Washington Post Book World*, "much of her poetry throughout is openly autobiographical, and the reader becomes acquainted with her family —, her Frostian New Hampshire neighbor Henry Manley, — and so on. *Essays on Poets, Poetry, and Country Living*. New and Selected Poems, "the voice of the poems is that of a strong woman. In an unforgiving environment, Kumin neither flinches at the strenuous physical labors that comprise her usual responsibilities, nor quails before her emotional disappointments. The works of both poets show a close attention to the details of life in rural New England. Not only is there an order "to be discovered — in the natural world," as the poet told Martha George Meek in a *Massachusetts Review* interview, "there is also an order that a human can impose on the chaos of his emotions and the chaos of events. As she told Hammond: This is true because, paradoxically, the difficulty frees me to be more honest and more direct. Shaw said in his *Poetry* review of *The Long Approach*. These poems "are aimed resolutely outward," wrote *Washington Post Book World* contributor Wendy Lesser, the critic maintaining that these "issue" poems "founder on their opinion making. In *Poetry*, Shaw suggested that "if Kumin wishes to venture into public terrain, perhaps her voice, which is essentially private, needs to adjust itself to — new and very different demands—. It can be assumed, at any rate, that a poet of her intelligence stands an even chance of solving the problems involved. In *Connecting the Dots*, a collection, Kumin similarly "reexamines the familiar materials of her previous books with her far-ranging eye and technical skill," according to Fay Weldon writing in the *Boston Book Review*. She has the versatility to build an orderly, measured structure in rhyme and meter, or to adopt the easier virtues of free verse for a more transient, informal effect. In *The Long Marriage*, the poet celebrates her five-decade marriage to her husband, Victor Kumin, their life together in New Hampshire, and nature. Booklist contributor Donna Seaman found the work to be a group of "well-turned, neatly well balanced poems" and a "radiant testimony to life attentively witnessed and cherished. The structure of the villanelle, which she uses in several selections, stands in contrast to her topics, particularly activism and public protestation. I had to write them. *A Book of Animal Poems*, Small and Large, a volume of nineteen poems that range, according to a *Publishers Weekly* reviewer, from

"whimsically anthropomorphic to factually accurate. Acknowledging that some poems in the book just "meander along" without linguistic distinction, a contributor to Kirkus Reviews pointed out that many pieces in the collection "are small, polished gems. So you take all those things and they get into fiction. The turns of phrase and points of view come from a poet, not a recorder of events. The poet talked about her obsession with mortality in a Country Journal article in which she reflects on the death of a foal. According to some astrological prognosticatory chart, we are both sixes on the scale. In the accident, she broke her neck and sustained serious internal injuries, injuries that kill ninety-five percent of those who receive similar ones. She was able to make a successful recovery, however, and in *Inside the Halo and Beyond* she describes her convalescence. Roiphe noted that although Kumin is a poet, the prose in *Inside the Halo and Beyond* "is rarely poetic in the usual sense of heightened metaphor or compacted image. Roiphe likened the tenet "to a dignified prayer of thanks" that resonates "wisdom while announcing a triumph of body and soul. She includes interviews, diary entries, and keynote addresses, as well as selections of verse. Maxine Kumin contributed the following autobiographical essay to CA: I once read something Wilfrid Sheed wrote about the "self-importance problem" that is "endemic to all autobiographies. My mother was born in Radford in , number six in a family of twelve children. Her father, Abraham Simon, was a merchant—indeed, the main merchant—in town. His name, as she had once pridefully informed me, was carved in stone over the door. Just this year, a kind soul in Radford sent me photographic evidence dated My uncle Saul Simon, the only one of the clan who neither married nor left his native heath, served with the cavalry in World War I. He was a spectacular joiner of organizations, an excellent horseman, a super patriot, and quite possibly the most caring man in that corner of rural Virginia. His reputation in Radford as unofficial ombudsman for veterans of his and all subsequent wars, as silent philanthropist to the needy, as friend to the lonely or the housebound, persists in the community. Because of him I was very warmly received in Radford. So were my poems, particularly the ones that dealt with what I like to call tribal material. It is out of that tribal feeling, and to tell the little tale of my origins, that I now undertake this account. Everyone deserves a flamboyant ancestor and it seems to me, even upon superficial inquiry, that everyone has one. I hereby lay claim to Elias Rosenberg, my maternal great-grandfather. Possibly half of what I know about him is fiction, embroidered by his daughter, my grandmother, Pauline Rosenberg Simon, as told to my mother, Belle Doll Simon Winokur. Certainly I have added to the fiction in my own retellings. My great-grandfather left me here rooted in grateful guilt, blasted out of Europe in ; came, mourned by all his kin who put on praying hats and sat a week on footstools there; plowed forty days by schooner and sailed in at Baltimore a Jew, and poor; strapped needles up and notions and walked packaback across his red beard and nutmeg freckles dusting as he sang. There are no abolitionists in my past to point to. The truth is that this man, my only link with that event, prospered in Virginia, begat eight young and sewed eight years on shirts to get them bread. When those warm states stood up to fight, the war made him a factory in a pasture lot where he sat, my part-time pacifist, stitching uniforms for the Confederates. The gray cloth made him rich; they say he lived to lose it all. This is the way I remember it was told, but in a hundred years all stories go wrong. The facts in the poem are unvarnished, except for the buckle, which I added in the interest of thickening authenticity. A Message Long Overdue. I marvel at the lavish language it contains, and at the anguished effort this man is making in his non-native tongue to heal a family rift. The rupture was apparently occasioned by his remarriage to a woman said to have been the same age as his oldest daughter. My grandmother has apparently sent a picture of some sort, certainly not a snapshot—it is impossible for me to gaze on the picture before me as portrayed by the Artist and not be impressed with the realization that they are My People and to pray that God in His Infinite Mercy may bless them even as he blessed Jacob. I remember his second wife, my step-great-grandmother, who lived her last years in the Sinai Home for the Aged in Baltimore and came by train once or twice a year to Philadelphia to stay with us. The setting was Baltimore. Is this historically possible? My grandmother, I know, went by horsecar every Friday afternoon in her girlhood to buy the Sabbath bread. She was born on Fayette Street in Baltimore, home of many of the Jewish families that came by ship from Hamburg. How American it was! How deep my roots! It never occurred to me to fault my opportunistic ancestor for sewing Confederate uniforms. She wore an evening cape of black velvet, its full length sprinkled with what looked like multicolored nonpareils. As she

swept out the door in it, I was suffused with longing to look in on what it was the grown-ups did on these occasions.

Chapter 8 : Project MUSE - Democracy in Print

Maxine Kumin, Menial Labor and the Muse. John Elder, The Plane on South Mountain. Michael Pollan, Why Mow? The Case Against Lawns. Being in the World: An.

Encompassing several genres of literary composition, this thematically arranged, multicultural anthology provides an integrated curriculum of contemporary American women writers from diverse backgrounds whose works have come into prominence in the last several decades. Includes a variety of genres in each section - fiction, memoirs, essays, poetry, drama - moving from one to another with a sense of discovery. Spans eight decades, with readings from Margaret Walker to the present day. Juxtaposes the works of emerging writers with those of American classics. Provides clearly and concisely written introductions for each section. Includes brief biographies for each author. Contains contextual head notes for each reading. Walker, Alice - Everyday Use. Silko, Leslie Marmon - Lullaby. Lorde, Audre - Poetry is Not a Luxury. Norris, Kathleen - A Starfish in Mott. Marshall, Paule - From the Poets in the Kitchen. Medley, Cassandra - Waking Women. Silko, Leslie Marmon - untitled, Prologue to Ceremony. Cervantes, Lorna Dee - Refugee Ship. Chin, Marilyn - First Lessons. Lorde, Audre - A Litany for Survival. Majaj, Lisa Suhair - Recognized Futures. Nye, Naomi Shihab - Adi os. Walker, Margaret - I Want to Write. Walker, Pamela - Good Shabbos. Harjo, Joy - Family Album. Sanchez, Sonya - Dear Mama. Wasserstein, Wendy - Tender Offer. Clifton, Lucille - Daughters. Dericotte, Toi - Touching, Not Touching: Gallagher, Tess - Each Bird Walking. Hogan, Linda - Germinal, and Elk Song. Ratner, Rochelle - Bentshen Light. Song, Cathy - Picture Bride. Voigt, Ellen Bryant - Visiting the Graves. Hogan, Linda - Imagining a Wider Community. Niederman, Sharon - A Gift for Languages. Olsen, Tillie - O Yes. Morrison, Toni - The birth of Denver, excerpt from Beloved. Ozick, Cynthia - The Shawl. Tapahonso, Luci - Preface: The Kaw River Rushes Westward. Momoko Iko - Gold Watch. Clifton, Lucille - them and us. Clark, Patricia - Bill of Sale D. Dove, Rita - Crab Boil. Klepfitz, Irena - Warsaw, My mother is walking down a road from Bashert. Mirikitani, Janice - Prisons of Silence. Mora, Pat - La Migra. Pastan, Linda - Family Tree. Remember the Things They Told Us. Stephens, Mariflo - Waltzing into Heaven. Winslow, Joyce Madelon - Born Again. Joy, Eileen - Emma. Wolf, Naomi - Hunger. Raz, Hilda - Junk. Drexler, Rosalyn - 17C. Allen, Paula Gunn - Weed. Clark, Patricia - Betrayal. Byer, Kathryn Stripling - Dusk. Gallagher, Tess - Red Poppy. Gluck, Louise - The Undertaking. Hogan, Linda - Geodes. Keener, LuAnn - Hummingbirds. Moss, Thylas - Tornados. Watanabe, Sylvia - Living Among Strangers. Kincaid, Jamaica - Poor Visitor. Naylor, Gloria - from Mama Day. Blaumer, Laurie - The Invention of Imagination. Byer, Kathryn Stripling - Carpenter. Olsen, Tillie - Working Lives. California - The Magic Strength of Need. Houston, Pam - How to Talk to a Hunter. McDonald, Jeanne - Cousins. Springer, Lisa - Between Girls. Ferris, Lucy - Love and Learn. Lamott, Anne - from Operating Instructions. Willard, Nancy - The Friendship Tarot. Neipris, Janet - The Agreement. Allen, Paula Gunn - Eve the Fox. Angelou, Maya - Known to Eve and Me. Broumas, Olga - Lullaby. Gallagher, Tess - Sea Inside the Sea. Hacker, Marilyn - Self. Olds, Sharon - First Night. Song, Cathy - The White Porch. Willard, Nancy - Angels in Winter. Willard - Finding and Gathering and Dreaming. Watanabe, Sylvia - Talking with the Dead. Marcus, Adrienne - The Paincaller. Lyon, George Ella - Singing. Sarton, May - Silence is the food I was after Timpanelli, Gioia - There Are Times. Shange, Ntozake - Boogie Woogie Blues. Harjo, Joy - Healing Animal. Hogan, Linda - Drum. Kallet, Marilyn - Passover. Oliver, Mary - Mockingbirds. Piercy, Marge - Wellfleet Sabbath. Voigt, Ellen - Song and Story. Thomas, Joyce Carol - Church Poem. Zimmerman, Elaine - To Essie Parrish.

Chapter 9 : Being in the World: An Environmental Reader for Writers

Nearly twenty years ago, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Maxine Kumin transplanted her urban family to an overgrown New Hampshire farm. Her latest prose work, a graceful and appealing blend of ten essays and eight stories, grew from the exertions and exhilarations of country living.