

Chapter 1 : Pattiann Rogers - Poet | Academy of American Poets

Pattiann Rogers was born in Joplin, Missouri, in She graduated from the University of Missouri in and from the University of Houston, with a M.A. in creative writing, in Her first book, The Expectations of Light, was published in

Pattiann Rogers All cultures in all times have possessed a cosmology, a story that attempts to address and explain the origins of the physical world, its many elements and its life forms, including human beings. The cosmology of any culture is an intimate part of that culture. Most often it is the basis on which decisions are made, obligations are determined, and actions taken. Each cosmology is integral to the functioning of its particular society. Today, the cosmology of our society, the story of how the universe began, how life arose, what components make up the physical world and how that world proceeds, the history of the universe, including the earth, and in some respects also its future--this story is being told, is in the process of being told, by science. This cosmology is ours, the story of our time and place. It seems to me debilitating to deny or discount the story. To attempt to do so alienates us in an artificial way from ourselves and our culture and the ways by which we live and maintain ourselves, the tools we employ, the methods we use to define ourselves and to locate ourselves in space and time. Our cosmology is a powerful, beautiful, frightening, astonishingly new, shockingly new story, and it is an unfinished story, a story still in the process of being told. Exploring, discovering, researching, modifying the structure and details of the story when verified data indicate modification is necessary, these are major elements of the story itself. The story is not dogmatic. It urges constant and circumspect reconsideration of itself. Our cosmology is not only a story of creation, it is a story in the midst of being created. Our cosmology says of itself, in essence, "This is the story so far. It is only fragmentary. The elements of the story may be modified and expanded as we continue to investigate, to re-examine, to ask insightful questions. This is bewildering and distressing. How do we maintain our balance in the midst of such a cosmology? To what can we cling with confidence during those times when we need something certain and unchanging to cling to? I started to write "something rock-certain to cling to. None will be forever what they appear to be to us today. Our cosmology tells us this, just as it tells us that we live on a spinning earth that is gradually slowing as it revolves around the star nearest to us, the sun gradually exhausting its energy, circling the center of the Milky Way galaxy, a medium-sized galaxy speeding with the Solar System through the cosmos among billions of other galaxies burning and erupting, bearing young growing stars and old dying stars. I once read a statement that has stayed with me. Speaking of the evolution of Homo sapiens, the author wrote, "It was as if Nature, after wearing out several billion years of tossing off new creatures like nutshells, looked up to see that one had come back and was eyeing her squarely. You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 2 : An Interview With Poet Pattiann Rogers | Poets & Writers

Pattiann Rogers: I think that is an interesting thing to do with language—apply terms you typically use with music to something else that is moving in the same way but not exactly the same way and how each affects the experience and definition of the other. It was fun to write, too.

I like these three and return to them, because they set my imagination whirling, whirling with freedom. What can be stranger than I can think? What question can I ask that will further expose the essence of nature? The majority of my poems I regard as quests. The poem proceeds by my offering responses to the initial question, imagining and exploring possibilities by using language and its music. The music of the poem, its cadences and sounds, is of utmost importance to me. Music reinforces the experience and power of the words. Music is felt; it belongs to the body. I aim for discovery, seeking a new perception that surprises or pleases me or seems to fit in the puzzle. I seek for new perceptions in my poems of celebration and in my love poems, as well as in my poems of the physical natural world. This is my primary method of creating poetry, but not my only method.

The Significance of Location
The cat has the chance to make the sunlight beautiful, to stop it and turn it immediately into black fur and motion, to take it as shifting branch and brown feather into the back of the brain forever. The cardinal has flown the sun in red through the oak forest to the lawn. The finch has caught it in yellow and taken it among the thorns. By the spider it has been bound tightly and tied in an eight-stringed knot. The sun has been intercepted in its one basic state and changed to a million varieties of green stick and tassel. It has been broken into pieces by glass rings, by mist over the river. Its heat has been given the board fence for body, the desert rock for fact. On winter hills it has been laid down in white like a martyr. Someone should take note of how the earth has saved the sun from oblivion. Published with the permission of Pattiann Rogers

Suppose Your Father Was a Redbird
Suppose his body was the meticulous layering of graduated down which you studied early, rows of feathers increasing in size to the hard-splayed wine-gloss tips of his outer edges. Suppose, before you could speak, you watched the slow spread of his wing over and over, the appearance of that invisible appendage, the unfolding transformation of his body to the airborne. And you followed his departure again and again, learning to distinguish the red microbe of his being far into the line of the horizon. Then today you might be the only one able to see the breast of a single red bloom five miles away across an open field. The modification of your eye might have enabled you to spot a red moth hanging on an oak branch in the exact center of the Aurorean Forest. Naturally you would picture your faith arranged in filamented principles moving from pink to crimson at the final quill. And the red tremble of your dream you might explain as the shimmer of his back lost over the sea at dawn. Your sudden visions you might interpret as the uncreasing of heaven, the bones of the sky spread, the conceptualized wing of the mind untangling. Imagine the intensity of your revelation the night the entire body of a star turns red and you watch it as it rushes in flames across the black, down into the hills. If your father was a redbird, then you would be obligated to try to understand what it is you recognize in the sun as you study it again this evening pulling itself and the sky in dark red over the edge of the earth. Published with the permission of Pattiann Rogers

A Short Biography
Pattiann Rogers was born, raised and educated from elementary school through high school in Joplin, Missouri. She has taught as a visiting writer at several universities, including Montana, and Texas, Washington University, and Pacific University, and was Associate Professor at the University of Arkansas from Rogers is the mother of two sons and has three grandsons. She lives with her husband, a retired geophysicist, in Colorado. List of Published Books.

Chapter 3 : Project MUSE - Within the Magnificence of the Boundless

Pattiann Rogers is the author of Firekeeper (avg rating, 81 ratings, 10 reviews, published), Song of the World Becoming (avg rating, 35 ra.

Her first book, *The Expectations of Light*, was published in 1987. Since then she has published 18 additional books of poetry and prose. She lives in Colorado with her husband. A list of her publications includes: *Writing on Nature, Science, and Spirit*. Brooding Heron Press, Knight Library Press, *Song of the World Becoming: New and Collected Poems*, *The Dream of the Marsh Wren: Writing as Reciprocal Creation*. Rogers, Pattiann, and Joellyn Duesberry. *A Covenant of Seasons. New and Selected Poems*. *The Tattooed Lady in the Garden*. *The Only Holy Window*. *The Expectations of Light*. Scope and Contents The collection has a variety of materials detailing the literary works of Pattiann Rogers. It includes manuscripts copies of published and unpublished works, final copies and revisions of poems and essays, research material, workshop, conference and project materials, business, literary and personal correspondence, teaching materials, reviews, audio and video recordings, photographs, and computer disks. Literary works in this collection include: A transcript of an interview conducted at the Sowell Collection Conference in April was added to the collection in 2010. Organization The collection is organized by correspondence, book title, literary production genre poetry, prose, and interview , and by type of material. Books included were cataloged for the Natural History Collection. Restrictions Access Restrictions The collection is open for research. Copyright is retained by the authors of items in this collection, or their descendants, as stipulated by U. Audio and visual recordings may need to be reformatted prior to use. Copy requests in excess of 5 pages must be approved by the donor or her representative.

In , Pattiann Rogers was born in Joplin, Missouri. She graduated from the University of Missouri in She received her MA from the University of Houston in

In all of her books there is a quest for holiness and wholeness, an exploration of our connection to the worldâ€™to the lives of animals and plantsâ€™and, on a grander scale, to the universe. Rogers is known for her intelligent, highly detailed, exuberant poems that examine the phenomena of science and faith. After studying English and zoology during her undergraduate years at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Rogers received her MA in creative writing at the University of Houston. She has taught writing at several colleges and universities, most recently the low-residency MFA program at Pacific University, where, in the interest of full disclosure, she was one of my advisors. Rogers has received numerous honors and prizes for her poetry, including two National Endowment for the Arts grants, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and the Lannan Literary Award. The author of twelve collections, including *Generations* Penguin, and *Firekeeper: I write about what interests me, those things about which I wonder and which arouse my curiosity, and I write about whatever I want to celebrate or honor. Some poems are prayers. The organization of Wayfare is fascinatingâ€™almost like a guided tour through a university. Did the organizing structure affect what you wrote? My knowledge of this developing organization began to affect the writing of new poems and to suggest minor modifications to older poems. Often the specific discipline is a jumping-off point for addressing something else, as poems are apt to do, as we know. Could you give an example of where the work was taken as a result of addressing a specific discipline? Philosophy is a creative discipline, I believe, as is science. What were those other influences on your creative process that you mentioned? What was the genesis of Wayfare, or how did it start coming together? None of my other books came together the way Wayfare did. After *Generations*, I began writing new poems again as usual, about whatever interested me, no particular plan for a new book in mind. I liked the idea of grouping these three stand-alone poems under a single title. I actually thought of them as composing a kind of three-pronged expanded metaphor. The feeling of this form stayed with me even as I was writing single poems. Occasionally, I would notice that a poem I was writing fit as a reflection on a term or a setting or an approach that a previous poem had taken. Into the Deep Beautiful The Sequel. I wanted to expand the perspectives these sections were taking. I really liked this process and enjoyed it. This meant, to me, that the new poem could assume whatever thematic strengths had already been established by other poems. I liked the loose intertwining that was happening within and among the sections. How is this book new territory for you? Primarily what was new was in the process. The writing of many of the poems was influenced by my vision of the structure and organization of the book. With my previous books, the vision of the organization came into being after all the poems were written. With *Wayfare*, I was writing new poems that I could see against the structure of the book, and that structure was not limiting but liberating. It actually felt infinite with possibilities. I intentionally wanted to concentrate on human creativity in this book to a greater extent than I had in the past. The structure of the book as it developed aided that intention. It gave me a place to do that. How do you feel your style has developed or changed? I want to create writing that pleases me, from which I learn something, and in which my imagination is at play to a high degree. My process of investigating a question, a hypothesis, a supposition, or a subject through poetry has not changed much since my first book, and thus the form has not changed to any great degree. The form is a tool, part of the process. Repeated themes of yours, besides cataloguing scientific phenomena, include perception and consciousness, especially consciousness of humanity among animals or consciousness of the spirit. How do you feel poetry works as a descriptor for different kinds of spiritual consciousness? I believe poetry functions in ways very similar to music. Whatever poetry evokes or conveys cannot be separated from the sound and movement of the very words by which it was created and in which it resides. Your love of music really comes through in this book. Did you study music or have a background in it? Music was a large part of my childhood. My older brother played the piano, the clarinet, the violin, and the baritone horn. My mother paid him a nickel to get up and practice the piano before school. He had a big jar full of nickels. I took tap dancing and ballet, but was not so*

great. But I was a good, strong singer. I could sing harmony, the alto parts. I was one of three children chosen from my elementary school to be in the All City Chorus. I attended that chorus practice and our church choir practice every week. I sang and sang and followed the instructions of music teachers. I learned about counting sounds and accented and unaccented notes and the effects of various rhythms and tones, and numbered beats to a measure, major keys and minor, verses and choruses, repetitions, rests and silences, crescendos and diminuendos. All the elements of poetry. Music always convinces me that human beings, all of us, are redeemable, capable of love and righteousness. I never wanted to write directly about my personal life. I knew that almost from the beginning. I felt it was extremely limiting as a subject. The world itself seemed much more fascinating and exciting and worthy than the details of my own personal life in it. And I simply loved the sound, the look, the feel in my mouth of the words about the world, the universe, the life processes of other forms, and I liked where those words, put together in certain ways, could take me. I loved their places and their structures and their being. And those words have been very good to me. What interests me is actually cosmology, the story of the physical world, the entire universe, being told by scientists. Would you like to address these labels? Do you feel they are limiting? If my poetry is placed in a category, it is only limiting to me if I accept the categorization and attempt to conform to it. If my poetry is introduced to a reader as belonging to a category, then it can limit the poetry for the reader who believes that categorization. And that has happened more often than I would like. Whether your fantastic imagery is of jellyfish or stars or one-celled creatures, naming the organisms and their surroundings seems very important. What do you think? Watch young children outdoors. I was just with my two-year-old grandson this past weekend. A stroll around the yard with him takes a while. He points to a butterfly with great excitement and wants the name and tries to repeat it. He brings a very tiny golden-bronze seed to me to hold and keep. He can watch a trail of ants with an enduring focus. The sight of the moon always occasioned joy and rapt attention. And dandelions, even to my five-year-old grandsons, are amazing and beautiful. And they are right to be so amazed. The life forms on our earth are amazing to children, and they remain amazing for many adults. The more we learn about them the more amazing and mysterious they become. The same is true for all the stars and cosmic bodies existing in the heavens. The universe is overflowing with passion. For my own sake, I try with words to tap into that passion, that intense will-to-be, the tight hold against oblivion, the yes-power existing within all the manifestations of light.

Chapter 5 : Pattiann Rogers | iTEAMchicago

Pattiann Rogers is the author of twelve collections of poetry and two when a fold of cells quivers suddenly for the first time by a vision of tension folding.

Crosscutting Concepts Here is a list: Observed patterns of forms and events guide organization and classification, and they prompt questions about relationships and the factors that influence them. Events have causes, sometimes simple, sometimes multifaceted. A major activity of science is investigating and explaining causal relationships and the mechanisms by which they are mediated. Such mechanisms can then be tested across given contexts and used to predict and explain events in new contexts. Scale, proportion, and quantity: Systems and system models: Defining the system under study—specifying its boundaries and making explicit a model of that system—provides tools for understanding and testing ideas that are applicable throughout science and engineering. Flows, cycles, and conservation. The way in which an object or living thing is shaped and its substructure determine many of its properties and functions. For natural and built systems alike, conditions of stability and determinants of rates of change or evolution of a system are critical elements of study. Here is another list: Seminal to all kin also is the open mouth—in heart urchin and octopus belly, in catfish, moonfish, forest lily, and rugosa rose, in thirsty magpie, wailing cat cub, barker, yodeler, yawning coati. And there is a pervasive clasping common to the clan—the hard nails of lichen and ivy sucker on the church wall, the bean tendril and the taproot, the bolted coupling of crane flies, the hold of the shearwater on its morning squid, guanine to cytosine, adenine to thymine, fingers around fingers, the grip of the voice on presence, the grasp of the self on place. Remember the same hair on pygmy dormouse and yellow-necked caterpillar, covering red baboon, thistle seed and willow herb? Remember the similar snorts of warthog, walrus, male moose and sumo wrestler? Remember the familiar whinny and shimmer found in river birches, bay mares and bullfrog tadpoles, in children playing at shoulder tag on a summer lawn? The family—weavers, reachers, winders and connivers, pumpers, runners, air and bubble riders, rock-sitters, wave-gliders, wire-wobblers, soothers, flagellators—all brothers, sisters, all there is. Pattiann Rogers was born in Joplin, Missouri. Her mother was a schoolteacher. She completed her degree in English literature, and the couple married in She and her husband had two sons, John and Arthur, and by the birth of their second son were living in Houston, where her husband did geophysical research for Texaco while pursuing postgraduate training in geology at the University of Houston. In the group developed a tattoo-like sensor that can measure brain waves, heartbeats, and the contraction of skeletal muscles. That was a mouthful. But I wanted to include it to suggest the way in which the arts and sciences can marry, can feed each other read inspire , and basically operate as one family within the human intellect. Far from being the two separate cultures C. Snow described in , they are, ideally and quite appropriately, helpmeets. But perhaps, united, both science and art stand a better chance. The notion Of the vast will not ignore the arm swinging In motion from the shoulder or the fingers Clapsed together in alternation. And when the infant, for the first time, Turns his body over completely, think What an enormous revelation in the brain Must be forced, at that moment, to right itself. When you reflect on the NGSS, specifically the eight Scientific and Engineering Practices , the observation, the awakened curiosity, the questioning, the developing of models, all come into play in the work of this poet and arguably that of artists everywhere. Artists too are observers, problem solvers, investigators of discrepant events, and communicators of what they learn from their explorations of the world. New and Collected Poems Her poems are an education in ecology, astronomy, biology, and in the vocabulary of science and scientific observation. I also highly recommend her reflections on her writing in The Dream of the Marsh Hen: Writing as Reciprocal Creation Poems about Science and Mathematics J Brew via Flickr Creative Commons So just maybe the ultimate Crosscutting Concept is that science and art are fundamentally related, the thought processes of scientists and artists more akin than surface appearances would suggest. Part of our task then as teachers and as a society is to erase the artificial divide between the two and the notion that we have two competing cultures, as if there could possibly be a competition at that most fundamental of levels —the working of the human mind. I believe that the union is there and only lacks expression to bring it into

reality.

Chapter 6 : Poetry of Pattiann Rogers by Wallace Ford

Pattiann Rogers, author of twelve poetry collections, including Wayfare (Penguin,), recently spoke about the process of writing her latest collection, the importance of investigation, and the pleasure of naming the world.

Should you wish to be added to the listserv receiving notification, please contact Joan Brown. Wallace Ford Pattiann Rogers is a contemporary poet whose intuitive insights combine the art of writing, the understanding of language and the unifying of reality in such a way that our vision of eco-spirituality is enlarged, challenged and nurtured. She speaks of her work as being "reciprocal creation", indicating the play between the various dimensions of nature. She deftly deconstructs our easy bifurcation of reality and hands us back a journey into a new, re-stitched landscape. In doing so, she brings reciprocity back into our consciousness about the human vocation. The following 3 poems and brief essay give a feel for her important teachings and prophetic insights and will be the basis of the discussion at the March Seminar. Florence Nightingale and the Iron Maiden are nature. Pedophiles and saints equally are nature. Ash pits, boggy graves, nuclear bombs, tubercle bacillus, Yosemite Falls, abortion, the polio vaccine, all are part of the sum total of everything that is and therefore nature. Nothing that is goes against nature, because nature is the way things are. Nature is what is, everything that is, everything that has been, and everything that is possible, including human actions, inventions, creations, and imaginations. This is my definition. This nature is the nature of roaches and cheetahs and honeysuckle, the nature of a Strauss waltz, the nature of the Ice Ages, the Black Plague, the eruption of Krakatoa, the nature of the slaughter of American bison, the nature of human sacrifice and bloody rituals carried out by Aztecs, Celts, Slavs. Nothing that exists, including language, is outside nature. We do not know an "outside nature," because knowledge itself is an element of nature. Even the word "unnatural" is part of nature how could it otherwise be here on this page? An ice pick through the chest or a soothing hand on the forehead, both are natural, both gestures of nature. Wild curly dock, malaria, exploding stars, continental drift, and the construction of Hoover Dam are natural, part of what is. Violent birth and violent extinction are older than we are and natural. We know a history of both. We have sometimes been involved in the nature of both. We cannot legitimately use the word "natural" as synonymous with the words "unsullied," "pure," or "righteous. Vesuvius to erupt and eliminate the town of Herculaneum. Human actions may be judged moral or immoral, wise or unwise, cruel or benevolent, heedless or thoughtful, but those are other terms and other issues. I am speaking of nature. Everything that we name noble is nature, and everything that we name despicable is nature, and our attempt to distinguish between the noble and the despicable is nature. Calculus, astrophysics, the automobile, the safety pin, and billboards were created by creatures born of the natural world and thus included naturally in the nature of everything that is. If we create justice, it exists in nature. If we act so as to bring compassion into existence, it is real within the natural world. Divinity is of the universe, part of nature, when it is observed and noted and imagined and expressed by creatures born of nature with physical, blood-beating, light-snapping minds. We are thoroughly nature. To claim otherwise is to attempt to place human beings and everything we do in some rare unimaginable realm beyond the universe, thus rendering the power of our origins lost and our obligations vague. Nature is everything that is. We are not and cannot be "unnatural. They are always simply of nature. Our decisions then involve determining what it is that we value among this everything-that-is, this nature. What is it we seek to preserve? The decisions we make, how we justify and construct those decisions and the behavior that results, all these become part of the great milieu, and they have their effects in ways we may not always recognize. Our choices and our actions, whether based on aesthetic considerations, moral or spiritual considerations, economic considerations, or rational considerations, must be justified in some way other than by the claim that they are the natural world; for any behavior, even murder, even suicide, even war, even abuse of the young, can be justified by that claim. We may call these particular acts horrors, but they are horrors that are part of nature, part of everything that is, and they cannot be said to go against nature. They are horrors that are part of nature already replete with horrors. Perhaps these particular acts go against our sense of goodness or compassion, morality or beauty or justice, but they do not go against nature. Annihilation and creation are occurring constantly around us now, and they

have occurred always, long before human beings came to be. Nature encompasses all contradictions. This nature is not a single entity, not a consistent force that sanctions or condemns behavior, not a god-substitute that we can embrace or blame or escape. It composes the entire, complex myriad of ever-changing events and details, unpredictable, paradoxical, passing and eternal, known and mysterious. Nature is the vast expanse of abstractions and multiplicities; it is the void and the concrete presence, an unrestricted inclusiveness. The definition of the word "nature" even includes its own definition and the maker of its definition. I deliberately seek out the specific aspects of everything that is that I find ennobling, affirming, that engender in me hope, faith, action, and health, the chaos choose to value and praise them. We are fortunate as human beings to have the opportunity to discern and to act, to recognize and experience ourselves in this welter of terror and beauty, to add our praise, gratitude, and testimony to the totality of everything that is, to place them as if we were placing seeds in soil into the flux and form of this nature

The Dream of the Marsh Wren: Reciprocal Creation by Pattiann Rogers

The marsh wren, furtive and tail-tipped, by the rapid brown blurs of his movements makes sense of the complexities of sticks and rushes. He makes slashes and complicated lines of his own in mid-air above the marsh by his flight and the rattles of his incessant calling. He exists exactly as if he were a product of the pond and the sky and the blades of light among the reeds and grasses, as if he were deliberately willed into being by the empty spaces he eventually inhabits. And at night, inside each three-second shudder of his sporadic sleep, understand how he creates the vision of the sun blanched and barred by the diagonal juttings of the weeds, and then the sun as heavy cattail crossed and tangled and rooted deep in the rocking of its own gold water, and then the sun as suns in flat explosions at the bases of the tule. Imagine the marsh wren making himself inside his own dream. Imagine the wren, created by the marsh, inside the marsh of his own creation, unaware of his being inside this dream of mine where I imagine he dreams within the boundaries of his own fixed black eye around which this particular network of glistening weeds and knotted grasses and slow-dripping gold mist and seeded winds shifting in waves of sun turns and tangles and turns itself completely inside out again here composing me in the stationary silence of its only existence. Consider their pervasiveness - the thump, thump and slide of waves on a stretched hide of beach, the rising beat and slap of their crests against shore baffles, the rapping of otters cracking mollusks with stones, whack of his tail-paddle, the ape playing the bam of his own chest, the million tickering rolls of rain off the flat-leaves and razor-rims of the forest. And we know the noise of our own inventions-snare and kettle, bongo, conga, big bass, toy tin, timbals, tambourine, tom-tom. But the heart must be the most pervasive drum of all. Imagine hearing all together every tinny snare of every heartbeat in every jumping mouse and harvest mouse, sagebrush vole and least shrew living across the prairie; and add to that cacophony the individual staccato tickings inside all gnatcatchers, kingbirds, kestrels, rock doves, pine warblers crossing, criss-crossing each other in the sky, the sound of their beatings overlapping of the hearts of cougar, coyote, weasel, badger, pronghorn, the ponderous bass of the black bear; and on deserts too, all the knockings, the flutterings inside wart snakes, whiptails, racers and sidewinders, earless lizards, cactus owls; plus the clamors undersea, slow booming in the breasts of beluga and bowhead, uniform rappings in a passing school of cod or bib, the thidderings of bat rays and needlefish. Imagine the earth carrying this continuous din, this multifarious festival of pulsing thuds, stutters and drummings, wheeling on and on across the universe. Whole swaths of gypsum stems and flowerets became paralysed where we see them now, unmoved in the wind. Pipes of organ rocks and the red bugle rocks beside them posed statuesque over ravines and gulches without music. On the day the god of rocks said stop, all the rocks of the earth stood still, without further expression, without further response. And the god of rocks, simply a possible reflection of his own rock creation, became bound himself, eyes staring marble white, voice a solid layer of shale, the words live again soundless and locked irretrievably.

Chapter 7 : Pattiann Rogers Interview - calendrierdelascience.com

*Pattiann Rogers has published fourteen books of poetry; two book-length essay collections, *The Dream of the Marsh Wren* and *The Grand Array*; and *A Covenant of Seasons*, poems and monotypes, in collaboration with Joellyn Duesberry. She is the recipient of two NEA grants, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and a Lannan Literary Award for poetry.*

Chapter 8 : Pattiann Rogers: Trinity University Press

Pattiann Rogers has published 14 books, most recently Holy Heathen Rhapsody (Penguin,). Rogers is the recipient of two NEA Grants, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and a Lannan Literary Award in Poetry. Rogers is the recipient of two NEA Grants, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and a Lannan Literary Award in Poetry.

Chapter 9 : Wayfare by Pattiann Rogers | calendrierdelascience.com

This vision and its making contend that even a shadow or a floating seed, a frond of green or a midnight spider, even a mongrel dog, wind over water, the human voice.