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Posted on 20 July 2018 By Debora Greger

New From Debora Greger A Special Poet In Every Sense Poetry In Her Eighth Book Of Poetry, Debora Greger Travels Not Just The Present But The Past, Looking For Some Strange Place To Call Home She Takes A Taxi To Stonehenge She Writes Letters To Li Po And Tu Fu, Shakespeare And Jane Austen, Always Seeking Out The Beast That Is Man And The Beast That Is Woman She Explores Both The Remoteness Of The Past Those Radioactive Fifties That Were Her Childhood , And The Weight Of It Or, Better, The Responsibility Of It These Modern Traveler S Tales Musing, Insistent, Marvelous Place One Woman S Collection Of Past Into A World Inhabited By Horace, Chekhov, The Bank Vault Of England, And The Giant Octopus Of Puget Sound

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MEN, WOMEN, AND GHOSTS
DEBORA GREGER



The Awakening

All These Things I've Done

Angelfire

Angel Burn

Audrey, Wait!

A Million Suns

A Beautiful Dark

The Archived

Alanna: The First Adventure

The Angel Experiment

Anna Dressed in Blood

Airhead

Artemis Fowl

Ashfall

Avalon High

Awake at Dawn

10 thoughts on “Men, Women, and Ghosts”



Justin Justin says:

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The book's atmosphere is spectral, and its poems are typically lynch-pinned by memory, elegy, or both, continually searching for an answer to a question that is posed in Her Posthumous Life a poem about a secret lover of Keats What am I to a dead poet Answering this can result in a tendency of Greger to dwell or ponder and never pass, as she chooses to expand on specks of moments There is a distinct risk of pretension in the self-aggrandizing nonfictive quality of these poems, which are placed, among other locals, variously in Iowa City or Sewanee I'm a poet, Amsterdam or Paris I'm constantly traveling Europe, Cambridge or Stratford-upon-Avon did I mention I live in England half of the year Luckily, the poems are often grounded, capable of reconstituting staleness, and willing to swim further than the littoral foam that often churns up first, though they are often florid, defeating some of the efforts of honest Greger attempts.

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D. Thompson D. Thompson says:

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As you know, poetry must be read out loud to get the full impact of words painstakingly put together to form a story In Gregor's work this is no exception In some cases words can sound like bricks falling down a staircase The trick is to figure out are the steps made of concrete, wood, or metal.

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Afterlife

After the Kiss



RH Walters RH Walters says:

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I can't complain about these poems but can't rave about them either.

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