

# NEW MICHIGAN PRESS

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## PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE the release of our 2012 Chapbook Contest winner, George Kalamaras's *The Mining Camps of the Mouth*.

"In *The Mining Camps of the Mouth*, George Kalamaras's newest book, we encounter a poet 'who dares to write location—and not just *about* location.' Kalamaras tramps over the most tramped-over area as cultural ideal in American life—the West. With the aid of grave witchers who dowse up corpses, he untombs lives never mentioned in the history books, mining camp prostitutes for one. To these unheralded lives, he adds his memories of his dog Barney, the poet Gene Frumkin, and a 'Dream in Which Frank Waters Is My Mother' where Waters tells him 'it's easier to grieve than to mouth the sound of now.' This book, which ends with an astute send-up of cultural criticism, continues and enriches this important poet's explorations of subjectivity and the discourses it drives, including history, as he 'mouths the sound of now.'" —Roger Mitchell

"Kalamaras laurels that part of freedom which knows no bounds except the crime of love. Read him sideways, read him backwards. This is the mouth of a cannon that fires at all conventional assumptions." —Alvaro Cardona-Hine

*The Mining Camps of the Mouth* is available by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, at Amazon, or best, from our storefront at: [newmichiganpress.com/nmp](http://newmichiganpress.com/nmp). NMP, 2012. Perfect-bound, 76pp. ISBN 978-1-934832-35-6. Information & for bookstore orders, email us at [nmp@thediagram.com](mailto:nmp@thediagram.com).

## ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, George Kalamaras! Please send me [ ] copies of *The Mining Camps...* at \$9 per copy + \$2 for postage (in USA). I've enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to *New Michigan Press*. Please send my book(s) to:

1 OCTOBER 2012

from *The Mining Camps of the Mouth*:

COLORADO SHEEP WARS, 1894 [EXCERPT]

The how and why they died. The pleading eye. The I can't forget. They couldn't talk. Walk. True north in Colorado is how they ate the lush of it and died. The Bear River Valley and all that sad. The how and why I cry. All southern Wyoming wide. Something keeps mashing, keeps smashing me with cloven hooves and wool. No, jumping off a cliff is not cliché. Stampeding, less so. Anything we do is dread weight. Wait here, I'd say. And I'd get down on all fours and swim the river sog into my fleece. No, they couldn't walk. Ticks clung to their swim. Stones to under their hoof. Hooves. We must cross. We must cross our mouths out with stones. Cobble together our fierce. The distance between *here* and *here* is always *there*.

