



PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
the release of Trey Moody's chapbook, *Climate Reply*, a finalist in the
DIAGRAM/NEW MICHIGAN PRESS 2010 chapbook contest.

"Reading Trey Moody's poems feels a little like standing among flags slap-
ping in a bright wind in a field of flags, except that it's the middle of the
night and each flag moves according to its own force. This new, serious,
vivid, original voice reports from necessity. These beautiful poems are
layered, foreboding, magnetic, preternaturally wise." —KATHLEEN PEIRCE

When I was a boy, I choked on a piece of candy outside the kitchen
window for a few minutes while watching my parents making din-
ner. I thought I was going to die, but I didn't want to scare them. Our
existence was so separate, a dying and a doing well, an outside and an
inside. Trey Moody's poems hover in that cold, wet, refrigerator-lit place
between the dying and the doing well, the outside and the inside. His
poems are the thoughts of the person you love who is always standing
behind you, slowly and silently suffocating. But they're not afraid to say
hello, and please, and I'm scared." —ZACHARY SCHOMBURG

"Artful without being pretentious, well-made without being staid, Trey
Moody's investigations of our weird and ordinary world are a little off,
by which I mean that they're onto something. Read 'em and be crept
into." —GRAHAM FOUST

Climate Reply is available by mail, at excellent independent booksellers,
at Amazon, or best, from our storefront at: newmichiganpress.com/nmp.
NMP, 2010. Perfect-bound, 48pp. ISBN 978-1-934832-26-4.
Information & for bookstore orders, email us at nmp@thediagram.com.

ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, Trey Moody! Please send me [] copies
of *Climate Reply* 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:

30 OCTOBER 2010

THE LISTENER, THE LAND

I ask your name to understand
who's swimming upstream. The loud knives

gleam along the forests. Sucker punch
the kidney, I tell you, bright tissue

cracks like wrapping paper,
under the lights, long forgotten by me,

my inferior raincoat. The plastic bear
rattles his plastic claws, under the chin

of his swollen prey, the green evening
casting hidden candies on benches

in hopes of understanding. I think
the meaty fish is done for, but

my flaming camp sacks have been wrong
before. The night will come again, before

this racket gets out of hand, and
in the quiet room I'll stitch

your fabric name to the tops of trees.

