ELJ Publications is proud to announce

If François Picabia were here, he would drive Gertrude Stein to a SoCal beach with an eraser, a shovel, a camera and some knitting needles. Together they would sift, displace, cast on, record, and efface whatever and whomever they found there. In indirect conversation with Dada and the avant-garde, this remarkable collection enacts postmodern combinations of the exquisite corpse, the concrete poem, and the erasure poem, borrowing Joycean misspellings and enlisting a gang of deities, folkloric remnants, and ritual objects along the way. The result is hieroglyphic, hypnotizing and sometimes upside down (literally). But the play is always leading somewhere, and the later sections of this collection open up into increasingly personal places that surprise, move, disturb and reward. A unique, highly visual, and arresting read. —Stephanie Barbé Hammer, *How Formal?* Spout Hill Press

A book with two unique voices, one intensely lyrical, the other gracefully narrative, a book of masterfully written and arranged poems, a book of spoken songs make up *Speaking Through Sediment.* There is much to admire about this collaboration. For me, Michael Cooper and Cindy Rinne create a threshold space where their talents fuse, expand, and invite us in. —Juan Delgado, American Book Award Winner for *Vital Signs*

Tigress

She paused by the side
of the road and rested in a folding
chair beneath ash tree shade
gazing
at the latest bouquet – daisies and pink
carnations next to a wooden cross.
Manyara had the head of a
tigress,
body covered in white tiger
moths, and roots for legs.
Her legs tried to dig
into the earth while the moths
ached to fly. A split
Libra.
Thoughts growled, *Who*
was buried here? She sensed a young
ferret beneath the crust.
Speaking through
sediment,
What is your story?
The ferret with a dark sable mask said,
I was killed by a swerving
car. Then carried off the street
and buried by weasels.

—Cindy Rinne

Love works backwards

the way garlic unopens you the wounds close the aioli of the mouth makes us unbrave to let that smelly magic into our conversation of closed mouth kisses and things written on our hands. I am the stray hair in your face you brush me away and I return with you smile the sun shines thru a note I taped to your window at 5am while a crocodile holds her younglings in her mouth the way we sleep back to back dreaming duelists my bicycle ride over the huddled 6th street bridge to work at Sammy's market over on Grove this calico cat that can't meow under the frayed comforter.

—Michael Cooper

Purchase *Speaking Through Sediment*
at ELJ BookNook
www.booknook-eljpublications.com

Michael Cooper is an inland empire poet, PoetrIE member, CSUSB MFA student, and Veteran, You can find his work in *The Berkeley Review*, *The Portland Review*, *The LA Review*, *H_NGM_N* among many other fine publications. Michael would like to make you aware that the splash zone includes the first 11 rows.

Cindy Rinne is an experimental storyteller and record-keeper of many cultures. She creates and adapts myths in narrative and personna poems using contemporary voices, ancient voices, and nature's words. Cindy creates art and writes in San Bernardino, CA. Her poem, "Mapping" was nominated for the Liakoura Award by Pirene's Fountain. Cindy is a reader for "Tin Cannon" by PoetrIE. Cindy is a founding member and on the board of PoetrIE, an Inland Empire based literary community. Her work appeared or is forthcoming in *Young Ravens Literary Review, Eternal Haunted Summer, The MOON Magazine, Artemis Journal, Meat for Tea: The Valley Review, The Poetry Bus (Ireland), Phantom Kangaroo, Lyre, Lyre, Cactus Heart Press, The Wayfarer,* Extinguished, Extinct Anthology by *Twelve Winters Press, The Lake (England),* and others. www.fiberverse.com

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