

Pittsburgh Contemporary Writers Series

Presents

BRENDA HILLMAN & ROBIN CLARKE

poetry reading & conversation
thursday, march 20, 8:30 pm
501 Cathedral

Brenda Hillman has published chapbooks with Penumbra Press, a+wend press, and EmPress; she is the author of nine full-length collections from Wesleyan University Press, the most recent of which are *Practical Water* (2009) and *Seasonal Works with Letters on Fire* (2013). With Patricia Dienstfrey, she edited *The Grand Permission: New Writings on Poetics and Motherhood* (Wesleyan, 2003). Hillman teaches at St. Mary's College of California where she is the Olivia C. Filippi Professor of Poetry; she is an activist for social and environmental justice and lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Robin Clarke is a poet, activist and teacher in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she has lived most of her life. She is a non-tenure-track faculty member at the University of Pittsburgh and a member of the Volunteer Organizing Committee of the Adjunct Faculty Association of the United Steelworkers. She is the author of *Lines The Quarry* (Omnidawn, 2013), winner of the Omnidawn 1st/2nd book prize for poetry. With the poet Sten Carlson, she co-authored a chapbook of poems entitled *Lives of the Czars* (nonpolygon, 2011). She would be nothing without the exceptional community of writers and friends whose solidarity make this life possible.

For more information call 412-624-6508 or visit the PCWS blog: pghwriterseries.wordpress.com

Unusually warm global warming day out

A tiny droplet shines
on a leaf & there your creek is found

It has borrowed something to
link itself to others

We carry ourselves though the days in code
DNA like Raskolnikov's staircase neither
good nor bad in itself

Lower frequencies *are* the mind
What happened to the creek
is what happened
to the sentence in the twentieth century
It got social underground

You should make yourself uncomfortable
If not you who

—Brenda Hillman, from *Practical Water*

Help never arrives so be
where they know how to find you.
These rock graves for instance
never really settle, ash
floats in the collapsed shaft. Let's
liquidate the past, make
individual me's for
the party, two sets of clothes
the ones you cam in with
& the ones
for burning.
Your parents suffered from what
couldn't be prevented
can somebody please send for

—Robin Clarke, from *Lines the Quarry*