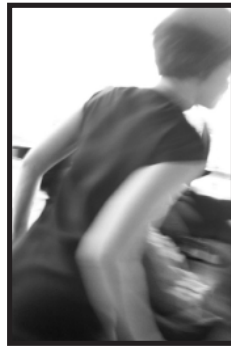
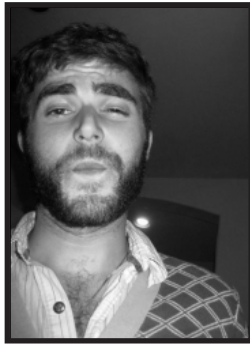


POG Poetry in Action A Poetry Reading By

**JAKE
LEVINE**
and



LISA ROBERTSON

at **CLUB CONGRESS**
311 E Congress St, Tucson
7pm Friday April 30

Admission: \$5 general, \$3 students

Jake Levine is an MFA candidate in poetry at the University of Arizona, where he was awarded a Warnock Fellowship, Hattie Lockett Prize, Intro Award, and Foundation Award. He teaches poetry and composition at the University of Arizona. He is Editor-In-Chief of *Sonora Review*, is the founder and curator of *The Aural Pleasure Party* and *Poetry Fuckfest* reading series, and is a poetry editor at *SPORK*. His poetry has appeared in *Stretching Panties* and he has forthcoming work in *Retort*.

Lisa Robertson was born in Toronto and lived for many years in Vancouver. Her books include poetry: *XEclogue*, *Debbie: An Epic*, *The Weather*, *The Men*, and *Lisa Robertson's Magenta Soul Whip*; and a book of essays, *Occasional Works and Seven Walks from the Office for Soft Architecture*. *R's Boat* is forthcoming from University of California Press in 2010. She has received the Relit Award and the bp Nichol chapbook Award, and was nominated for a Governor General's Award for Poetry in 1998. She is currently artist-in-residence at California Coll. of the Arts.

POG is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization that presents a regular series of poetry readings and related events. POG is supported by the Tucson Pima Arts Council, Poets & Writers, Inc., and the Arizona Commission on the Arts, with funding from the State of Arizona and the National Endowment for the Arts.

For further information: www.gopog.org, pog@gopog.org, 520-615-7803

And if I become unintelligible to myself
Because of having refused to believe
I transcribe a substitution
Like the accidental folds of a scarf.
From these folds I make persons
Perfect marriage of accident and need.
And if I become unintelligible to myself
Because of having refused to need
I transcribe a substitution
To lose the unattainable.
Like the accidental fall of a scarf
Now I occupy the design.

— Lisa Robertson

POG

The Knife

Say high to your mom because the stars blink for us
parenthetically crooked like the blow on a mirror in
a passion pit
full of sleepyheads. The plane edges over a pulpit
dense like Tecate on the tongue without a lime.
What else is there? Royksopp.
Understand me anywhere you look. Still night
is still life. My moon, my man, it's time to pretend
I'm the last man standing, and these young folks
at breakfast are compromising our electronic
renaissance, offending
our collective intelligence. The magic spells omelets
cast turn
any restaurant into a crystal castle with its oohs and
aahs,
but I'm the knife, I'm girl's night out, someone great.
Zap, zap in our marble house. Breathe, destroy
everything you touch.

— Jake Levine