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Poetry Seminar Faculty Joan Larkin

Joan Larkin's fifth poetry collection, *Blue Hanuman*, was published in Spring 2014 by Hanging Loose Press. Among her previous books, *My Body: New and Selected Poems* received the Publishing



Triangle's Audre Lorde Award. She has taught writing at Brooklyn College, Sarah Lawrence College, and the Drew University MFA program in poetry, among many other places, most recently serving as Grace Hazard Conkling Writer in Residence at Smith College. Her honors include the Poetry Society of America's Shelley Memorial Award, the Academy of American Poets Fellowship, and grants from the New York Foundation for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts.

[For Joan's full bio, follow this link.](#)

Joan Larkin on the Poetry Workshop

"I hope that my students won't settle for being clever or trendy and will face their own terror and mystery. I hope that they'll read widely and passionately. I hope that they'll share what I look for in a poem: depth, risk, surprise, memorable language—a sense that this couldn't be said any other way. And something unpredictable and wild that makes me want to read a poem over and over. Poetry is immediate—not a second-hand experience, not the truth as we've already heard it, but a fresh encounter. Poetry is language pared to its essence, and I love the thrift that lets poets say more with less. Poetry is music, and I love savoring the taste of the words on my tongue and feeling its rhythms take hold in my body. Poetry is physical. Emily Dickinson said in a letter that she recognized poetry when it "makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me" or when it made her "feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off." I think she meant this literally, and I recognize poetry the same way."

EYE OF NEWT

by Joan Larkin

I was larval. I dreamed myself
downstairs in pj's, still in my coma.
Bach, he said, and I lay next to the radio.
Dark amber spread through my girl-brain.
Eye of newt already nestled there, an egg
glued to a twig. My pale, bespectacled brother
set me on a leaf and watched me fatten.
Franz Kafka, he said, and my new, long feelers
brushed the wall. Girl Before a Mirror
was tacked there, torn from *Life*,
her twin pear-belly worm pink
as my own. Half curled, half crawling,
I burst through skin after skin. *Art*, I said,
and my wings fanned slowly open.

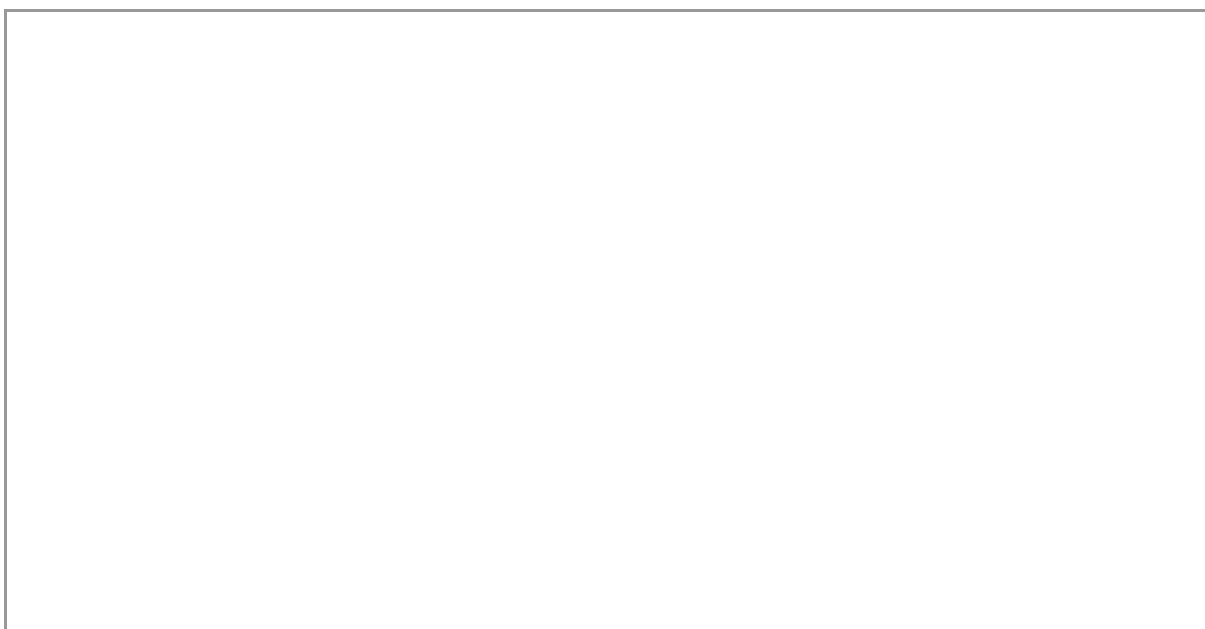
(Source: *Blue Hanuman*, by Joan Larkin, Hanging Loose Press, 2014)

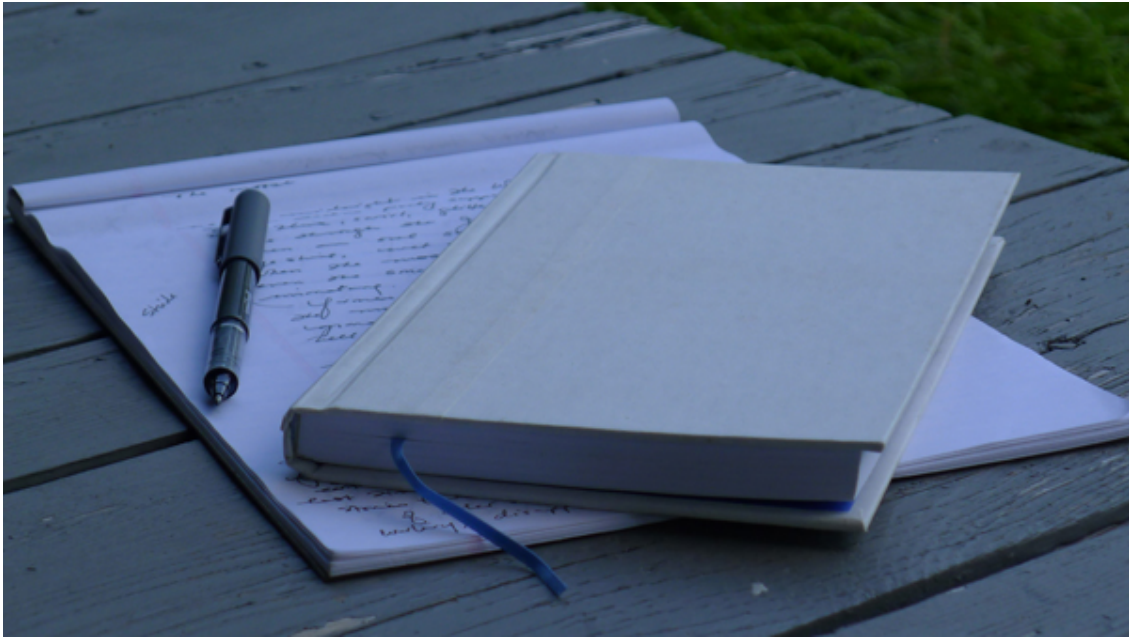
Fingers Crossed for Faculty Finalists Dawn Potter and Teresa Carson

Same Old Story, by Dawn Potter,
director of the Conference on Poetry
and Teaching, is a finalist for the 2015
Maine Literary Award.



My Crooked House, by Teresa Carson, associate director of the Conference on Poetry and Teaching, is a finalist for the Paterson Poetry Prize.





The Frost Place Poetry Programs Apply Now

Conference on Poetry and Teaching - June 21 - 25, 2015

Conference on Poetry - July 12 - 18, 2015

Poetry Seminar - August 2 - 8, 2015

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