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Meet the Conference on Poetry Fellow Eugenia Leigh

Eugenia Leigh is the author of *Blood*, *Sparrows and Sparrows* (Four Way Books, 2014). Her writing has appeared in various publications including *Indiana Review*, *The Collagist*, *North American Review*, and the *Best New Poets 2010* anthology. The recipient of fellowships and awards from *Poets &*



Writers Magazine, Kundiman, Rattle, and the Asian American Literary Review, Eugenia serves as the Poetry Editor of Kartika Review. She received her MFA from Sarah Lawrence College and is currently a PhD student in the Program for Writers at the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Eugenia Leigh on the Poetry Workshop

"I believe successful revisions involve craft overhauls that enhance the integrity of the poem: line breaks that add layers of subtext or stanza structures that reflect a poet's emotional impulse, for example. A poem, after all, comes into its magic when it communicates not only through words, but also through its form and through the blank space that surrounds it. In my ideal workshop, participants serve as gracious surgeons. I encourage a kind and humble environment, which provides the safety and freedom necessary for us to scrutinize each other's poems through craft elements to help every poem tell its truths or reach its aesthetic objective in the most multifaceted way possible. I believe a productive workshop is a collaborative one in which a poet discloses a poem's ambition so that participants can examine the mechanics of the poem to determine whether its craft meets the poet's goal. By understanding the poet's intentions, participants are better equipped to nurture a poem toward its self-actualization, defined by psychologist Abraham Maslow as 'the desire to become more and more what one is, to become everything that one is capable of becoming."

Praise you for that blanket.

Praise you for the stranger who draped it over my mother,

a naked girl perched, pregnant, in the snow. Praise you for my father

who said he'd kill her if she ran. And for my mother, who didn't run. Like a mannequin or a stupid dog.

Praise you for her skin the color of cold jellyfish, her psalms careening from her throat to her belly, where your fingers—

praise your fingers—forged my unformed body. Praise you for my bloodline. For the savages and the idiots, whom you love the same. Thank you for the bones you stacked in me

to brave this unsettling.



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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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Mailing address:

The Frost Place PO Box 74 Franconia. NH 03580

Phone: 603-823-5510 Email: frost@frostplace.org

Web: www.frostplace.org

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