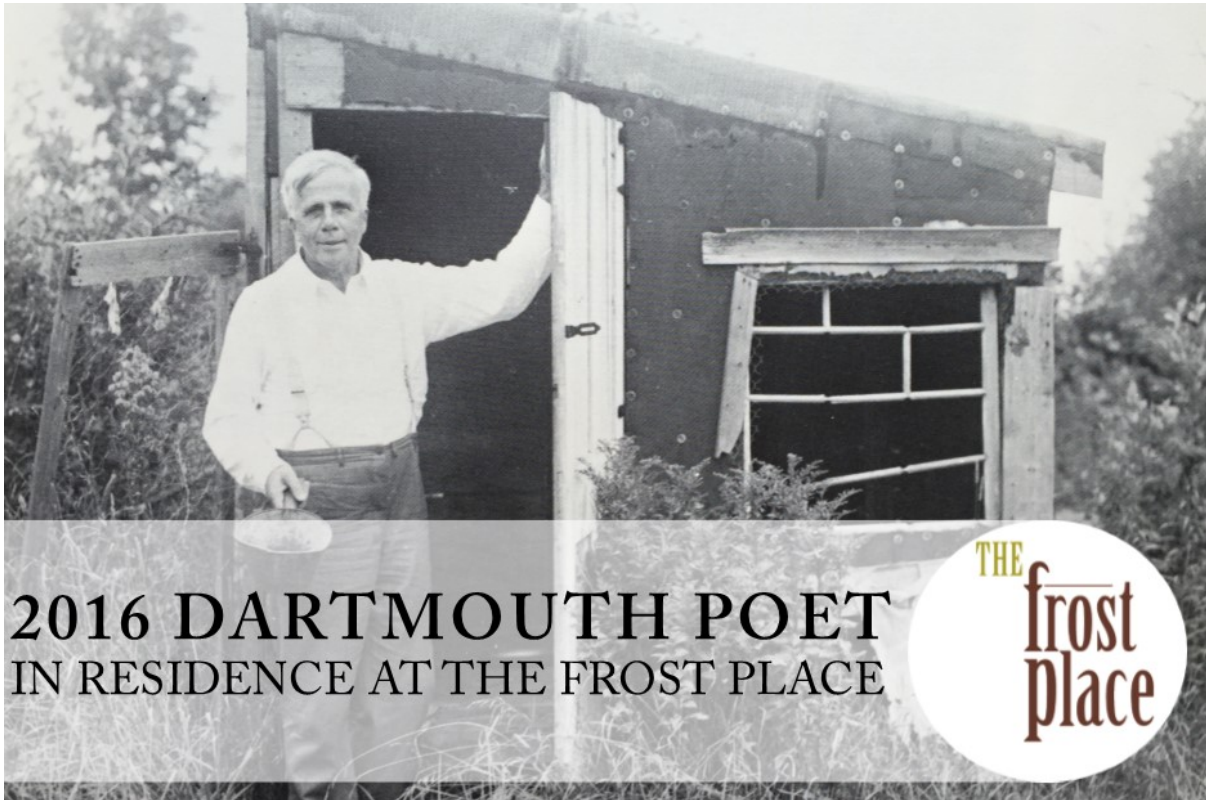


40<sup>th</sup> Dartmouth Poet in Residence  
at The Frost Place

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*Photo: Dartmouth College Archives*



# Dartmouth

The Frost Place and Dartmouth College are pleased to announce that the 2016 Dartmouth Poet in Residence at The Frost Place is Rose McLarney. This year we received many wonderful applications—more than ever in the history of this residency. The high quality of work submitted by you, The Frost Place community, made this year's decision as difficult and exciting as ever. The Frost Place and Dartmouth College extend our sincerest thanks to each of you who applied for the 40th year of this rare opportunity for poets.

Rose McClarney takes her place this summer as **the 40th resident poet in Robert Frost's home** among good company; past resident poets at The Frost Place include [Robert Hass](#), [Mary Ruefle](#), [Denis Johnson](#), [Katha Pollitt](#), and [Major Jackson](#), to name a few.



Rose will live in Robert Frost's home on 158 Ridge Road for six to eight weeks this summer and will give featured readings at The Frost Place's [Conference on Poetry](#) and [Poetry Seminar](#), as well as at Dartmouth College and other venues in the region. Keep reading for more!

- [Meet Rose McClarney](#)
- [Talking with Rose](#)
- [Two poems](#)
- [Summer programs at The Frost Place](#) where you can see Rose give featured poetry readings



Fret not! The newsletter title image is actually Robert Frost in front of a hen house. Here is The Frost Place, where a Dartmouth Poet in Residence lives each summer.

## Meet Rose McClarney



Check out Rose's website [read more...](#)

**Rose McLarney** has published two collections of poems, *Its Day Being Gone* (Penguin Books, 2014) and *The Always Broken Plates of Mountains* (Four Way Books, 2012). *Its Day Being Gone* is the 2013 National Poetry Series winner. Rose has been awarded fellowships by the MacDowell Colony, Bread Loaf and Sewanee Writers' Conferences, and Warren Wilson College, and won the Fellowship of Southern Writers' New Writing Award for Poetry and *Alligator Juniper's* 2011 National Poetry Prize. Her work has appeared in publications including *The Kenyon Review*, *Orion*, *Slate*, *New England Review*, *Missouri Review*, and dozens of other journals.

Rose earned her MFA from Warren Wilson's MFA Program for Writers and has taught at Warren Wilson, among other institutions. Currently, she is Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at Auburn University and Poetry Editor of *The Southern Humanities Review*.

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## Talking with Rose

***What does being named the 2016 Dartmouth Poet in Residence mean to you?***

As a poet concerned with environment, working while looking out at the landscape Frost chose will inspire the articulation of my own ideas about the land on which we live, and on which we leave our ruins, and bring focus to my poems. Meanwhile, interactions with other writers and readers through The Frost Place and Dartmouth's programs will, as shared love of literature does, wonderfully widen my view.

***What are you planning to work on during your residency?***

At The Frost Place, I will continue my work on series of poems about animals' symbolic roles in art and as indicators of change in ecosystems, and about water, which is part of a large and troubled system but also flows in smaller



tributaries counter to prevailing currents. I will also explore future directions for my writing, which aims to go beyond lamenting degradation and disaster to record and add to what's good in our world. Frost's poetry— the tributes to brooks (though gone dry) he loved for what they were, the songs he crafted for diminished things—will be a great guide for my efforts.



## **Two Poems by the 40<sup>th</sup> Dartmouth Poet in Residence**

### **Facing North**

How articulate, the eyes  
of silent animals when I chose  
to shoot the sick goat. All day,  
the dogs would not look at me, not  
let me touch them, legs folding away from  
the level to which I had lowered my hand.

And the chickens ran,  
following their crazed paths,  
every which way, but every way  
away from me. The goat  
looked as if she were running  
as she lay, after, legs kicking.

But don't chickens always run  
like that? And this is no new  
remorse. The light has always  
been leaving my narrow,  
north section. Place of the long  
history of short days.

It's the frost that stays. More mornings  
than not here, no sun is enough  
to undo the frost. I should have given  
her southerly pasture. I should have  
gone in another direction.

But consider where goats live  
the world over. They browse  
on woody brush. On rock, on cliffs.  
In deserts, harsh habitat. They choose  
cursed land. Who chooses goats?

I chose goats. I liked the bone shapes  
in their eyes, the strange, slit pupils  
they turned to me, chewing the corners  
of my heavy coat. I wanted to live here,  
on an old hardscrabble farm.

In this era, when there is no need  
to farm, who is drawn to have livestock,  
which die so much? Piss and blood  
pour out of the back of a shot body.  
But it's piss and blood keeping them  
alive too. Cleaning the stalls, cleaning  
the wounds common to animals so curious.

She worked herself through fences,  
under walls. She worked her head into my  
pockets. Worked her way in  
to every opening.

What's different about a dead body  
is what comes from the other end,  
a great cursive scrawl of steam  
from the mouth. It is the last word,  
soundless, without the stop and start  
of syllables, definitive.

What comes from the mouth  
blows away. Didn't I say  
I was done with livestock last winter  
when the calf froze to the ground, then to  
death because it couldn't move?

When I ripped it loose, the intestines,  
threaded through crow-torn holes  
in its belly, clung to the grass and shattered.  
I said those were my ties to the place.  
They were too cold to bleed. A quick job  
to clean up and bury, I claimed.

I said I would never use animals  
as the figures for my sorrows again.  
But when the goat dropped shot,  
the bread I'd brought to get her  
to put her head down still in her teeth,  
the chickens pecked at it.

I'm still here. I can't stay away  
from the hard images. Bread  
taken from her mouth even then.

### **The Model Walks Away From a Job**

Tonight, when the trainload of coal, trailing ash  
from the power plant, passed, I had no mournfulness left  
for the suffering caused by the energy my lights  
spend. Like the film images of the clouds that form  
when the mountains are blown apart--how they pulse,  
fill the screen, obscure everything--that's how blurred  
my mind was by the thought of what I wanted: another  
whiskey. New boots. Possessions in numbers. To turn  
and go back down the street to where the painter  
who is not my husband but looks at me so long  
holds his brush suspended above a palette of reds.  
So much desire, and to desire goodness is no escape.  
I will always end questioning what I've chosen,  
regretting some greed. Or regretting that I slept cold  
while the bulbs I left on burned into another day  
when I would take nothing of what I wanted in my arms,  
risk nothing that would bring color to my cheeks.

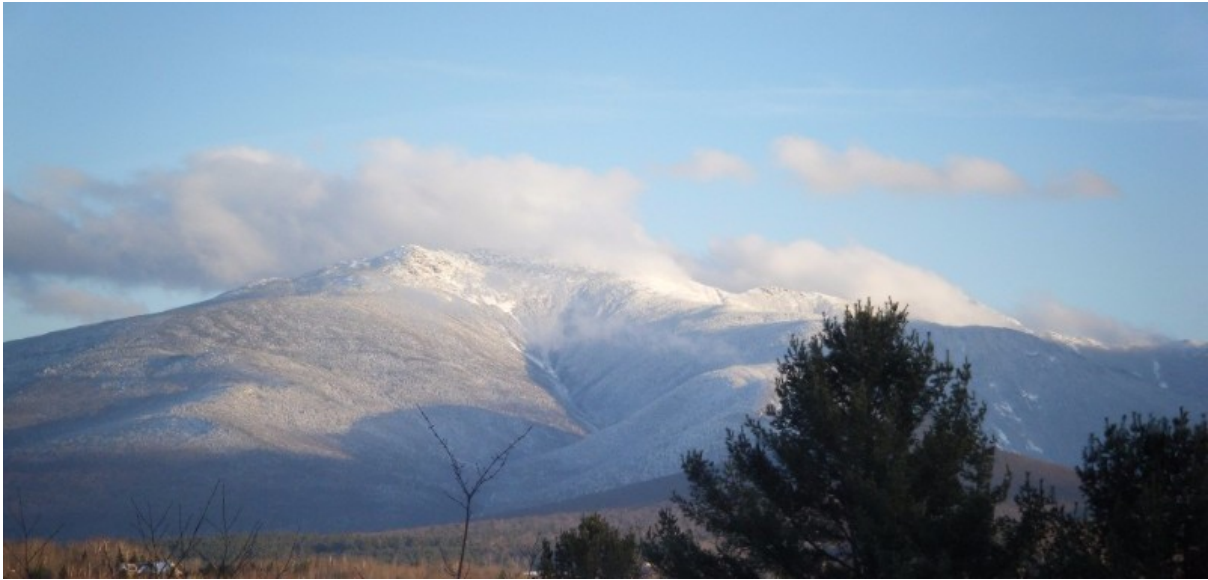
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## **APPLY TO SUMMER PROGRAMS**

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### **More Information About Summer Programs**

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## Conference on Poetry and Teaching | June 25 - 29, 2016

**Director:** [Dawn Potter](#) **Associate Director:** [Teresa Carson](#)

**Faculty:** [Kerrin McCadden](#), [Rich Villar](#)

Held each year in June, the Conference on Poetry and Teaching is a unique opportunity for teachers to work closely with both their peers and a team of illustrious poets who have particular expertise in working with teachers at all levels.

[READ MORE](#)



**Writing Intensive** | June 29 - 30, 2016

**Director:** [Afaa M. Weaver](#)

The Frost Place Writing Intensive is a day-and-a-half reading and writing workshop that directly follows the Conference on Poetry and Teaching. Led by renowned poet-teacher Afaa Micheal Weaver, it gives teachers the opportunity to focus entirely on their own creative growth.

[READ MORE](#)





**Conference on Poetry | July 10 - 16, 2016**

**Director:** [Martha Rhodes](#)

**Faculty:** [Gabrielle Calvocoressi](#), [Maudelle Driskell](#), [Rachel Eliza Griffiths](#),  
[Michael Klein](#), [Matthew Olzmann](#)

Spend a week at “intensive poetry camp” with writers who are deeply committed to learning more about the craft of writing poetry.

[READ MORE](#)



**Poetry Seminar** | July 31 - August 5, 2016

**Director:** [Patrick Donnelly](#)

**Faculty:** [Ilya Kaminsky](#), [Cleopatra Mathis](#), [Lyrae Van-Clief Stefanon](#)

You're invited to join a select community of poets for 5-1/2 days this August to refresh your artistic inspiration in a setting of great natural beauty.

[READ MORE](#)

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**APPLY TO SUMMER PROGRAMS**

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