POMEGRANATE EATER

Amaranth Borsuk

Kore Press, 2016

Reader's Guide

BIO

A poet and scholar, Amaranth Borsuk's work focuses on textual materiality—from the surface of the page to the surface of language.

Her most recent book is *Pomegranate Eater* (Kore Press, 2016), a collection of poems. Previous books include *Handiwork* (Slope Editions, 2012), selected by Paul Hoover for the 2011 Slope Editions Poetry Prize; and *Tonal Saw* (The Song Cave, 2010), a chapbook-length erasure poem. *Abra* (1913 Press, 2016), a book of mutating poems created with Kate Durbin, received an NEA-sponsored Expanded Artists' Books grant from the Center for Book and Paper Arts at Columbia College Chicago and was recently released as a limited-edition book with a free iPad / iPhone app created by Ian Hatcher. Her collaboration *As We Know* (Subito Press, 2014), selected by Julie Carr for the Subito Prize, reshapes 60 entries from Andy Fitch's summer diary into a collective confessional/constructivist collage that foregrounds the tensions of authorship. The two have extended this project through a series of photographs, experimental videos, and sound recordings.

Collaboration and materiality are central to Borsuk's practice. Together with Brad Bouse, she created *Between Page and Screen* (Siglio Press, 2012; Springgun Press, 2016), a book of augmented-reality poetry. It has been featured on Salon.com, BrainPickings, Wired, and other media sites and has been exhibited widely. Through a grant from CT@Work and SiteProjects, Inc., Borsuk and Bouse completed *Whispering Galleries* (2014), a site-specific interactive text work for the New Haven Free Public Libraries that uses the Leap gestural controller to invite visitors to brush the dust from a historic diary, revealing poems hidden within it. Borsuk's other digital collaborations include *Wave Signs*, an immersive sound installation with Carrie Bodle; and *The Deletionist*, an erasure bookmarklet created with Nick Montfort and Jesper Juul.

Borsuk is currently an Assistant Professor in the School of Interdisciplinary Arts and Sciences at the University of Washington, Bothell, where she also teaches in the MFA in Creative Writing and Poetics. She recently served as Mellon Postdoctoral Fellow in Comparative Media Studies and Writing and Humanistic Studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she taught workshops and courses related to poetry's changing media forms from modernism to the present.

She has a Ph.D. in Literature and Creative Writing from the University of Southern California, where her work focused on the use of writing technologies by modern and contemporary poets to change their relationship to the page and their construction of authorship. While at USC, she co-founded The Loudest Voice with Bryan Hurt. The cross-genre readings happen twice a semester at the Mountain Bar in Chinatown and bring together writers from USC with those from LA's other writing communities as well as area musicians. Guests have included Glen David Gold, Trinie Dalton, Henry Wolfe Gummer, and Rick Lupert, among others. Together with Hurt and Genevieve Kaplan, in 2010 she co-edited *The Loudest Voice: Volume 1* (Figueroa Press), an anthology of work by readers from the first four

years of the series. She also co-founded the Gold Line Press chapbook series with Kaplan, which publishes chapbooks of fiction and poetry in alternating years through an annual contest.

Her essays and book reviews have appeared in Writing Technologies, Journal for Cultural and Religious Theory, Slope, and Lana Turner: A Journal of Poetry and Opinion. Poems have recently appeared in Colorado Review, Columbia Poetry Review, FIELD, Eleven Eleven, and Denver Quarterly, among other journals.

In addition to writing and studying poetry, Amaranth is a letterpress printer and book artist whose fascination with printed matter informs her work on digital media. She worked for several years as a lab technician in the Lab Press at Otis College of Art and Design in Los Angeles and currently makes small book projects at her desk in Seattle, Washington. She collects vintage lettering, inspired by German poet and expert anagrammer Stephan Krass.

Photo by Brad Bouse

REVIEWS OF *POMEGRANATE EATER*

[...] But sometimes poetry should be work. Some of the best poems require you to prize them apart with your hands, to read them aloud in an attempt to shake the meaning out. Amaranth Borsuk's *Pomegranate Eater* is that kind of a dense text, a collection that rewards your dedicated reading with explosions of discovery. Borsuk loves wordplay (titles of poems include "Another Surface to Air Missive" and "A Pop, a Hiss, Apophasis") and artful juxtapositions and mirroring sounds that produce bizarre soundscapes where meaning is destroyed and reconstructed by familiarity. From "Pomegranate: Rimon's Rhyme:"

> You're nothing but a bad pomme, grainy
> fruit (not pome), a globose berry from
> which we've garnered garnets

Say those lines out loud and dig on the internal alliteration. Then read it closely and soak in all the different ways to describe a pomegranate—a bad apple, a stone-laden fruit, not one of those vulgar fruits of a flowering tree (the word "pome" could represent either the botanical name for a fleshy fruit or a purposeful mangling of the word "poem.") These are poems that are in love with the mischief language can create.

Paul Constant, *The Seattle Review of Books*

ENDORSEMENTS:

In *Pomegranate-Eater*, Amaranth Borsuk's brilliant second collection, we're forced into a world as dense as the fruit of reference. Language is the myth, transforming quicker than Ovid's subjects and with more precision than Stein's subversive prosody. Here, Persephone makes of her perception a cunning field where a lost control is regained through polychromatic violence and brusque erotics. "Rising rhizomes in the risk garden" rebuke the surface of observation allowing the tongue-blade to cut where "nibs of human language convalesce." I am honored to experience the control of "...like quoins, I wedge. Like coins, I dazzle." I'd willingly pay that price and eat seed after seed of these poems.

—Phillip B. Williams

Amaranth Borsuk's *Pomegranate-Eater* is a verbal feat, an ecstatic, curious, thrilled "feast of ingathering," where the poet gives voice to the usually mute vegetable world—and pries words open themselves: they are garrulous, festive in Borsuk's rich discoveries of etymological lineages that echo human connections, emotions. Sink into the gorgeous linguistic play, feast on it, for the mind's eye and rest your ear to this active text, its pyrotechnic flare for digging out the kinships between words and with sensations ('milking musk thistle'). Borsuk recalls the Symbolists, with more urgency in her ever-expanding word families, their rooting and rhizomes, their mutancy and mutability. "Amaranth" hidden in "Colonel Amaranth" makes an appearance, flashing the humor that carries us through the book's probing of various kinds of survivals, deaths (genetic codes and the language of WW II espionage and persecution are all layers here), for "what we love / is not the rose / but the smell of its decay." Decay and love are knit. A dervish with words, Borsuk admits she's "guest in this opus," inviting readers to her table, made of quicksilver and bone. Echoing her epigram from Rilke, she proves no pact between earth and

abundance. Still every guest in this pantheon of horticultural specimens (the mulberry has its day as well as the quince), mythic figures (Dido among them), epistolary partners ("Ally" from "Allay"; "Urgency" from "Surge") increase our love in their aftermath. This is a book that amazes with its dexterity, empathy, and guarded hope; it's sure to heighten your awareness of language as soother and sayer.

—Susan McCabe

Amaranth Borsuk's breath-taking new collection of poems, P*omegranate-Eater*, is a dazzling, sensual, & brilliantly inventive invitation to taste what André Gide called, The Fruits of the Earth—as well as an offering of those more suspect pomegranate seeds from that place below. Persephone's breath animates these exquisite lines, these wry hymns and provocative psalms of both profusion and reckoning. Already known as one of our most compelling poetic marauders in recent poetry, Amaranth Borsuk proves once again that she is the poet to watch as we enter this next century of new poetic mythologies and of radical technologies as well. Don't miss this truly amazing book.

—David St. John

SELECTED REVIEWS OF *HANDIWORK*

Amaranth Borsuk's first book, winner of the 2011 Slope Editions Book Prize, employs and riffs on centuries-old formal devices, like gematrias and old English verse form. The presence of such antique forms contributes to the sense of excavation throughout *Handiwork*.

Borsuk's notes at the back of the book dedicate it to the her grandmother, "whose unpublished autobiographical stories illuminate" these poems, Borsuk explains. But Borsuk does not introduce specifics of her grandmother's autobiography into these poems. A truly postmodern poet, she is more interested in what is impossible to convey—spaces or histories so faded they might not exist at all—than in what can or should be conveyed. "Imagine that landscape: a place / where landscape escapes," she writes in "History of Myth." Even in imagination landscape undoes itself. "These are words I did not understand / when I learned them, a combination tone," Borsuk writes in "History of Song." The speaker is telling a narrative that has never been told—the story of an individual within the wide and well-known swell of more familiar stories: "Our / books begin ground, pressed, / but never mention / this bruised history, erased" ("Paper Elegy"). The poem "In Which Things That Hurt Us Are Stored For Winter," which follows the accentual-syllabic rules of Middle English prosody, plugs into the here and now by incorporating modern forms of speech that would be familiar to any Facebook user ("Wow, Wow, Wow, oh wow, aha—").

The brief, prismatic gematrias that appear throughout are some of the book's most fragmented poems, and they help establish Borsuk's postmodern set of concerns. They express a self or selves or voices asserting themselves, deliberately, across space and time. Time and space here mean not only the real-life past and present—Holocaust-era Europe, present day America—that the book seeks to depict, but also metapoetical concerns, like the white space of the page and the time it takes to read the book. Deep but faded meanings seem to glimmer at the edge of these poems, but they remain elusive to the reader or even the speaker. Through the burdens and gifts of her many constraints, Borsuk seeks, sometimes excitedly, sometimes resignedly, to expose or excavate those meanings.

Lucy Biederman, *Jewish Book Council*

What information can the body hold—physically, psychically, historically—and how do we translate these encryptions into language? These are Amaranth Borsuk's chief concerns in her debut collection, winner of the 2011 Slope Editions Book Prize. "Words so readily betray things they're meant / to represent," she states, the word "betray" capturing both the loss and the discovery that are catalyst to these intricately constructed poems. The book's recurrent image of the hand reinforces the importance of care and craft—see the poems' many brackets and erasures—to Borsuk's interrogation of personal identity and a family narrative partly obscured by the Holocaust. Adamantly not straightforward memoir, Handiwork strives instead to capture process ("how does mind / hold slippery bodies, how map / what's outside known boundaries?"), often suggesting a series of maps—either those of earlier centuries, in which the far side of the

ocean is tenanted by sea monsters, or modern satellite images that force us to ponder what lurks inside all of those actual houses. Borsuk hints at answers first chemical and numerological (in a series of short poems titled "Salt Gematria," which make use of the mystical Hebrew practice of assigning every letter a numerical value), then geopolitical ("Prague, Poland, Germany, Paris, / [no sequence, less information]"), then emotional ("salvaged grief"). However, it's Borsuk's resolve not to fill the spaces she has delineated, to leave their "little distance distilled" unbridged that, in the end, feels most revelatory.

Anna Ross, *Boston Review*

ENDORSEMENTS:

Brilliant in organization, cultural knowledge, and phrasing, Amaranth Borsuk's Handiwork begins with the poem, "Salt Gematria," which establishes the pattern of a sequence of six-line poems that thread through the major part of the manuscript.Like Sapphic fragments, this series is wonderfully lyrical in the sparseness of its language. A clue to the author's procedure lies in the mystical Jewish practice of Gematria, which assigns numerical value to a letter, word, or phrase. [...] Absence and presence are beautifully interleaved within the text, as in "The Smell of Rain on Surfaces," in which two sinuous columns of phrases speak across a spine of white space. is is highly intelligent, well-crafted poetry that also bears deep wisdom, not by bowing to doctrine but rather by cutting freshly into experience: "the strings that bind the sound / what wounds is easily unwound."

—Paul Hoover, from the introduction

What is the range of a lyric voice? Is it a shout? Is it a half-whisper? And, what do we hear, when we ask, with Samuel Beckett, for nothing—when we ask for nothing but a voice murmuring a trace? Borsuk, with her lyric "armor of bees," learns that a voice, "emptied of sky," is also true. She comes to know this with tenderness "of salt," with music of "old salt sailor [...] chamming salt horse." Amaranth Borsuk's lyric is of half-whisper, yes, is of a sort that negotiates the white of the empty page with the word-by-word, breath-by-breath attentiveness, with "knuckle-borne / hospitality."

—Ilya Kaminsky

Amaranth Borsuk's poetic brilliance rises from her orchestration of the gesturing surfaces of language. She is a skilled weaver of these textures of linguistic inevitability, just as "the hand that had its work cut out for it was cut out for its work." The authorial hand that sculpts the surfaces of these stunning poems elicits wonder in composition—just as the conductor's baton "writes" on air before our eyes. Here we have the handiwork of the mind, the very invention of the imagination, as Amaranth Borsuk, in poem after poem, re-makes the music of the lyric, by hand.

—Carol Muske-Dukes

INTERVIEW EXCERPTS

In 2013, LitBridge asked me to write about a poem that influenced my work. I selected Brenda Shaughnessy's amazing poem "Dear Gonglya," which continues to resonate for me twelve years after I first encountered it. Much of what I admire in it are things I attempt to emulate in my own work.

One of my best friends recommended Brenda Shaughnessy's *Interior With Sudden Joy* to me in my last year of college. Ahna and I were engaged in a thoughtful correspondence where we exchanged poems by mail and then spoke on the phone, giving one another detailed and supportive critiques (with copious marginal notes). I haven't fully digested exactly how much that book opened me up (as did Harryette Mullen's *Sleeping With the Dictionary*, which I encountered soon after), but something about Shaughnessy's ability to make the internal simultaneously available and hidden continues to intoxicate me. I filled the book with post-it notes and flags, trying to unpack the poems' hidden meanings. I learned from that process that my close readings revealed more about me as a reader than they did about Shaughnessy's well-masked intent. There is an audio recording of her reading this poem somewhere in the Salon.com archives, which I listened to repeatedly, enjoying the way sound and sense shade into one another. "Dear Gonglya" (like most of the poems in the book) has great mouthfeel, particularly on the word "engorged," whose italics make it sound ultra-lascivious, but also etymologically throaty (the gorge hidden within engorged suggests to me that the speaker virtually chokes on the beloved's awkward name, with which it shares two glottal g's, an Igor gored through by desire so potent it brings one to the point of tears). That line "what we feel in the solar plexus wrecks us" still amazes me. It's that merger of ultra-fine and deeply quotidian language and the ability to shift tone dramatically from one line to the next that I admire so much in my friend Farnoosh Fathi's poems (her book *Great Guns*—double g's seem to be a theme for me!—was published by Canarium this past spring), which share some of Shaughnessy's early hermeticism. I like poems that puzzle me, as this one does. I feel like they invite me in.

The following interview excerpts appeared as part of the European Poetry Forum, a project of Slovak poets Martin Solotruk and Zuzana Husárová to connect international poets with shared interests and affinities.

Poetry, a little alien? Why care about it?

Because it reminds us that language is not transparent. Through sound, wordplay, rhyme, imagery, it makes sure we don't imagine language is simply a neutral means for the conveyance of ideas.

Who are (is) you as a poet?

I am a hybrid poet interested in the use of language across media. My work encompasses print, digital, and performance, with particular attention to the extra-verbal ways poems "mean," from the shape of words on the page to the work's aural effects.

What kind of literary tradition, particular authors or modes of literary thinking have you found inspirational for your work?

Straddling lyric and LANGUAGE, my work is informed by concrete poetry, Oulipo, innovative translation, and erasure. I deeply admire Gerard Manley Hopkins, Emily Dickinson, Gertrude Stein, Brigit Pegeen Kelly, Harryette Mullen, Emmett Williams, Kay Rosen, and for my own odd reasons Richard Brautigan, among many many many others.

Please give several examples of contemporary European or international poets that you believe are most significant (in any possible sense) and comment briefly on their merit.

Christian Bök (Canada) is an important poet for his ability to bridge science and art, and to make work that is relevant today while looking to the future. A master of language (he read the dictionary 5 times in order to write *Eunoia*), he taught himself molecular biology and programming in order to program poems into microbial DNA, creating poems that will outlast human life.

Cia Rinne/ (Europe) makes brilliant trans-lingual poems that seem to emerge from both the sound poetry and concrete traditions, but that meld them with digital interactivity (I'm thinking of her Archive Zaroum) and experimental music (her *Notes for Soloists* has a beautiful remix audio performance).

Caroline Bergvall (Europe) is another favorite of mine for her innovative work, which uses sound and translingual play in innovative and socially engaged ways. I also admire her ability to work in both the gallery and on the page. She straddles art, performance, and poetics in the best way.

In all likelihood, some of the innovative patterns in contemporary poetics have not yet reached the acknowledgment of either the national or international literary canon. Can you provide some examples of specific authors or poetics that you believe are still undeservedly flying below the radar screen of broader critical community? What makes these patterns innovative and makes them supersede established modes of writing and/or reading?

I think performance poetry in America doesn't yet have the international reach it deserves, in part because "performance poetry" is an inadequate term to describe the range of innovative work being done that straddles sound poetry, opera, dance, animation, and video. Writers who inspire me include Douglas Kearney, Tracie Morris, Latasha N. Nevada Diggs, and the Black Took Collective.

How do you see the poet–reader relationship's current state and its evolution in the contemporary cultural landscape? Please share any possible examples of that very relationship as being alienated, or, on the opposite side enlivened, re-energized, or newly franchised.

I think it is an amazing time for readers of poetry—there are more small presses showing up every day, and a diversity of styles of poetry available. The participation of readers in review sites like Goodreads, on blogs like HTMLGiant, Harriet, and Jacket2 suggests to me that there is a wide and engaged readership out there.

What kinds of fresh genres or types of poetry do you see emerging in today's international landscape? Can you see any identifiable new kinds of "ars poetica"?

The Gurlesque, with its emphatic feminist stance and embrace of femininity and abject imagery alike embodies a new kind of ars poetica particularly suited to the current moment, I think.

How would you describe the difference between the kinds of creative inspiration that you may experience as generated by your imagination as opposed to the potence emanating from the appropriative process of handling meaningful contexts and patterns already existing?

Methodologies that use pre-existing texts can help start the creative process. Even my imaginatively generated works uses quite a bit of research and reading as a jumping-off point. Poems are written with language, and all language is, as William S. Burroughs said, "cut-ups." We're always writing with words that don't belong to us, we just sometimes think we have invented the order we put them in.

What kind of unique experience does media/experimental poetry mediate to you (your mind and body) that you would not be able to find otherwise?

I am excited about poems that can be immersive and interactive. It seems like touchscreen poetry, Kinect, and Leap have the potential to allow us a deeply embodied experience of text. I am excited to see how this develops.

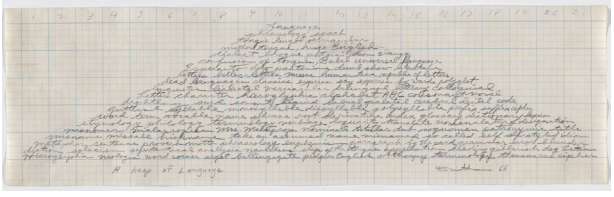
What makes a poem a poem? Has this apparently notorious question been in any sense reinvigorated or revisited in the wake of the rise of the global and globalized civilizational experience?

I think everything can be a poem as long as someone says it is.

WRITING PROMPTS

For National Poetry Month in April 2016, *The Found Poetry Review* invited thirty experimental writers to provide creative prompts for the journal's active online audience. Here's my contribution:

As a poet, scholar, and book artist interested in text's materiality, I have done a number of erasure projects over the years, both digital and print-based. I was first drawn to erasure as a way to joke around, finding funny phrases hidden within the discarded photocopies we used as scrap paper in middle school. When I started doing it in earnest, during college, it unlocked for me the notion that words are just material—collections of sounds to which we attribute meanings based on our social context. That realization shaped everything I wrote afterward. Banal as it may sound, it broke my transactional relationship with language and my certainty about the way poems communicate with the reader—in the best possible way. I also realized erasure was a great way to jumpstart my creative practice—it primed me to find unusual turns of phrase and to reconfigure my notions of how words function. Sometimes erasure is an end in itself, but sometimes it's a beginning, a starting point for collecting a Robert Smithson-like "Heap of Language" from which to construct poems. In that spirit, I'm providing a few prompts for collecting words.



Robert Smithson, *A Heap of Language*, 1966.

A) The Dictionary Assist

My just-published book of poems P*omegranate Eater* includes a series of conversations with fruit in which I play the role of both interlocutors. Even when I'm addressing the pomegranate, I'm addressing myself. I started making these poems because there were things about myself I didn't know how to confront—things I disliked about myself, didn't understand about myself, or wanted to believe. The personas of these poems freed me up a bit, as did the constraint of using fruits that had particular significance to my life. But the thing that really helped me formulate the poems was the gift of the *American Heritage Dictionary of Indo-European Word Roots*, which has been my companion for more than a decade.

1) Pick a word that vexes you. Look up it's Indo-European word root and transcribe all of the language in the entry. That means not only the words that share the same root, but the definitions and explanations folded into the entry. If your word doesn't have an Indo-European root, pick a synonym that does.

2) Make a list of false cognates of your word: anagrams, homophones, pararhymes and the like. If your word is "mean," you might include "main, man, moan, mien, mine, neem, mon, men, and, for kicks, Eames. Draw from any language that's meaningful to you.

3) Make a list of associations around your word, including synonyms, puns, references, jokes, and titles: "Mean Streets, meander, meaning, meanie, A Prayer for Owen Meany, etc."

4) Write a prose poem in which you use as much of this language as possible. You can either write

as your word, letting "Mean" speak in the first person, or write to your word, telling "Mean" what's what.

B) The Deletionist Assist

The Deletionist is a JavaScript bookmarklet that Nick Montfort, Jesper Juul and I made. It converts any webpage into an erasure using a series of constraints from which it selects the one that reveals the most interesting "Worl" within the World Wide Web.

1) Go to thedeletionist.com and drag the icon on the page into your browser's bookmarks bar.

2) Go to several website you'd like to erase (gmail will let you get personal, Project Gutenberg will provide interesting source material, and nyt.com will provide contemporary flavor—open a number of sites in different browser windows).

3) Click the "Deletionist" bookmark and watch the dutiful Deletionist remove most of the language on your page. Harvest any phrases that interest you (you won't always get phrases, so if you don't like the results, try another site).

scissors

from

sea

space

So

setting

share same

when started

same

star

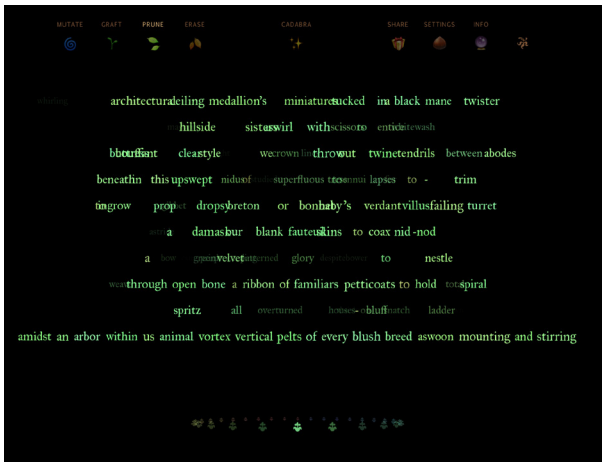
Deletion from an Arterritory.com article on Yoko Ono's work.

4) Use this material for poems or screencapture page results you like.

C) ABRACADABRAssist

Abra: A Living Text is a magical poetry spellbook for iPad and iPhone. Ian Hatcher, Kate Durbin, and I made this free app to put the text of *Abra* (1913 Press, 2016), a poem that mutates on the page, in readers' hands, troubling the boundary between author and reader.

In the app, the text of the book mutates slowly on its own, and you can accelerate that process through touch: "Mutate" words, "Graft" new words into *Abra*'s vocabulary, "Erase" to open holes in the text, and "Prune" to trim away excess. You can also cast the "Cadabra" spell, which will transform the words on screen in surprising ways. You can write into *Abra* using any character set, including emoji, on your device, and the app will



Abra: A Living Text is available free in the App store.

mutate your language too, bringing it back to you on later readings. The "Share" feature helps you make screen captures and save them to your device or post to Facebook and Twitter. But you

can also use *Abra* to generate starter poems any way you see fit.

Here's one approach:

1) Open the settings menu in the toolbar at the top of the screen by touching the icon in the upper right corner. Turn off "autonomous mutation" to give you more control.

2) Spin the dial on the bottom of the screen to be taken to a random poem, then use the "Erase" function to drawn openings in the text with your fingers. Don't worry about being purposeful—just run your finger through the lines at random.

3) Switch to the "Mutate" spell and run your fingertip across the words to see them transform.

4) Use the "Graft" feature to fill in gaps in a way that threads the poem together. You can also "Prune" to close up spaces. If you like to make sense, do it. If you like to revise, as Brenda Hillman says, toward strangeness, then do that.

5) Screenshot your resulting poem or transcribe interesting turns of phrase and use them to seed a new poem in your journal.

In the summer of 2016, the editors of the *Poets & Writers* website asked me to share something that inspired my writing for Writers Recommend. I wrote a bit more about my use of the American Heritage Dictionary of Indo-European Word Roots.

Because so much of my poetry explores language itself—the ways we shape and are shaped by it—my creative practice often begins with collecting words. My college mentor, appalled by the etymological dictionary I was using, introduced me to the *American Heritage Dictionary of Indo-European Word Roots* (ed. Calvert Watkins), which has been my constant companion ever since. It traces thousands of words from languages across the Western Hemisphere to their shared roots in a prehistoric language, Proto-Indo-European. The word "root," for instance, comes from wrād-, which means both branch and root. Variant forms of wrād yield the expected rutabaga, radish, and rhizome, but one also finds radical, eradicate, and ramify listed among its derivatives. When I have a kernel of something I want to investigate, I find its entry (or that of an associated term) and copy out any and all relevant material—from definitions, to cognates, to neighboring words. With these seeds scattered across the pages of my journal, I can often coax my hand to continue scribbling (or sowing). Seeing how language carries over from one place and time to another and hearing the way different words take root in the same soil often bears fruit for me, or, to push the metaphor too far, gives me branches on which to graft improbable cultivars (homophones, anagrams, puns, and other tongues). Most of the poems in *Pomegranate Eater* arose in part from this kind of etymological play, which felt fitting, since they consider the ways we fashion ourselves in language.

LINKS

Author Website: amaranthborsuk.com; **Twitter:** @amaranthborsuk, @thedeletionist, @abraapp

My website includes details about my books and numerous projects and collaborations. You'll find links to poems, essays, and reviews of others' books as well as audio and video of several readings.

Instagram: instagram.com/amaranthb

I maintain an Instagram account for pictures of text that catches my eye.

USC Graduate Program: dornsife.usc.edu/cwphd

MFA in Creative Writing and Poetics at UW Bothell: uwb.edu/mfa

Faculty Homepage: www.uwb.edu/ias/faculty-and-staff/amaranthborsuk

I teach in a program that asks students to consider not only craft, but "poetics," exploring the ways they are situated as writers and how that situation, coupled with their aesthetic values and theoretical engagements, influences their work. The intensive, first year curriculum is based on areas of inquiry, rather than genres. It asks: *How is creative writing an ethical, political, and aesthetic endeavor? How does new media change the production, reception, and dissemination of creative works? What forms might creative writing take in an interconnected, transnational society?* In the second year, students pursue a thesis with an advisor and an individualized course of study.

Jacket2 Series: jacket2.org/commentary/amaranth-borsuk

I briefly wrote about artists' books in the age of digital publishing for J2.

As We Know **(Subito, 2014):** as-we-know.com

The website for my collaboration with Andy Fitch includes audio and video, links to reviews, and more information about the project.

ABRA **(1913 Press, 2016):** a-b-r-a.com

A "living text," *Abra* is an artists' trade edition with gold foil covers and flip-book animation, an artists' book that uses laser cutting and thermochromic ink to animate the page, and a free iPad and iPhone app that invites readers to break down the boundary between reader and author and generate their own poems.