klipschutz

. . .Best burrito poem I've ever read. . .inspiring office hours meditato!

-Antler

*** * ***

Egad this klipschutz is good. How I envy him his freedom and logic deeper than logic. I've not seen such language and hyperconscious life since the work of the great Charles Simic.

-Barry Hannah

*** * ***

To read this book is to encounter what Seamus Heaney calls the "insouciance of lyric poetry, its relish of its own inventiveness, its pleasuring strain." These poems by the lowercase klipschutz are an upper experience, a lifting into a relish- and pleasure-strained realm. Their intensities envoice the comic sinister and the poignant particular. Scintillant intrigues of word and image, these "common airs forgotten" create communitas from amnesia, a poem entertainment center for us usufruct-up USAers.

-Bill Knott

* * *

I am grateful for this collection of anarchic, finely made, street smart poems, work that will prove, as the poet suggests, "big sad fun for the whole overextended clan." I like the humor, the sassiness, the irreverent frolic of these strikingly accessible poems. Altogether, a painful, but brilliant commentary on the American scene.

-Robert Sward

This is one beautiful book! The cover looks like a painting, is eye-catchingly spectacular. . .And, he is a poet par excellente!

-Joyce Metzger

...The same modesty appears in a poem addressed to "Dear Ezra,": My plot to dictate the economy goes badly. / The elders screen my calls, ignore my counsel. Indeed, one of the attractive things about these poems is the recurring complaints of a persona at his wit's (and ego's) end...[The book includes] a series of ghazals, a hard form to pull off that he manages with surprising combinations of grace and acerbic wit.

-Joe Safdie

excerpts, Who're You Calling Funny?, review/Raven Chronicles







klipschutz reads from his poetry

klipschutz is a boozy, chauvinistic prick of a poet who happens to write good titles and, occasionally, good poems. He is the author of the new Twilight of the Male Ego and also of The Erection of Scaffolding for the Re-Painting of Heaven by the Lowest Bidder. His poems take place in



cheap hotels, populated by cheap broads who reek of cheap liquor, and his occasional flash of naked inventiveness is quickly clothed in pimp-portentous polyester poltroonery. He uses words like "smoky," "smooth,"

klipschutz

and "motherfucker"; and he comes recommended by a certain Seattle Weekly music editor—a smooth, smoky motherfucker himself—who thinks klipschutz is "the shizzy." i'm going to this reading because klipschutz wrote a poem called "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Burrito" that i feel is a minor miracle—and after he reads that, i'm leaving; i don't like most of the rest of his poems, nor do i like the fact that he doesn't capitalize his own name—a fact that, as much as anything else, should tell you how this reading will go. Starbucks Literary Stage. 2:30—3:15 p.m. Mon., Sept. 2.

In his effort to encompass it all before he loses it, he responds with such speed and variety that some poems look surreal despite their very real particulars.

-Carl Rakosi

The more you read the deeper it gets.

-Hugh Fox