



TITLE
Sensory Deprivation / Dream Poetics

AUTHOR Damian Lopes

PUBLISHER
Coach House Books

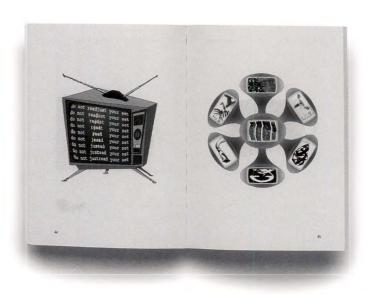
COVER DESIGNER
Damian Lopes

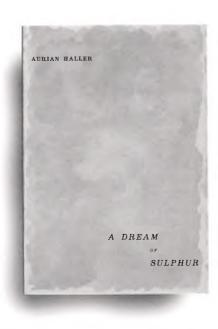
text designer Damian Lopes

Damian Lopes

PRINTER
Coach House Printing

s | z E 12.5 x 17.5 cm





A Dream of Sulphur

AUTHOR Aurian Haller

PUBLISHER
McGill-Queen's University Press

TEXT DESIGNER
Typho Litho Composition Inc.

ILLUSTRATOR Sonia Chow

PRINTER AGMV

s 1 z E 1 3 x 1 8 cm



If there is nothing we posses, then our hodies are the last of our possessions. We for as are our occasions, the hody that you grant to mine is triate when some in yours, both of us possessed when wholly disponsessed, and we are no one them, fong in It could have happened in another way, but that moment when we arrived, the sir before as broke, and in the broken sir there was a sparrow singing on a fence. All around him clouds smood back, the great san intell furthere. It was not light or shade that held such other's arrow, the messe that would enter you a main that as in that moment, nor the bird in its fragility, it was cores are. Who is a then that gazes at the world, area the song that base upon us, raining music cleough us, souching that against the window sell, looking through the air, who sees the over where they are standing in the light, trees that smool before they now upon the eyes, softmay in the sun, their branches hearing the darken dark remain. No hird there is that overcomes as brief recommens— it lows in consequence, the flowing after of senses? Let us say that it is as where shadows full, the weight of senses, was and leaves remembered substituting upon our flesh, but firsh that now is not easy has abundaned where to song that spills upon the wind, its air the air that lies within the grow, the sir that enters us. The moment that we think we live is afterward, a their of now when one song is in as in its flower rising in the min. No other silence at the end we lay, the trees above us out now, the seasons moving them moving on, the temperatines of sammers our embrace. of music falls. Where are the moments then of our being in the music. Where are sperrows, raw, the durk, the spalling music that we heard, the grass, the wind? The moment of no happening was all at once, no other spaces known to us in in intransignace spaces, song and flower as event that was the one event that was, but in its being being other than it was. What is is not, the consequences of the sparrow not the song but that Anagoge Sequentia

TITLE
Apostrophes IV
Speaking You is Holiness

AUTHOR E.D. Blodgett

PUBLISHER
The University of Alberta Press

cover designer Alan Brownoff

TEXT DESIGNER
Alan Brownoff

ILLUSTRATOR John Freeman

PRINTER Friesens

sıze 16.5 x 16.5 cm

