Blackout and erasure: *Her Read* by Jennifer Sperry Steinorth

Cover
We art To toy with feeling, transposing one kind of fear— one kind of Love for another. We art To toy with memory— those plastic dreams—to fix in concrete as if a Kiss were anything but good-bye as if to unknow the marble profile of good-bye as if to return to the dream of the Un born calling and calling and in the place the Book is buried plant a Tree Amen amen Amen

We art To toy with alternatives by touch to cure by love to infect not ‘a man speaking to men’ But grief Grief spring whereby We come to embroidery we come to and sing
Extract two
References


