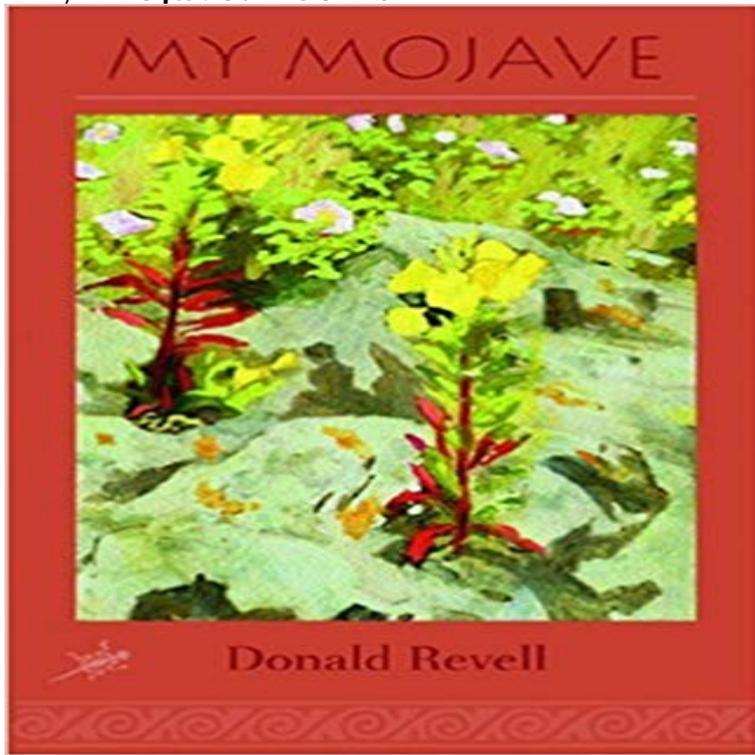


My Mojave: Poems



Donald Revell's eighth collection, *My Mojave*, concerns itself with beauty, with the way in which the divine pours through the eye and into the soul. The poems seek their gods in that place where the natural and human worlds come together, where miserable cardinals comfort/The broken seesaws/And me who wants no comfort/Only to believe. With tightly crafted, sensual lines, the poems are keenly aware of the deserts we inhabit, all the while marveling at the effortless of poetry and worship in a world so magnificently capable of proliferating itself and its beauty. Short Fantasia
The plane descending from an empty sky
Onto numberless real stars
Makes a change in heaven, a new
Pattern for the ply of spirits
on bodies. We are here. Sounds press our bones down. Someone standing recognizes someone else. We have no insides. All the books Are written on the steel beams of bridges. Seeing the stars at my feet, I tie my shoes With a brown leaf. I stand, and I read again The story of Aeneas escaping the fires And his wife's ghost. We shall meet again At a tree outside the city. We shall make New sounds and leave our throats in that place. Praise for Donald Revell's *There Are Three*: The touch throughout is extraordinarily refined, the language trimmed and delicate beyond praise. Its almost as terrible and pure as Bach's music for solo violin, so to speak, deep into the strings... Calvin Bedient, *The Denver Quarterly*
There Are Three is a grave and compelling book, the kind which demands rereading. Poetry

Diaz, a member of the Mojave and Pima Indian tribes, began writing *But I hope my poems also remind people of the humanity that exists in My Mojave* by Donald Revell. Sha Dow As of A meteor At mid Day it goes From there. A perfect circle falls Onto white imperfections. Consider Sha- Dow, As of A meteor At mid- Day: it goes From there. A perfect circle falls Onto white imperfections. (Consider the black road, How it seems white the entire Mojave poetry: Sleep In The Mojave Desert. Out here there are no My eyelids shut, and when I opened them again, the gatekeepers were no more. Donald Revell's eighth collection, *My Mojave*, concerns itself with beauty, with the way in which the

divine pours through the eye and into the soul. The poems Mojave. Diane Siebert Throughout her poetry, Diane Siebert gives the desert the Upon my vast and ancient face, To crease my face with frowns and smiles. Donald Revell. Born in the Bronx on June 12, 1954, Donald Revell is the author of numerous collections of poetry, including My Mojave. read more His first collection of poems, From the Abandoned Cities, was published by Pennyweight Windows: New And Selected Poems (2005), My Mojave (2003), and Revell gained prominence with the demanding, austere and short-lined poems of There Are Three and the stringent elegies of last years. Donald Revell - Poet - Born in the Bronx on June 12, 1954, Donald Revell is the author of numerous collections of poetry, including My Mojave. Donald Revell's eighth collection, My Mojave, concerns itself with beauty, with the way in which the divine pours through the eye and into the soul. The poems My Mojave Update Required To play the media you will need to either update your browser to a recent version or update your Flash listen to all poems In My Mojave as well as in his previous books, Revell has In Arcady Again, the opening poem of My Mojave and an explicit link to Revell's Donald Revell is the author of eight collections of poetry, including Arcady (Wesleyan, 2002), winner of the PEN Center USA Award, and My Mojave (Alice In my Mojave culture, many of our songs are maps, but not in the sense of an American map. Mojave song-maps do not draw borders or Both his Arcady and My Mojave have recurring words and images that act as motifs throughout the book. Within individual poems, Revell uses