

DOMINIQUE CARON

Easy Path, 2018
Mixed media on canvas, 36 x 72 in



COURTESY THE STUDIO SHOP GALLERY

GERALD FLEMING

The Old Books, Fading

Every year the words of the poet's first book fade a little until they disintegrate on their brittle paper, go back to the native land of their spoken language. This happens with the second book, the third . . .

Unanchored ink, thinks the old poet, and he remembers the long-ago night with his sister, strange country, city streets, it was late, they'd been walking a long time, quiet, content, then the two of them hearing a clamor overhead, looking up, seeing a flock of geese, their wings on each downbeat caught in the lights of the city.

Gerald Fleming's latest book is *One* (Hanging Loose Press), an experiment in monosyllabic prose poems. Previous books are *The Choreographer* (Sixteen Rivers Press), *Night of Pure Breathing* (Hanging Loose Press), and *Swimmer Climbing onto Shore* (Sixteen Rivers Press). Fleming taught for thirty-seven years in the public schools of San Francisco, California. He lives most of the year near San Francisco, and the rest of the year in Paris, France.