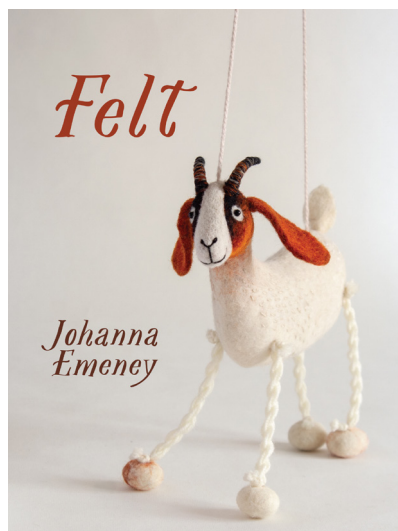


Felt

JOHANNA EMENEY



\$24.99

CATEGORY: Poetry

ISBN: 978-0-9951407-1-4

THEMA: DCF, DSC

BIC: DCF, DSC

BISAC: POE010000, POE02400,

POE023010, POE023050

PUBLISHER: Massey University Press

IMPRINT: Massey University Press

PUBLISHED: April 2021

PAGE EXTENT: 80

FORMAT: Limpbound

SIZE: 200 x 148mm

RIGHTS: World

AUTHOR RESIDENCE: Auckland,
New Zealand

NEW POEMS BY A RISING STAR OF NEW ZEALAND POETRY

Couples in last-chance therapy, best friends unfriending, racist trolls trawling the comments section for game — this collection is concerned with the things that make us feel. This felt realm is very much in nature, too. From the regal calm of goats cudding in the sun to the slow unwinding of the last bee on earth, Johanna Emeney seems to say that there is a message in the air — for those who listen with all of the senses.

This outstanding suite of 31 loosely connected poems is by turns powerful, warm, loving, and shocking.

'Felt gets you thinking about poetry, how the poet canvases multiple experiences whether lived, imagined or felt, and finds the form and voice that suits each poem and herself . . . Think of the book as a glorious arm-wide regeneration, the poems both stretching and contemplative.' — Paula Green, Kete

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOHANNA EMENEY (1974–), a Cambridge graduate with a postgraduate diploma in education, is a tutor of creative writing at Massey University, Auckland, where she gained her PhD. She has published two books of poetry, *Apple and Tree* (Cape Catley, 2011) and *Family History* (Mākarō Press, 2017), and an academic book, *The Rise of Autobiographical Medical Poetry and the Medical Humanities* (Ibidem Press, 2018). She was the editor of the *Poetry New Zealand Yearbook 2020*. She co-facilitates the Michael King Young Writers Programme with Rosalind Ali.

SALES POINTS

- A moving collection by a powerful poet
- A book for the serious poetry fan and also for those new to poetry
- An ideal gift

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Gorse

It can overtake good land in four years, throw seeds to the wind
and blow havoc across hectares until the lot is blighted,
in need of genocide measures—bulldozers, burn-ups, biology.

Its stems and spines regrow from stumps, yellow flowers
glow defiant between impenetrable thorns, and the seeds
do not die by fire. Instead, they hatch metastatic.

What say a war-plane is sent out to spray a reclamation.
It strafes its curses—*triclopyr*, *picloram*—
and leaves a grandiose scene of crucifixion, no more.

Brittle crowns of brown spikes set to explode back into life
wait for the old farmers to venture out one dusk and get lost
in a maze of panic for hours, the thorns of retribution

seeming a first brush with dementia. Have the goldfinches
and fantails gathered at their feet to lead them home,
or to grub for seed and beetles? They didn't know it

would end like this. But gorse was threat from the start
to the flat-cap men with night-time legs that glowed half-white.
They walked out on that land and, blind, perceived the wrong yielding.