



Doll Apollo

Poems

MELISSA GINSBURG

“The poems in *Doll Apollo* chart a fascinating constellation of emotional and spiritual intricacy. Melissa Ginsburg’s virtuosic lines sift the fragments of our seemingly divided societal moment to find luminous and enduring connections between technology and faith, mythology and modernity. This book is a marvel of beauty and deep vision.”—Kiki Petrosino

“Melissa Ginsburg’s *Doll Apollo* attends to surfaces, repetitions, threads. The pastoral landscape and the pastoral tradition in poetry overlap and tug at one another: Daphne pulling in one direction, Apollo in another. One of them is part tree and therefore part paper, folded notes, garlands, cutout snowflakes. The other is part sun and therefore part spacecraft, lunar landing vehicle, fuel-spent rocket stage. They are tethered together, bound to repeat like a scene printed on fabric, both becoming and disappearing at the same time, complicating and unraveling.”—D. A. Powell

“*Doll Apollo* is a book of solutions—the poems do not ignore the problem of their own fluency, but neither do they compromise. Their beauty is the inevitable beauty of achieved art. These poems answer the reader’s perennial hope.”—Shane McCrae

“These poems are brilliant-cut crystal, refracting both light and facts. Tip them slightly and watch meaning quiver and split. This is joyous attention. Ginsburg’s is a dreamy book you’ll want to fold yourself into again and again.”—Claire Wahmanholm

MELISSA GINSBURG is the author of the poetry collection *Dear Weather Ghost* and the novels *The House Uptown* and *Sunset City*. Her poems have appeared in the *New Yorker*, *West Branch*, *Fence*, the *Southwest Review*, and other magazines. She teaches creative writing and literature at the University of Mississippi and serves as associate editor of *Tupelo Quarterly*.

Paper Dreams

Rag paper dreams rag dreams,
Newsprint dreams of the wood chipper,

Doll paper dreams tabs-in-slots,
Dreams the sheet

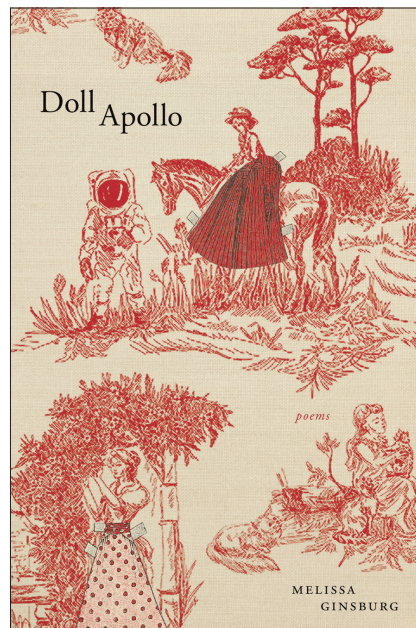
From which
She was punched.

How close it felt to free,
Uniting all those tiny holes

To outline
Her in air.

Dream paper dreams dream dreams,
Forest floor,

How clean it was, the forest
Of chainsaws, how renewable.



AUGUST 2022

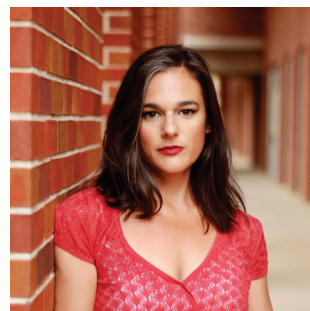
76 pages, 6 x 9

978-0-8071-7739-6

Paperback \$17.95, ebook available

LSU Press Paperback Original

Poetry



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