



The Sentence

Poems

MORRI CREECH

In *The Sentence*, Morri Creech interrogates our daily lives and experiences to examine the anxieties and despair that often attend our awareness of mortality. Through a variety of subjects, and through styles ranging from rhyme and meter to prose poetry, he takes an unflinching look at what it means to live in the shadow of the end, the common fate to which each of us is sentenced.

MORRI CREECH is the author of four collections of poetry, including *The Sleep of Reason*, a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize, and *Blue Rooms*. He teaches creative writing in the undergraduate and MFA programs at Queens University of Charlotte in North Carolina.

PRAISE FOR *THE SENTENCE*

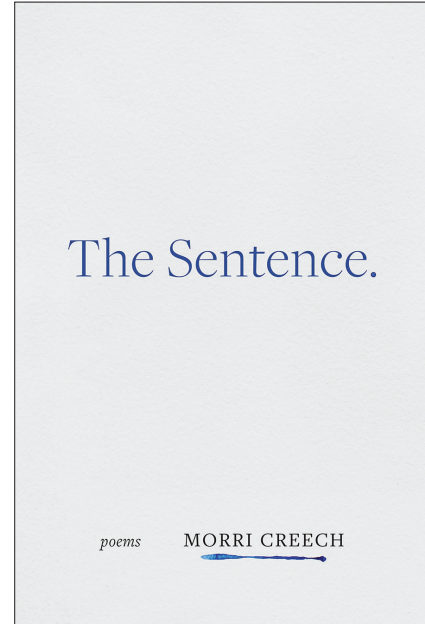
“Rich with sound and imagination, these masterful poems teach us to pay attention to not just the matter of our lives but the music of our lives.”—**Ada Limón**

“All poets start out as artists, a blessed few eventually become craftspeople, too. Morri Creech is a craftsman as well as an artist, and the poems in *The Sentence* are uncommonly well-made things.”—**Shane McCrae**

“*The Sentence* is a book of reflections, refractions, raveling, and ramifications with breathtaking branchings of syntax, sonic permutations, and Frostian forks foreclosing other lives.”—**Dora Malech**

“Somehow, remarkably, this collection seems both more impersonal and more personal than Creech’s earlier work, more wide-ranging in its expression of common experience yet even more deeply felt, sentence by artful sentence.”—**Joseph Harrison**

“*The Sentence* is Creech’s best book to date, its feats of imagination his most sweeping and its reckonings his most clear-eyed.”—**David Yezzi**



SEPTEMBER 2023

102 pages, 6 x 9

978-0-8071-8015-0

Paperback \$19.95, ebook available

LSU Press Paperback Original

Poetry

Burning the Leaves

Dad wheelbarrows the leaves into the ditch.
November, and the ground is tinged with frost,
air heavy with smoke, the autumn colors rich.
He squints at the camera, looking vaguely lost.
Mom leans against the handle of her rake
next to the trailer, thinking God knows what,
as though the day were just some big mistake.
A marriage and prim lawn are what she’s got,
plus a kid who whizzes by on roller skates,
small at the road’s edge but there all the same.
She looks at something far away and waits.
The years crowd in around the picture frame.
The dead leaves at her feet keep piling higher
and, in the background, you can see the fire.