



Which Way Was North

Poems

ANNE PIERSON WIESE

PRAISE FOR WHICH WAY WAS NORTH

“Anne Pierson Wiese’s hauntingly direct poems take us into the bone vault of America, where we can hear a heartbeat. She is a graceful, quietly exact, masterful poet.”—**Henri Cole**

“Wiese’s poetry teaches us that the distance is not between Sioux Falls and Brooklyn, between nature and machinery, between lifeblood and graveyard, it is ‘between tasting and living.’”—**Shawkat Toorawa**

“Wiese’s new book is a marvel of energy and observation.”—**Willard Spiegelman**

In *Which Way Was North*, Anne Pierson Wiese juxtaposes poems from her years living in New York City with work written after her relocation to South Dakota. By exploring local, historical, and personal sources, she invites readers to see an unmapped territory of the mind informed by these distinct regions of the United States.

Suggesting that mundane physical places and daily routines can possess significance beyond the immediate, *Which Way Was North* offers elements such as wild grapevines and country cemeteries, along with subway preachers and weeds emerging from sidewalk cracks, as vital starting points for reflection. Fundamentally, Wiese’s poems show that our individual powers of observation remain the most life-affirming response to the existential questions posed by our surroundings, regardless of where we happen to call home.

ANNE PIERSON WIESE was born in Minnesota, raised in New York City, where she lived for many years, and currently resides in South Dakota with her husband, writer Ben Miller. Her first poetry collection, *Floating City*, received the Walt Whitman Award from the Academy of American Poets. Additional honors for her work include the Amy Lowell Poetry Travelling Scholarship and a Discovery/*The Nation* Poetry Prize.



Ben Miller

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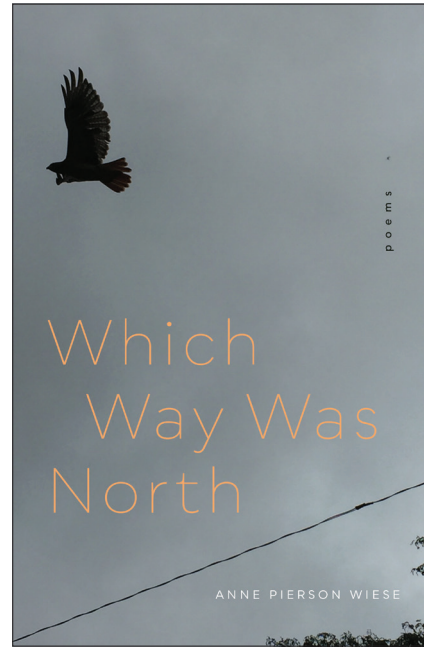
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Poetry



Autocorrect for Beauty

Leaving work one afternoon, I saw a hawk on the pergola in the formal garden where no one ever goes. We thought we needed beauty—and we do—but humans often screw things up.

The hawk stood watching and waiting, bright tail burning sumac red in the vacant white and brown of winter. I knew he’d outlast me—zero degrees as it was—but still I stayed, watching him watch.

I’ve passed the empty pergola at least five hundred times since then, in every kind of weather, but if I look, my hawk is there: beauty by surprise overrides all succeeding days—and so the part of us that isn’t us survives.