

## Invention of the Wilderness

Poems

## **BRUCE BOND**

"Bruce Bond is a poet whose work I have read and loved for many years. There is music in Bond's poems that is like no one else's. It is both beautifully traditional and yet innovative, because it responds to the metaphysics of his moment, to the heart of our day."—Ilya Kaminsky

"Bond's prescient and searing book speaks to the fact that the earth is in deep peril, even as the poems themselves offer a kind of healing."—Diane Raptosh

In *Invention of the Wilderness*, Bruce Bond explores the wilderness as a spiritual, psychological, and ecological realm—a territory that, depending on our tolerances and affections, calls out for order, exploitation, expansion, or preservation. Although to talk of "inventing" the wilderness seems paradoxical, the book seeks to reclaim the etymological root of "invention" as a "venturing in." To invent a wilderness is to go inward by way of attentive engagement in the natural world, to affirm and liberate imaginative expression as no mere mirror of nature, but a force of it. At times meditative and melancholic, though also vibrant and full of life, *Invention of the Wilderness* proposes an embodied and reflective way of being in the world.

**BRUCE BOND** is the author of thirty books including, most recently, *Behemoth, The Calling*, and *Patmos*. His work has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies, including seven editions of *Best American Poetry*. He is the Regents Emeritus Professor of English at the University of North Texas.

## Eco

The other member of this conversation is the forest we are in, the one that is here

and not quite here, not the woods we knew when we were young and lost and elsewhere.

I too have a new face and the faceless wound it floats on, the long loneliness for power

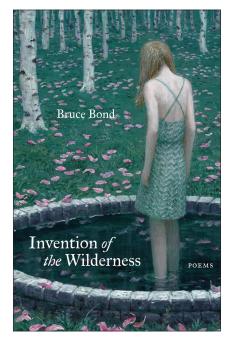
to salvage some broken friend or ocean. Just when I thought I was alone, again,

my limbs take on the look of skies on fire, as planets do, and monks, and drunken men

whose vague unease is longing to be shared. Even the best convictions dream the damaged

world that says, I know, I too am worried. The other voice among us is a certain change

in the wind. And once, when I was young, I heard it speak. And in its speaking, listen.



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