



# Now You Can Join the Others

Poems

**TAIJE SILVERMAN**

“The poems . . . are heartbreaking in their beauty, the depths of emotion seemingly endless, yet elegantly contained in the poet’s precise language, her haunting imagery. Silverman confronts loss with remarkable tenderness.”—**Natasha Trethewey**

*Now You Can Join the Others*, the second collection of poetry by Taije Silverman, traces the absurdities of desire, the shifting nature of grief, and the concentric circles of history and myth that ripple around motherhood and marriage. Set in cities around the world and on real and metaphorical islands, narratives slip between centuries and spaces: a Philadelphia bedroom and Berlin’s Jewish Museum, a castle in Naples and a Chuck E. Cheese. Scenes of sexual and racial violence force an interrogation of words through a multiplicity of voices, and the othering of self becomes a shared, even reassuring alienation. From a sixteenth-century philosopher to a lecherous innkeeper in Modena, from the founding of Athens to the hatching of cicadas, this book investigates human, geological, and cyclical forms of time, suggesting that they are as material and evasive as language. Intricate, unexpected, and probing, *Now You Can Join the Others* is a radically candid, revelatory collection.

**TAIJE SILVERMAN** is the author of *Houses Are Fields* and cotranslator of *Selected Poems of Giovanni Pascoli*, which was shortlisted for the John Florio Prize. Silverman’s poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, the *Kenyon Review*, and *Best American Poetry*. She lives in Philadelphia.

Poems are handfuls of dirt that you scoop  
from the ground near your home,  
wrote a poet whose body  
has never been found, but it’s handfuls of dirt  
that are handfuls of dirt. The blame

is a dome, or a knot. My husband says  
we’ll be okay, said a white woman in the gift shop  
when I read from my phone that the president  
just banned three news outlets from the White House.  
How much is this stationery with the swirling.  
How much for this one with the cats.

Tell me about your city, the dirt there.  
No, tell me about the gold dome  
beneath which the American dream  
beats wings like fists through the sealed air  
of superlatives.

—from “Dome of the Rock, Rock of the Tunnel”



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