



# The Professor of Forgetting

Poems

**GREG DELANTY**

*The Professor of Forgetting*, a new collection from the acclaimed Irish poet Greg Delanty, swings back and forth on the fulcrum of what we call “now” and confronts our notion of how time passes. From the very first poem, “Going Nowhere Fast,” which ponders whether we are now here or going nowhere, to the final selection, from which the book takes its self-reflective title, these exuberant poems chronicle what it means to be human with joy, pathos, honesty, despair, sorrow, celebration, and wit. Structurally diverse in form, the poems also explore a range of poignant topics, including childhood, family, love, racism, the natural world, immigration, and the unavailability of death. Often humorous, Delanty’s poetry finds ways of coping with the challenges of life, as it makes lasting art out of heart-breaking difficulty and experience.

**GREG DELANTY** was born in Cork City, Ireland, and maintains dual citizenship in Ireland and the United States, where he has lived since 1986. He is the author of *No More Time* and *Book Seventeen*, among many other poetry collections, and he has received numerous awards for his work, including a Guggenheim Fellowship. He teaches at Saint Michael’s College in Vermont.

## PRAISE FOR GREG DELANTY

“A true poet.”—Christopher Ricks, *Guardian*

“Everywhere he unleashes unbounded energy and upbeat cheer.”—F. D. Reeve, *Poetry*

“Delanty writes poems that are wordily appealing in the way that Hopkins or late Auden appeal.”—Peter Reading, *Times Literary Supplement*

“The poet laureate of the contemporary Irish-in-America. Delanty has catalogued an entire generation and its relationship to exile. He is the laureate of those who have gone.”

—Colum McCann, *Irish Times*



John Minihan

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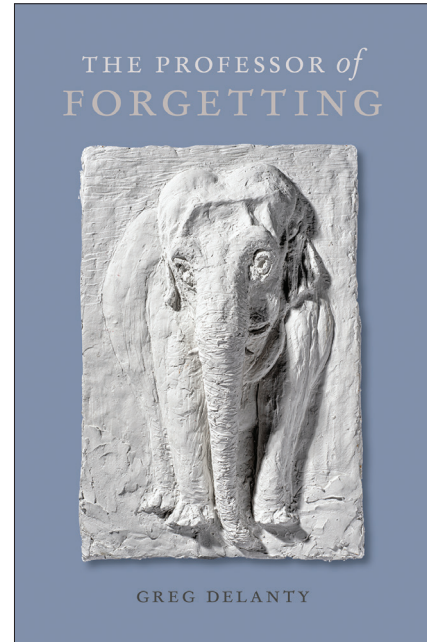
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LSU Press Paperback Original

Poetry



## Pearl

Look, the result  
of a natural defense  
against an intruder,  
whatever will damage,  
hurt the small soul,  
the soft-bodied creature,  
oyster or mussel inside.  
The mollusk captures,  
coats, covers the trouble  
layer upon layer  
with iridescent nacre  
made from aragonite,  
calcite, binding conchiolin.  
Hold it up to the light,  
see light itself  
broken down within  
shining depths—reflection,  
refraction, diffraction.  
You can tell the quality  
by the hard, lucid surface,  
the refined luster of survival.