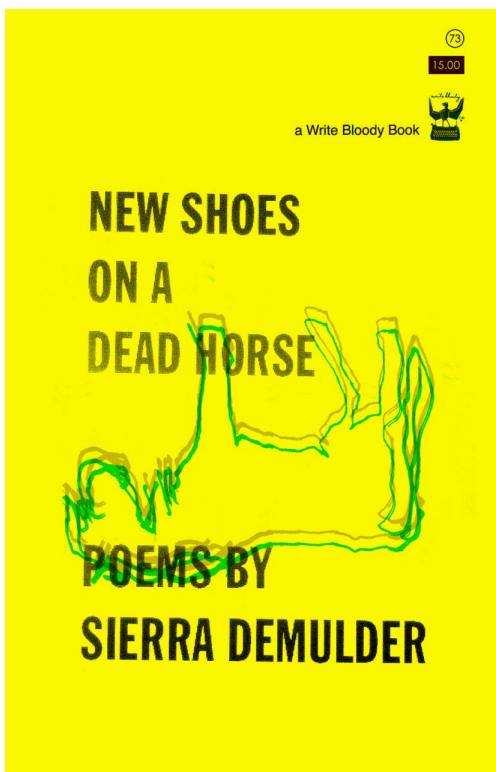


Sierra DeMulder

Sierra DeMulder is a Pushcart-nominated touring performance poet. In 2009 she won the National Poetry Slam, was awarded Best Female Poet at College Union Poetry Slam Invitational, and ranked 9th at the Individual World Poetry Slam. She lives in St. Paul, MN.



About the Book: *New Shoes On A Dead Horse*
Due 2012

The Romans believed that an artist's inspiration came from a spirit, called a genius, that lived in the walls of the artist's home. This character appears throughout the book, providing charming commentary and biting insight on the young author's creative process and emotional path.

Interview:

WB: Whose writing has influenced you?

SD: Sharon Olds, Jason Shinder, Kim Addonizio, Rachel McKibbens, Louis Erdrich

WB: What keeps you writing?

SD: The constant desire to explore and share the human experience. Also, it's just fun. It's a game that I love

playing.

WB: What do you hope people take away from *New Shoes on a Dead Horse*?

SD: I hope people are intrigued and amused. It's a playful title taken from a line in one of my poems. To me, it is a reminder of the cycle of suffering and how, eventually, suffering becomes unnecessary.

WB: Which Write Bloody author do you think you would beat in a sword-fight? a duel? an arm-wrestling match?

SD: I am pretty sure I could beat Mike McGee in an arm-wrestling match, but only because he would be trying to hug me.

Specifications

ISBN: 1-935904-95-7

ISBN13: 978-1-935904-95-3

Subjects: Poetry

Price: \$ 15.00

Binding: Paper

Page count: 88

Size: 8 1/2 X 5 1/2 X 1/2

Weight: 8

Print Run:

Pub. Date: 2012-03-15

Ship Date: 2012-01-15

Number Pieces: 0

Carton Qty: 50

BISAC: POE000000

THE GENIUS AND THE SOUP KITCHEN

On opening day, no one showed up.
Same with the next. And the next.
And the next.

Finally, he unplugged the Open sign.
He waited for it to cool before bending
the letters, forming new words with
electric yarn.

You Will Find Everything Here
now glows in the window. At first,
only a few questions crawled
through the door. Soon, unfinished

sentences. Eventually, lines and lines
of priests, atheists, whole families of
extinct animals.

Today, there is a four hour wait
just to stand inside.

He serves pots of bubbling
Compliments. Slices of Financial Advice.
Entire legs of Answers, fresh cut Answers,
baked Answers served with butter and garlic.

When they leave, he hears them use words
like full, content, not worried anymore.

He has stopped sleeping at night.
He lays in bed and watches the hours
clock in and out of their shift.

*I am a dumb doctor,
a novocain prescription.
I am new shoes
on a dead horse.*

GIRL

After Jamaica Kincaid

This is how you bend over in the front row of the classroom so he can see your thong. This is how to know the answer, but not raise your hand. This is how to giggle like a dinner bell. No, not like the emptying of a gutter. Like a dinner bell, like you better come in before it gets dark. Better make him walk you home. This is how to make jokes about your breasts. This is how to make cleavage outta small tits. This is how to spill into his lap like a plush blanket. This is how to expect him to rip off your dress. When he doesn't, this is how to do it for him. This is how to press and squeeze his hand against your nipple. I don't care if you feel nothing. Don't tell him you feel nothing or you'll walk home alone in the dark. This is how you moan. This is how you say Yes. No, I don't care if you feel nothing. Spit in your hand. Pretend to be wet.