

**ABOUT PERIPLUM (1992):**

Peter Gizzi's pizzazz-filled poems are simultaneously all over the page and right on target. He is the most exciting new poet to come along in quite a while.

—John Ashbery

With only the sounds and intertwinings of 26 letters, vision longs to shelter these many peripluses, innocence's lockets, these A.k.a.'s and couplets, so much surprise noun-love and pronoun-ish emblem exclamation points. Water! Away! Ouch! Now I know what poetry is! God bless Cap'n Peter Gizzi!

—Bernadette Mayer

*Periplum* is the map of a deeply personal voyage, one articulated by humor, grief and desire. It is a voyage toward that point where self disappears into other in an act of, quite literally, 'poetic' comprehension. The details are entirely real.

—Michael Palmer

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*Periplum* reveals and shatters an unspeakably fragile world . . . emerging with a new knowing, a knowing that matters, as in matters of life and death.

—Michael Boughn, POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

The poems of *Periplum* have a philosophical lyricism which invites the reader to participate in a world that falls between (and in some cases immolates) the poles of ego and language. The beautiful fragile balance achieved here is simply amazing.

—Chris Stroffolino, TO MAGAZINE

A careful and considered interweaving of discourses.

—Jeff Vetock, THE WASHINGTON REVIEW

Peter Gizzi's *Periplum* arises out of the same tradition as Frank O'Hara's: suffused in irony, creating odd juxtapositions, alternately enigmatic and direct.

—D. A. Powell, SAN FRANCISCO POETRY FLASH

Turning to express, one turns to a you that multiplies . . . these poems seem haunted by a domesticity that is never reachable, a silence and easiness that is always seen from the outside, looking in, but never when one is in that space. Searching for space, searching for words, *Periplum* revels in the lost.

—Juliana Spahr, POETICS BRIEFS

*Periplum's* journey is a wandering on the outside. It is a yearning for place, even if the times demand that this must necessarily be on the outside. . . . The poetry of *Periplum* remarkably traces its own outline, revealing, as it goes, the various possibilities of contemporary poetry.

—Alan Gilbert, THE DENVER QUARTERLY