

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

In Kimberly Kralowec's *We retreat into the stillness of our own bones*, we explore the multifaceted realities of close relationships and interior spaces. Through vibrant synesthesia and graceful lyricism, Kralowec merges our private experiences with the natural world, allowing us to witness the surrender necessary for genuine intimacy. Throughout the pages of this powerfully quiet collection, we rediscover both grief and joy at their most authentic—as well as the complex, often synonymous, connections between the two—recalling moments when even the “sun dimmed so brightly.”

This brilliant, magnetic chapbook moves with an evocative and acute intensity, quietly transforming the microscopic into the vast, and the vast into the microscopic. It is a journey of a book, full of movement, beauty, love, and grief. Imagine a world in which we can “let the bees breathe ... for the parts of the skin the light goes through,” or in which “plant[ing] light / in small spaces, / false gems” is a possible task. Kralowec's *We retreat into the stillness of our own bones* is Sublime in a way only dreams and poems can be.

—Sara Eliza Johnson, author of *Bone Map*

The images in Kimberly Kralowec's *We retreat into the stillness of our own bones* take on such stunning musculature that they lift these lyrics over the head of the speaker, their whole weight a work of dynamic specificity. “We find twilights of reef birds/in new corners of the house— / though our eyes are still closed /and our rooms long ago abandoned / the rectangular.” These poems remind us that we are active participants in language that is forever recalibrating what it means to love the world.

—Kimberly Burwick, author of *Out Beyond the Land*

Charles Simic wrote about the “art of reassembling fragments of preexisting images in such a way as to form a new image.” In her debut collection, Kimberly Kralowec elevates this concept beyond the visual, awakening all our senses to new ways of engaging within our emotional and physical landscapes. With subtle eloquence, she uncovers the keen edge between strength and vulnerability “when not every brightening / turns out to be dawn.”

—Linda Jackson Collins, author of *Painting Trees*

With a painterly eye towards detail, and deeply grounded in the natural world, these lacy, atmospheric poems are unabashed in their bold ambition to chart the vagaries, rhythms, frailties and complexity of what it means to be close to another human—to see and be seen.

—Louise Mathias, author of *The Traps*

Kimberly Kralowec grew up in a small town in San Joaquin Valley and now lives in San Francisco. Her poetry appears in journals such as *Tnyckenham Notes*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *The Night Heron Barks*, and *Birdland*. A lawyer by professions, she holds an English degree from Pomona College in Claremont, California. Find her at anapoetics.com.

*We retreat into the stillness
of our own bones*
Poems by Kimberly Kralowec

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