mclennan's blog

ROB MCLENNAN'S BLOG

Saturday, June 27, 2015 Barbara Henning, A Day Like Today

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AT SUNRISE

Instead of meditating, I mop the floors and hallways. To prevent downloading free music, Dutch cable companies obtain a court order to block access to the pirate bay. In fancy gyms across the city, people steal from each other, yuppie-on-yuppie crime while musicians and night workers seek the quiet dim of dark apartments. At sunset, I switch on the parking lights and run upstairs to pee, hoping the police won't notice. Then I circle around block after block, finally finding a tiny spot between B and C, in front of the yuppie building with a doorman, a doorman's sole purpose, so they say, to provide security.

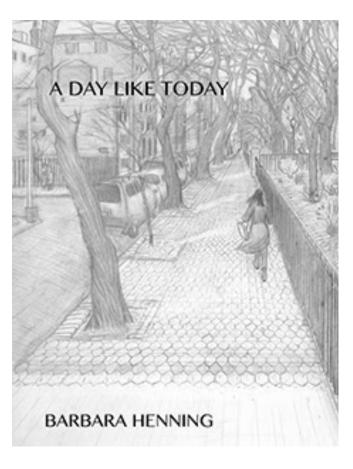
In the acknowledgments of New York poet Barbara Henning's newest collection, <u>A Day Like Today</u> (Mobile AL: Negative Capability Press, 2015), the first real experience I've had with her writing, she writes that "These poems were composed from daily one page journal entries written in 2012. Many thanks to the New York Times writers (2012) for words and phrases collaged into the poems." Henning's compositional

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upcoming events!

The Factory Reading Series: Morrissy, Burgoyne + Farley, March 26, 2016 (Ottawa); rob reading at RailRoad w/ Gary Geddes + TBA, April 3, 2016 (Ottawa); the ottawa small press book fair, spring 2016 edition: June 18, 2016 (Ottawa): rob's (ongoing) editing service: poetry manuscript reading, editing, evaluation;



method has created a collection of densely-packed daybook-collage lyric capsules, managing to contain an incredible amount of information down the length of each page, as well as a great deal of breathable space between each line (which allow her poems not to collapse beneath their own weight). Bouncing from point to point to point, the shape and the tenor of her poems is

reminiscent of the cadence of a number of poems by Cobourg, Ontario poet Stuart Ross, sans his trademark surrealism, as she allows the poems to end up far from the beginning, but still managing a somehow-coherent thread despite the tangents and leaps. Constructed in five sections—"Winter," "Spring," "Summer," "Fall" and back to "Winter"—Henning's poetic diary reads, in parts, as arbitrary as Gil McElroy's ongoing "Julian Days" sequence; less interested in temporally placing the poems per se than allowing the random elements of her source material during those periods direct a certain degree of each poem's movements. One might ask, are the section-headers meant to add or distract, or have they no purpose at all but as reportage itself, letting the reader know in which season each poem began? And yet, other poems do read as reports on specific activity, whether writing that "In the graveled garden / behind Unnameable Books / Patricia Spears Jones / is reading her poems." ("UNNAMEABLE"), or that "I met Lewis for lunch / at Angelica's. We eat wee / dragon bowls with mu tea. / Then I bike over to Santo's / in the rain to make copies / of my poetic prose book." ("I MEET LEWIS / FOR LUNCH").

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Mr. Zlobin writes a book about Americans and how we interrogate complete strangers. Two men interrogate a woman, The Uncertainty Principle: stories, (Chaudiere Books, 2014) on Goodreads

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rob's author page on facebook rob's Electronic Poetry Center page: NEWLY UPDATED! rob's ongoing Open Book: Ontario columns Interview Editor at Queen Mob's Teahouse (as of autumn rob's Jacket2 'commentaries' (January-March 2015) rob's extensive links page rob's (updated May 2012) League of Canadian Poets Sentinal poetry November 2005 feature rob's Ploughshares page 1998 Via Rail Great Canadian Literary Tour

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Today would have been my mother's seventy-fifth bi... 12 or 20 (second series) questions with Travis Ceb... Jamie Reid (April 10, 1941 – June 25, 2015) Barbara Henning, A Day Like

one in gentle, soothing tones, while the other fires staccato bursts of accusatory questions. Her husband is reading a magazine called Wired when she repeats her question. He snarls and commands that she be still. To issue spoken commands on most Androids, you must tap the microphone gently. In Russia, children are raised by their grandmothers. An average mother would never dream of leaving her child with a teenager. She says it seems as if he doesn't care about her. He stands up in a wild sea storm in the Gulf of Alaska, where a Shell Oil drilling rig runs aground with 139,000 gallons of diesel fuel. The unified command will be monitoring the situation. It's midnight with fireworks when he walks out while his wife is pleading with him to stay. Frankenstein's monster on occasion turns out to be rather sweet.

Posted by rob mclennan at 8:31 AM

Labels: Barbara Henning, Negative Capability Press

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Today

today is my father's seventyfourth birthday,

12 or 20 (second series)
questions with Cassidy Mc...

Stuart Ross, A Hamburger in a Gallery

report: some lately,

<u>Lesley Yalen, The Hearts of Vikings</u>

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<u>Profile of Ben Ladouceur, at Open Book: Ontario,</u>

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Christine McNair at The Sawdust Reading Series (Ot...

<u>Baby Names : short story (The Danforth Review,</u>

12 or 20 (second series) questions with Collier No...

12 or 20 (small press) questions with JenMarie and...

<u>call for submissions : seventeen</u> <u>seconds: a journa...</u>

Amish Trivedi, Sound/Chest

12 or 20 (second series) questions with lan Burgha...

Jessica Smith, life-list

<u>configurations: pinhey's point</u> <u>(poem)</u>

Noah Eli Gordon, The Word
Kingdom in the Word King...

12 or 20 (second series) questions with Anne Champ...

dusie: the tuesday poem,

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