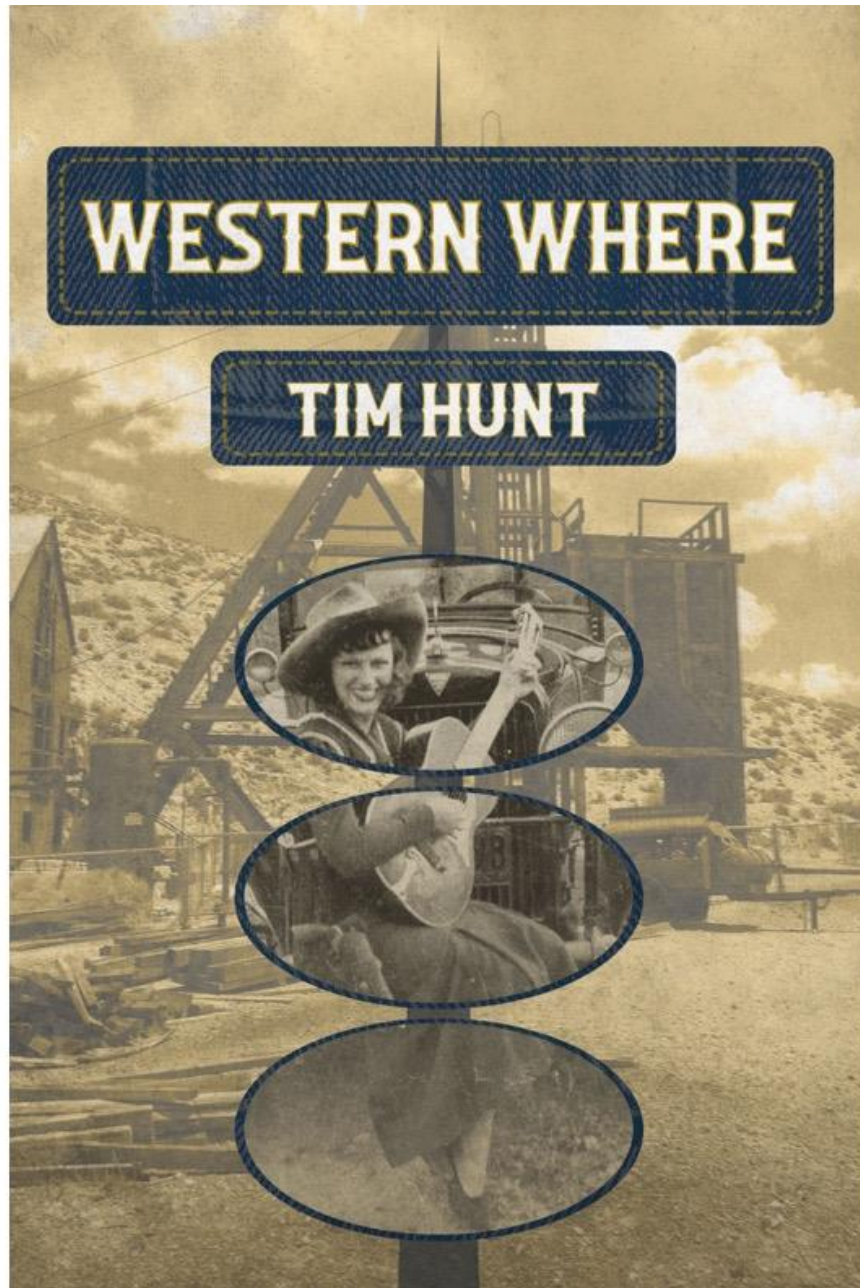


Tim Hunt

Broadstone Books

Western Where



<https://www.tahunt.com/poetry/>

Western Where

Introduction

Sample Poems:

- ["Still Life: Barbed Wire with Tumbleweeds \(Owens Valley, CA\)" & "Silver Mine \(Tonopah, NV\)"](#)
- ["Reimagined Vaudeville Skit," "Twin Pines Casino," & "Still Life with Double Wide and Electric Fiddle"](#)
- ["Rodeo Ride"](#)

Advance Comments

Reading the stark, moody poems of Tim Hunt's latest collection put me in mind of a Paul Simon, "Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike/They've all come to look for America." Though in Hunt's version the highways are out west; the mood prevails, only the scenery changes. By the time we get to the exquisite third section, after a brief detour into Bluegrass land, I felt as if I was in a Cormac McCarthy novel: vast wide-open, sun-bleached plains, arid deserts, desolate, and unforgiving. Beneath every ghost haunted surface lies a threat of violence. The journey is all about searching for what we have already found within ourselves. Choose your own highway and travel if you dare.

—Alan Catlin poet, author of [How Will the Heart Survive?](#) and editor, Misfit Magazine

*

Tim Hunt's elegy for a vanished America, *Western Where*, takes us on an evocative road trip where we discover the last picture show, a played-out silver mine, a hand-me-down fiddle, silver-screen cowboys, and more. His wistful word paintings leave us yearning.

—Holly George-Warren, author of [Janis: Her Life and Music](#) and [Public Cowboy #1: The Life and Times of Gene Autry](#)

*

I live in San Francisco, in a bubble. A few miles east, a tunnel leads traffic out to the suburbs, and then the farms of the San Joaquin, the Sierra Nevada and Nevada and so forth—America, in other words. Tim Hunt's *Western Where* reminded me deeply of how very different America is from where I live. His discerning poet's eye contrasts the two cultures that can be traced from Kris Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee," from "nothing left to lose" in his country version, which is about endless loss—and the liberation and culture change signified by Janis Joplin's version. It's a profound visit to America, 2023.

—Dennis McNally, author of [Desolate Angel: Jack Kerouac, The Beat Generation, and America](#) and [A Long Strange Trip: The Inside History of the Grateful Dead](#)

*

Tim Hunt's new collection reminds us that, "It isn't that you understand this world. / You are this world." The book, in three parts—"Here and There," "Lost and Found," and "In This America"—is filled with vivid imagery of the California desert high country. Hunt weaves history with desire and lore, the "mismatched details / And stories that might be imagined— / Some of them maybe even true." "Lost and Found" explores the poet's sense of displacement: "In this world, the opposite of *lost* is *belong*", but then "in the world *lost* is here, / even though *here* / is where you are from," The 21-part poem in the final section is Hunt's hard look at the here and there, the lost and found of America of today. *Western Where* is a finely crafted, lyrical book that transcends The West, and speaks to the separations and displacements many of us feel. Time has moved on, and we are "tumbleweeds snagged in a fence / rocking in the wind."

—Gerald Wagoner, author of [When Nothing Wild Remains](#)

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Tim Hunt was born in Calistoga and raised primarily in Sebastopol, two small towns north of San Francisco that were, in the 1950s and 1960s, still agricultural, working-class communities. As a boy, he identified strongly with the Lake County region of his father's family, an area of the Sierra Nevada foothills where quicksilver mining had once been profitable. Here one of his aunts taught him “I Can Tell You Are a Logger 'Cause You Stir Your Coffee with Your Thumb,” while a rockabilly cousin offered “Be-Bop-a-Lula.” Educated at Cornell University, he taught American literature at several schools, including Washington State University and Deep Springs College, before concluding his career at Illinois State University, where he was University Professor of English. He and his wife Susan, a retired respiratory therapist, have two children: John, a visual artist, and Jessica, a composer.

For more details, visit www.tahunt.com/poetry/.

Tim Hunt

PUBLICATIONS

Poetry Books:

- *Western Where* (Broadstone Books, March 2024)
- *Voice to Voice in the Dark* (Broadstone Books, 2022)
- *Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes* (Main Street Rag Publishing Company, 2018)
- *Poem's Poems & Other Poems* (CW Books, 2016)
- *The Tao of Twang* (CW Books, 2014)
- *Fault Lines* (The Backwaters Press, 2009)

Poetry Chapbooks:

- *Thirteen Ways of Talking to a Blackbird* (Finishing Line Press, 2013)
- *White Levis* (Pudding House Press, 2010)
- *Redneck Yoga* (Finishing Line Press, 2010)
- *Lake County Diamond* (Intertext Books, 1986)

190 Poems in Journals & Anthologies (including):

ArLiJo, Brilliant Corners, Cloudbank, Coal Hill Review, CutBank, Epoch, Montana Review, Naugatuck River Review, Poetry London, Prime Number Magazine, Quarterly West, Qwerty, Rhino, Rio Grande Review, Sequestum, Southern Poetry Review, Spillway, Spoon River Poetry Review, Storyscape, Tahoma Literary Review, & Tar River Poetry

Scholarly Publications (selected):

- *The Textuality of "Soulwork": Jack Kerouac's Search for Spontaneous Prose* (University of Michigan Press, 2014)
- *Kerouac's Crooked Road: Development of a Fiction* (University of California Press et al, 1981, 1996 & 2010)
- *The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (Stanford University Press, 2001)
- *The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (five volumes, Stanford University Press, 1988, 1989, 1991, 2000, & 2001)

RECOGNITION & HONORS (selected)

- 2018 Main Street Rag Poetry Book Award (for *Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes*)
- First Prize (\$1,000), National Poetry Competition, the Chester H. Jones Foundation (judges: Carolyn Forché, Dave Smith & Diane Wakoski)
- 5 Pushcart Prize Nominations
- Honorable Mention, the Able Muse Book Award (Able Muse Press)
- Finalist, The Sexton Prize for Poetry (Eyewear Publishing LTD)
- Finalist, The Richard Snyder Publication Prize (Ashland Poetry Press)
- Finalist, the May Swenson Poetry Award (Utah State University Press)
- Finalist, the Frederick Morgan Poetry Prize (Story Line Press)
- Finalist, the Nicholas Roerich Poetry Prize (Story Line Press)
- Finalist, Off the Grid Prize (Off the Grid Press)

- Finalist, the Saint Lawrence Book Award (Black Lawrence Press)
- Finalist, the Holland Prize (Logan House Press)
- Finalist, Bright Hill Press Poetry Chapbook Competition
- Semifinalist, the Able Muse Book Award (Able Muse Press)
- Semifinalist, May Reading Period (Word Works)
- Semifinalist, the Washington Prize (Word Works)
- Semifinalist, the Richard Snyder Award (Ashland Poetry Press)
- Semifinalist, Off the Grid Prize (Off the Grid Press)
- Semifinalist, the Cleveland State University Poetry Center First Book Prize
- Semifinalist, The Frost Place Chapbook Competition

EDUCATION

AB cum laude (1970); MA (1974); & PhD (1975) in American Literature, Cornell University.

EXPERIENCE

- Illinois State University, 2003-2016 (Professor of English / University Professor)
- Washington State University, 1990-2003 (Professor of English)
- Deep Springs College, 1987-1990 (Academic Dean & Professor of English)
- Indiana University-Purdue University at Fort Wayne, 1985-1987 (Assistant / Associate Professor of English)
- University of Washington, 1984-1985 (Acting Instructor of English)
- Nova College of Nova University, 1982-1984 (Director of Communications and Humanities)
- Deep Springs College, 1981 (Professor of English and Speech)
- Colby College, 1980-1981 (Visiting Assistant Professor of English Department)
- University of Delaware, 1976-1980 (Lecturer, Freshman Honors Program)
- University of Utah, 1974-1976 (Assistant Professor of English Department)

New from
BROADSTONE BOOKS

Western Where

Poetry by
Tim Hunt

Tim Hunt's elegy for a vanished America, *Western Where*, takes us on an evocative road trip where we discover the last picture show, a played-out silver mine, a hand-me-down fiddle, silver-screen cowboys, and more. His wistful word paintings leave us yearning.

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I felt as if I was in a Cormac McCarthy novel: vast wide-open, sun-bleached plains, arid deserts, desolate, and unforgiving. Beneath every ghost haunted surface lies a threat of violence. The journey is all about searching for what we have already found within ourselves. Choose your own highway and travel if you dare.

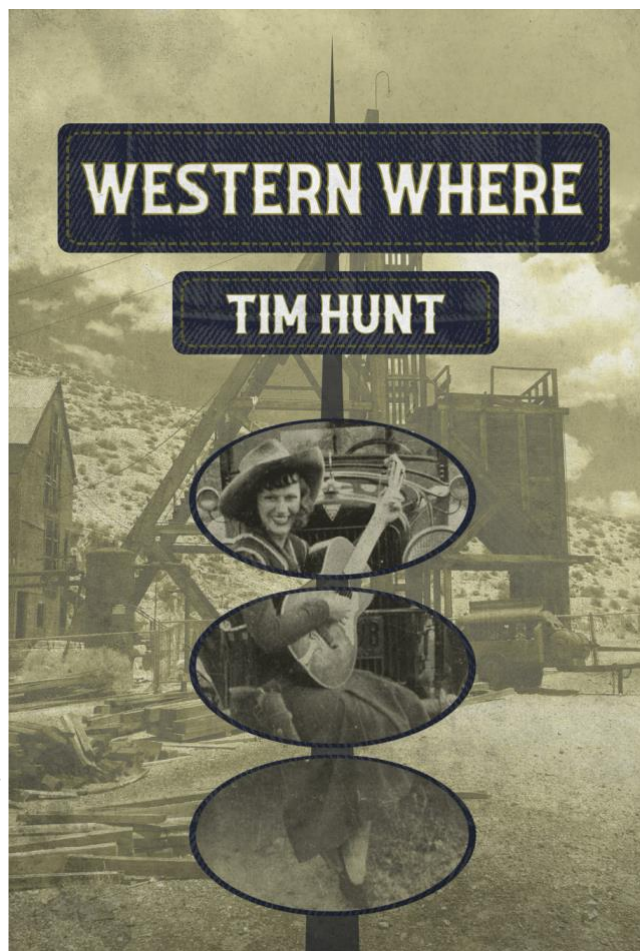
—Alan Catlin



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New from
BROADSTONE BOOKS

Voice to Voice in the Dark

Poetry by
Tim Hunt

In the tradition of vagabond poets Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay, and Jack Kerouac (all of whom appear here), infused with the Beat spirit of John Clellon Holmes and the smoky blues of Billie Holiday (also present), this new poetry collection from Tim Hunt is a classic literary road trip across America, both the America of myth and memory, and the America of its perilous present.

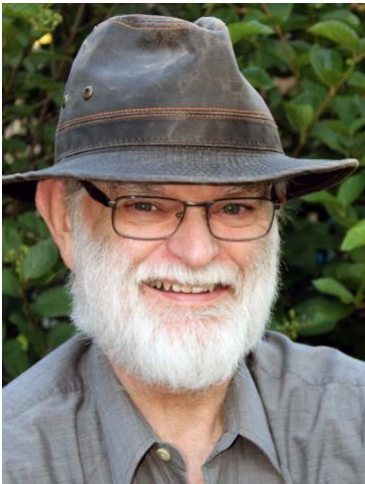
"I love how this luminous book sees a person – any person, not just a poet, or a singer, or a revolutionary – as a voice among voices – and by doing so, enables us to hear America again."

—Katie Peterson

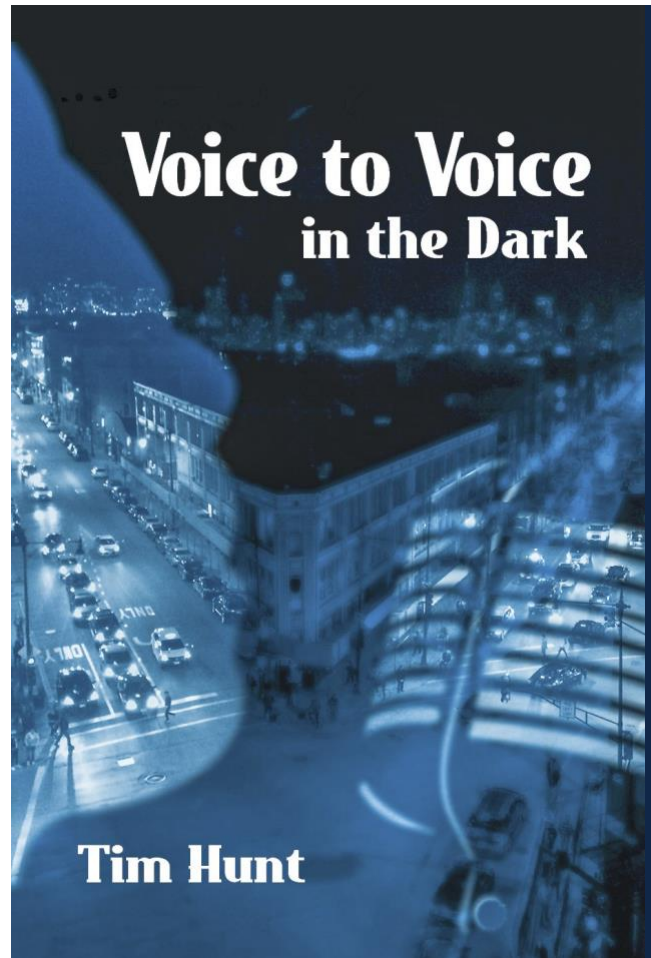
"Throughout this superb collection, Hunt's poems bait us with a fly fisherman's canny and grace, and they leave us wanting to live life more completely as we ponder America's altering shores."

—Sascha Feinstein

A fourth generation Californian, **Tim Hunt** was born in Calistoga and raised primarily in Sebastopol, small towns north of San Francisco that were, in the 1950s and 1960s, still agricultural, working-class communities.



Educated at Cornell University, he has taught American literature at several schools, including Washington State University, Deep Springs College, and Illinois State University, where he was University Professor of English. He and his wife Susan, a retired respiratory therapist, have two children: John, a visual artist, and Jessica, a composer.



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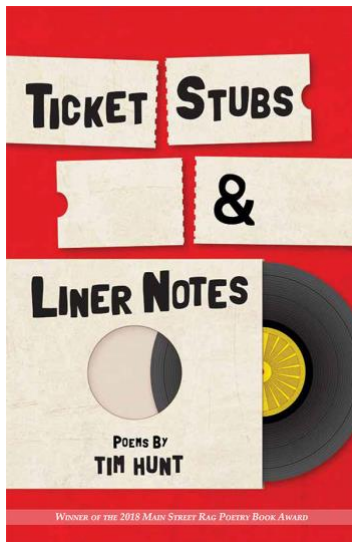
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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE: Nov. 23, 2018

Winner

2018 Main Street Rag Poetry Book Award



Charlotte – Main Street Rag Publishing Company is pleased to name *Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes*, by Tim Hunt, as the winner of the 2018 Main Street Rag Poetry Book Award.

In these poems – recalling the 1950s and 1960s through the music of Chuck Berry to Sun Ra by way of Jefferson Airplane – the way things were and how we remember them shimmy, twist, and slow dance until the actual and remembered collide with the fabled and maybe should've been.

In this “marvelous book,” David Kirby finds both “a soundtrack to the dawn of the present day” and “a vocabulary essential to our understanding.” For Wendy Barker, these “mesmerizing” poems are “not only *about* music; they *create* it!” And David Rigsbee declares *Ticket Stubs* is “an American soundtrack” that “aligns Whitman’s freedom with

Wolfman Jack’s.”

Tim Hunt has previously received the Chester H. Jones Foundation’s National Poetry Prize, along with three Pushcart Prize nominations, and been a finalist and semifinalist for a number of poetry book awards, including the May Swenson Poetry Award. He is the author of three collections: *Poem’s Poems & Other Poems* (CW Books), *The Tao of Twang* (CW Books), and *Fault Lines* (The Backwaters Press). For a complete list of his work, including his scholarly and critical publications, visit his website at www.tahunt.com. You can also email him at byrdhunt@gmail.com

Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes

Publication Date: November 2018

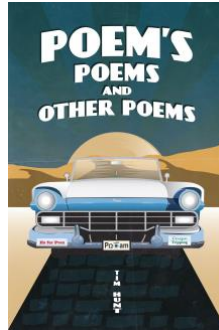
ISBN: 978-1-59948-712-0, ~84 pages, \$14 (+ shipping)

Online orders: <https://mainstreetragbookstore.com/product/ticket-stubs-liner-notes-tim-hunt/>

PRESS RELEASE

CW Books
P.O. Box 541106
Cincinnati, OH 45254-1106
Phone: (513) 474-3761

CW Books is pleased to announce the publication of



In Tim Hunt's *Poem's Poems & Other Poems*, the collection's hero, Poem, is a figure turned literal who too often can't tell the literal from the figural. Perhaps that's why he thinks the Rolling Poems were an actual band and may explain why he can't get no satisfaction.

Poem's "quest for self-definition," as Joe Amato (an actual poet) characterizes it, pits "folksy wisdom" against "literary fashion...as Poem cuts the rug of aesthetic idioms from the past century while the new century's selfies lay siege."

Poet James Bertolino suggests that the poems of *Poem's Poems & Other Poems* "never fail to energize, challenge, and amuse the reader," adding that the collection (Poem blushed when hearing this) "deserves an award."

But as scholar and poet Deborah Geis notes, Poem "is always asking the 'wrong' questions" and "is always somewhere he doesn't quite belong." Yet Poem "ultimately charms us," she adds, "with his love of both illusions and allusions."

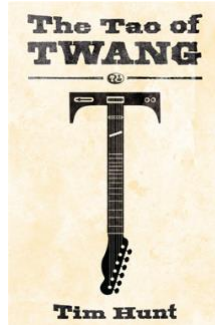
Tim Hunt's poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including *Epoch*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Quarterly West*, *Spillway*, *Rhino*. His publications include *The Tao of Twang* (CW Books) and *Fault Lines* (The Backwaters Press) and four chapbooks. He has received the Chester H. Jones Foundation's National Poetry Prize, received three Pushcart Prize nominations, and has been a Finalist for the May Swenson Poetry Award, among others.

Hunt's academic work includes *The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (Stanford University Press), *Kerouac's Crooked Road: The Development of a Fiction* (University of California Press), and *The Textuality of Soulwork: Kerouac's Quest for Spontaneous Prose* (University of Michigan Press). He is currently University Professor of English at Illinois State University.

PRESS RELEASE

CW Books
P.O. Box 541106
Cincinnati, OH 45254-1106
Phone: (513) 474-3761

CW Books is pleased to announce the publication of



From our largely urban and suburban reality, it is easy to laugh at the backwardness of those who do not ride a train to work clutching a laptop and latté: Every “us” needs a “them.” In the poems of Tim Hunt's *The Tao of Twang*, “them” talks back, both to return the laughter and to search for things we might need and even want, whether we imagine ourselves as either “us” or “them.”

In *The Tao of Twang*, says the poet Sharon Doubiago, Tim Hunt’s poems “put the Holy Writ of academia’s canon under the same lens as it puts the culture of his roots.” Through these poems, she adds, “You will know why redneck Western poets write the way we do.”

Novelist Keith Abbott observes that *The Tao of Twang* ranges from “Bakersfield to Nashville,” hitting “all the E string pit stops in between” with “some imaginary heavens of those perfect gigs” mixed in for good measure.

In *The Tao of Twang* Poet Brett Eugene Ralph hears “echoes of Richard Hugo in the hardscrabble heart that animates these poems” and “the places and people they celebrate.”

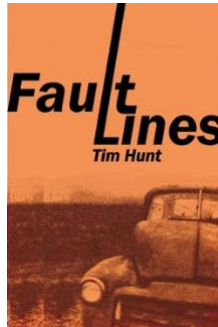
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PRESS RELEASE

The Backwaters Press
3502 North 52nd St.
Omaha, NE 68104-3506
(402) 451-4052

The Backwaters Press is pleased to announce the publication of



In *Fault Lines*, Tim Hunt's collection of poems, place still matters. The rocks and thistle rooted into the red dirt are not yet digital. There are no ring tones.

Fault Lines presents "a west we have forgotten how to see," says poet Michael Davidson, in poems that "photograph a landscape of resilient individuals, family members, and friends, who at times, seem to be made of the landscape they inhabit."

Poet Robert Morgan writes that Hunt is not only "a poet of the American West, of the coastal mountains and the desert valleys" but "also a poet of the landscape of language," where "the fractures underneath the surface, of the land, of speech, of habit, and family connection, threaten to jolt us into new perspectives, deeper recognitions.

In *Fault Lines*, the poet Lucia Getsi notes, Hunt "makes language out of the silences and images out of the absences to recover invisibles that make the present make some sense."

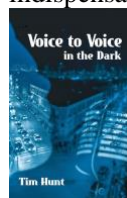
Tim Hunt's poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including *Epoch*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Quarterly West*, *Spillway*, *Rhino*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*. His publications also include the chapbook *Lake County Diamond* (Intertext) and two forthcoming chapbooks, *Redneck Yoga* (Finishing Line Press) and *White Levis* (Pudding House Chapbooks). He has received the Chester H. Jones Foundation's National Poetry Prize, twice been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and has been a Finalist for the May Swenson Poetry Award.

Mr. Hunt is Professor of English at Illinois State University. His academic work includes *The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (Stanford University Press) and *Kerouac's Crooked Road: The Development of a Fiction* (Southern Illinois University Press).

BLURBS

Voice to Voice in the Dark:

Larry Levis concluded his poem “Whitman:” with a devastating challenge spoken in the voice of that indispensable writer—“To find me now will cost you everything”—and Tim Hunt has accepted the call. From the darkness, and in broad daylight for that matter, the voices emerging from these full-bodied, vivacious poems demand an awareness for the best of humanity, despite profound cultural shifts and tragic failures. As Hunt writes when he invokes Walt Whitman: “Time, that dark weight, avails not, / even though Time is, and you are then, / and this is now, and you cannot hear me speaking as we listen to the sunset light.” Throughout this superb collection, Hunt’s poems bait us with a fly fisherman’s canny and grace, and they leave us wanting to live life more completely as we ponder America’s altering shores.



—[Sascha Feinstein](#), author of [Misterioso](#) and [Ajanta’s Ledge](#)

In Tim Hunt’s *Voice to Voice in the Dark*, the human voice is a necessary condition for real understanding. Facts alone aren’t enough to know life’s rituals and milestones. Instead, a memory of the facts, a melodic mulling-over, “a remembering of remembering” offers an opportunity to see what lies beyond them. We’re keyed in to the feeling of the facts as we’re reminded of all that’s lost—this is a book about the lost 20th century—but the value of these poems is not primarily in their relationship with loss, or nostalgia, but in their generous restoration of our ability to know and remember. This is also a book that teaches us to be alive in the 21st century. In the essential poem “The Boy, Discovering Leadbelly, Hears Things He Doesn’t Understand,” coming of age means understanding not just what you don’t understand, but how you know anything at all: “But even more what matters is the voice.” I love how this luminous book sees a person—any person, not just a poet, or a singer, or a revolutionary—as a voice among voices—and by doing so, enables us to hear America again.

—[Katie Peterson](#), author of [A Piece of Good News](#) & [The Accounts](#)

Tim Hunt’s latest collection reads like a raucous and dazzling road-trip that switchbacks across the America of the last half of the 20th century, and the first two decades of the 21st. By turns bildungsroman, elegy, and chronicle of the post-War / Vietnam period and beyond, this poet’s kaleidoscopic “America of the mind” keeps extraordinary fidelity to the transfiguring power of the moment—someone notching an ashtray “like the handle of a gunslinger’s gun,” “a tear of rust like leached mascara / staining a faded fender;” these moments he frames and follows with cinematic dexterity until we find ourselves transported into distant reaches, of lost stories, of era-defining conflicts, of our lives in history, of something like the sublime.

—[Daniel Tobin](#), author of [Blood Labors](#) & [On Serious Earth](#)

Tim Hunt’s gritty, meditative poems confront reality in a voice aware of the difference between “the America of the mind,” in which a pair of jeans or a chair can be “antiqued” to seem old, and what can be seen, sometimes, from the window of a car if you happen to travel, back and forth, on that road enough years to notice a barn and its collapsing, and the way that barn’s final “uselessness” frees it from being any one thing. Inspired by Whitman, Jeffers, the beat poet John Clellon Holmes, and Louis Simpson, Hunt’s poems record his seeing and hearing and feeling of the world. Aware of the unknowable universe (the moon’s “backpack” of darkness), Hunt finds meaning in art. As he writes in the poem, “The Boy, Discovering Leadbelly, Hears Things He Doesn’t Understand (Sebastopol, CA, 1965),” the songs get us to the impossible “there”: “And yes the songs matter, too, the thumb walking time / as if time were both now and then, and you might walk with it / in that *now* it lines out that is neither now or then.”

—[LaWanda Walters](#), author of [Light Is the Odalisque](#)

Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes:

If you grew up with the music of the 1950's and 1960's, *Ticket Stubs and Liner Notes* is for you. But even if you're a grandchild—or great grandchild—of the iconic Chuck Berry, whom Tim Hunt describes as "that master of ironic innocence and innuendo," then Hunt's rockin' collection is for you too. For the poems in this collection are not just about music; they create it as well as any words on a page ever could. Reading this mesmerizing book, we're ready to "kneel / and light the guitar" to listen to "shovel and coal, debt, the Company Store / and another day. The actual world." There's a world in these poems that never drag, are never out of sync so that we're no longer "alone in our darkened rooms." When "the pick is / a hummingbird's wing," "the moon hitches / its overalls and eases down into its chair / on some porch behind that hill, leaving / only the dark ridge and spray of stars." Read this book and you'll be sprayed with stars.



—Wendy Barker, author of *One Blackbird at a Time*

When I hear Van Morrison say he's going down the old mine with a transistor radio in "Brown-Eyed Girl," I always wonder if young folks are going to know what he's talking about. They would if they read this marvelous book. In the pleasure it offers and the knowledge it imparts, *Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes* provides more than a soundtrack to the dawn of the present day—it also supplies a vocabulary essential to our understanding.

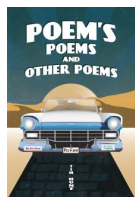
—David Kirby, author of *Get Up, Please*

In writing about the Golden Age of Rock and Roll in *Ticket Stubs & Liner Notes*, Tim Hunt combines reverent allegiance with badass swagger. The guitar gods and gargoyles, heroes, heroines, hippies, and musical rascals that make up his pantheon find a shrewd acolyte in Hunt. In poem after poem, with a keen eye and perfect pitch, Hunt recreates an American soundtrack that turns our mythical exceptionalism on its head, while offering in its place, a vision that aligns with Whitman's freedom with Wolfman Jack's. It is the record of musical devotion that sought salvation, from civil unrest, unjust wars, criminal leaders, and rampant capitalism, not to mention our own mealy conformism. In this he joins the ranks of such poets as Dorianne Laux, Mark Halliday, David Kirby, and Michael Waters, bards of rock whose own songs explore, through the apotheosis of musical rebels, the longing of our demotic souls.

—David Rigsbee, author of *This Much I Can Tell You*

Poem's Poems & Other Poems:

The animating spirit of Hunt's new collection is Poem, a metapoetic persona whose quest for self-definition yields a series of—you guessed it—poems in which a folksy wisdom is pitted against literary fashion in gesturing toward a "beyond / beyond mere form." Be's are bopped, rock is rolled, spurs are jingle-jangle-jingled as Poem cuts the rug of aesthetic idioms from the past century while the new century's selfies lay siege. Pay attention. —Joe Amato



I have been a fan of Tim Hunt's writing since we were students at Cornell University. This new collection of poems, which stars a character named "Poem," never fails to energize, challenge, and amuse the reader. I hope the book will be submitted for Pulitzer Prize consideration. It deserves an award. —James Bertolino

Tim Hunt's newest collection of poems is playful and irreverent, yet literate and contemplative. His persona—the poem as, well, Poem—is always somewhere that he doesn't quite belong, or is always asking the "wrong" questions, yet ultimately charms us with his love of both illusions and allusions. From a plea to include Slim Gaillard in the *Norton Anthology* to imagistic evocations of Ezra Pound, questions of canonicity and the

literary past—especially the Beats—hover here and demand attention. Highly recommended. —Deborah R. Geis

The Tao of Twang:

With care and honesty Tim Hunt's *The Tao of Twang* covers a lot of territory, from raw youth to rolling total old. Bakersfield to Nashville; all the E string pit stops in between and Hunt even supplies some imaginary heavens of those perfect gigs. —Keith Abbott

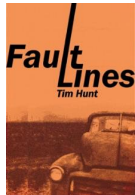
At one point in *The Tao of Twang*, the reader is encouraged to “Make the poem / Of what isn’t there.” Having navigated this fresh and fun-filled collection, however, I am struck by what *is* there: hunters sitting *zazen* in deer stands, stars that sing like violins, and bygone beer cans that still require a church key to unlock. I hear echoes of Richard Hugo in the hardscrabble heart that animates these poems and some of the places and people they celebrate, like the logger who stirs his cup of coffee with a calloused thumb. What I value most in Tim Hunt’s poems, though, is their celebration of seemingly “routine paraphernalia,” the energy and ability to find lyric beauty in even the most fleeting phenomena: the vacuum / Tube, glowing / Against the bar’s / Darkened wall . . .” —Brett Eugene Ralph



Indirectly, delightfully, his poems put the Holy Writ of academia’s canon under the same lens as it puts the culture of his roots. . . . Hilarious, thought-provoking, deeply philosophical, sometimes almost transhuman, to use Jeffers word, in the mix of subject and form from two different/almost at-war cultures, and with the help of his fantastic ear, you will know the Tao of twang. You will know why redneck Western poets write the way we do. And you will newly ponder, again, our aesthetic assumptions. —Sharon Doubiago

Fault Lines:

Tim Hunt is a landscape artist, like his master, Robinson Jeffers. Unlike Jeffers, Hunt knows “the ache of so much space to fill with the human,” as he says in one of his best poems, “Stories.” He has learned a lot from Jeffers, a great poet of resonant inhuman spaces. But the humanity filling Hunt’s poems is all his own. —Mark Jarman



Tim Hunt is a poet of the American West, of the coastal mountains and the desert valleys. He is also a poet of the landscape of language, where the reader is surprised by luminous detail, sharp-edged memory. The beauty of this world is made more intense by knowing of the fractures underneath the surface, of the land, of speech, of habit, and family connection, threatening to jolt us into new perspectives, deeper recognitions. —Robert Morgan

In *Fault Lines* Tim Hunt charts the plate tectonics of family history and western landscape, revealing a kind of resilience displayed equally in both. In these beautiful poems, reminiscent of the best of Jeffers, Everson, and Snyder, Hunt’s unerring ear and eye bring to life a west we hardly knew we missed. —Michael Davidson

The strength of Tim Hunt’s nature poems drew me into this book. His observation of light, rocks, a hawk and a field mouse in “High Desert Summer,” a California landscape, is so intense that he seems to long to become part of it:

This time I could stop,
walk into the brittle sage
and wait for the heat
to make me its own.

But I would still not be
calibrated to the rock's
dance, or the flinch into stillness
deeper than fear.

Then come the poems honoring and loving his family, whose history is made up of men and women “getting by,” “learning to make do,” acquiring “that tricky pride of the poor—the failing that is success.” Here is a poet standing on the threshold of existence, acutely aware of the humans, both living and dead, existing in the rooms behind him, but wanting, “other times,” the consolation of nature

...to wander away from the voices, down
the chipped cement steps to the different
shade of the black walnut, its emptier heat
of rock and thistle, the dirt redder than rust,
and be again alone in that way

His ambivalence is a strength and enrichment, not only for him, but for his fortunate readers. —Judith Hemschemeyer

In a four part harmony of conceptual blends and metaphoric resonances that grid and bridge the subterranean spasms, leavings, and losses of generational memory, Tim Hunt's elegiac speaker spellbinds a “wholeness of dislocations.” The “trick,” the voice discovers, is “to read what was” in what now exists in the long present of a lifetime, making language out of the silences and images out of the absences to recover invisibles that make the present make some sense. In a poem current with the unending wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the speaker writes of the 1967 March on Washington against the war in Vietnam: those marchers then believed that, by definition, a war would end. *Fault Lines* creates this subtle language of implication, humming a music of loss in the registers of blues, jazz, and rock n roll—an “algebra” of fret and string that voices paths through the faults. —Lucia Cordell Getsi

The most important thing that Tim Hunt knows about poetry was cooked into him in the foothills of California. “here, the light in summer is so absolute everything blooms dust.” His great mentor, Robinson Jeffers, couldn't have said it any better. —Curtis White