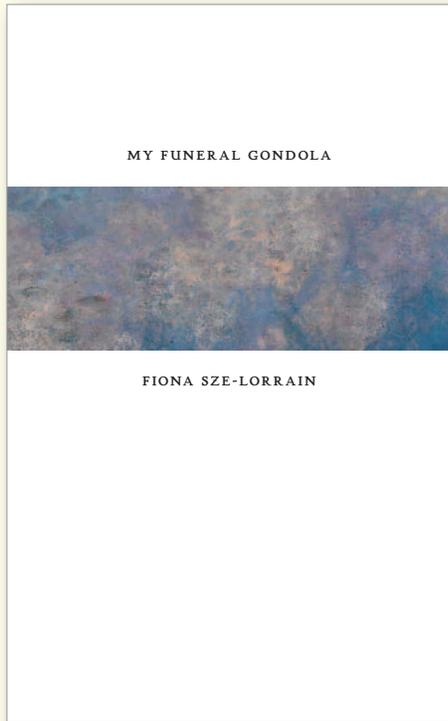


MĀNOA BOOKS and EL LEÓN LITERARY ARTS announce



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In this, her second book of poetry, Fiona Sze-Lorrain writes about rifts and departures, memory and experience. With lyricism and restraint, her poems meditate on the bittersweet struggles and inner intensities of a solitary life.

Like a vessel moving smoothly on an impressionistic surface, *My Funeral Gondola* explores time and language, suggesting the dark shapes and emotional currents beneath. These graceful poems arise out of a supremely concentrated attention.

*In this life, suffering is nothing.
I'll grant you a wish,*

hungry ghosts —

statues that knock at my stone gate.



Fiona Sze-Lorrain's first collection of poetry, *Water the Moon*, was published by Marick in 2010. In addition to her books of translation of Chinese poets from Zephyr Press, she has translated several contemporary French and American authors. She co-edited *Sky Lanterns: New Poetry from China, Formosa, and Beyond* (2012) and *On Freedom: Spirit, Art, and State* (2013), both from the University of Hawai'i Press/Mānoa. An editor at *Cerise Press* and *Vif Éditions*, she is also a zheng harpist and orchid healer. She lives in France.

www.fionasze.com

Praise for *My Funeral Gondola*

A playful, Zen-like clarity and gentleness characterize the poems in Fiona Sze-Lorrain's new book, along with a distinct sense of an animating mystery. The world here is at once deliciously material and refreshingly ethereal. This is an engaging collection, resonant with promise and presence.

Peter Cole

This exquisite collection sounds a counterpoint of firmament and terra firma, "an air / between real and improvised time." Opening her astute ear to the "cryptic shapes of yes and no," Sze-Lorrain imbues her poems with a plaintive beauty, her language with a subtle complexity.

Sylvia Legris

In a trance cast by the flickering shadows of woods and sun, a coffin rides the dark waters of the imagination. So, too, these new poems by Fiona Sze-Lorrain navigate the swells of loss. It is said that grief is our most dangerous emotion, eliciting from us the desire to follow our loved ones into death. Yet not much is said of the dying one does in life in response to it: "I settle where the wind / blows me. From one state of gratitude/ to another province." I recognize this speech, haunting and strange, the speech of true poets, who surface from the pain place irreparably changed.

Melissa Kwasny

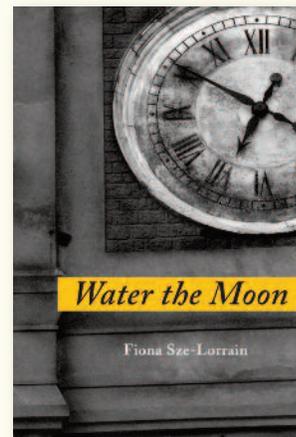
In moving poems that affirm the power of language, Sze-Lorrain journeys through shifting places and times, deaths and imagined deaths, with sharp, lyrical insight.

Arthur Sze

Praise for *Water the Moon*

How delicate and mysterious, empathetically open and spiritually anchored...they are searching to know and to feel intimately... The poems, when I think about them — like remembering a landscape — seem full of clarity...If the moon had bones, maybe they would be these poems...

Tess Gallagher



A kind of "Pont des Arts," these cosmopolitan and compassionate poems span worlds, are rich in startling images, appetites sharpened by a knowledge of hunger, abstractions perceived as objects moving in a changing light. This marks the welcome arrival to our poetry of a cross-culturally complex protean and nuanced new voice — a stunning debut.

Eleanor Wilner

Shades of Rimbaud. Merriliesque moves, phrasings, and demeanor. It all adds up to a rich arabesque in which the breadth of her referencing traces the diversity of her seeing and being in the world...

Open Letters