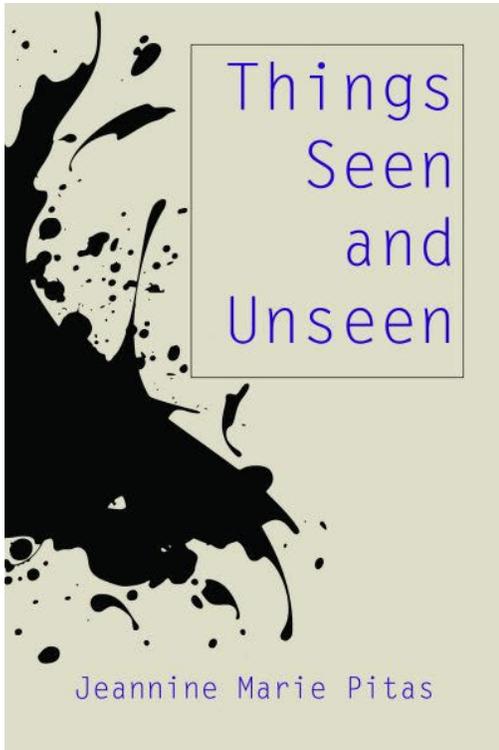


Jeannine Pitas

Things Seen and Unseen



“The poems in *Things Seen and Unseen* do what true poetry has always done: they reinvent the world and, in so doing, reinvent ourselves.”
- Ricardo Sternberg, Poet and Professor Emeritus, University of Toronto

“Pitas creates a universe like a snow globe the size of a planet and delicate as a Christmas ornament. Look inside!”
- Ronna Bloom, Poet in Community, University of Toronto

“Jeannine Marie Pitas’ absorbing poetry in *Things Seen and Unseen* turns on its relentless discovery of new myths of self-making. One poem follows another in an unfolding of surprise as stories of the self evolve to confront, transform or where necessary escape the limits, sometimes the terror, of fact.”
- A.F. Moritz, Poet Laureate of Toronto

About the Author

Jeannine is originally from Buffalo, NY but is fortunate to call many places home. She is the author of three poetry chapbooks and the Spanish-English translator of several Latin American writers. Her translation of *I Remember Nightfall* by Uruguayan poet Marosa di Giorgio was shortlisted for the 2018 National Translation Award given by the American Literary Translators’ Association, and her translation of *An Introduction to Octavio Paz* by Mexican writer Alberto Ruy Sánchez was published by Mosaic Press in 2018. A graduate of University of Toronto’s Centre for Comparative Literature, she currently lives in Iowa and teaches literature, writing, and Spanish at the University of Dubuque. *Things Seen and Unseen* is her first full-length collection of poetry.



Contact

Email: jpitas@dbq.edu

Website: www.jeanninemariepitas.com

Roadside Madonna

There was a time
when deities spoke directly to us,
their words upon our lips,
their hands entwined with ours.

A time when our love,
our chores, even our fighting
was a dance for the gods
who moved us.

But then, the music stopped,
and they stood up and left
even though we
begged them to stay.

We built you, roadside Maria,
crowned you in flowers and caped
you in blue
with the hope that you'd
convince them.

But for all this time
no one has come,

and still you stand at the roadside
waiting.
And whenever I pass by,
even though your cloak is chipped
away,
you still stretch out
your arms

and as you place
your hands in mine
for one moment I forget
I'm waiting in vain;

we both forget
we're stone.



A Place To Go

Do they sing around a campfire or dance
with brilliant streamers flowing
from their wrists? Do they hold
endless banquets with feasts of light?
Perhaps they love as we do, minus
the heartbreak - I don't know, but I trust them.

And as more people I've loved set off on the
journey, I yearn to join them.
It's not that growing up makes life
lose its lustre, but those lustres
belong to the people we laugh
and eat with, the ones who tell us stories
when we are children, the ones

who promise us one day we'll see
another world. But now that place is close,
calling, ordering them to say goodbye.
People hold back and cling
to the concrete slabs they've built.
Why do they tremble
in sweaters and wet shoes?

A chain of light climbs the
mountain;
I am told not to be afraid.
After years of hedging my bets
I find the metal begins to
pull me,

This is not an end but a
crossroads.
The deserted path we must
climb
leads to fields of sun.