

Artist Spotlight

Selected from recipients of the Artist Fellowship

Department of Economic and
Community Development

Office of the Arts

Connecticut
still revolutionary

Jasmine Dreame Wagner

Southbury, CT

www.songsaboutghosts.com



About the Poet: Jasmine Dreame Wagner is an American poet, singer-songwriter, and multi-instrumentalist. She is the author of *Rings* (Kelsey Street Press, 2014), *Rewilding* (Ahsakta Press, 2013), *Listening for Earthquakes* (Caketrain Journal and Press, 2012), and an e-chapbook, *True Crime* (NAP, 2014). Her writing has appeared in *American Letters & Commentary*, *Blackbird*, *Colorado Review*, *Indiana Review*, *New American Writing*, *Verse*, and in two anthologies: *The Arcadia Project: North American Postmodern Pastoral* (Ahsakta Press, 2012) and *Lost and Found: Stories from New York* (Mr. Beller's Neighborhood Books, 2009).

About the Poetry: Wagner's work is an exploration of the post-industrial landscape and the natural life that persists in the face of environmental degradation and decay. Her poems stem from experimentation with formal verse. Like a landscape in a viewfinder, a poem is bound by formal elements of composition. What happens to the landscape when the shutter clicks in the frame? The "click" is the moment she seeks.

Where to Experience: Hear Wagner read her poetry on March 16, 2015 at the WordForge Reading Series, The Studio @ Billings Forge, 563 Broad Street, Hartford: <http://wfre readings.blogspot.com/>.

Where to Purchase:

Rings - Kelsey Street Press: <http://www.kelseyst.com/publications/rings.htm>

Rewilding - Ahsakta Press: <https://ahsaktapress.org/product/rewilding>

Listening for Earthquakes: Caketrain - <http://www.caketrain.org/earthquakes>

MINOR MIRACLES

How many men
roll roulette?

How many women cast
broadcasts spiraling from the city
like light from switchblades

as if a network could form itself
from sky if it had enough
desire to imprint itself into being?

Who will write the manual
How to Save a Man from Drowning?
If love is an uncommissioned artwork.

If light is careful embroidery,
if the pencil shavings of stars
are the tracks of animals

cast from pages of storybooks
in confetti from yesterday's birthday,
who will sing the songs

of objects?
The sand belongs to no one.
The box store employment applications,

the billboards gold and turquoise
like all that is human
in a motel at twilight:

cigarette burns, the clay colored carpet,
a man's suit jacket hung in the closet.
On the boardwalk of desire

how many ring
the soul at the desk?