



That Winter the Wolf Came

Juliana Spahr

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That Winter the Wolf Came is written for this era of global struggle. It finds its ferment at the intersection of ecological and economic catastrophe. Its feminist and celebratory energy is fueled by street protests and their shattered windows. Amid oil spills and austerity measures and shore birds and a child holding its mother's hand and hissing teargas canisters, it reminds us exactly what we must fight to defend with a wild ferocity, and what we're up against.

"In her poems, love does not resist the world beyond; love lets it in. Politics demands feeling rather than denuding it." —*Los Angeles Review of Books*

"Geography, economics, ecology, hydrology, local and international history; repetition, flat limited diction, lengthy chant; intersections of incompatible discourses, such as a field biologist's checklist plus memoir, medical record plus ode, incantation plus site report: Spahr draws on these resources and procedures to make poems that feel like bizarre, careful essays, and essays that feel like sad, extended poems." —*The Nation*

"...a work of crisp wit, bizarre conjunctions and ultimately enduring moral authority." —*Publisher's Weekly*

Excerpt:

It was Non-Revolution. Or it was me. Or it was Non-Revolution and me. I was unsure what it really was. Maybe it was my thoughts. My thoughts at one minute about Non-Revolution. About the smell of Non-Revolution. Sweat, urine, sage, pot, rotting food, hay, all mixed together. Perhaps about Non-Revolution's body. I am sure I am not the only one who has thought it exceptional, but I am also just as sure that by the standards of bodies, Non-Revolution's is fine but not exceptional. That is the point. That is why Non-Revolution is called Non-Revolution, why they have revolution as a possibility in their name but it is a modified and thus negated possibility so as to suggest they are possibly neither good nor fucked. Still something about Non-Revolution's smell and body had gotten into me.

That Winter the Wolf Came Details

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Author : Juliana Spahr

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From Reader Review That Winter the Wolf Came for online ebook

Barbara Rhine says

I will not forget this book or its writer, because the intense poem/prose brought me to understand for the first time, the inside of a Black Bloc anarchist participant in current American political life. The scene is Occupy Oakland, but the context is totally interwoven with that of Big Oil, yearning for a more decent set of cultural values, the camaraderie of crazy--really, to me absolutely crazy--political actions. It's not too often a reader of my age and exposure can say I have learned something totally knew from a book that is not nonfiction, but this is that occasion. Pick it up and stick with it. You will have something gained that you cannot quite put into words...

Meg Eden says

??? This book is so inaccessible to me.

James says

Lyrical and political.

Sarah says

Not for me.

James Dweck says

3.5*

Michelle says

I came across Commune Editions' new books from spending time in the small US left communist movement. Centered in the Bay Area and NYC, the left communist scene has offered some of the most intellectually dynamic analysis of recent years on global capitalism, the crisis of socialism and the relevance of mass protests. The intellectual creative richness, it turns out, has a counterpart in poetry. Commune Editions offers a particularly beautiful collection of radical leftist poetry. I've been avoiding poetry for most of recent years, tired of either slam poetry or formal avant-garde poetry. Commune Editions offers me a welcome return to the poetic form.

Commune Editions brings humor, formal innovation, and political substance. Periods of intense protest include experiences, new ways of looking at the world, and changed interpersonal relationships that are difficult to explain or understand. This poetry gets us part of the way there, beginning to map how capitalism appears from the spaces opened up in radical movements.

All of the above could apply to any of the handful of books put out by Commune Editions. Spahr, in particular, combines themes of ecological crisis, resource extraction industries, parenting and much else; describing a world of layered interdependence and violence. It's a fabulous read.

Colin Ennis says

I just didn't feel like the format fit the words. I don't think it accomplishes what it set out to do. I wish it gave me more to say, but I left it feeling lack.

Mills College Library says

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which lena says

one of my favorite books of poetry - contemporary, grounding, and sprawling.

diwili says

The prose is my fav fav, the feels, the hyperlocal tidbits, the crossover and overlaps with my recollection of events. The Non-Revolution lives in me also.

Francesca says

It's All Good, It's All Fucked is an outstanding piece of writing that never fails to make me cry, so if this book only contained that it would be worth the price of admission alone.

Craig Werner says

Wildy inconsistent, with some high points and long stretches that hit me as either prosaic or a tad contrived. But for all that, I respect what Spahr's trying to do, merge love poetry with a type of 21st century movement poetry that recognizes texting in all its refracted weirdness. My favorites were "Brent Crude" and "Dynamic Positioning," but the center of her vision is clearly "It's All Good, It's All Fucked." I've been reading a lot of

poetry that veers into prose, clearly on purpose. Thinking about the implications of that, but in the meantime, I'm missing the intensities of language that define the poems I love most.

M says

The Deepwater Horizon gutted stem / To stern. What happens next ends with eleven // Dead.

Athena says

I couldn't get into the privileged-person-romanticizing-Occupy-Wall-Street thing. And she does this literally, rendering OWS a lover.

yarrow says

I picked this up yesterday and basically read it in one sitting. I'm not sure if someone who hadn't experienced the events contained within could have appreciated it as much as I did; I guess that isn't my concern. Juliana captured in a really lucid way the unfolding of events that I hold dear; it struck a pretty intimate chord in reading it. In each of the poems, Juliana switches registers seamlessly from talking about oceanic ecosystems to the minutia of oil extraction to the omnipresent oil byproducts in our lives to parenting to riots. In form she illustrates the inter-permeability of these registers and our entrenchment in them and the potential entrenched in all of it. Her book really stands out in what I've started to think of as the "sad-guy-riot-poem" genre. A lot of other poetry about recent riots tends to feel overthought, and laced throughout with references whose purpose is more to illustrate the intelligence of the poet than anything else. Juliana's, while brilliant, couldn't be more different. Her's isn't a view from above, but from within. Her poems are visceral and feeling and anxious and full of desire. The book is almost a phenomenological meditation on what it means to be in these moments, to be a body in them, to have a body with all the pains and sadnesses and joys and ecstasies that entails. It is also a navigation of the melancholia of the post-uprising periods with a sort of determination that is really wonderful and necessary for me right now. I definitely teared up while reading "It's All Good, It's All Fucked" and laughed hysterically during "Turnt."
