

POETRY READING

The Tufts Department of English Presents

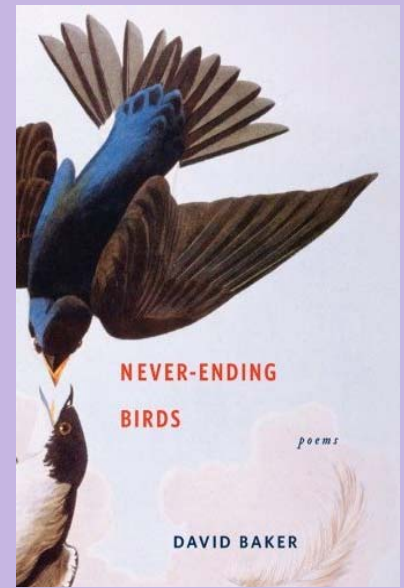
David Baker

Poet

Monday, Nov. 9

5:00 P.M.

Room 304 Tisch Library



Copies available at a discount

“ (He) writes with the distilled, distinguished attentiveness only the finest poets can reliably command.”

—Linda Gregerson

David Baker was born in Bangor, Maine, and has spent most of his years in the Midwest. He has written eight volumes of poetry, including most recently *Never-Ending Birds*, (W.W. Norton, 2009) and is the poetry editor for *The Kenyon Review*. He is a professor of English at Denison University and holds the Thomas B. Fordham Chair of Creative Writing. He also is a faculty member in the M.F.A. program for writers at Warren Wilson College.



Baker is also the author of three books of criticism including most recently *Radiant Lyre: Essays on Lyric Poetry* (Graywolf, 2007.) Among Baker's awards are fellowships and prizes from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, National Endowment for the Arts, Ohio Arts Council, Poetry Society of America, Society of Midland Authors, and the Pushcart Foundation.

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Too Many

my neighbors
say, when what they mean
are deer—the foragers, the few at a time, fair

if little more
than rats, according to
a farmer nearby, whose corn means plenty.

They nip the peaches,
and one bite ruins;
hazard every road with their running-

into-headlights-
not-away; a
menace; plague; something should be done.

Or here in town,
where I've
found a kind of after life - the townies hate

the damage to their varie-
gated hostas,
shadeside ferns - what they do inside white bunkers of

the country's one good
course is "criminal,"
deep scuffs through the sand - that's one thing - but

lush piles of polished-
olive-droppings, hoof-
ruts in the chemically- and color-enriched greens...

Yet here's
one more, curled
like a tan seashell not a foot from my blade, just-

come-to-the-
world fawn, speckled,
wet as a trout, which I didn't see, hacking back

brush beneath my tulip
poplar - it's not afraid,
mews like a kitten, can't walk -there are so many, too

many of us,
the world keeps saying,
and the world keeps making - this makes no sense -
more.

From *Never-Ending Birds*