

THE TREES / HEATHER
THE TREES CHRISTLE



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In THE TREES THE TREES, the follow-up to Heather Christle's acclaimed first collection, THE DIFFICULT FARM, each new line is a sharp turn toward joy and heartbreak, and each poem unfolds like a bat through the wild meaninglessness of the world.

The Trees The Trees Details

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Author : Heather Christle

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From Reader Review The Trees The Trees for online ebook

Dc says

i am re-reading this book AGAIN because it is awesome. i want to tattoo every 5th line on my body.

Jimmy says

Heather is playing 'house' in this book. I don't mean to imply the domesticity, but the pretend, the imagination, the whimsiness, and the playing of roles. Often, like an only child, Heather has to play all the roles herself.

Half-Hedgehog Half-Man

*talk to me I said okay said the tree and it
twinkled not like that I said I already know
that talk to me about something new you
monster it said that was a little better could
we try this I said from a different perspective
so we swapped places I was still the monster
this would be easier if you could see the video
in the video there are all these owls like bang
bang bang all over the tree which I was now
only that might be clearer in writing because I
was also still myself half-hedgehog half-man
and that could be hard to communicate visually
and also my man-jaw was glass*

My Enemy

*I have a new enemy he is so good-looking here
is a photograph of him in the snow he is in the
snow and so is the photo I put it there because
I hate him and because it is always snowing in
the photograph my enemy is acting like there
are no neighbors but there are always neighbors
they just might be far away he is 100% evil
and good-looking he looks good in his parka
in the snow if you asked he would call it a
helmet all he ever does is lie he does not
breathe or move or glow he is not that kind
of man it is not that kind of snow*

Some of these poems work better than others. And it could just be me, but some of the humor is too clever here (on the page), though she makes it work so well when she reads it.

Charity says

This really isnt poetry. This is like a mad libs trying to make sense. But overall this made no sense whatsoever.

Gina says

i love these poems like fuckin WHAT, they busted my heart up and made her their girl.

Eric M. R. says

Fantastic. Wrote a couple of poems inspired by these. Saw her read once in person, it was also fantastic.

Allya Yourish says

"I know where I'm going to die/ right here/ in my/ own honest body/ I avoid my body by sleeping" excerpted from Happy Birthday To Me

Heather Christle's work is smart and weird and quirky and lively. She has a habit of putting together small incongruous details so that they build into this teetering, alien world. Her observations are sharp and strange, interwoven with human and sentiment.

The Trees The Trees is a treat to read.

S says

Liked the project ok but kind of wish it was written for adults.

Sian Lile-Pastore says

I don't know how to write about poetry, so i'll just say that this was beautiful and reminded me of Twin Peaks somehow. Maybe it was all the trees.

My favourite poem I think is 'Soup is one form of salt water'

I like that it says

'I am making borscht [.....]

my hands are bright pink like i have been applauding you for hours my love for you is louder than I know [...]

I must use starfish to scrub at my hands.'

emma says

like those weird dreams where things make half sense, but not really. leaves me sitting here like, “k but why”

Sarah Cook says

Significantly influenced the way I write poetry (and played a huge role in my dgp chapbook).

Shannon says

This book is the single best book of poetry I have ever read in my life. Heather Christle is the voice inside my head while I'm dreaming. I love her subjects--how effortlessly she fuses the natural world with technology in a way that won't feel dated no matter how far into the future people are reading it. Reading this was like someone put a blood pressure cuff around my heart, squeezed it as tightly as they could and then all of the air rushed out at once in a long hiss and I could feel everything. Strongly considering tattooing the complete text all over my entire body so I never leave home without it.

Emmanuel says

my friend and i have a ritual of drinking red wine and reading poetry to each other. entire books swallowed in one sitting. no bathroom breaks, although some pausing for discussion of boys and breakdowns and breakthroughs are allowed. this wonderful collection is just like that moment you part from someone you love, even just for the night, and in walking away you glance backward and offer some kind of gesture, perhaps a wave or a more elaborate salute of some kind, even if they don't see, and it's that reassuring feeling that all things end, but this thing isn't ending right now, that there will be another episode of spilled wine and words. yeah. this book is kind of like that.

Never says

I like this even better than The Difficult Farm, and I liked that a whole lot. Heather Christle is easily one of my favorite poets right now.

TinHouseBooks says

Elizabeth Pusack (Intern, Tin House Magazine): Heather Christle's The Trees the Trees. I just read a review likening these poems to little mazes! The reviewer was talking about shape and staging, but Heather Christle's writing does feel like very offbeat problem solving. So many riddles like this one with strange

particulars, but particularly familiar cores: “I lost my phone I am using the baby monitor / instead it’s in the flowers nobody’s calling / but I know that someday you will it’s just plan math.” She does this awesome thing which is to offer sweetness and jokes and the sinister all at once! It was so good to hear these in her own voice a couple of times this fall. If she’s ever reading in your town, Go Listen!

Bert says

Heather Christle is my new favourite author! There is something really arresting and unexpected going on with these poems. They are like little shrines. And they have really good titles. Something about the way each new line feels both flippant and profound at the same time. Love love love.
