

"Every line is a mouthful in Atsuro Riley's wild and extravagant poems,
a terrarium of 'perservating fiddler-crabs pockworking the pluff-mud.'

In his poetry of profusion, syntax warps and parts of speech change places.

But this is no random riot of language: Riley brings into being a particular world,

a childhood in the South Carolina lowcountry and its 'rudimental stories,'

a land as violent and gorgeous as the idiom he invents for it."

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