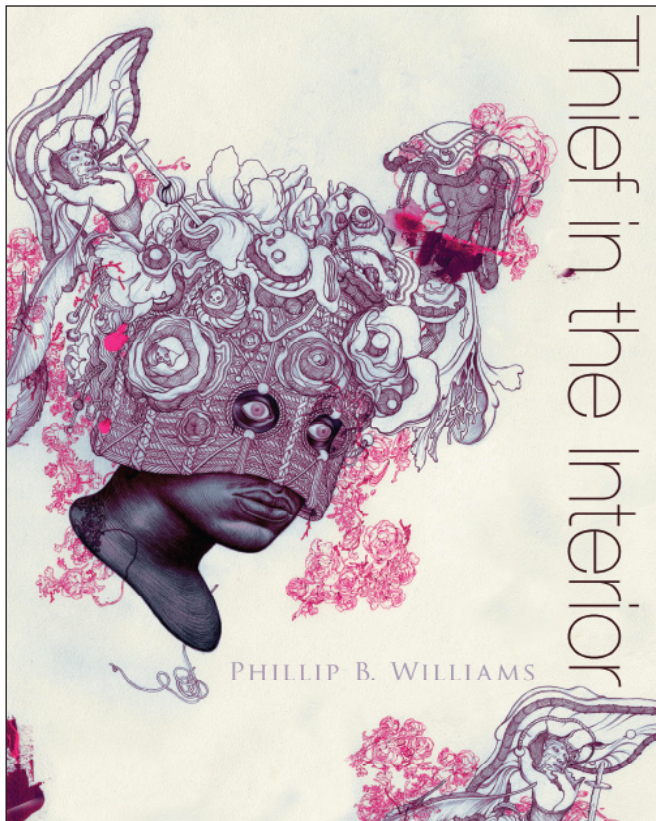


Thief in the Interior

Phillip B. Williams



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praise for *Thief in the Interior*:

“This gorgeous debut is a ‘debut’ in chronology only, a rare poetic event that transcends our expectations. Williams’ poems embody balance: uncompromising and magnetic, surprising and intuitive. Need is everywhere—in the unforgiving images, in lines so delicate they seem to break apart in the hands, and in the reader who will enter these poems and never want to leave.”

—Adrian Matejka, *The Big Smoke*

“Not just more of the artfully skill-less, conceptual talk of a poem, this is what you’ve been waiting for: some poetry. Not just skill as possession, as a commodity, but skill to accomplish the expressive event, a deeply felt poetic argument. For example Williams’ line is no arbitrary unit of type, but an effective musically syntactic accomplishment of line. Poetry!”

— Ed Roberson

Williams investigates the convoluted dangers of desire, balancing narratives of addiction, murders, and hate crimes with passionate, uncompromising depth and accuracy. These formal poems entrenched in urban landscapes crack open necessary dialogues of racism and homophobia rampant in our culture. Multitudinous voices explore one’s ability to harm and be harmed, which uniquely juxtaposes the capacity to revel in both experiences.

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A poem from Thief in the Interior:

A Spray of Feathers, Black

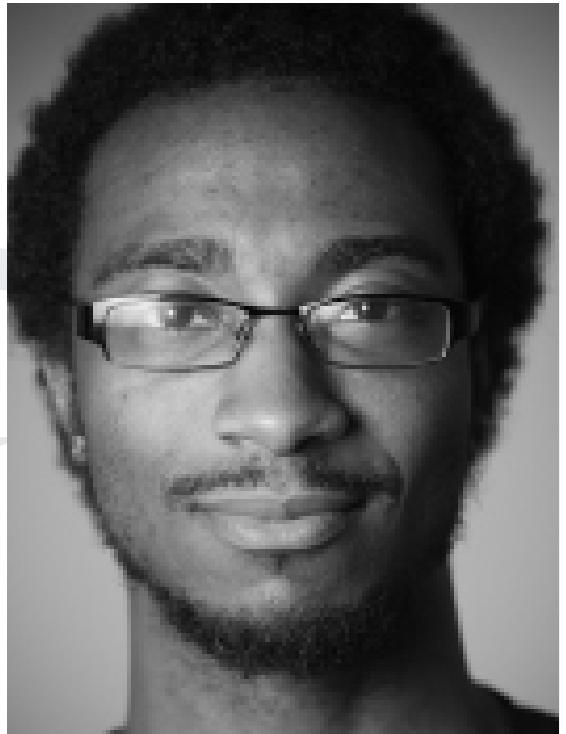
Angels know me by scent alone. Precise
is their reaping my confessions. I am stained.
God is stainless. A crescent moon pierces

the night. Stars: wounds grouped and sainted
as constellations. I counted my blows, dared
the bruises to implode like dying suns. Instead,

they hid behind skin to mask their dread.
Blood, my citizens, I speak as a creed-lit
failure, faith in me a venom, adder-

fire if the adder were God. I cried *Let
me feel You like Abraham poised to sever
Isaac, though I am filth, am derelict.*

Look how a lilt of dust is built to serve,
sits on the lips like a song with no verse.



Rachel Eliza Griffiths

Phillip B. Williams is a Chicago, Illinois native and the author of the chapbooks *Bruised Gospels* (Arts in Bloom Inc. 2011) and *Burn* (YesYes Books, 2013). He is a Cave Canem graduate and received scholarships from Bread Loaf Writers Conference and a 2013 Ruth Lilly Fellowship. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Anti-*, *Callaloo*, *Kenyon Review Online*, *Poetry*, *The Southern Review*, *West Branch* and others. Phillip received his MFA in Writing as a Chancellor's Graduate Fellow at the Washington University in St. Louis. He is the poetry editor of the online journal *Vinyl Poetry*.

Publicity and Events

TBD