

Father, Child, Water
Poetry by Gary Dop
ISBN 978-1-59709-422-1
Binding: Tradepaper
Size: 6 x 9; Pages: 96
Price: US \$17.95
Pub Date: April 6, 2015



Gary Dop

REDHEN PRESS

For more information contact:

Samantha Haney
Marketing Associate
samantha@redhen.org

William Chen
Publicist
william.chen@redhen.org

Distributed to the book trade by:
Chicago Distribution Center
(800) 621-2736
orders@press.uchicago.edu
chicagodistributioncenter.org

Father, Child, Water

POETRY

Gary Dop

Publication Date: April 6, 2015

Father, Child, Water is a simple book of poems about people, family, humanity, and our bumbling efforts to connect with each other.

A parade of characters and voices, these poems stumble along the playful and pained pathways of our days. This is a book of honest feeling. This book believes in the sacred exchange of a smile. *Father, Child, Water* wants to make you laugh, wants to surprise you with sorrow, and certainly wants to remind you that you are alive.

Praise for *Father, Child, Water*

“In *Father, Child, Water*, Gary Dop uses plain speech and strong, clear imagery to create musical poems full of insight, love, tenderness, and humor too. This well-wrought, intensely human book will delight people who ‘don’t get’ poetry, as well as those who do.”

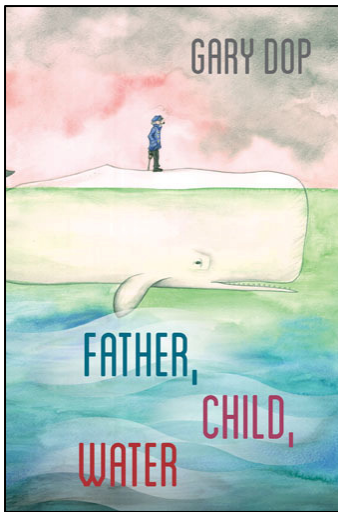
— Charles Harper Webb

“Gary Dop’s remarkable first collection is the work of a mature poet who can make you laugh and break your heart—sometimes simultaneously. As wide-ranging as his tone are his subject matter, from theology to pizza delivery; and his style, from richly lyric to hilariously satiric. In the many persona poems, he shows a Dickensian knack for characterization and a stand-up’s sense of timing. With *Father, Child, Water*, Gary Dop’s become a player.”

— William Trowbridge

Biographical Note

Gary Dop—poet, performer, and playwright—lives in the foothills of Virginia’s Blue Ridge Mountains, where he is an English professor at Randolph College. Dop received his MFA from the University of Nebraska, and his writing, which has been published throughout the country in magazines such as *Prairie Schooner*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Agni*, and *New Letters*, has been recognized with a Pushcart Prize Special Mention and the 2013 Great Plains Emerging Writer Prize.



Father, Child, Water
Poetry by Gary Dop
ISBN 978-1-59709-422-1
Binding: Tradepaper
Size: 6 x 9; Pages: 96
Price: US \$17.96
Pub Date: April 9, 2015



Gary Dop



For more information contact:

Samantha Haney
Marketing Associate
samantha@redhen.org

William Chen
Publicist
william.chen@redhen.org

Distributed to the book trade by:
Chicago Distribution Center
(800) 621-2736
orders@press.uchicago.edu
chicagodistributioncenter.org

More Praise for *Father, Child, Water*

“In one of many watershed moments in this vibrant collection, poet Gary Dop writes, “The world / will unravel, and I’ll wonder what my hands / search for in the darkness.” Throughout *Father, Child, Water*, innocence repeatedly faces off with the terrifying yet clarifying bite of experience and knowledge within the serenely green-filled plains of a deceptively Edenic Midwest. Like a spoiler come to destroy the church’s summer potluck, the institutions of fathering (national, religious, familial) are compassionately questioned here, as Dop navigates patriarchal inheritances of violence and war, while defining his own role as a nurturing father—one seeking to protect and empower his own daughters from the brutal codes of obligatory masculinity. This nuanced book balances these resonant poems of fierce terror and love with deft comedy and delightful wit—including monologues in the voices of trickster savants who are not only heartbreaking in their damaged innocence, but hilariously and uncannily shrewd in their cultural critique.”

— Lee Ann Roripaugh

From *Father, Child, Water*

FATHER, CHILD, WATER

I lift your body to the boat
before you drown or choke or slip too far

beneath. I didn’t think—just jumped, just did
what I did like the physics

that flung you in. My hands clutch under
year-old arms, between your life

jacket and your bobbing frame, pushing you,
like a fountain cherub, up and out.

I’m fooled by the warmth pulsing from
the gash on my thigh, sliced wide and clean

by an errant screw on the stern.
No pain. My legs kick out blood below.

My arms strain
against our deaths to hold you up

as I lift you, crying, reaching, to the boat.