

# **Injecting Dreams into Cows**

Poetry by

# Jessy Randall

Jessy Randall's poems are smart, funny, weird, and friendly. She writes about robots, love, friendship, video games, Muppets, motherhood, Pippi Longstocking, and the peculiar seductiveness of old Fisher Price wooden people on Ebay. She's partial to found poems, prose poems, and short poems—bite-sized mouthfuls of surprising lyricism. Sometimes sexy, often hilarious, strange and yet familiar, the poems in *Injecting Dreams into Cows* will leave you "gasping with delight and deliciousness."

Injecting Dreams into Cows
Poetry by Jessy Randall
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6 x 8.5; Tradepaper

104 pages

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### Biographical note:

Jessy Randall's collection of poems A Day in Boyland was a finalist for the Colorado Book Award. Her other books include a young adult novel, The Wandora Unit, about poetry nerds in high school, and a collection of collaborative poems, Interruptions, written with Daniel M. Shapiro. Randall's poems have been hung from trees, made into rock songs by garage bands, used in library advertisements, and sold in gumball machines. Her writing has appeared in Asimor's, Flurb, Many Mountains Moving, McSweeney's, Mudfish, Opium, Painted Bride Quarterly, Rattle, Sentence, West Wind, and Brain, Child. Randall writes regularly for Verbatim: The Language Quarterly about topics such as language in the Harry Potter series, rhyming reduplicative compounds, and the slang of Battlestar Galactica.

She spent her childhood in and around Rochester, New York and now lives in Colorado Springs with her husband and two children.

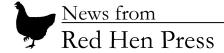
### Praise for Injecting Dreams into Cows:

"[Randall's] poems are beyond predicting—some touching, some hilarious—full of fresh insights and some nice wildnesses."

—X.J. Kennedy

"Were I a doctor, I'd prescribe Jessy Randall. Specifically, a poem-a-day, although I know the poem will not stay put in its prescription. It'll gurgle, thinking about growing fur. It'll unvelcro itself, step out of itself and morph into many brilliances, into many heavens in grains of sand. No, it'll morph into a thousand, glowing (hugely-glowing) melon spoons. Thank you Jessy Randall."

—Kate Northrop, author of Things are Disappearing Here, Back through Interruption, and Clean



# INJECTING DREAMS INTO COWS POORS JESSY RANDALL

# More Praise for Injecting Dreams into Cows:

"Jessy Randall's poems might be described as sassy—they're bold & confident & they always seem to get the last word, casually dropping a bomb on the carefully orchestrated scene. In short, they're smart; they know exactly when to hold back & when to release, when to demure & when to devastate."

—Nate Pritts, author of Sweet Nothing

"She has a knack for using language to surprise us and catch us off guard, causing readers to come up short and view things in ways that we have never seen them before."

—Kaye Lynne Booth

"Her scope is kaleidoscopic. She treasures and shares found poems. She digs deep and uses all the emotions in the crayon box—and we love her for it."

—Sandra Knauf

"By the end of *Injecting Dreams into Cows* Randall has created a time kabob that's both relevant and engrossing by successfully skewering the past, present, and future."

-Lisa Grove

"Randall's poems waste no words: they are often short but pack a powerful punch. Her language is clean and precise, which allows her to sneak-attack the reader with profound images."

—CL Bledsoe, Coal Hill Review

## From "Metaphors"

A duck is like the moon because a kid can point at both. A house is like the sky: both hold things. My heart is like your heart because both are hearts. This is like that because both are words. I am like swimming; battles are like planets. You are like spots on skin. Whatever I can think of is like twenty million things that have never occurred to anyone. This poem is like a pillow. I hit you with it.

