

Everything's terrible and very few people know what to do about it. This has been true for years now but seems to be truer by the day. In the midst of the largest pandemic in my lifetime — a pandemic that has disproportionately affected non-White communities in the United States, due to the embarrassing financial disparity and a government that's deliberately and viciously hoarded opportunities and access to wages and healthcare for the oldest, whitest, and least in-need — in the midst of this pandemic, a large swath of American Police Departments have decided to continue their war on Black bodies through intimidation and murder.

I am in no way qualified to talk about solutions. I can't speak on actual statistics, and it's irresponsible for my voice to take up space in a discussion that should be led by people of color.

I'm also not qualified to talk to people about anti-racism literature. There are several lists currently floating around written by Black librarians and scholars that are more informed than I can ever be. You should go read those lists. In particular, I recommend any list created by Scott Woods, whose work I'll be talking about in a few more pages. You can find a slew of authors through his lists.

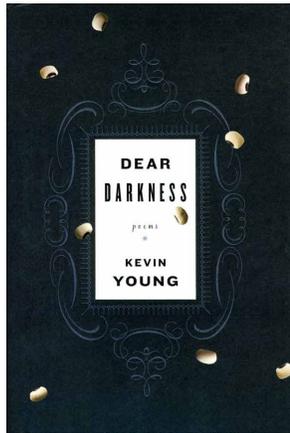
This book is not an attempt to declare any expertise on my part about the Black experience, or which books speak best to which current events. This is a list of poets that I think should be taught in schools for a variety of reasons. All of the authors from this list are Black. I have done several lists like these over the last decade, and all of my lists have leaned heavily on not including a bunch of dead straight Cis-White males, or living ones, for that matter, but I haven't done a list of exclusively Black writers.

I'm making this list as an informed reader and listener of poetry. I've been involved in the American Poetry Slam and Open Mic scene since 1998. I've organized events for National Poetry Slams, I've booked events, I bartend at one of the longest running poetry slams in the country, I went to twelve national poetry slams between 1999 and 2013, I read several poetry collections a month, I edited and published an anthology celebrating twenty-five years of poetry at The Cantab Lounge,

I've toured nationally as a performer, and I listen much closer than I've let on in the last few years. None of this makes me Ideal to be writing about Black writers. But I think I'm well qualified as a poetry reader and workshop leader, and a majority of the most important books that have come out of both the academic and spoken word scenes have been written by people of color.

I also believe we teach poetry incorrectly by starting at fucken Beowulf and moving to modern poetry. If you want to engage people, you start with current poetry and move back through their influences. As such, this is a list of poets who, if not currently living, were producing work in the 21st century.

But enough about me. I'm largely unimportant in this list. This is a trip through my poetry bookshelves, starting at the *Z* end, and traveling to *A*. These are my favorite poetry collections. Not just my favorite poetry collections by Black writers. These are favorite books by my favorite poets, edited to only include Black authors. I hope this is helpful.



One of the most powerful books of grief that I read in my twenties was Donald Hall's Without, a book that started with an ill partner who becomes sicker and then dies partway through the book, when grief engulfs the narrator and the reader.

In Dear Darkness, Young starts us off with tales of his family. Yes, a grandfather's death, but also celebrations of his extended family. His experiences in elementary school. Everything you would get in a confessional collection by a white poet, an Asian poet, a Latinx poet, an Aboriginal poet, any poet. And like any of these collections, the writer's race, and socioeconomic status, and gender are in the margins of every poem, announcing themselves based on their importance to specific situations. I really feel this is a book you can give to the kid whose parents ask "But why do you have to include so many Black poets on the list?" and they would think this book is okay. Not because it isn't explicitly a book about Blackness (I mean, the title is "Dear Darkness") but because it is also so obviously about things that even your Whitest, non-apologetic relative who reads poetry can relate to.

Yes, there are poems that involve white bullies who mean well, but rather than confront their privilege with anger, in the particular poems in this collection, Young mostly examines his own reaction. "No Offense" being the first poem in the collection to do so.

During the first two sections of the book, we get glimpses of his family during the time surrounding his grandfather's death. Throughout the poems, his father looms heavy, swinging in and

out of the narrative. Aunties, Uncles, cousins, and friends may steal the focus, but his father seems almost always in the background.

The third section, “Black Cat Blues” is about growing up physically, and emotionally. He addresses growing into his Blackness, too. Directly. But, again, in a way that your Great Aunt who loves poetry and performatively enjoys Langston Hughes, might nod and hum to. And while his father is still definitely shadowing this section of the book, this is where food starts to take the limelight.

There are at least as many food poems in this book as there are poems with the word “ode” in the title, and there are thirty-one poems with the word “ode” in the title.

One of the many reasons I love this book is that it feels like a manuscript made up of several chapbooks. Chapbooks on food, chapbooks on family memory, chapbooks on growing up, chapbooks on community. All of them touching upon the death of his father, but not overwhelmed by that death. It feels like a series of tangentially related manuscripts that he has gumboed together. I think it’s easy to teach because each poem feels approachable. There are often a few layers to them, but the tendency towards short narratives, and specific imagery and tastery (if your tongue doesn’t water when you read the food odes, then you have a boring pallette).

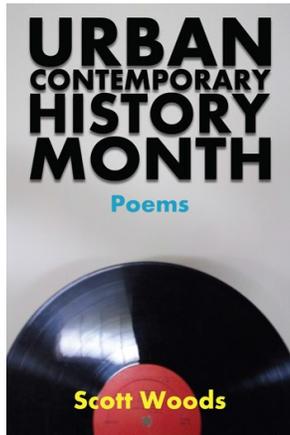
Young’s father dies in the background of odes to food, blues poems about religion, elegies for others. You see pieces of him flake away, and it hurts the way it hurts when a close friend’s parent dies. You didn’t know the dead parent well, but you know how important they were in making your friend the person you love. There is no melodrama, there is no poem in this collection like Donald Hall’s achingly heart-wrenching “Without”. The father doesn’t haunt the manuscript, he is held

together by it. You can feel the author's pain and identify with it, but you never confuse it with your own pain. It's almost an allegory for allyship. *Here's this thing we really should have in common, but we've (white people) been conditioned to view our griefs as different.*

If you want to see proof of this, check out some of the reviews by white people on Goodreads. None of them hit exactly on why "they don't identify" with some of the poems, reasons ranging from "Being from Texas, I don't really identify with Louisianan culture." to "(this generally didn't do much for me, probably because I didn't grow up where he did?)". These both come from favorable reviews where the white reader tries to explain why they didn't initially identify with the poems but were eventually "won over". I try and imagine someone reviewing a Robert Frost book and saying "Being from upstate New York, I don't really identify with New Hampshirean culture." or "(this generally didn't do much for me, maybe because roads where I live don't fork)".

This might not be fully approachable for a middle school curriculum, but I think this would do great in a high school or Freshman year college course, where you first assign certain poems, and then ask the students to read the whole book. I think this is a near-perfect book to teach how importance form and order of poems are in a book of free verse poetry. I think, as I've mentioned, it's an excellent modern entry point to culturally Black poetry for a mostly non-Black class.

I've put it first because this book starts at the end of my bookshelf and moves forward through the alphabet. But this is also a hell of a first book for a course on modern American poetry, whether or not the focus of the course is Black authors or not.



You might have started thinking about this project because one of Scott Woods's quotes pulled from his many essays on racism and privilege floated across your feed. He's an academic essayist. He's a Prince-obsessed librarian. He's a journalist who pulls no punches and wears a Doctor

Who scarf. He's also the former president of Poetry Slam Incorporated. And trust me when I say, he was by far the best one the organization ever had. He's also a hell of a poet.

If Kevin Young is a great first poet to teach in a high school or college course on current poetry, Scott Woods is the guy you want to get for your first speaker. He's going to read his poem on page but he's also going to perform the hell out of them. Sure, you could also hire him to talk on Stephen King's Magical Negro Problem or a variety of other topics he's an expert on. But this is about his poetry.

Urban Contemporary History Month is a Choose-Your-Own-Adventure poetry collection that challenges you to ask some very direct questions about yourself to determine how you read this book.

While Young's book frog boils you into thinking about race, Woods starts you in the fire of self-examination. Where Young talks about how he and his father's wardrobes didn't allow for sagging pants, Woods starts you off with "A Reverse Chronology Of Sagging Pants". You'd have been prepared for this difference if you'd examined the backs of these books.

Young's back cover features a picture of Young and his father, and praise for Young's books from newspapers. Scott Woods

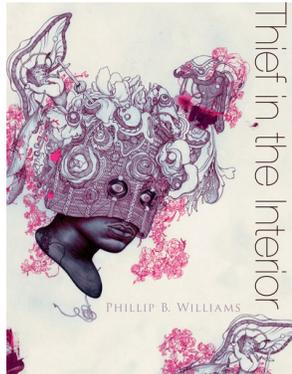
features quotes from the murderers of Michael Brown, Trayvon Martin, and Tamir Rice, followed by the last words of Eric Garner. This book is going to pull no punches.

As I recommended reading Dear Darkness piecemeal, and then as a whole manuscript, I recommend reading this a couple of times following the Choose-Your-Own-Adventure book, and then reading it from cover to cover. See how that changes your perspective on the book. It's worth the rereads.

You could easily plan an entire semester's worth of courses on either one of these books on their own, but you could also do a fun three week course as a conversation between these books, and use some of the videos from their 2011ish Page Meets Stage: Kevin Young and Scott Woods show at The Bowery Poetry Club. I don't know if there is any crossover between Woods's poems from that show and the poems in Urban Contemporary History Month, but I know Young was doing the show as part of a tour supporting Dear Darkness, and several of the odes are posted.

Another weeklong course idea might be to start the first class on his work with one of his quotes that floats around social media, then use his essays online, this book, and other books I'm going to list here as artistic support of his points.

I would be hard pressed to imagine a teacher reading this book and not coming up with several ideas for building curricula around it.



I did a three part suite of prompts from Phillip B. Williams's Thief Of The Interior during the summer of 2017, and it pretty much sums up what I find great about the book.

Here is a series of prompts inspired by the first section of Phillip B. William's Thief In The Interior, a book which I picked up purely because it had cover art by one of my favorite artists: James Jean, but which has become one of my favorite collections of poetry. Williams messes with forms in truly inspired ways while still making great, accessible poems.

I'm not sure, yet, if this would be the first book I'd present to a Poetry 101 class, but it would definitely be one I taught early in the semester to get people into enjoying poetry, and would reference frequently near the end of the semester when I tried to inspire final projects.

Bound: Write a poem with your vernacular: how you, personally, speak. Don't try and model your speech after a movie, or a writer you like, or how you imagine other people hear you, use your own unfettered grammar, without stylizing spelling. Allow yourself to interrupt yourself, make an incomplete thought if you would make an incomplete statement in conversation. The subject can be anything you care about or would talk about with friends, or it could be you trying to explain yourself to someone who communicates differently.

Can I be only one thing at once? Embrace your own dichotomy, and your inherent contradictions. This is not a Who I Want To Be/Who I Really Am exercise. This is a Who I Am Sometimes

Clashes With Who I Am exercise. How do you balance your own opposing desires or actions? Do you?

Black Witch Moth: When most people approach nature poems, they merely report what's around them. Many of us have seen wind through grass, water streaming over rocks, a fucken flower growing between cracks in a fucken sidewalk. So what? Write about something visual in your environment (which does not have to be a pretty lake, or a graveyard, or some distant mountain range) and explain why we should give a fuck about it. You don't have to say "There is a graffiti mural on this wall that I love. Here is why." You can point out the mural and write about something else in your life, or in the news that you relate to the mural. Maybe the flower growing through rocks inspires other writers to consider how something beautiful can grow in an unexpected place, but to you, it evokes a feeling of despair that there aren't any other flowers around to hang out with, and it seems as though it will be inevitably crushed.

Let the earth take in the boy as it with the bull.

Ignus Fatuus: Write a poem about the way you love, without mentioning a specific person you love. Specific bitterness or fond individual memories have no place in this poem. It's not who you love, it's how you love. If it has gone right for you, how did you learn to allow it to go right? If it hasn't yet gone right for you, how does it always seem to go wrong. Don't blame the other person (even if it's totally their fault), find a behavior or recurring action of yours that plays a part in things going right or wrong for you. This about the way you love, not the way others are loved by you.

Imitate the varied stars that/have failed to guide us; now imitate everything/beneath the stars

First Words: What deliberately dangerous thing have you done in your life? Nothing as abstract as "loving someone imperfect"

or “being real with the people I love”, we’re talking skydiving into crocodile-infested waters, putting a fork in an electrical socket. Something that gets the adrenaline pumping that has a reasonable chance of serious physical injury or death. Why did you do it?

thunder’s umbrage: using as few words as possible, personify the weather in a way you haven’t encountered before

Then As Proof The Land: For me, the word *spiders* actually means good luck to me. I don’t mean that when someone goes on a journey, I wish them spiders (though I may start doing that), I mean that when I talk about spiders, I am not talking about fear or entrapment, which some people associate with them, I am talking about how, usually, when I notice spiders in unusual places, something positive then happens in my life. So I might use the verb spiders instead of portend. What image or word means something particular to you that isn’t inherent in its definition?

Because when I write “tree” I mean fire/of autumn.

Inheritance: Spinning Noose Clears Its Throat: Write a poem where the first word is also the last word. Make sure it is a thematically necessary word to your poem.

I am leery of shape poems. It is very rare that they transcend their gimmick. Phillip B Williams’s example here far transcends gimmick. If you can, write a shape poem that will convince me that Williams isn’t the only genius to ever pull this off.

As far as I’m concerned, freedom/Desires no promise. Simply feet, strange horizons.

Vision In Which The Final Blackbird Disappears: When a person dies or becomes victim of major trauma, people who know that person often seek to validate the person’s existence

by saying things like she was so smart, she could have been a doctor or he had such a great heart, he would have made a wonderful teacher without taking into account that the person probably didn't want to be either of those things. So often, we speak about people we don't know as well as we imagine. Have you ever heard someone talk about your desires or ability in ways that make you uncomfortable? Using third person, explain the difference between the person they have made you out to be and the person you feel you are.

his hands a chorus of heat and recoil

Inheritance: The Force Of Aperture: Using a photograph, audio, or video as a starting point, explain how your country of birth is dangerous to you.

Did aesthetes go blind when the myths looked back?

God As Failed Figuration: Portray a single image in a poem. Let this one moment in time signify an important belief you have. Keep the poem as short as possible.

Inheritance: Anthem: Take a story that's important to you. A specific memory. Write two poems: one with lot of imagery, word-play, and metaphor; the other a straight-forward account of what happened to you using no hyperbole or poetic devices.

*Myth does not/radiate from the target,/rather the target calls/
myth to its core*

Sonnet With A Cut Wrist And Flies: Deconstruct a poetic form. Make it your own.

from which all darkness was made legible

A Spray Of Feathers, Black: This poem is a sonnet, a terza-rima, and an anagram because Phillip B Williams doesn't fuck around when he writes in form. Blend (don't Frankenstein, blend) two or more poetic forms into your own creation.

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

Prayer: Everybody wants prayer to heal the sick, help feed their greedy desires, enact vengeance. Maaaaaan, ain't no god got time for all those boring prayers. Prayer for something specifically yours. A series of things you don't think anybody else has thought to ask for. If there is a god answering prayers, make them laugh enough to consider granting your creative requests.

Help me distinguish between approaching blizzard/and his breath against my ear

Misericorde: Bees and I have an arrangement. I don't fuck with them, they don't fuck with me. Any time a bee or hornet or wasp shows up in my writing it's signifying danger. Unlike the spiders mentioned earlier, this is not an unusual association to have with the sharp little bastards. The title of this poem refers to "a long, narrow sword used in medieval times to deliver the death stroke to a seriously wounded knight." Bees won't kill me (I hope!) but the comparison between the bee stinger and the misericorde fascinates me, and I wouldn't have made the connection if I didn't Google the poem's title. Go ahead and embrace a trope-ic image in your poem but pair it with a piece of trivia not widely known.

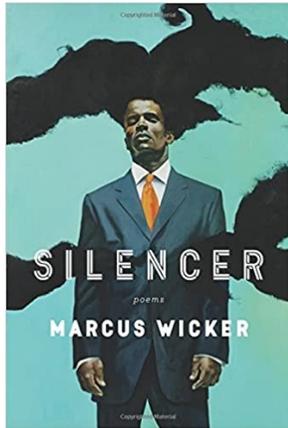
A sweet burn nets the room

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There are two more sections of prompts up on my website, but the basic premise is this: This book is about the struggle of existing in a Queer Black body. It's written in forms, free-verse, shape poems, personal narrative, dense imagery. It's everything

that creative writers should be teaching in one volume of poetry. It's a cool way to teach a class of white college students who are looking to take a creative writing, a wide variety of techniques while exposing them to Black culture and Queer culture.

The second suite of prompts based on this text focus on Poetry Of Witness, and the third focuses on how to layout a manuscript. Those are at <http://www.crookedtreehouse.com/interactivity/category/phillip-b-williams>



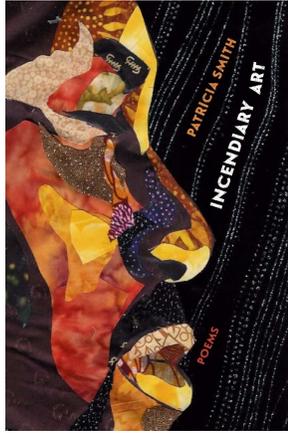
A collection that begins with “Silencer To The Heart While Jogging Through A Park” and ends with “Morning In The Burbs” just sounds like a journey. And it is.

This is the collection on the list I’m least familiar with. I bought it earlier this year, and have only read it through once. But Wicker’s use of language to construct images moves me. Does that sound like academic Beige-speech? What I mean is, when Wicker’s narrators speak, I’m not experiencing a poem the way I do when I read Scott Woods or Phillip B. Williams. I’m listening to someone describe what is likely to be An Incident. Or I’m listening to someone who really knows themselves describe why they are the way they are. I lean in to Wicker’s poems and sometimes find myself squinting, like I need a closer look at his truths.

I may have only read this book once so far, but it’s not going to sit on my shelf un-reread for long. “Ars Poetica Battle Rhyme For *Really* Wannabe Somebodies” is a stinging condemnation of a culture unlike the many other stinging condemnations of cultures in this book. I love it.

This is another collection where you can teach a series of lessons about use of personal vernacular. Writing in Your Own Voice. Commanding Your Own Voice. Wicker doesn’t have a unique phraseology, he’s just excellent at writing in a conversational voice that you want to listen to. He dizzies phrases without dizzying the reader. You know exactly what he’s saying, even though he’s not spelling absolutely everything

out for you. There's nothing didactic about Wicker's work, though you will learn some shit about yourself and others.



There has been some misguided discussion over the past few years about the appropriation in the history of the poetry slam, with people claiming Marc Smith stole the idea from a community of Black poets. While this is completely believable given Marc Smith's problematic worldviews and unwillingness to evolve into a twenty-first century progressive artist, those who were around Chicago when Marc Smith first started what would become Poetry Slam, including Chicago's legendary writer, Patricia Smith (no relation), have Marc Smith's back when it comes to his title of Slampapi, inventor of slam. It borrows from a ton of cultures, African, European, Asian, Aboriginal Australian, Indigenous American, you name it. But it borrows. Not steals. And he did build his own ideas into it.

But while Marc Smith deserves credit for inventing the specific rules and format of the American Poetry Slam, women of color should be credited for perfecting the art form. It was seven years before a man won the National Poetry Slam Individual Title, and ten years before a white man won the title. This wasn't because of progressive judges, an organizational bias, or the cultural makeup of the cities where the National Poetry Slam was held, this is because of the people who gravitated to slam poetry, Black Women, were the best writers AND the best performers. Even institutional racism couldn't deny their talent.

Of those seven years before a man won The National Poetry Slam, Patricia Smith claimed that title four times, and was a

runner up another year. She cofounded the venue I call home, where she was The Champion Of Champions so often they should have named the bar after her. She's won Guggenheim grants, book awards, was shortlisted for the Pulitzer. She's one of the best living writers in the United States. Every one of her books could be on this list.

I struggled with whether to include this book or Blood Dazzler: Poems About Hurricane Katrina, which is one of my all-time favorite books of anything. But, while Smith's staggering collection of persona and form work about the race, class, and cultural struggle surrounding Hurricane Katrina should be read by Everyone, her more recent collection, Incendiary Art, should be read by everyone Right Now.

Much of the work centers around the deaths of Black bodies and is told from the perspective of Black mothers. There are over a dozen poems about the death of Emmet Till. The second section of the book: "When Black Men Drown Their Daughters" is unlike anything else I've ever read. Much like the Scott Woods and Kevin Young books earlier on this list, this is a book that should be read repeatedly, in different orders for the manuscript's full effect.

In January of 2019, I started a project where I liveblogged poetry collections as I read them. I didn't get far, due to a bout with Legionnaire's Disease, but I did get through Incendiary Art. Here are a series of tweets from that project:

Everybody liveblogs ultimately forgettable events: The Golden Globes, episodes of The Bachelor, the Olympic Torch Relay. It's time to start liveblogging things that matter.

[This book] is That Awesome, but I'm going to try and go slightly more in-depth than "squee", even though I'll be thinking that and "damn" pretty much every thirty seconds.

1. "That Chile Emmett in That Casket": *Sometimes the page was*

tacked, flush against plaster with a pearl hairpin, / or jammed in a dime-store frame with a glowing Jesus.

Patricia Smith writes the best opening lines in poetry.

I can't think of too many other poets who can start a book there, and not spend the rest of the collection slowly rolling downhill.

Adverbs and adjectives are the death of many a modern poet. Not Patricia: *blurred by stew smoke / or pot liquor-blotched until somebody got smart enough to scotch-tape / it to door of the humming fridge,!*

One of my weaknesses is the hyphen game. I tend to ignore them, and use capitals to show when I connect words. I should just take notes on what's highlighted in this book, and use it as a guide for future manuscripts.

white men could / turn you into a stupid reason for a suit, I will think of this line every time I see another Black human killed by police.

I will also think of it every time I see a person of color take a video of a White human Bullying By Police. BBQ Becky, Permit Patty, Hotel Earl, etc.

there were / no pictures of you anywhere. You sparked no moral. You were alive. This sparked the twelfth "damn" of this reading. It is on page two.

Prompt #1: Modern social media allows us a clearer view of how many Emmet Till stories there are in a year, as opposed to a lifetime. With the proliferation of cameraphones and internet access, it's harder for police and the press to suppress Murder By Cop.

What news story in your lifetime made you question who The Good Guys and The Bad Guys in society are? Relate it back to when a parent/guardian/or loved one taught you a morality that you've now concluded is false.

2. "Enigma Of The Shadowbox Swine": *a dewy cotton field*

undulating in pastel steam If you can stack that many levels of meaning in an eight word image, then you deserve all the writing grants in this nation.

Prompt #2: Take a visually based expression (in this poem, it's *high on the hog*), use a piece of that image to thread through an important life event (a funeral, a wedding, the moment love disappears, etc.), not using the expression until the last line or stanza.

3. **Incendiary Art:** I remember when Patricia mentioned that she was going to start intensely studying form poetry, and I thought "Welp. It's over.

The best poet I've ever met has decided that, rather than add a new tool from the box, she was going to re-establish what a toolbox should look like for the next several generations of writers."

While I didn't go to school for poetry, I've studied form books on and off for years, and tried my hand at writing many. Patricia is so deft with how she wields it that I am often too dizzied to identify the form.

Imaginary Professor: "Mr. Stone, what form was the poem we just finished reading?"

Me: "I'm sorry, I'm going to need a week to rethink language before I can consider that."

IP: "That's actually the correct answer. We'll see you next week."

Prompt #3: Write a poem in a Welsh form. Good luck.

3. "Incendiary Art": Oh, did you think I was done with that poem because it was a form? Nah. *A city, strapped for art / delights in torching them - at first for kicks, / to waltz to whirling sparks, but soon those hearts thud thinner, whittled by the chomp of heat.*

Outlined in chalk, men blacken, curl apart. Their blindly rising fume is bittersweet, Although reversals in the air could fool us into thinking they weren't meant as meat. Our sons don't burn their cities as a rule, born, as they are, up to their necks in fuel."

If you don't already own it, you've just ordered a copy of this book, right? And if you do own one, you just remembered someone you needed to gift a copy to, right?

Prompt #4: Use a series of scents and smells to tell the story of your complicated relationship to the town/city/village/island/country that you're from.

4. "BlessBlessed": *In spit-shined halls doused in brocade, they pray / past Him in stunning rote, vowing to be undone by His / wounds, His azure-eyed swoop, some stuff He said, all / those hazy guide marks floundering in a confounding text.*

Prompt #5: Tell about a community centered event you are/were once a part of that you view differently from other people involved in that community.

5. "Incendiary Art: MOVE, Philadelphia, 1985": *Obsessed with order, bullhorns / blared nouns that unreeled vaguely like continents / while manned squad cars spun in their own sweat*

Prompt #6: Use one of the following phrases as a title: "skin and windows" "monsterring the air" "smothered drums and death throes" "the gorgeous collapsing" "vendetta as dread" "rumor glittered"

And now a brief intermission to put my head on back, before the next set of poems. I'll return to this thread shortly.

6. "Emmet Till: Choose Your Own Adventure:" **Prompt #7:** *A place they can't decode.* Tell us about a time you felt that others identified you as "Not From Around Here" How it felt. If it was true. If the truth of it mattered. How you responded.

7. "The Then Where": We are a nation of tragedy. I don't remember a newscast where one of the lead stories wasn't death. And rarely old age. We are a nation of guns. A nation of bullying. A nation of unrepentant entitlement and violence.

It's in our patriotic songs and all of our American mythology. War. War. War. Capitalist violence (think mafia warfare, corporate warfare). Very little of our history isn't soaked with

blood.

Prompt #8: Write an American mythology with no blood on its hands. I don't mean make one up. I mean find an important American story that doesn't involve war or murder, and gift it to us.

7. "The Then Where": An epigraph from Sandy Hook in a section of poetry about Emmet Till. Our history speaks most often to itself about blood. We sing of the beautiful places we destroy. The beautiful people we allow to be destroyed.

Prompt #9: Write a discussion between two similar historical events separated by at least thirty years. The greater the gap between them, the better. What can they learn from each other? How can they push the future out of their path of echoes?

8. "Incendiary Art: Chicago, 1986" *Who knew our / pudgy American dream was so combustible?* A boy runs into a fire for shoes. Ends up with a trophy of mismatched footwear.

Prompt #10: Have you ever had a trophy or prized possession that other people ridiculed but that was important enough to you that you continued to wear it/display it anyway?

All of that is from the first quarter of Incendiary Art. A book that somehow manages to get better after that.