

Praise for poems from *Believers*:

on “Football Game”

These five poets, both established and emerging, deserve your attention and support . . . Enjoy, and be grateful, knowing so many talented poets and magazines are making our community beautiful.

The way this poem moves is beautiful. There’s such pleasure in its procession down the page, as one long sentence, which pauses, engages, and surprises. I love its reverence for the particular – “right now it’s all *midnight blue*— / call it that for a reason, like this *camel*-colored sports jacket”, Cheney writes – an attention that gently ushers in the elegiac. This is a poem that, in its own words, “[makes] everything/ reverent and unified.”

— Felicity Sheehy, *Frontier Poetry*

on “I’ll Wave Wherever I Am”

It’s been a cruel summer for many of us with some of the hottest days we’ve ever seen. And things aren’t cooling down anytime soon. Early to mid-August is often associated with sultry weather, drought, thunderstorms, lethargy, fever, and mad dogs. Or, in the words of Meena Alexander’s poem, “Dog Days of Summer,” it’s the time when “muslin curls on its own / heat / And crickets cry in the black walnut tree.” To help get us all through this swelter, our editors have scoped out some of the hottest new not-to-be-missed poems of the season . . .

The narrator belies his apparent annoyance with the dogs in the poem, which he describes as “slobbering at our feet,” since these same “stupid dogs” ironically figure prominently in the narrator’s idea of Heaven. Dogs would be in our Heaven too. This poem pulses with life and longing and vibrant images that are a celebration of summer, love, and the kind of grief that comes when the “Audubons have all lost their fuzzy fledging feathers” and Rainbow Snow shuts down, leaving us with the “neon puddle of a snowcone.” I mean, we’ve all wanted our beloved to “Give me a sign. / Remember me. / Flicker your bedroom lights one last time.”

— Kim Harvey, *Palette Poetry*