



Independent Publisher
San Antonio, TX

Ricochet Script **Alexandra van de Kamp**

Praise for *Ricochet Script*

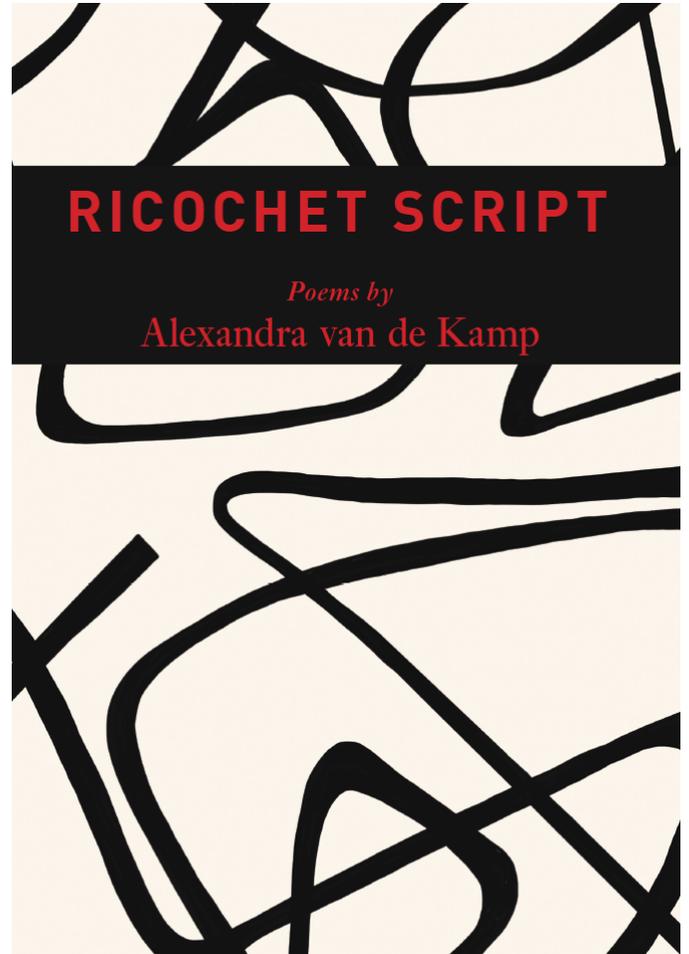
Alexandra van de Kamp tells us “I want to make sense of abundance.” In her beautifully wrought poems, we experience the sheer delight of all the sights, smells, and sounds of this world. Yet few poets are as deft at simultaneously evoking the precarity and consequent tenderness of existence. Van de Kamp’s is a world made magical through art. She is canny, funny, filmic, but she can also stop your heart with the sudden apprehension of how time moves through us, “coaxing us / to bear something so much larger than ourselves.”

—Sheila Black, co-editor of *Beauty is a Verb*, author of *Iron Ardent*

In the atmospheric Ricochet Script, poems are rendered not only in the high contrast of film noir, but in the flesh tones of unmediated raw material—the body and the life gathered around it. “Elegy to My Uterus with a Glass of Pinot Noir” effortlessly blends the body and the cinematic: “When they told me you had to go, / I envisioned myself on a train in a 1950s European war film, staring out / at a country I’d never see again.” Alexandra van de Kamp takes delight in the tools of her trade. Language shimmers with meaning and eroticism, words themselves become “rounded and ridged morsels.” While the mood sometimes darkens, the voice of these entrancing poems is sophisticated, ardent, witty, and passionate.

—Stephanie Dickinson, author of *Blue Swan Black Swan: The Trakl Diaries*

\$18 | Paperback | 84 pages
Release: April 1, 2022
Publisher: Next Page Press
Global Distribution: Ingram
ISBN: 978-1-7366721-1-2



Alexandra van de Kamp is the Executive Director for Gemini Ink, San Antonio’s Writing Arts Center. Her two earlier collections of poems are *Kiss/Hierarchy* (2016) and *The Park of Upside-Down Chairs* (2010). She has published five chapbooks, including *Dear Jean Seberg*, which won the

2010 Burnside Review Chapbook Contest. Her poems have been published nationwide in journals such as *The Cincinnati Review*, *Connecticut Review*, *The Texas Observer*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Cider Press Review*, *Sweet: A Literary Confection*, and *Tahoma Literary Review*.

Publisher Contact: Laura Van Prooyen
Email: Laura@nextpage-press.com

This poet is a lithe acrobat, her ricocheting thoughts tightly woven by stunning images. The poems think, yet movement is concrete, specific, tuned with details: “. . . watch the bright / balled-up leaves in the boiled water unfurl and float, / like mini Esther Williams doing the backstroke.” Or “. . . let's not forget the invisible; / the mosquito the size of a torn // eyelash . . .” The poems in Ricochet Script decry and bless the human condition. Alexandra van de Kamp's use of irony, pathos to describe inner and outer worlds, and her close investigation of mortality brings us a book to savor, to read slowly, expectations raised to the excitement and beauty of what is next.

—Veronica Golos, author of *GIRL*

Elegy to My Uterus with a Glass of Pinot Noir

When they told me you had to go,
I envisioned myself on a train in a 1950s
European war film, staring out
at a country I'd never see again:
its sulking borders, its brooding trees
set against the pale magentas
of an irretrievable evening.

Thick thud of an organ; swollen
thumbprint pressed against
colon, bladder, and the dangling
geography of the abdomen. I'd
never used you as other
women had, and now, before
I could claim you
as something I'd loved,
I was mourning you
like any female lead,
who knows her luck is down,
her escape plans
dwindling.

A romance without
an ounce of Pinot Noir poured,

Alexandra van de Kamp's *Ricochet Script* examines life as a plot slipping from our hands, veering in unexpected directions as years coalesce behind us. These poems bargain with time as a foreign, surreal, and elusive entity, where whole days can feel as if they were “written / in someone else's script.” In vivid, at times playful musings, van de Kamp grapples with midlife, loss, and the strangeness of the body, while never forgetting the unrelenting beauty of being alive. These poems invoke a wide range of storylines, from Hitchcock's *Lifeboat* and spy thrillers to aging parents, to confront the unpredictable and ricocheting world.

without the department store colognes
of a first kiss. That's what you were to me.
A story plotless, a failed poem,
a smeared love letter,
tucked into a faulty forgotten drawer.
You dwelled, uneasy,
in my pleated darkness,
and were so hard to see—
your scars translucent, a shush
of secrets on any ultrasound film, the x-rays
blurred rain on a windowsill.

But when they snipped
the ligaments, preserving the almond eye
of one ovary, when they sliced
that slow smile across my pelvis,
(the anesthesiologist like a bartender,
his perfectly timed margarita
easing down my veins), I was lightened,
untethered. You were, after all,
the dense, straining plum, the widened,
sad-eyed fig I'd held onto
for too long—waiting,
in all your nodding patience,
for me to let go.