

A graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, Margaret Reges (issue 12)' honors include a 2015 "Discovery"/Boston Review prize from the 92nd Street Y, the 2012 Page Davidson Clayton Prize for Emerging Poets from Michigan Quarterly Review, and fellowships from the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, MA, the MacDowell Colony, and the Vermont Studio Center. She lives on an island near San Francisco.

Transom:

The poets in this issue of Transom seem interested in carefully attending to the past, to the vestiges and evidence of what came before. So, for this final issue of the journal with Dan & Kiki at the helm, we want to ask: What are you looking forward to, in poetry?

Reges:

In terms of my own work, I'm looking forward to continuing to find ways into the poem. Looking forward to continue experimenting with first person point-of-view, of trying to make the first person POV luminous.

Transom:

We were blown away by the raw linguistic energy of these poems, and how a grounding in narrative or situation could be razor-thin and yet enough to carry us through the immediacy of each poem. And we noticed a recurring grammatical element in these poems that we tend not to see as much elsewhere, which made us wonder: In what sense is yours a poetics of the present participle?

Reges:

Thank you. That's a huge compliment! Yes, I lean on the -ing verbs quite a bit. A poetics of the present participle, otherwise known as PPP, also known as PoPrePar. I think to my mind it's the tense that dreams are in, so that's why I use it. Because I'm trying to invoke that feeling of suspension. Successfully or not.

I do prefer to think of myself as having a post-postmodern pony poetics, though (PoPomoPonyPo). In every sense.

Transom:

The lines in "Building a Fire" and "Path" in particular are quite long -- so long that we're not sure if we should call them lines or short paragraphs. Could you tell us about the attraction of a very long line?

Reges:

I'm not sure this is actually how it plays out for the reader (especially in "Path"), but the lines in these poems are supposed to be massive breath units. Personally, I see them as lines.

For me, it's the unspooling horizon line, the long line. And it was a game for me, for a long time. Trying to make a long line feel like it was hovering. The long line prevents me from cutting myself off. There's less of me telling the poem what to do.