



In the Temple

CATHERINE BAGNALL AND L. JANE SAYLE



\$35

CATEGORY: Poetry

ISBN: 978-1-99-101664-5

EISBN: n/a

THEMA: DCF, 1MBN

BIC: DCF, DSC, 1MBN

BISAC: POE010000, POE02400,

POE023010, POE023050

PUBLISHER: Massey University Press

IMPRINT: Massey University Press

PUBLISHED: October 2023

PAGE EXTENT: 80

FORMAT: Hardback with jacket

SIZE: 179 x 115mm

RIGHTS: World

AUTHORS' RESIDENCE:

Wellington, New Zealand

A UNIQUE JEWEL OF A POETRY COLLECTION

Hot on the heels of their acclaimed 2021 collaboration *On We Go*, artist Catherine Bagnall and poet Jane Sayle return with another collection of watercolours and poems inspired by their contemplation of nature within the context of the feminine sublime. *In the Temple* maintains a focus on ecological thinking, exploring intense personal connections with the natural world that take the reader into the realms of private ritual and the power and meaning of special places.

In the Temple evokes a magical atmosphere, a mythological world of enchanted places with powerful and intangible connections to other living beings and to history. Inspiring a deep spiritual-ness, grief, joy and the wonder of being in the thick of it, it is a gem of a book to return to again and again.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Catherine Bagnall is a senior lecturer in the School of Design at Massey University. Her work focuses on performance practices and its intersection with dress.

Jane Sayle has been a dealer in curios and ephemera, an art writer and reviewer and a lecturer in art and design history.

SALES POINTS

- A beautiful collection of watercolours and poems
- Ecological writing is a strong and growing genre
- A book for the serious poetry fan and also for those new to poetry
- Packaged as an exquisite jacketed hardback, this is an ideal gift

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Five Ancestor Poems

Iron Age

I walked into the forest
I walked for two months
and still hadn't cleared it
marvellous yes
but not world enough

Condensation

The castle was made of wood
and the boards flowed from it
like water down the hill
Dressed in wetter
I see how we lived our lives
all in the fullness of the old moment

The Wrong Camouflage

An admiral aights
on the tall white pillar

Aubade

Two small lights
and a love of old wood
in the spirit house
this easy morning

Old Town

I can't hear myself think
for the whales
singing in the harbour

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Space Flight

My father is transported
by little girls
skipping along the pavement
outside his window

For nightmares he said
there are faeries on the left side
and the right I forget
expanding into blackness anyway

These empty days all spaces
running up and down stairs
birds are just birds
and it's only the evening sky

Not the day
or the night
and not the stars
nor the stars

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Scroll White

And when I close my eyes
black asgreen

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As When
for G.C.

A dog like no other
materialises before you
with its yearning obedient muzzle
and vague antique penis
a Poet's dog

So did the superheros
chained at the rowlocks
rowing and rowing
dream awake
of sleeping greenness
and soft warm fur

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