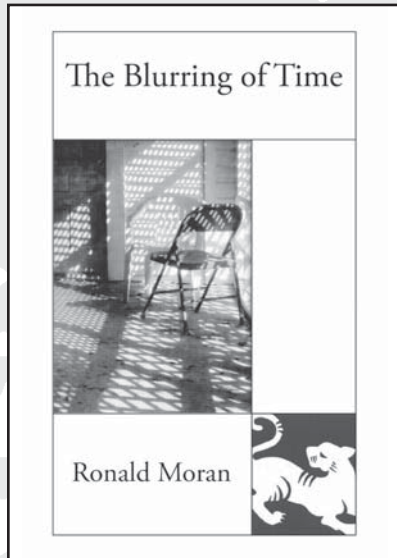


New from

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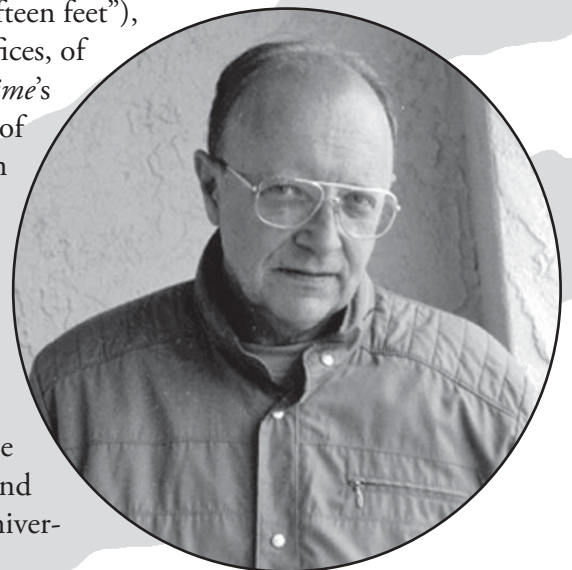


In 2004, Clemson University Digital Press published *Saying These Things*, a book of poems by Ronald Moran. That volume was CUDP's first poetry monograph. Clemson University Digital Press is therefore doubly pleased to announce the release of Ronald Moran's new book, *The Blurring of Time*.

Like *Saying These Things*, *The Blurring of Time* is a work of personal reflection. A man now staring seventy in the face, Moran explores his struggle to grow old gracefully (at one point he quips that he's "failing the best way I can") and to cope with his wife's ongoing battle with chronic illness. Drawing on memories of the past as well as incidents in his daily life, Moran's poetry in *The Blurring of Time* is by turns funny, whimsical, poignant, and philosophical.

Many of Moran's poems are characterized by a wry and sometimes fanciful humor. In one poem, when two salespeople from whom he has spectacularly failed to buy a car send him a card personally thanking him for his purchase, he begins to wonder if *he* is the one who is mistaken: "Did I buy it? Is it in the garage / waiting for me to remember it?" In another poem, Moran lets his imagination loose on the subject of daydreaming, which he calls "kin" to dementia: "a daydream that resists / is charged with threat to do bodily harm, / handcuffed, shoved in the caged back seat, / read its rights by a deputy with short hair." In a third poem, his elaborate fantasies of death by mosquito-borne illness and the subsequent, mysterious fate of his soul (will he be reincarnated?) are instantly deflated by a single piece of advice: "Get bit. Try to live through it."

Other poems are deeply poignant. In one poem, he is surprised to find his father's face looking out at him from his reflection in glass; "No, I cannot come now, but later, later," he tells the reflection. A number of poems deal with the failing health of Moran's wife, Jane ("I'm holding on to the edge of the table / while you line up your pills / ...as if the seas are fifteen feet"), and with their shared knowledge of hospitals and doctors' offices, of IV drips and medicinal regimens. Indeed, *The Blurring of Time's* title poem is about doctors' waiting rooms, where a feeling of suspension prevails: "time, / the issue, is taking a break down / the corridor." In the examining room, though, "time opens up its hand, / cupping you in its palm, / like a small, imperfect flower."



Ronald Moran was born in Philadelphia and moved to New Britain, Connecticut, when he was ten. He received his BA from Colby College and his MA and PhD from Louisiana State University. He taught at the Univer-

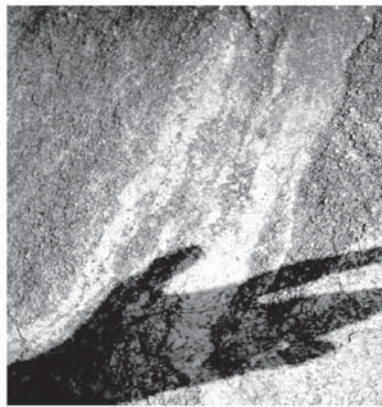
sity of North Carolina for nine years and was also Fulbright Lecturer (1969-70) at the University of Würzburg, Germany, before joining the Clemson University faculty in 1975. He served in a number of positions at Clemson, including Professor and Head of the Department of English, Associate Dean, and Interim Dean, and he retired twice—first in 1998 and then in 2000.

Moran has published nine books/chapbooks of poetry, including a trilogy of chapbooks—*Sudden Fictions* (Juniper Press, 1994), *Getting the Body to Dance Again* (Pudding House, 1995, winner of the National Looking Glass Poetry Chapbook Competition), and *Diagramming the Clear Sky* (Pudding House, 2006)—each narrated by his character “Jonathan” about Jonathan’s family and the citizenry in a Carolina mill town. In addition, Moran is the author of one book of literary criticism and co-author of another. His poems and essays are widely published in magazines such as *Abbey*, *Commonweal*, *Commonstock Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *North American Review*, *Northeast*, *Northwest Review*, *Pudding Magazine*, *Southern Review*, and *Yankee*. He is also a frequent contributor to Clemson University’s literary journal, *The South Carolina Review*.

Ronald Moran and his wife, Jane, live in Simpsonville, South Carolina.

Saying These Things [2004] is an exceptional volume of poetry. Ronald Moran has a remarkable sense of belovedness and belongingness. The quiet intensity of these poems pierced me like an old-fashioned red rose.... What haunted me most, and served as my guide, as I traveled through this stormcloud of a book, was the tick of a ghostly watch.

—Karon Luddy, author of *Spelldown*



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