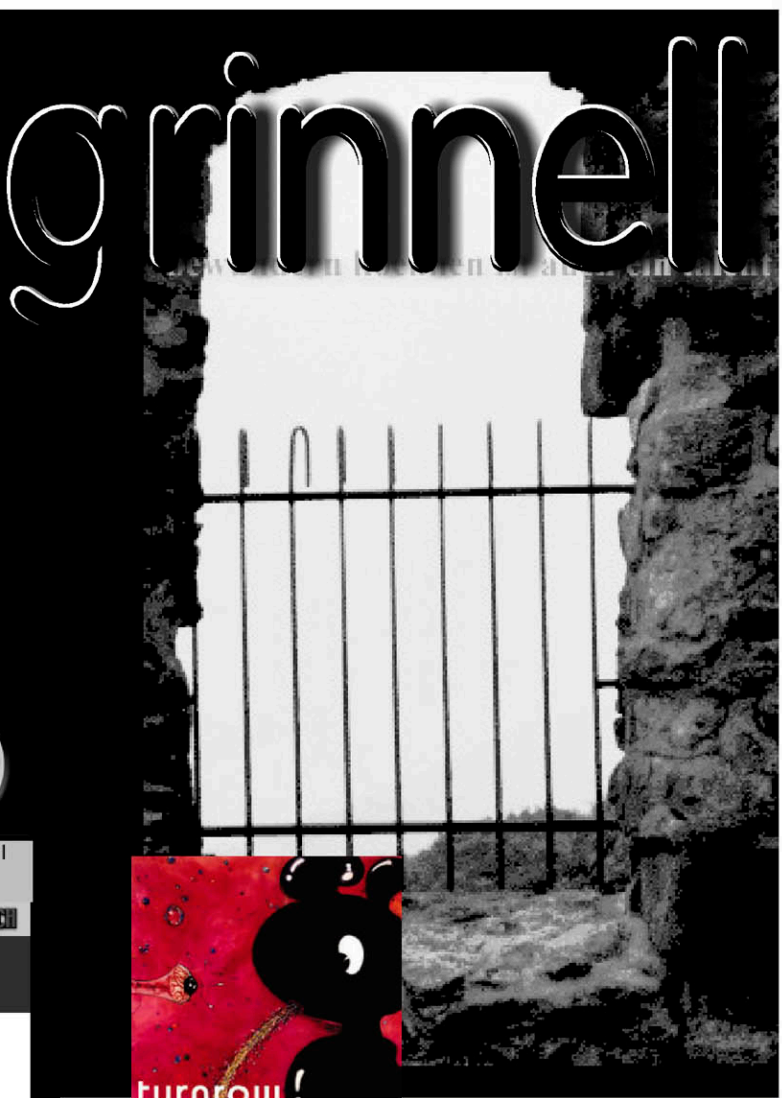


# claudia grinnell



**EXQUISITE CORPSE**  
A JOURNAL OF LETTERS & LIFE

ISSUE 7

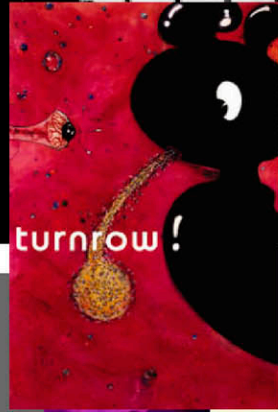
issue 7 home | broken news | critical urgencies | cyber bag | ec chair | ficciones | gallery  
letters | reviews | secret agents | serials | stage and screen  
HOME ARCHIVES SUBMIT CORPSE CAFE CORPSE MAIL OUR GANG HOT SITES SEARCH

Poems  
by Claudia Grinnell

Three Scenes

I. A Party

We pretend as if  
we sighed and walk into the room,  
hand over flowers  
like weapons  
in the anteroom of a Wild West border  
Rub our hands together,  
a few more steps, the last steps  
before a bathtub  
of voices. Look around:  
Ben's wife is blonder



staff

Editors

Jack Heflin and William Ryan

Assistant Editor: Claudia Grinnell

Art Director: J. Eric McNeil

Managing Editor: Mona Oliver

Copy Editor: Jackie Tucker

poetry  
fiction  
pictures  
links

The Blue Moon Review

Soup Is Back  
by Claudia Grinnell

Soup is back, the sign says. I didn't know soup was gone but I am glad it is back. Soup is good for all kinds of souls, a sort of perfection between too liquid and too solid.



Claudia Grinnell

feature • poetry • contents •

Interview

Poetry is always possible because everything else is possible, too.—Claudia Grinnell



This is Claudia Grinnell's bio in a nutshell!  
Claudia Grinnell was born and raised in Germany. She now makes her home in Louisiana, where she teaches at the University of Louisiana at Monroe. Her poems have appeared in various print and ezines, most recently in such places as Exquisite Corpse, Hayden's Ferry Review, New Orleans Review, Mudlark, Janus Head, and Blue Moon Review. Her first full-length book of poetry, **Conditions Horizontal**, was published by Missing Consonant Press in the Fall of 2001.

It's a modest description of her writing credentials; but, it yields very little about the writer behind the work, or the work, itself. However, here is some interesting data, (most of it culled from the internet):

Claudia has written at least eight fiction pieces (which can be found on her home page, Command Central) and at Able Muse; she has written several essays; her poetry has been published in over a hundred journals not counting print journals, she is/has been the assistant editor for Sundress Publications and turnrow. She has been featured in several notable journals including one of my favorites, Samsara Quarterly; she has consulted with and translated several poems for other writers; and, she reads and reads tons of articles, poetry journals, reviews.

The question remains, what hasn't Claudia done? Well she says she hasn't been able to fly or make herself disappear or walk on water. But the editors of Sundress Publications beg to differ.

Claudia Grinnell was born and raised in Germany where she lived and raised hell until she was twenty-five. Then the German government had had enough of her antics and kicked her out of the country. . . . Claudia is incredibly smart and can leap tall buildings without even trying. She is wealthy beyond belief, having made a fortune off her teaching position.

Mia: Which one of these bios, Claudia, is a more accurate portrayal of you?

Claudia: Take your pick. I've been called worse by better people. But who I am, and where I'm from is unimportant. Bobby swears I'm the White Goddess. And to him, at times, I am. All I know for sure is nothing. And that changes from day to day. Nothing is a slippery bugger. Honest, I can't get a good grip on this answer, or maybe the question itself. Maybe the ideal Claudia could be wealthy and the real one poor and pious. Or the other way 'round. The money would be corrosive, of course. It would quickly lead to love of money.

The trouble is that the most harmful desires make the most profound poetry. Nothing kills a poet more quickly than the poison of piety. I have sometimes thought that the ideal life would be to live for six months a year meditating in a monastery in some very remote part of Spain, and to spend the other six months being madly in love with someone with whom I wanted to fling myself into an orgy of dancing that went on until after dawn. Each six months would give depth of meaning to the other, and life would be maddeningly full. And that's something I haven't done.

the border

Contributors  
Nick Barrett, Dave Smith, Phyllis Stowell, Alfred Schward, Yue An, Ken Fontaine, Charles Fregenda, C. Romano, Leon Stoberbury, Kirk Westcott, Rebecca Lilly, Joy Leiby, Slip Fox, Ken Harris, Tom Whitworth, Lisa Samuels, David Thomas Roberts, Claudia Grinnell, Bob Grunman, Jim Lattwich, Lindsay Hill, Camille Martin, David Ecker, Paul Maylor, Susan Facknitz, Lew Thomas, Lewis Jennifer Grotz, Michael Burns, Colleen Marton, At Maginnes, Mary A. McCay



home page  
mailing list  
about  
guidelines  
staff  
contact  
subscribe  
back issues

