



## Gone

*Fanny Howe*

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## **Gone** Fanny Howe

This collection of new poems by one of the most respected poets in the United States uses motifs of advance and recovery, doubt and conviction—in an emotional relation to the known world. Heralded as "one of our most vital, unclassifiable writers" by the *Voice Literary Supplement*, Fanny Howe has published more than twenty books and is the recipient of the Gold Medal for Poetry from the Commonwealth Club of California. In addition, her *Selected Poems* received the 2001 Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize for the Most Outstanding Book of Poetry Published in 2000 from the Academy of American Poets.

The poems in *Gone* describe the transit of a psyche, driven by uncertainty and by love, through various stations and experiences. This volume of short poems and one lyrical essay, all written in the last five years, is broken into five parts; and the longest of these, "The Passion," consecrates the contradictions between these two emotions. The *New York Times Book Review* said, "Howe has made a long-term project of trying to determine how we fit into God's world, and her aim is both true and marvelously free of sentimental piety." With *Gone*, readers will have the opportunity to experience firsthand Howe's continuation of that elusive and fascinating endeavor.

## **Gone** Details

Date : Published April 30th 2003 by University of California Press (first published January 1st 2003)

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Author : Fanny Howe

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## From Reader Review Gone for online ebook

### Kent says

I will always be interested in a book that approaches theology with both humility and curiosity. Howe admits that it is a search--in the first section of the book she looks for some alternative "she" that will mean she has discovered something. But then it's her walking through the fourteen stations of the cross, as a speaker who is experiencing each moment as it happens, that makes me interested in participating in her religion.

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### Lily Patchett says

initially felt a bit too academic w/o having something else to hold them up, but as i read on i really fell into this collection and didn't lift my head until the very end. i feel like they work best all together, feeding off each other's concepts and words. deals w/what to do w consciousness (how far it can go), how consciousness can be translated into words and the pain of an inexact vocabulary, how to relate to other's consciousness, how to trust yourself, others, anything at all, need need need (fact of being a body), how to escape aloneness, what kind of escape do we want? etc. amongst much more I'm sure I was not sensitive to on the first read/are not possible to be articulated in a shitty goodreads review. ps even tho I said I think the poems work best together, here is one of my favourites all by itself:

"I was hungry for love

It was pathetic the stones  
I threw or smashed my mouth on  
in my pathology of starvation

This hunger drove me  
into the vineyards  
with their dropping pebble-gray fruits

One mouth opened and sucked  
out some of my love  
Fermented mouth and tongue

I hung in the tree  
of that one's torso and bones  
It was the fruit I had been hunting"

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### Matt Ely says

Does best what poetry does uniquely: shock you into a universe where words take you beyond themselves into a feeling for which words do no justice. You are left wanting more because it gives you just enough to be afraid or doubt or wonder, but leaves you there in that "almost."

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## **B. Mason says**

Gone is a fumbling, grasping at the contours of the divine. I wish all theological journeys had such beauty and mysticism of the common.

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## **Janie says**

Fanny Howe has no quams with immersing herself in a mystery that is intended to be felt rather than articulated. Her short lyrics seem to float in and out of time and memory. nestled in this book of poetry is a lyric essay!

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## **Lightsey says**

The puzzle with Howe is twofold, maybe: context and sequence. Because even the long poem here, "The Passion," doesn't necessarily have a moving forward character, although it appears to be a poem of grief (context missing) and generally poems of grief arrive at a somewhat comforted state eventually. But, you know, I think it's a real victory to write a sustained poem about grief that develops, that goes places, but that doesn't sink into artificial consolation. Loose ends please.

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## **C says**

He is felt as a feeling she feels him  
She doesn't know why he to him being  
Battle-catching mother  
Whom she caught at the circulation  
Still remembers  
In her rose-lipped perceptor

(Love-thorn or birthing)

There is something between them

It climbs colorlike  
The shades of pain  
Describing their skins  
Like a map's edge of ocean  
It laps from her to him

They do feel that third person!

- from "Shadows"

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