Mel Freilicher & Jim Miller: Wednesday, September 26th at 7 p.m. in Love Library, Room 430.

We had the sky up there all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss whether mankind was inherently monstrous and greedy, or if it was primarily the capitalist class. —Mel Freilicher, From, American Cream

Through it all, the sound of the waves crashing in and receding went on and on like the heart of the universe beating, no matter what happened or to whom. —Jim Miller, From, Last Days in Ocean Beach

Carly Joy Miller: Wednesday, October 17th at 7 p.m. in Love Library, Room 430.

This is the body: take it or not. Yes, the body falls. Of course: we are meant for dents. Of course: we shiver in grief. Of course: try to shake up some glimmer of light. Turn ourselves loose on the wind. —From, “Colony”

The Laurie Okuma Memorial Reading presents, Vi Khi Nao: Wednesday, October 24th at 7 p.m. in Love Library, Room 430.

I stand before God for hours while the sea roams. Salt-fermented clusters of air chase the outer rims of waves. Sun. Gun. Gone. Where is winter now when I need her to fire and split a bullet of light into two? —From, Fish in Exile

Lee Briccetti: Wednesday, November 14th at 7 p.m. in Love Library, Room 430.

, touch— is this not, finally, coming to our senses
, we make our souls
, not far from bears on the orchard trails, apples in their lusty mouths —From, “Sky Notes/Sky Sonnet (4)”

Manuel Paul López: Wednesday, November 28th at 7 p.m. in Love Library, Room 430.

10. To avoid bad luck hum the first verse of the greatest poem of all time, though use discretion, because many will disagree with your choice and attempt to cut you.

—From, “Ten New Superstitions”

Blas Falconer & April Wilder: Wednesday, December 5th at 7 p.m. in Love Library, Room 430.

Below, the city rests. You’ll test yourself the way you always have, a boy

stepping into the dark and the story
it held—whatever it was. —Blas Falconer, From “To press the air, to bless the silhouette”

Normally what Kat didn’t like about swimming was the feeling, when she was submerged, of being the place in the water that wasn’t water, of being, herself, the negative space in the element, which is how the man from Atlantic had to feel out there, pumping his sad solitary conjoined legs, waiting for the sight of any other being at all like himself. —April Wilder, From, This Is Not an Accident