



Rise Up

Matthew Rohrer

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“Equal parts punk rock and pastoral, [Rohrer has] a voice that seems unearthly in its ability to be detached and simultaneously tender.”—*American Poet*

Approaching pleasure and terror with the same searching and determined curiosity, *Rise Up* traverses political, natural, and domestic landscapes with gentle agility. Beautifully crafted surfaces give way to sincere depth.

Matthew Rohrer is the author of *A Green Light* (2004, shortlisted for the Griffin Prize), *Satellite*, and *A Hummock in the Malookas*. He has appeared on NPR’s *All Things Considered* and *The Next Big Thing*.

Rise Up Details

Date : Published April 1st 2007 by Wave Books

ISBN : 9781933517186

Author : Matthew Rohrer

Format : Paperback 72 pages

Genre : Poetry

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From Reader Review Rise Up for online ebook

Adam says

One of the finest american poets(for me)makes the world feel new and stranger again.

Michael says

from *Rise Up* by Matthew Rohrer

Sharp

Music all day on the stereo. And the rain
in the streets, it's like I'm with friends.
It is hard not to pour a glass of wine in the morning.
I am raining. A red-tailed hawk settles
on an old antenna behind the house
and looks right into my eyes
while I'm on the phone with Ellen. Ellen
I say slowly, I'm sure you will succeed
in your endeavors. Those are
not the words I planned to say.
I was still awakening from a dream of the distant war.

Note: My initial rating (10/2010) gave 4 stars; rereading this collection (5/2012)... Yes! 5 stars!

Leanna says

Not really my style, but a few lines I liked a lot:

"I wonder how much you miss me.
At night I make a little sound.
It sounds like a witch opening a birthday present."

and

"You kiss me goodbye sometimes
and I feel you transfer everything."

Julia says

I loved so many things about this book but the two long poems at the end felt skeletal. I might need to read it again. I really, really want to love it all because it feels so strange to not love something written by Matt Rohrer. I will try again.

Matthew Hinea says

"When we wake up / the implications are terrifying"

Melissa says

Rise Up moved me.

Our house
a terrible current
manifestation of the cosmos
leaks love.

James says

This is my favorite book of poems to come out in 2007 as of yet though it seems it might stay that way. The references to Romance poets are equal parts fun and thoughtful. I also am pretty fond of the graphic design in the first few pages. Weee and such to that. "The Darkness Needs A Little Shove" might win out as my favorite section of the book though, a series of small bits curving all over the place. I'm really not sure what to say right now. I probably shouldn't be trying to review something while I'm so exhausted. I'll have to edit this later.

In summation, read this book. Best book of poems in '07.

Jacob says

So, I don't know how this happened but in all the confusion about there being multiple Matt Rohrers, and maybe that there might actually not be an East Coast Matthew Rohrer at all, and that Matthew Rohrer might actually be an artificial poet invented by Fence Magazine, ghost written by a crack team of cutting edge poets to help promote the East Coast as a vibrant literary center much like Tao Lin was invented Tao Lin to promote veganism and loneliness, but we now know that the East Coast is a myth, much like our reasons for going to war in Iraq or global warming or the myth of progress or Jesus Christ or the myth of tenure or the myth of the MFA program or the myth of MLA or the myth of the AWP or the myth of the blogosphere or the myth of the book contest, but in my confusion I accidentally confused Matt Rohrer with Crescent Dragonwagon. In that confusion, I confused Rise Up with The Passionate Vegetarian. In my confusion, I

posted a review in this space that was actually a blurb for The Passionate Vegetarian but in my confusion I replaced all instances of the words "Crescent Dragonwagon" with "Matt Rohrer" and all instances of the words "The Passionate Vegetarian" with "Rise Up."

In my confusion, I confused two Matt Rohrers and made them equal to one. I confused that one Matt Rohrer with Crescent Dragonwagon. I confused a cookbook with a book of poetry. I confused my anxiety about the internet and literature with art. I confused my audience with your audience and I'm sorry it won't ever happen again. I confused the words "Matthew Rohrer" with "The Matt Rohrer Project." I confused confusion with intention and thought about that for a little while and decided that there really has to be a better way to keep track of things like this.

Phoebe says

Matthew Rorher speaks to me. Although, similar to most contemporary poetry I encounter, Rorher spends some of his poetry moments up in the stratosphere of metaphor, he regularly comes back down to get you in the ribs with a line snatched from your own life (how'd he get that?). His are the best interjections of colloquial speech and everyday activity into poetry that I've come across in years. Cheers for Rorher! I look forward to reading more.

Saxon says

Rohrer seems content putting together poems that consist of mere observations and very little insight. This isn't always a bad thing ("A man walking down the street./A man looking intently at a woman./A man running into a fire hydrant./And crumbling./The absolute rightness of it.) but having read his earlier stuff, I wish for his a better balance between the two. Unfortunately, this is lacking in Rise Up and when it does appear it seems as though Rohrer has gone all repetitive or paranoid on us--and he doesn't do paranoid well. Nevertheless, this thin collection still reveals brief instances of his quiet talent.

Madeline says

i recognize the fact that some of these poems could be better. and i did like satellite more, but i can't help it, rohrer still makes me feel incredibly tender.

forgive me, but i have to share this last bit of "statistics of deadly quarrels":

"When the room is fully dark
I will go to the corner
store to buy a few cold beers.
No one will touch me. I won't
say a word. The strategy
of nuclear deterrence
is working admirably.
On the surface of Venus
perpetually shrouded

in clouds, the part of me I
keep most secret is soaking
in a porcelain bathtub.
And I look at myself there
in the hot water and see
that I am a planet-wide
catastrophe. I sleep
imperfectly, I'm covered
by my wife, she thinks I said
something hurtful on purpose,
she rolls away, down a hill.
Like Johannes Kepler I am going to
disgress until I have glimpsed
the co-eternal glory.
A key turns in the deadbolt,
it's my wife, she's home from work.
A new song is sung unto
her green dress and her long legs.
One pleasant summer
afternoon she stopped
to examine the shell
of a bivalve at Montauk
where a red flag flew over
the beach and our intentions.
Her face is more beautiful
than all the physical laws,
and I sat down in the sand
where her elegance began
and the waves and the blue sky
won't end. And I did not even
despair of my salvation."

Christina says

"I tried to walk it off but must have walked in the wrong direction." Genius.

Natalie says

I couldn't connect his dots and didn't feel like I had much impetus to try. That's not to say I didn't like any of it.

Amy says

I didn't like it as much as "A Plate of Chicken."

