



CHEERIO
POETRY

2023

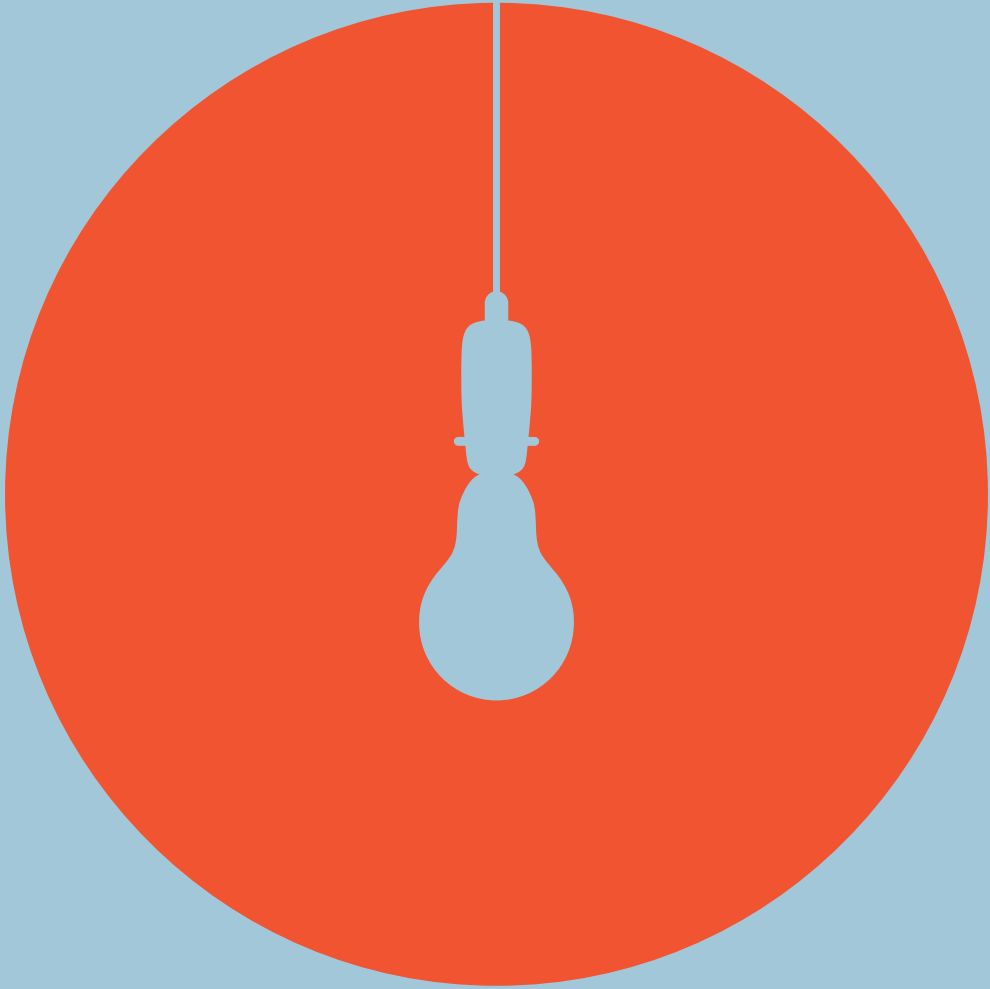
2023 will see the first landmark releases on the CHEERIO Poetry list, launching an exciting programme of new collections, hybrid works and anthologies. From the very beginning, submissions to the list have been exceptional – long may we continue to draw such talent! – and we are very proud indeed of the list as it unfolds.

In April 2023 we will publish PLUS ULTRA, the dazzling, interrogative debut by Sarah Fletcher. Exploring the borders of pain, sex, intention and love, Sarah's work has been described by Chris Kraus as 'highly mobile, troubled, troubling, rich and fraught' – PLUS ULTRA is undoubtedly a hit in the making.

The autumn of next year will see Kandace Siobhan Walker's first collection, COWBOY, a book of great wit and anxiety, restless in its quick-minded cataloguing of contemporary woes. Kandace has been a winner of the White Review Poet's Prize, of which CHEERIO is a proud partner. We're delighted to bring her onto the CHEERIO roster with this wonderful and knowing debut.

Francis Bacon was a great enthusiast of poetry. I'm glad to have the opportunity to build the Poetry list at CHEERIO, and in so doing to support such an impressive clutch of books – debuts, at that – and to build a list that contains in it something of the sensibility of his art in its depth, challenge and risk.

Martha Sprackland, CHEERIO Poetry Editor



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POETRY



PLUS ULTRA

Sarah
Fletcher

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PLUS ULTRA

Sarah Fletcher

April 2023

PLUS ULTRA is the dazzling debut collection from a poet pushing at the boundaries, reaching towards the 'further beyond' of its title poem to explore questions of pain, love, sex, power and the sublime. These poems challenge, play and press, but also carry an anxiety around borders: what is 'beyond'? What happens when we puncture that line that separates what we know from the things we do not yet know?

With a sharp, Plathian interrogative voice Fletcher's poems prowl the bars and night-haunts of Madrid and London, and in rich, mythic language plumb the below-places where discoveries are made, drowned, and left behind.

*'Sarah Fletcher's poems are highly mobile,
troubled, troubling, rich and fraught.'*
– **Chris Kraus, author of *I Love Dick***

Sarah Fletcher is an American-British writer currently researching a PhD at Aberystwyth in pain and language. Her poems have appeared in the *White Review*, *Poetry London*, *Poetry Review* and other publications. She has published three pamphlets: *Kissing Angles* (Dead Ink, 2015), *Typhoid August* (Poetry Business, 2018) and *Caviar* (Out-Spoken, 2022).

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Format

B paperback with flaps

80pp

£10.99

ISBN 978 1 80081 646 6

Café Barbieri

from *PLUS ULTRA*

When I consider how my *my*
is linked to the orange drink
in a yellow bar. The red curtains. The floor, brown...
Do you get the image?

Against mores, quakes and ices
my breath supersedes my tongue forever.
One time, my eminent siren haywired Café Barbieri:
Hands up! But none attends my stick-up, except
John... Does the police noises as well. It's a set-up.

Anacruses, always, both, to nervous ambience,
though drinking orange
helps, at least ambulatorily.

My *my* auxiliary to my body, his *my* auxiliary to his body. Just
like old times.

What good is a bell, full with echoes, false alarms?
My thirst will hush its spaces with these orange swarms.
If you bang me, I will not touch – no, no. Vice versa.
I'm so nervous, I can't remember.

Cheers to John, who understands cheers John you do –
that to lock my *my* out from the form
of the orange drink
the yellow bar
the salty thoughts of the rough patrons, even the floor;
brown, is
to lock out its scary causes:

the orgiastic dream of God that comes like a flying object, spraying
light on everything,
our weak condominiums included!

For Rilke in the Cotswolds

from PLUS ULTRA

Why here I am I do not know.
The fog's technology obscures not only sight
but meaning. I see wet, tangled fingers, shedding leaves.
Fog passes through them: are they learning?

This time it's come damper; and with
the sound of a seashell crouched against
an infant's ear: What blood-echo am I inside?
Its circulation hides the mother-moon.

Fog has no gender but many children.
It decides what to reveal. How blasphemous.
I'm unprepared to breathe the implications
of a morally neutral discourse. My lungs have motives.

It filters my coat, and my body, which is
also my thoughts. There is no border
to my vision: just fuzzy seams it
threatens to unpick.

I have already said that I am sorry.
I have truanted the holy spirit.
Let myself be haunted by myself alone.
Fog calls me now, as dense as Hebrew

and overwhelming as prophecy.
I promise I – my life – will change.



COWBOY

Kandace Siobhan
Walker

CHERIO
POETRY

COWBOY

Kandace Siobhan Walker

October 2023

The poems in **COWBOY** are knowing, millennial, internet-sick, funny, but there are deeper undercurrents, too: of embodied and disembodied longing; of animals; of family and family stories; of grief; of autism-spectrum diagnoses and case histories; of early and enduring disappointment; of the wildness underneath the smooth glass-and-chrome surfaces of modern life.

The echo of a question permeates the collection – where did I grow up? – moving restlessly between Wales, London and the esoteric spaces of the internet. Childhood transfigures into adolescence, which transforms – inexplicably – into adulthood, with all its attendant weirdness of rent-paying and cohabiting and the churn of mindless work.

The generous abundance of **COWBOY**'s references – memes, TV shows, songs, place names, drinking games, videogames – bring anxiety and pressure, but also joy and glory to this singularly impressive debut.

*Walker's approach is as improvisationally deft
as it is technically assured.*

– Kayo Chingonyi, editor of *More Fiya*

Kandace Siobhan Walker is a writer and artist of Canadian, Jamaican, Gullah-Geechee and Welsh heritage. She is an editor at *bath magg*. In 2021, she was an Eric Gregory Award recipient and the winner of the White Review Poet's Prize. Her debut poetry pamphlet, *Kaleido*, was published by Bad Betty Press in 2022. She lives in London.

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Wales / You! Me! Dancing!

from COWBOY

Meet me at the station. Shotgun front seat.
Dreams and lads in the hedgerows, the past is
only ever the past. Driving with the windows down.
It calls my name only when we're alone. I'm like rain –
I decide when I've come home.
The past is a colourised movie. I'm proud but I would eat
every sound and shadow for a foothold.
We're all ashamed of what we want: I want a blue tick,
I want nationalism, a view from the sunroof.
I want to feel human, to belong to other people is
to want other people to belong to you.

The Art of Girlhood

from COWBOY

Who is human and who can't be?
The angels asked us who is like god.

The literal translation of my name is light.
I am always looking for meaning somewhere.

Ever seen a blue so deep it was black? Then
you'll recognise the practiced art of absence.

We exceed borders and bandwidth,
we're beyond the imagination of power.

In the bathroom there is always a girl
who will tell me exactly where I was born.

As soon as I heard my bones shift and whine
below the hand of someone I wanted to love,

I knew I'd never seen water for what it really was.
We're persuasive arguments. We're beyond the translation
of light. Don't just ask for it. Put your hands in, pull it out.



CHEERIO

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