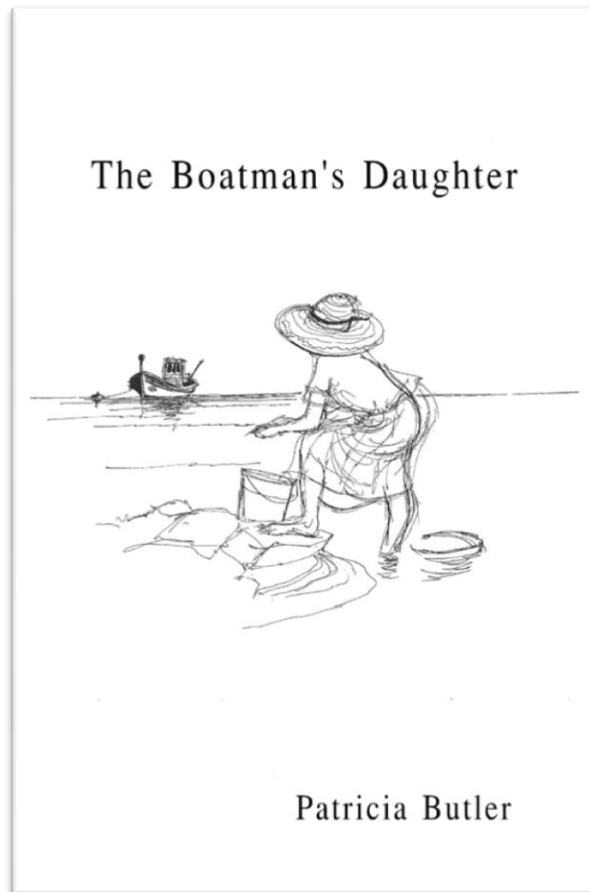


The Boatman's Daughter



Patricia Butler

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BIO

Pat Butler grew up on Long Island, adjacent to the melting pot of New York City. This created endless juxtapositions and complementary rhythms for poetry: seashore and subway, beach strolls and urban crawls, clam shacks and multi-cultural diversity.

A love for poetry, art, coast and city developed, along with a lifestyle alternating between quiet contemplation at the seashore and the creative stimulation of urban energy.



As a young adult, Pat moved overseas, exploring these passions through the lens of another culture. Family became an anchor, roots to which she returned regularly. In the context of her large family, Pat began exploring themes of place, identity and home. All find their way into her poems, which first appeared online and in literary journals.

The Boatman's Daughter, sequel to *Poems from the Boatyard*, continues to probe these themes, and introduces a new one: the critical role of the father in a child's life. The signature piece of *The Boatman's Daughter*, "The Scent of Poplars," is a character sketch of her own father and his impact on her life.

Pat returned to the United States in 2006, and currently resides in the Atlanta GA area. This is her second chapbook.

MEDIA RELEASE

Finishing Line Press
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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

The Boatman's Daughter

Finishing Line Press announces the release of *The Boatman's Daughter*. The poetry chapbook, part of Finishing Line's critically acclaimed Chapbook Series, is by Georgia author, Pat Butler.



The chapbook, a sequel to Butler's first, *Poems from the Boatyard*, continues to explore the themes of place, identity, home, with an emphasis on the impact of a father's life on the child.

"The Boatman's Daughter is a poetic journey that brings us to the water's edge and beyond. We smell the sea spray, fly with egrets, run with a rising flock of sea gulls, and visit an interior shore where prayers drop like crabs. We dream of going down with the boat, feel grief and healing on Enders Island, laugh at the Death of the Horse-Bitten Car and an ill-fated craft, Slip Jig. The final poem is a tribute to the boatman, who taught his daughter about building a boat – and a life – and, when the time comes, about letting go. These well-crafted words come straight from the heart."—Sara DeLuca, author of *Dancing the Cows Home* (Minnesota Historical Society Press) and *Shearing Time* (Finishing Line Press.)

"In The Boatman's Daughter, Patricia Butler writes of "Bob," the man who speaks "for the eyes of the mind." She describes "Woodpecker Hollow," and urges us to close our eyes that we may be there—and we are. Like the poems in the predecessor volume, Poems from the Boatyard, these are, indeed, poems written for the eyes of the mind. Each one evokes imagery that is easily accessible as one simply reads, closes those eyes for a moment, to find oneself there.

The poems create waves of emotions: "September 11" brings fear; "Catastrophe" feelings of both finality and hope; "Mutts," chuckles; and Pat's "Heaven" is so much more desirable than Mark Twain's dystrophic description in *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*.

Pat has serendipitously—or very cleverly—created the best possible description of the book itself. The epic concluding poem, “The Scent of Poplars,” is a tribute not only to Patricia’s father and neighbors, but to her own talent.” --Paul Lentz, Author, The Gospel Truth

Pat Butler grew up on Long Island, NY, where life revolved around beaches, boats and clam shacks. Leaving the island as a young adult, Pat opted for city living in New England and France, traveling widely while rediscovering her roots through other cultures. This is Pat’s second chapbook, which continues to explore the themes of identity, place and family evoked in her first: *Poems from the Boatyard* (also published by Finishing Line Press). Pat has also published in *Fresh Boiled Peanuts*, *Rhythm & Rhyme 6*, and *Ruminate*, as well as online magazines. Currently residing in the Atlanta, GA area, Pat works for OM Arts International, using her poetry and art to connect with people of other cultures. She continues to travel widely and enjoys art, cultures, and any activity in, near or on the ocean.

The chapbook features cover art by her uncle, Jack Butler.

The Boatman’s Daughter can be ordered through Finishing Line Press, an award-winning publisher based in Georgetown, KY (www.finishinglinepress.com) In addition to the Chapbook Series, it publishes the New Women’s Voices Series and sponsors an Open Chapbook Competition. Finishing Line Press and Senior Editor Leah Maines were featured in both the 2001 and 2002 Poet’s Market.

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Blurbs: The Boatman's Daughter

"From the 'joy in the face of the boy/who gathers seagulls/to himself with crusts of bread...' to the 'father building a boat,' the poems in *The Boatman's Daughter* are deftly drawn descriptions from days spent close to nature. Patricia Butler's poetry is refreshing and heartfelt."

Leah Maines, Publisher, Finishing Line Press

The Boatman's Daughter is a poetic journey that brings us to the water's edge and beyond. We smell the sea spray, fly with egrets, run with a rising flock of sea gulls, and visit an interior shore where *prayers drop like crabs*. We dream of going down with the boat, feel grief and healing on *Enders Island*, laugh at the *Death of the Horse-Bitten Car* and an ill-fated craft, *Slip Jig*. The final poem is a tribute to the boatman, who taught his daughter about building a boat – and a life – and, when the time comes, about letting go. These well-crafted words come straight from the heart.

Sara DeLuca, author of Dancing the Cows Home (Minnesota Historical Society Press) and Shearing Time (Finishing Line Press.)

In her second chapbook, Patricia Butler introduces us to "Bob," who speaks "for the eyes of the mind." She describes "Woodpecker Hollow," urging us to close our eyes that we may be there—and we are. Like *Poems from the Boatyard*, its predecessor, *The Boatman's Daughter* is indeed written for the eyes of the mind.

Each poem evokes imagery that is easily accessible as one simply reads and closes those eyes for a moment. Waves of emotion ripple through "September 11," bringing fear, or "Catastrophe," which mixes finality and hope. "Mutts" gives us a chuckle; and Pat's "Heaven" is so much more desirable than Mark Twain's dystrophic description in *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*.

Pat has serendipitously—or very cleverly—created the best possible description of the book itself. The epic concluding poem, "The Scent of Poplars," is a tribute not only to Pat's father and neighbors, but to her own talent.

Paul W. Lentz, Jr. Author, The Gospel Truth

SOUTHSIDE BOOK REVIEWS

Reviews of Books Recently Written By Southside Authors

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November 20, 2013

Pat Butler Contributes Poetry to the Southside Scene

A Review of Pat Butler's *The Boatman's Daughter*

(Finishing Line Press, 2013), 36 pp, \$12.00

ISBN: 978-1622229-424-4

Reviewer: Forrest W. Schultz

The boatman in the title does not refer to a sailor or a captain of a boat, but to a builder of a boat. Half of this chapbook is the poem "The Scent of Poplars," which the author has written about this builder, her father, and the analogy it has with life, which is striking because the boat was not finished, which is parallel to that of our lives—they are not finished here; they only start here. This is the best poem in the collection. The others are short—some of them very short—and most are about life on the seashore—egrets and crabs and the like. The meanings of some of these are clear and others are not (at least to me), which is also like life—some things we understand; some we do not.

Butler, who lives in Fayette County, is involving herself in the local literary scene: she recently appeared at Dogwood Gallery and participated in the recently held Books Down South Festival, where she had some enjoyable conversations with a fellow Fayette poet, Brigitte Byrd.

Information is available at
<http://poemsfromtheboatyard.blogspot.com/>,
<http://www.literaryboatyard.com/>
and
<http://www.finishinglinepress.com/>

The Boatman's Daughter



Patricia Butler

Excerpts

THE SCENT OF POPLARS

I.

Walking along a row of poplars in a cemetery,
I marvel that now a half century marks my first whiff of poplars,
yet I recognize the scent immediately, and remember five poplars
standing in a row along a white fence, like folded umbrellas.

II.

The poplars stood out like foreigners in a neighborhood filled
with maples and pines. No one else had poplars in their backyard.
My father said they came from Italy. I wondered how poplars
from Italy came to stand in our backyard.

III.

The poplars stood like sentinels, guarding an anomaly:
my father building a boat.
No one else's father was building a boat.
We wondered if we should be worried or proud.
Our mother had her doubts, and I was a bit worried;
my father continued to build his boat.

IV.

The boat began life upside down.
"Why?" we asked.
"Because that's how you build a boat!"

We hated when he gave us cryptic answers to simple questions,
but weren't sure how to proceed, baffled as we were by the boat.
Fortunately, our father's love of teaching trumped his love of teasing...

JOY

Joy in the face of the boy
 who gathers seagulls
 to himself with crusts of bread.

And when the flock is fully formed,
 dense as autumn leaves raked into a heap,
 he runs and jumps into their midst laughing,
 shouting, and scattering them to the wind.

PADRE & THE CHAPERONES

Padre functioned best as the football coach—
head set back beneath his black padre hat,
with its peaked dome and pom-pom top,
eyes half-closed like some sun-drunk cat,
neither holy or jovial, overweight and poker-faced,
cigar in left hand, some boy's ear in his right.
A man's man, the men would say—
he still holds them rapt...

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Pinterest:

<http://www.pinterest.com/boatyardpat/my-poetry/followers/>

You Tube:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U0PWqt7_oSk

Google+:

<https://plus.google.com/u/0/>