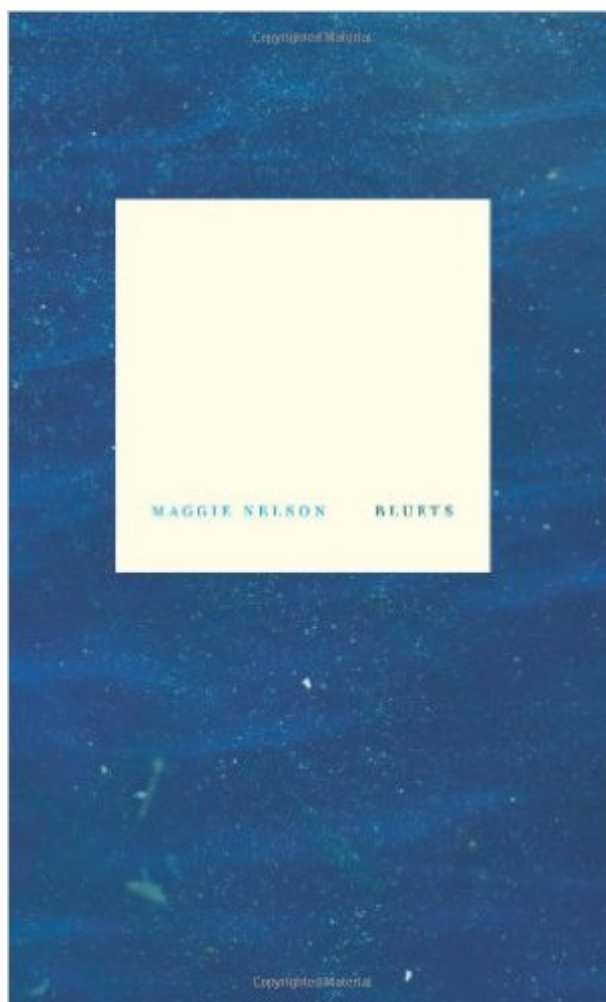


The book was found

Bluets



Synopsis

Suppose I were to begin by saying that I had fallen in love with a color . . . A lyrical, philosophical, and often explicit exploration of personal suffering and the limitations of vision and love, as refracted through the color blue. With *Bluets*, Maggie Nelson has entered the pantheon of brilliant lyric essayists. Maggie Nelson is the author of numerous books of poetry and nonfiction, including *Something Bright, Then Holes* (Soft Skull Press, 2007) and *Women, the New York School, and Other True Abstractions* (University of Iowa Press, 2007). She lives in Los Angeles and teaches at the California Institute of the Arts.

Book Information

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Average Customer Review: 4.4 out of 5 starsÂ Â See all reviewsÂ (53 customer reviews)

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Customer Reviews

I am the target audience for this book. A girl in art school in her 20s who likes girl bands and talking about feelings. I've never read anything else by Maggie Nelson but she hits the right tones for me. I would want to sit at her table in the cafeteria or skip school to smoke cigarettes with her. *Bluets* is not specifically about anything except a love letter to the color blue. Mostly about the constant ping ponging of depression, finding yourself up against it and remembering when you were in it. Here's excerpt that prompted me to buy this book, "Of course, you could also just take off the blindfold and say, 'I think this game is stupid, and I'm not playing it anymore'. And it must also be admitted that hitting the wall or wandering off in the wrong direction or tearing off the blindfold is as much a part of the game as is pinning the tail on the donkey". I read that in 2011 and I was sold. It became my bath book, my beach book, my bus book. It's like reading someone's grocery list; it's easy and short and if you like sitting in a pool of sorrow once and a while Nelson's right there with you, until you choose

to get out of it. I also brought this book to jury duty. I went through security and put it in the plastic tub which smelled like pee and went through the metal detector- Stepped out to the wood paneled hallway, which seemed to be making fun of itself it was so ugly- sat in a large room with people pretending to be way too important to be there. My name was called, I went with my group to the court room. It's like the first day of school where no one talks to each other. The judge comes out and starts speaking another language. (We should all really know more about the law). It was a DUI case. And so I read Bluets in between excuses to get out of jury duty.

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