

by PETER CICCARIELLO

*My most recent work has experimented with language as object, poem as thing. How is a poem read when context is ruptured? Or when language creates its own landscape? What is the ability of poetry to critique itself? Can the poem express being completely in visual form? I remain obsessed with the inherent surprise of the poetic object, in the objectification of the poem, and the guising of language in virtual landscape. Language as possibility, language as wonderment.*

We agreed to shut down the pages



Poem never written



Proposed monument for poem in a room

