## Nathaniel Farrell

## Lost Horizon

Taking as a point of departure the retail utopia of the American mallscape — a composite of town square, garden and space station — *Lost Horizon* spirals out through interstate and rail to touch national parks, local attractions, truck stops, big box stores, strip malls, tattoo parlors, oil rigs, flower shops, and baggage claims. Throughout the incessant movement of the book-length poem, unbroken by stanzas or sections, Farrell catalogs and indexes the collision between fantasies of high and low.

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There's a great and wild simultaneity in Nathaniel Farrell's *Lost Horizon*...I kept thinking of that line from Simone Weil: 'Attention is the rarest and purest form of generosity.' *Lost Horizon* is a beautifully generous book.

— DANIELLE DUTTON



This is remarkable poetry by Nathaniel Farrell. Never have I been more mindful of a book's title, falling into flesh, the enduring consumption, consumed by the avalanche of the known world, the horizon seemingly in sight, then lost in the addictive travel with things.

— CA CONRAD



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Nathaniel Farrell was born and raised in Western Pennsylvania. He holds a doctorate in English Literature from Columbia University in New York City. He is the author of *Newcomer* (UDP) and his poetry has been published in 6x6, New York Nights, Greetings Magazine, VLAK, The Brooklyn Rail, and The Recluse. He lives in St. Louis where he teaches composition at Washington University and hosts a weekly experimental music radio program.