Cindy Juyoung Ok House Work

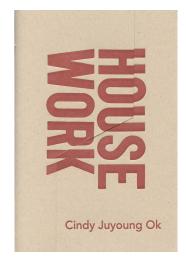
In *House Work*, the unit of the house comes alive and cycles through its roles as need, world, and limit. The poems are charmed by containment and estranged by domesticity both in a specific house and in the imagined abstraction of home. Housework, house, and work come to reflect architectural and emotional structures more and more variously.

Cindy Juyoung Ok's *House Work* is a revelation of the interior, and this collection sounds the measure of rooms and language, love and knowing, longing and safety. 'Form' she writes, 'outlives / you, but barely,' revealing that the boundaries of the poem are only slightly less precarious than that of the body, a home only slightly more stable than the field that surrounds it.

— Donika Kelly

I think what Cindy Juyoung Ok's poems do is they misspeak ('don't skid yourself') so as to speakbig, where speakbig is like writ large: the little glitch opens on to major malfunction. For example, 'my country / provides an illusion of synthesis, as my landlord supplies // a fantasy of individuality.' Or, 'Lack is spacious and, / a spring, seams me to it.' I think also that these poems are about the safety of a house, or rather 'the idea' of it. Something's always snagging on the tooth of it. So the poems are also (don't kid yourself) about threat which lurks through their dexterous, devious syntax: 'a swarm / from which I am wrung. As I, wrong, form.'

— Aditi Machado



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Cindy Juyoung Ok teaches undergraduate creative writing, has poems published in journals like *The Nation, Poetry*, and *Black Warrior Review*, and is a MacDowell Fellow, Phyllis Smart-Young Prize winner, and Ruth Lilly and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Fellowship finalist.