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EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES

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The NAR is housed on the ancestral
lands of the Báxoje or Bah Kho-Je
(Iowa), oθaakiwaki·hina·ki (Sauk)
and Meškawahki-aša·hina (Fox), Očhéthi
Šakówinj (Sioux), Umó"ho" (Omaha),
and Hocał (Ho-Chunk), as well as those
tribal nations who are contemporary
caretakers of land in Iowa, including
the Meskwaki: Sac and Fox Tribe of
the Mississippi in Iowa.

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On December 29, 2022, the *New York Times* ran a centenary obituary. Better late than never. “Poetry Died 100 Years Ago This Month,” explains Matthew Walther, founding editor of *The Lamp*, a fledgling bi-monthly of the orthodox Catholic persuasion. By now, such confident declarations of death have become commonplace. Since at least the 1980s, a self-appointed arbiter every so often feels the need to enlighten the public on the relative vitality of capital-P Poetry. They either bury its long dead corpse and offer a grievous post-mortem or sit vigil bedside in hospice care, lamenting the good old days when it played a more central role in American life. Poor thing. Most prominently, in 1988 Joseph Epstein initiated a decades-long murder mystery in the pages of *Commentary* by asking “Who Killed Poetry?” inspiring Morris Freedman’s “Slowing the Decline of Poetry” later that year. A slew of concurring and dissenting opinions have followed. Donald Hall’s spirited 1989 rallying cry in *Harper’s*, “Death to the Death of Poetry,” offers hope for those who may be inclined to despair: “While most readers and poets agree that ‘nobody reads poetry’...maybe a multitude of nobodies assembles the great audience Whitman looked for.” Dana Gioia’s anxious *Atlantic* essay “Can Poetry Matter?” in 1991 spells out step-by-step instructions for how to make it do so. Four years later, Freedman checks poetry’s pulse in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* with “How Dead is Poetry?” concluding that we must “keep standards pure” and “evaluate fairly and confidently...on the basis of universal and ageless criteria” if we are to “take poetry seriously.” Sounds like fun.

The back and forth over the unfortunate death of Poetry continues apace: “Poetry is Dead,” announces Bruce Wexler in a 2003 *Newsweek* editorial, asking, “Does Anybody Really Care?” D. W. Fenza, erstwhile Executive Director of AWP wonders defensively, “Who Keeps Killing Poetry?” in a 2006 *Writer’s Chronicle* diatribe. In her 2013 takedown “Is Poetry Dead?” *Washington Post* columnist Alexandra Petri answers her own question in the affirmative, followed up two years later in the same pages by Christopher Ingraham’s “Poetry is Going Extinct,” which ushers forth actual government data (*gasp*) to prove once and for all that indeed it is. Reporting for CNN in 2015, Brandon Griggs asks, “Does Poetry Still Matter?” observing that “poetry, once a preeminent form of entertainment, has long since receded to the far, dusty corners of popular culture.” We prefer Kevin Young’s response in his 2012 manifesto “Deadism,” which squares the circle by conceding: “Let it be dead; let us write as if we are already dead.... Only by writing a dead poetry, a zombie poetry, can the thing come back to life, not so much reborn as born for the first time.”