

WHAT RUNS OVER BY KAYLEB RAE CANDRILLI



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Born from the isolation of rural Pennsylvania, a life of homeschooling, and physiological and physical domestic abuse, Kayleb Rae Candrilli's memoir in verse, *What Runs Over*, demands attention. Unfurling and unrelenting in its delivery, Candrilli has painted "the mountain" in excruciating detail. They show readers a world of canned peaches, of Borax cured bear hides, of urine filled Gatorade bottles, of the syringe and all the syringe may carry. They show a world of violence and its many personas. *What Runs Over*, too, is a story of rural queerness, of a transgender boy almost lost to the forest forever.

When Roethke said "energy is the soul of poetry," he might have been anticipating a book like *What Runs Over*, which is so full of energy it practically vibrates in your hand. Here, Candrilli's speaker sticks their tongue "into the heads / of venus fly traps just to feel the bite," then later, burns holy books in the backyard and rolls around in the ashes until they become "a painted god" This is the verve of an urgent new poetic voice announcing itself to the world. As Candrilli writes: "This is what I look like / when I'm trying to save myself."

—Kaveh Akbar, *Calling a Wolf a Wolf*

Part fist-to-the-face-of-God, part pain-drunk-howl, part sex-slick-verie, Kayleb Rae Candrilli's debut book, *What Runs Over*, is brutal and necessary. You will be taken to a mountain, dear reader, and there you will experience the violence of isolation and proximity. But you can (and I do) trust a writer who says, "the pain of being cut to pieces is lovely" and then pays equally deft attention to the pain, the pieces, the loveliness, and the cut.

—TC Tolbert, *Gephyromania*

from *What Runs Over*

the hair mounding between my legs
makes me dwell on my lycanthropy

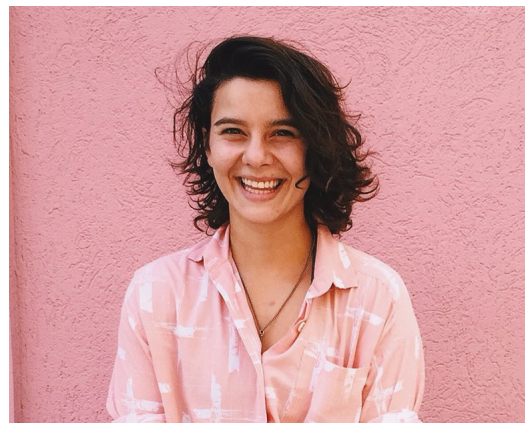
i black out and remember nothing
of what the neighbor boys leave

tangled there // candy wrappers fool's
gold the silver head of a cotton mouth

their blood and mine // sperm that isn't
yet sperm and so it's un-listable

i imagine myself in this black lapse
(all wolf) falsely lustful and gnashing

i want to eat them wholly
and wake up as what I eat



Kayleb Rae Candrilli is author of *What Runs Over*, winner of the 2016 Pamet River Prize, from YesYes Books. They are published or forthcoming in *Puerto del Sol*, *Booth*, *RHINO*, *Cream City Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Rattle*, *Adroit*, *Boaat Press*, *Vinyl*, *CutBank*, *Muzzle*, *New Orleans Review*, and others. They have served as the nonfiction editor of the *Black Warrior Review* and as a feature editor for *NANO Fiction*. They are now an Assistant Poetry Editor for *Boaat Press*. In 2015, Candrilli was a Lambda Literary Emerging Fellow in Nonfiction. Kayleb is a Best of the Net winner and has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes (in prose and poetry) and for Best New Poets.