

NIGHTBOAT BOOKS

PRESS RELEASE

# DON'T LET THEM SEE ME LIKE THIS

## Jasmine Gibson

Publication date: Aug 2018

Nightboat Books

Distributed by UPNE ([www.upne.com](http://www.upne.com))

Paper | \$16.95

ISBN: 978-1-937658-83-0

6 x 9 in | 96 pages | Poetry

Publicity contact:

Stephen Motika at [info@nightboat.org](mailto:info@nightboat.org) or 718-930-1062.



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*An incendiary debut poetry collection that tears into the thick skin of political malaise through to the guts of history*

In *Don't Let Them See Me Like This*, Jasmine Gibson explores myriad intersectional identities in relation to The State, disease, love, sex, failure, and triumph. Speaking to those who feel disillusioned by both radical and banal spaces and inspired/informed by moments of political crisis: Hurricane Katrina, The Jena Six, the extrajudicial executions of Black people, and the periods of insurgency that erupted in response, this book acts as a synthesis of political life and poetic form.

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“Reading this collection is like listening to love poems on a dock while watching transnational cargo ships on fire and sinking. And in these poems, I find relief from my survivor’s guilt and surrender to artificial light; the midpoint of a blues. Here there are no gods of private causes. Just words dashing on our behalf, only a breath’s distance in front of the beast.”— **Tongo Eisen-Martin**

“In *Don't let Them See Me Like This*, Gibson exhorts, “Like motherfucker tell me what’s real” then tells what’s real with a darkly humorous, deft, and devastating language that illuminates erotic desire in the evil work of empire. “Banks get wet” over the death of the poor while banks get wet with the blood of bodies arriving on ships or doing the death dance of debt. White supremacy salivates for the poet’s body, a body “running on lack,” a body in which “desirability” is so close to “disposability.” From capitalism’s theft of Henrietta Lacks’s cells to the lack engineered to perpetuate consumer societies, to the heavy metals in the water supplies of Flint and New Orleans, to the carceral state, to the “family” and the “nation”, the comptrollers of reproductive labor, these poems cut to the quick with incantatory power.”—**Mercedes Eng**

“What to do when you are in the middle of class war? — You will have to hold courage, sensuality, and fear as one dialectical entity, yet watch this entity slip from your hand. This book chronicles this slippage and its resistance. Gibson outlines the abuses cities mired in Capitalism impose on their inhabitants. She does that aided by heavy metal goddesses and devouring lovers. Gibson is a love poem addressing its violent failure: a stunning and unsettling book.”—**Maged Zaher**

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**JASMINE GIBSON** is a Philly jawn based in Brooklyn. She spends her time thinking about sexy things like psychosis, desire, and freedom. She is the author of the chapbook *Drapetomania*.

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