

CHRIS KUJAWA

THE BOOK



CHRIS KUJAWA

THE POET

Chris Kujawa is a Wisconsin-based author and musician with a BA in creative writing from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. He cites artists such as William Blake, Jennifer Espinoza, Bern Porter, Philip K. Dick, and Syd Barrett as major inspirations. In addition to *Celestial Overgrowth*, his 2017 poetry collection *Songs Sharp & Soft* can be found at lulu.com, and his albums *The Last Romanticore of the Apocalypse* and *Finale Instrumentals* can be found on all major streaming platforms.

THE REVIEW

CELESTIAL OVERGROWTH

Growth arrives layered. Strain and care, decay and renewal, humor and exhaustion, side by side in the same day. I loved how the poems hold their truth without trying to clean anything up. It gave me room to feel complicated and still simply human.

Hands matter. Repair matters. Effort matters. This book keeps returning to the work we do with our bodies and our attention. From the small restorations, the shared lifting, the steady choice to keep building.

Celestial Overgrowth, shares that connection keeps the whole system alive. The poems keep asking where love goes, where it shelters, how it circulates. Questions that rested and stayed with me, mind and soul for some time.

If you want a collection that leaves you more awake to your inner weather and more gentle with your own mixed feelings, *Celestial Overgrowth* belongs in your hands. ✧



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A LEGACY OF CIRCLES

Push and pull of tides inside each of us
 Like celestial bodies revolving, closer and apart
 But always a pull

The wind can caress
 The wind can tear apart
 As it bites at my skin
 I walk forward in monotonous steps
 While inside myself
 Monotony is impossible
 It is Big City Highway Rapid
 My heart calls out to the hurting
 My heart yearns for a safety in skin
 To be the fulcrum of their needs, your needs,
 so many needs

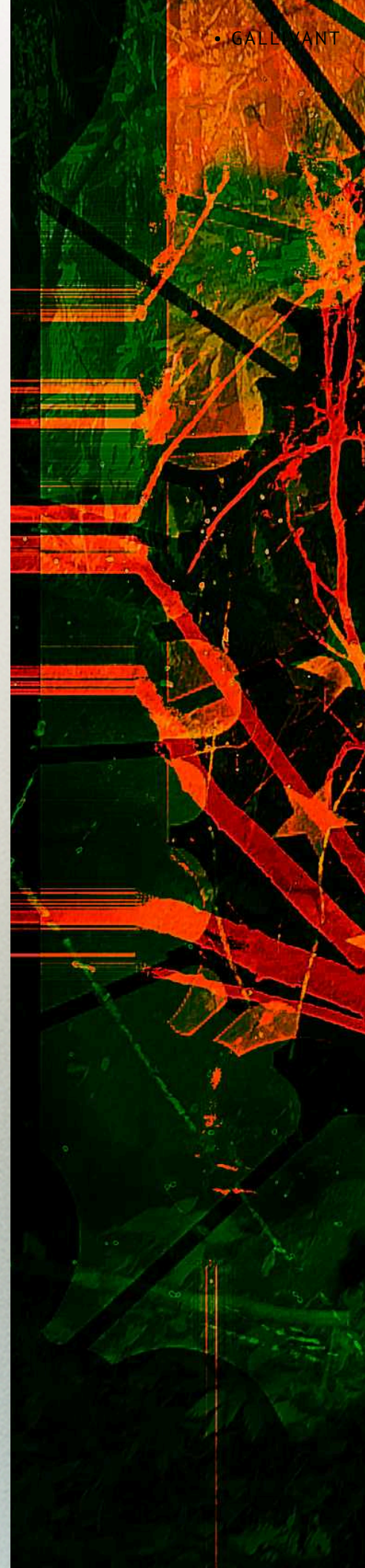
To rise is to strain, growth means lifting, and when you
 Say

“Give me a boost,” I will, and when I need to clear the
 garden fence
 I’ll ask for a boost, and the world can behave as a cycle of
 hands and feet
 There’s enough boosts for everyone if everyone has
 willing hands
 To support
 Willing feet
 To rise

The daytime moon looks faded
 I stare into its craters like eyes
 We plead to each other

We see a likeness

We are gravity creatures, a grave predicament
 We are gravity creatures, pulling and yearning
 We are gravity creatures, spinning and turning
 Circles and tubes until death to pass through circles and
 tubes
 Everything turns, and everyone aspires, and gravity
 hasn’t stopped us from touching the moon
 And the merry-go-round spins, and we are the tides, but I
 stretch out, say “fulcrum,”
 With a back that aches but never fractures





HELD TOGETHER

To have form
To be forming

The temporary settlements of geology
Every transient inch of our souls
All the ways we yearn

Let me ache

Contentment is stasis

Drive your pick-ax directly into your problems

Dearly detached oh let us latch
A conjoining of hemispheres

When I say, I miss you, I mean
I have been reaching out to
My construct of you
And am searching for ways
To have you solid

A NEW SEASON INEVITABLY DROPS

Trees Autumn-withered at Spring's approach
The wind bites, but doesn't tear
Everybody's put-upon
Two hundred million people can be wrong
Don't tell me who's boss
I've got two hands and a mouthful
Too busy for zip-ties and tape
Too wasted on the punch card
Not spiked enough to lull

Disrepair the refrain
Disrepair the call
Falling on deaf joints

Poem continues on the next page...

A NEW SEASON INEVITABLY DROPS

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There are too many things in the air
 To generalize
 We the we
 Not cogs, but bones connected
 May I be the fingertip
 Connected to your forefinger
 And your four fingers be blessed
 To craft a better square foot of world

They'll need a lot of dynamite to clear the iron layers
 And more fire than rocky skies
 To forge terrestrial spheres efficient as our sun's
 spacetime borne
 More violent love, oh Huey, oh motherly teat, oh
 maternal tooth and claw
 Than tyrants of respect allow
 With their tuxedo-clad howitzers and brand-name
 precision drones
 Shedding person power to say
 I am Power Person
 The toe bone severed, crown-domed, barking
 Lowly body give me more, more, more

But there is a corner filled with cushions
 Laced fingers we can invite exponential capacity
 A corner of infinite displacement
 Until it is world and we laced are the perfect life-
 sustaining orbits
 The goldilocks people born of a stumbling species
 Who may yet learn to watch their step
 Methodically evolving to pass down
 And to pass down
 And pass down
 And the child holds a gift in their hands
 And the gift is clean air to breathe
 Securely in a town of cushions, nets, horizon, and
 nourishing strain

Check out Chris Kujawa on
HomemadeAuthor.com -for an
 upcoming work titled,
The Breadth of All Colour (2026)

