



The Bones Below

Sierra DeMulder

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A clear voice of her generation, Sierra DeMulder's writing offers a gritty, sincere perspective on the subtle joys and modern pains of living. Her debut collection *The Bones Below* delicately carries the reader to a place of brutal, beautiful honesty. DeMulder's personal revelations complete a touching portrait of the young artist and her fearless exploration of the human experience, bare in its rawest and most tender forms.

The Bones Below Details

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Author : Sierra DeMulder

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From Reader Review The Bones Below for online ebook

Bianca says

Not bad. One of my favorite lines:

"Am I the ocean?

Are you drowning in everything

I don't say when I'm awake?"

This is a nice break from all the fiction I read.

Erika says

*"I loved you head over handles
like my first bicycle accident —
before the mouthful of gravel and blood,
I swore we were flying."*

words that are etched into my heart forever. i love this woman and her writing.

also, i've been seeing this quote everywhere for years and i never knew it was about an abusive relationship.
the context of domestic abuse gives it a whole new meaning.

Ana Rînceanu says

This is not your grandma's poetry!

(even though your grandma's poetry is nice too)

Debi G. says

Words are primal in this collection--emotion stripped of shields. Great reading; sublime if you can catch a live performance of this talented poet.

Liz Janet says

This book was read for the #readwomen month.

I wish I had seen her perform all of these. I discovered her after listening to her "The Tampon Poem", and knew that I needed to listen to all of her other slams (my favourite soon becoming her "To Michelle Bachmann". Click on those links and listen to what she has to say, the first one will be funny and important,

the second one important as well, but extremely sad. Then after listening to her, read this, for even though it is not as strong as her slam poetry, it is beautiful and breathtaking nonetheless.

Nathan says

You know a book is good when you are torn between going to sleep and continuing to read. You know a book is amazing when you turn a page and wonder why the poet named a poem "acknowledgments", quickly realizing that you've finished and wondering how that happened. Well, let me tell you this book is AMAZING.

This collection is so fantastic, seriously. I'm flabbergasted (not a word I use lightly, by the way) at the rawness of the poems. DeMulder holds nothing back, and she doesn't punch lightly. A few of these felt like getting hit in the stomach so hard all the wind got knocked out of me. They are intense and honest and about such real subject matter. I've never read anything like it before. Part of why I love her poetry so much is because she doesn't hold anything back. Nothing is off limits. And this collection is so revealing. It feels like the most honest book of poetry I've ever read, to tell the truth.

I am a humongous fan of Sierra DeMulder's work. I discovered her on YouTube when I was about 16, and I never looked back. At that time, a few of her poems were so hard-hitting and so close to home it was eerie. I've memorized many of her poems watching them on YouTube on repeat. So I can't tell you how excited I am to go back to the multiple poems I tagged and reread them, again and again. I also noticed many poems I recognized from YouTube in this collection, which was cool because they were slightly different here and there. I can't decide which version I like better because when I read them I hear her voice inside my head doing the version I know so well! I'll have to work on that. :)

Donald Armfield says

Modern pains of living, beautiful honesty said by 'Karen Finneyfrock.' Those words nail down DeMulder's poetry with a stake through your eyes that leave them glued and watering for more. The whole collection is worth checking out. Here is some that stand out for me.

- Some Like it Hot
- Paper Dolls
- Under Apron
- Come. Sit. Heel. Stay
- Heart Apnea
- Sawdust

Doms Candels says

Incredible.

Some of my favorite quotables

It's a complicated anger to be jealous of your own skin.

*There is an orchestra on my neck shaped like your
from all the nights you held me the way
you only hold something slipping.*

You still feel like a sound caught in my throat.

*Would Mary be forsaken if Jesus had not grown
to be the son God had intended to father?
If he did not wear a crown of thorns,
but instead wrapped it around his knuckles?
Will I be forgiven for the sins I did not commit
but created?*

*I will crawl to you across this curdling parking lot of a city,
lick your body new again like my tongue is God's hand
trying to erase and recreate the earth.*

*This world is a melting candle
we're only using for foreplay.*

*You taste like what I imagine swallowing radio wires
feels like: all sparkles and pop music in my throat.*

Taryn says

This book was given to me by a friend and is the first actual book of poetry I've ever read. The back cover says it best, it's brutal and beautifully honest.

Laura says

Sierra Demulder's poetry isn't for everyone. It's matter of fact, observant, and sometimes very simple. You might read half the book and not yet be impressed... But let me tell you something about Sierra Demulder's poetry. When you land on the poem that does connect to you, it won't be some fanciful string of words that takes you back to a fine summer day when you were twelve. The poem that connects to you will be raw, and it will be so stark and self-aware that after a handful of poems you just skimmed past, you'll stop - and you won't be able to move on until you've read it five times. When you find that poem, you might put the book down halfway through it and have to come back later, uncomfortable and not daring to put your finger on why. You might read through in a flash - just once, very quickly - and then read it again, line by line, breath caught as you hold the words up against your life and wonder how she knew about that night/that memory/that prickling bitterness that filled your throat and made you want to rage against the world/that secret wish late at night when you were by yourself and it was very, very dark outside yet darker inside still. I gave *The Bones Below* a 4 because most of the poems didn't wow me; I gave *The Bones Below* a 4 because the poems that did blew me away.

Taylor Heywood says

This is poetry about waking up at 7 am, drinking coffee and sitting on your front porch watching the sun rise, then set, then rise again. This is poetry about the one thing that still makes your mother smile. This is poetry about the pain, and job, and everything in between that comes from living life with your heart on your sleeve and a pen in your hand.

This is poetry that'll make you understand why people become poets at all. This book is why people become poets.

May Cho says

*I wish I was the one with the needle and thread.
I would hem her hands over themselves
so she would know how it felt to be helpless.
-- One A.M.*

I think I've made my stance on contemporary poetry very clear (i.e i do not understand or care), but collections like this give me hope.

A friend gave this book to me on a Saturday night and I quickly lamented that I do not read poetry, nor do I know how to read poetry. His response was, "Just keep reading!"

And so I did. I read this and sort of yelled at some of the poems in this collection, finding myself astounded, confused and heartbroken all at the same time. I still cannot say that I understand poetry more than I did before reading this, but I can see why people would like poetry now.

The Bones Below is a collection of poetry about love, hate, faith, rape, loss and the occasional legends of pop culture. And I sort of love it.

*Would Mary be forsaken if Jesus had not grown
to be the son God had intended to father?
If he did not wear a crown of thorns,
but instead, wrapped it around his knuckles?
Will I be forgiven for the sins I did not commit,
but created?*

*When you were small, I told you:
you can grow up to be anything.
-- Mrs Dahmer*

There is something very gritty and brutal about the way Sierra DeMulder writes, bringing to mind Lorrie Moore and Charles Bukowski, and if I were to be honest, I love anything that is tragic and brutal especially if

they come in the form of first person narrative, prose or, in this case, poetry. Also, I think the fact that DeMulder is a spoken word artist helps me like her poetry more than, say, Rupi Kaur or Lang Leav. Her words just feel so right in the mouth.

Some of my favourites from this collection are *Mrs Dahmer*, *Some Like it Hot*, *The Other Woman* (funny how Lorrie Moore's *How To Be an Other Woman* from Self-Help is also one of my favourites. huh.) and *When The Apocalypse Comes*.

I'd recommend this to beginner readers of poetry (like myself!), fans of Sarah Kay and slam poetry.

*I know it's hard to feel perfect
when you can't tell an Adam's apple from a fist/
Some ashtray of a man pick you to play his Eden
but I will not watch you collapse.*
-- Paper Dolls

Camille says

The poems written by DeMulder tell a feeling. An emotion is evoked every single time one of her beautiful words is read. I fell in love with each of this poems and consumed this book in a few hours. I didn't want to rush into it, I swear. I said to myself that poetry shouldn't be read like that, in a day, and so I tried to put it away but it was really hard. And sooner than expected, the book was finished and I was left being inspired with all of these emotions.

I highly recommend this book to all lovers of good poetry. If you want to make the experience even better, look up for some of her amazing SLAM Poetry. You won't regret it.

Lydia Havens says

Go read this book. I don't care if you don't like poetry. Go read this book.

By far some of the best modern poetry I have ever read, if not THE best modern poetry I've ever read. This woman, she is a wordsmith. You can feel the emotion she puts into her poems, like *Mrs. Dahmer*, and *Static*. She covers everything- her exes, a shooting, the mother of a serial killer.

I am in love with this book, and I'm going to have the privilege of working with Sierra DeMulder in June at the Gustavus Slam Poetry Camp. I am so, so excited.

Hannah (bookwormstalk) says

I can't so hard. I love Sierra DeMulder's writing--every fucking letter of every fucking word. Poetry is

something that is insanely difficult to describe and even if it weren't I still could not put words to her poems.

I'm going to tell you guys my favorites! With poems I will leave quotes for, and others I won't. You get what you get (:

(The first six are the best of the collection in my opinion.)

During the Month it Took You to Leave Me

"There are six states pressed like stubborn flowers between the last time I kissed you and today, but you still feel like a sound caught in my throat."

Taxidermy

"To lose a child is like giving birth in reverse. It is slow and it rips, planting a permanent lump in your throat. When chemotherapy pulled out the last of her hair, you started carrying her baby teeth in your pocket: A reminder things can grow back."

Sawdust

Mrs. Dahmer

"When you were small, I told you: you can grow up to be anything."

Heart Apnea

"I babble in my sleep. He believes I am trying to tell him how my heart works, says he will translate the manual one day. I want to ask him: am I the ocean? Are you drowning in everything I don't say when I'm awake?"

Cycle of Abuse

"I loved you head over handles like my first bicycle accident--before the mouthful of gravel and blood, I swore we were flying."

When The Apocalypse Comes

To the Woman Hitting on my Boyfriend

"Dating is like finding the least rusted bear trap around the ankles of someone you just might be able to look at for the rest of your life. Intimacy is the art of licking wounds. It's taken me years to let anyone kiss me when my lips were chapped."

Ode to Carbonation

"You taste like what I imagine swallowing radio wires feels like: all sparks and pop music in my throat."

At First Sight

What to do After You've Memorized the Face of the Person You Love

Five Years After

"You wonder why I don't answer your 3 a.m. phone calls. When you say "I miss you," I begin to undress myself out of habit."

