

Leigh Nash

Introduction by Priscila Uppal

Pinned butterflies, balding trees, refrigerator messages, bleeding carcasses, mornings in love—Leigh Nash’s poems in “Strange Attractors” look under the covers of domestic tensions for flashes of domestic bliss. I first encountered Leigh Nash’s work in a Creative Writing class over eight years ago, and consistent with those early beginnings, she has continued to aim towards a lyrical economy of language grounded in physical things and physical laws. Her work has become tighter, crisper, and sly. As a poet, she uncovers her subjects, protecting them when she can, giving herself up to chaos of life when there is little choice but to join in. Her poems evoke textures, sensuality, compassion, but also bristle with a warm sense of humour that laughs at the whole enterprise of living and understanding.