



photo ©Andreas Gripp

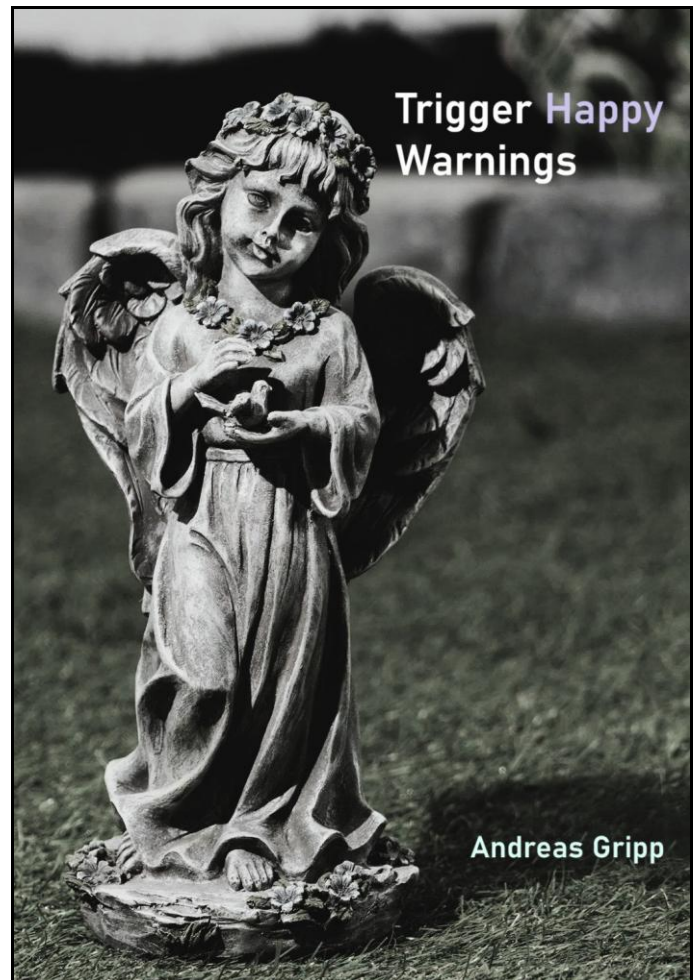
## Andreas' Slushy Newsletter: Christmas, 2025

Yeah, my obligatory ho-ho-ho an' all that. Welcome to another silly update from my literary ~~universe~~ closet. Due to my plunging Nielsen Ratings, I thought this thing was cancelled. However, being faced with either mine or one from Wayne Newton, the newsletter gods reluctantly chose me. Who wants to read about Vegas lounge lizards anyway? So awaaaay we go...

My Autumn's been busier than I expected with a continued frenzy of pen on paper. The muse can be worse than a collections agent if you don't do what it wants. Hence, I've obeyed. The result is a brand-new volume of poems to be released in January—however, I do have advance copies that would make a swell holiday gift or something for you critics to utterly trash. The latter might be more fun, so have at it!

And if *that's* not a slab of coal in your stocking, it gets even worse. I'm presently scribbling the follow-up, due for a Spring '26 appearance (I've been trying to avoid the use of "published" since the poetry-powers-that-be feel I mustn't use a word that evidently doesn't apply to my independently printed books). Who says I can't get into the spirit of peace and avoid further conflict?

Anyway, the cover reveals are below. It's just as exciting as what's behind the doors of *Let's Make a Deal*. I will be your Monty Hall...



On the following page is the Press Release for *Last of the Bons Vivants*. I shouldn't really call it a PR, being there ain't a paper on the planet that will give it a gander. And yet I persist, continuing to provide a hefty income for my psychiatrist...



## Last of the Bons Vivants

by Andreas Gripp

The author of over 40 books of poetry, Andreas Gripp resides along the northern shore of Lake Erie after decades in London. These are poems of earth and people; of time cut short in its trudge. Nothing lasts forever. Not even *forever*—a whispered *au revoir* in biting wind.

Available from

[andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp](http://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp)

101 pp. / Perfect-bound / 5 ½ x 8 ½

\$15.00 / ISBN 978-1-927734-66-7

Beliveau Books / January 2026

Contact: [andreasgripp@gmail.com](mailto:andreasgripp@gmail.com)

### LES EMPIRISTES

After lunch you're pleading  
*don't sweep away the*  
*whits from the picnic*  
*table. Leave them for the*  
*finches. They love the somber*  
crumble of pumper-  
nickel.

I never told you I  
was forced to chow it down  
when we were kids.  
No jam. No butter.  
Raw in every sense.  
I retched for half  
an hour after that.

Tomorrow you'll go *solo*,  
eating peanuts from a bag  
inside the woods, leaving bits  
of patterned shell  
along the path,  
not to tease the squirrels  
with their motif,  
gauging how they'll take  
a broken vow, but hopeful I will  
follow, remarking we are found  
when we are lost, the ground a  
wounded sky.

*Try a handstand by the*  
*trees. Our palms*  
were the soles of our  
feet and we never knew it.

Tomorrow  
we'll be dormant above  
the stars. These lanterns  
of the sea. If we hunger  
and double back, *taste*  
*the skosh of shells*  
*I've left behind.* Who's  
to say what is and isn't food?

All of my titles from the past 2 years are available to purchase from my website. Please order now to guarantee Christmas delivery. I will even sign it for the one you ~~love~~ the love, in my patented chicken-in-an-earthquake scratch.

<https://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp/books>

## Upcoming Live Readings

As Yukon Cornelius in *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* would say: *Nuthin'*. This alone might be the greatest Christmas gift you'll ever get. You've clearly been very good in Santa's creepy book. *He knows*, doesn't he. And *he's* the life of the party?



## Andreas on Social Media

Feel free to ignore me on the following platforms:

<https://andreasgripp.substack.com/>

<https://tiktok.com/@andreas.gripp.poetry>

<https://www.instagram.com/andreas.michael.cg/>

<https://bsky.app/profile/andreasgripp.bsky.social>

I've shuttered my present Facebook account and opened a new one that's less public. Sorry, friends & frenemies alike. That's how it crumbles, cookie-wise...

Something new, from my manuscript-in-progress...

## Chemo

You began to  
shave your head —  
*before* the diagnosis —  
peering through the  
smooth of crystal ball.

Cancer claimed them all:

*mother, son, husband,*

your aunt *Felicity*,

who, when you were only  
just a *sprout* upon her lap,  
laughed about the  
merits of being bald:

*it makes the morning easy,*  
*no fussing with a brush*  
*or coloured tresses,*

*the hat stays on —*  
*even in the wind,*

saying her locks of  
Toni Red  
would blind her in a storm,

sticking to her visage  
like spaghetti in the rain,

racing to catch her Tilley  
amid the gale,  
the one that stripped  
the leaves away from *even*  
her favourite willow:

*Don't say that I am weeping.*

*The world is simply capsized;*  
*my smile, overturned.*

Sinéad was never as  
lovely as when her crown  
had held no shadow,  
the shine from lack of  
stubble, looming  
like newborn grass,

when you've goosebumps  
on your scalp  
in summer's balm,

from the snuggle  
of an evening waft;  
its benign  
and solace kiss.

## Final Words, or Why I do what I do when I do

The present publishing model for poetry has never worked for me. I write *way* too much, and because of chronic health issues, am unable to make assumptions regarding “3 or 4 years from now”—when it comes to the time of a manuscript’s completion to its final presentation in the form of a royalty-published book. It doesn’t float my boat—waiting 6 months or more to hear back from a lit mag regarding a poem, then trying with another if it doesn’t find a place. Again and again and again. Then the wait for a chapbook or two (or 3) to make it onto a publisher’s list before you can submit to a CanLit press for full-length consideration (which can take up to another year to get the verdict and then another year-and-a-half until it’s published—if you’re one of the fortunate). This makes the writing of *timely* pieces pretty much impossible for me. I also prefer to make *my own* final edits on the work I’ve scribed—that’s just how I do. Having complete creative control, from the cover to the font used, is imperative to me. And because of the aforementioned physical challenges, it means I might not be able to fulfil expected tours and such across a country as vast as our own. So I’ve had to do things my own way. Many in the poetry community disqualify me because of it, likening me to Rosie Ruiz. But certain prejudices will always be there and I’d rather go to my grave knowing *I shared my work with the world* instead of it sitting in a slew of boxes collecting spiders (maybe I can be the Poet Laureate of Arachnids?).

All this said, I certainly wouldn’t turn down an offer. So if you’re an editor or publisher, feel free to give me a ring, digitally speaking. I’m always willing to listen.

Happy Christmas from Andreas (yes, I sometimes refer to myself in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person)...



Visit me if you’d like at <https://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp>