



From the author of such critical and personal darlings as *61 Central* and *The Vessel of the Now*, nothing like either of those collections.

A poetry chapbook so complex, no publisher could / would commit to it.

— or —

Judge a book by its cover... twice!

New Jersey, September 2026

A 36-page chapbook some two years in the making, *content to suffer* is as overthought a poetry collection as they come. But hoo-wee is it accessible! (Two openings!)

Who chooses choose your own adventures in this day and age? We all do, really, and that's half the point (the other being how horrible the alternative is as evidenced by another kind of reflection). Why are you willing to live through everything, and why is everything you leave behind disappointment?

There's really no winning with this chapbook – just dread. Write what you know, yadda yadda. But, really, if you knew all that went into making this collection, you will have probably read this collection ... multiple times.

Fein Point Press is a fictional press that has published nothing (including *content to suffer*). It exudes vanity by punning on the “founder’s” last name and is dedicated to no-one and nothing but ego, desire, and the muse’s hand.

