

# FOUR WAY BOOKS SPRING 2020

POETRY



## *Distant Lover*

The dead of February, and everything sexual.  
So sexual the icicles skirting the barn.  
Sexual the animals huddled inside, shivering.  
Sexual the cloud disappearing, appearing  
again, from your half-open mouth. The moon  
swollen bright. Sexual the trees, stark  
naked, all their branches spread and undulating  
in the wind. Sexual the tundra. Sexual  
the blackest snow by the road, made blacker  
by the city worker's plow. Sexual, the snowman  
leaning in a midnight yard. So sexual  
dead February, the small town windows lit  
from inside, fogging, watching you burn.

author photo by Marcus Jackson



# John Murillo

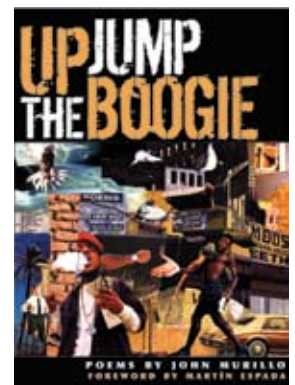
John Murillo is also the author of the poetry collection, *Up Jump the Boogie*, (originally from Cypher and NOW reissued from Four Way Books) finalist for both the Kate Tufts Discovery Award and the PEN Open Book Award. His honors include a Pushcart Prize, two Larry Neal writers awards, the J. Howard and Barbara M. J. Wood Prize from the Poetry Foundation, and fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, the Cave Canem Foundation, the MacDowell Colony, and the Wisconsin Institute for Creative Writing. His poems have appeared in various journals and anthologies including *American Poetry Review*, *Poetry*, and *Best American Poetry 2017* and *2019*. He is an assistant professor of English at Wesleyan University and also teaches in the low-residency MFA program at Sierra Nevada College.

**NOW** from Four Way Books *Up Jump the Boogie*,  
John Murillo's iconic first poetry collection.  
Originally published by Cypher Books.

**NOW REISSUED**  
by Four Way Books.

ISBN: 978-1-945588-50-1  
\$16.95 | Paper  
6 x 9 | 104 pages  
March 2020 | Poetry

Original ISBN: 978-0981913148





A writer traces his history—brushes with violence, responses to threat, poetic and political solidarity—in poems of lyric and narrative urgency.

John Murillo's second book is a reflective look at the legacy of institutional, accepted violence against Blacks and Latinos and the personal and societal wreckage wrought by long histories of subjugation. A sparrow trapped in a car window evokes a mother battered by a father's fists; a workout at an iron gym recalls a long-ago mentor who pushed the speaker "to become something unbreakable." The presence of these and poetic forbears—Gil Scott-Heron, Yusef Komunyakaa—provide a context for strength in the face of danger and anger. At the heart of the book is a sonnet crown triggered by the shooting deaths of three Brooklyn men that becomes an extended meditation on the history of racial injustice and the notion of payback as a form of justice.

ISBN: 978-1-945588-47-1

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 88 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *Kontemporary Amerikan Poetry*

"There is in John Murillo's art a dogged Americanness, a poet determined to assert himself within an America that has sought to deny his song and the songs from the rich African American tradition. And what songs these are! They are songs of irresistible vulnerability, tough truth-telling, cutting wit, and formal command. *Kontemporary Amerikan Poetry* is a signature event in American poetry."

—Kwame Dawes

"John Murillo's *Kontemporary Amerikan Poetry* is a lyric burst of virtuosity and passion long in coming, *something between song and prayer*, centered on a fifteen-sonnet redoublé on the subject of murderous racism and the rage that pushes against it, the whole of the book becoming an ars poetica for *memory as noose and history as burning church*. Murillo is a poet for his time, equal to its urgency, and graced are we to have him among us in this time of need."

—Carolyn Forché

"John Murillo's stunning new collection speaks hard truths about the violence that afflicts our communities, our bodies, and our stories. Yet over this troubling arena, shaped by hostile social and political climates, a saving grace arises: Murillo's unfettered ability to get at the heart of the wound, giving us words that empower us to transcend the pain."

—Rigoberto González

## *The Track*

Of course it is the absence  
that is so beautiful.

Human or animal, the snow  
will fall and cover her  
tracks.

Maybe each word  
is a footprint filling up  
with snow.

I was here, meaning  
I am disappearing.

author photo by Steve White



# Allison Benis White

Allison Benis White is also the author of *Please Bury Me in This*, winner of the Rilke Prize, and *Small Porcelain Head*, selected by Claudia Rankine for the Four Way Books Levis Prize in Poetry and named a finalist for the PEN Center USA Literary Award and the California Book Award. Her first book, *Self-Portrait with Crayon*, received the Cleveland State University Poetry Center Book Prize. Her poems have appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *New England Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Pushcart Prize XLI: Best of the Small Presses*, and elsewhere. She is an associate professor at the University of California, Riverside.

Also by Allison Benis White:

*Please Bury Me in This*: ISBN: 978-1-935536-83-3

*Small Porcelain Head*: ISBN: 978-1-935536-27-7

ALLISON BENIS WHITE

# THE WENDYS



A powerful meditation on grief and the radiating effects of violence against women.

“Because it is easier to miss a stranger / with your mother’s name,” Allison Benis White instead writes about five women named Wendy as a way into the complex grief that still lingers after the death of a sixth Wendy, the author’s long-absent mother. A series of epistolary poems addressed to Wendy O. Williams becomes an occasion for the speaker to eulogize as well as reflect on the singer’s life and eventual suicide: “What kind of love is death, I’m asking?” In the section devoted to Wendy Torrance, the fictional wife from *The Shining* who was bludgeoned by her husband, the speaker muses on the inadequacy of language to resolve or even contain grief in the wake of trauma: “A book is a coffin. Hoarsely. A white sheet draped over the cage of being.” Ultimately, *The Wendys* is a book of silences and space in which tenderness and violence exist in exquisite tension. “If to speak is to die,” White writes in “Ignis Fatuus,” “I will whisper.”

ISBN: 978-1-945588-42-6

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 80 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *The Wendys*

“‘Because it is easier to miss a stranger / with your mother’s name,’ Allison Benis White writes an extended eulogy to women named Wendy, none of whom and all of whom are her mother. In these carefully made, sorrowful poems, White teases the seams between self and other, between fiction and ‘the real’ of the mother’s lost body. In the book’s gorgeous final sequence, Wendy Darling plummets to the earth in achingly slow motion: ‘I am lowering my mouth / over her mouth,’ writes White—evoking the eros of poetry’s ancient desire to speak to, to breathe with, the dead. These poems teach me how to mourn, which means they teach me how to love.”  
—Julie Carr

“In these nuanced, incantatory poems, Allison Benis White addresses and inhabits five Wendys, each an archetype and a dimension of self, each ‘peeled down to [her] voice.’ Violence presses in on all of the Wendys, red or white, blood or milk, sugar, smoke, air, the page, and the prominent white space that demarcates and effaces voice and self. The poems are hushed, personal, spare; language breaks through an enigmatic privacy into a sapphire epiphany. Here, speech is grief. Here, ‘the living are the dream of the dead’ and the poem is the hallowed interface.”

—Diane Seuss

## *The bug*

lands on my pretty man's forearm. Harmless, it isn't deadly at all; makes his muscle flutter—the one that gets his hand to hold mine, or ball into a fist, or handle a gun. It's a ladybug, or an Asian lady beetle everyone mistakes for a ladybug—eating whatever it lands on. My pretty man is asleep—at ease, or plotting like the bug. Or maybe the bug is a blowfly—eating my pretty man's tan from his pretty arm. My man swats it without waking, as if he's dreaming of an enemy, or me. When my pretty man isn't asleep he's got a temper.

No, he is not asleep. He's wide awake and wants me to tell you I'm wrong. Blowflies don't eat skin, they lay eggs on skin. He knows all about blowfly larvae. Napoleon used them to clean war wounds, my cold pretty man says in that pretty way, with his cold pretty mouth. He's eaten plenty of bugs before. On night watch, over there. Over there, they're everywhere.

author photo by Tarfia Faizullah



## Tommye Blount

A Cave Canem alumnus, Tommye Blount is the author of *What Are We Not For* (Bull City Press, 2016). A graduate of Warren Wilson College's MFA Program for Writers, he has been the recipient of scholarships and fellowships from Kresge Arts in Detroit and the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Born and raised in Detroit, Blount now lives in the nearby suburb of Novi, Michigan.



An examination of a brutal America through the voices of its most vulnerable sons.

In his debut collection *Fantasia for the Man in Blue*, Tommye Blount orchestrates a chorus of distinct, unforgettable voices that speak to the experience of the black, queer body as a site of desire and violence. A black man's late-night encounter with a police officer—the titular “man in blue”—becomes an extended meditation on a dangerous erotic fantasy. The late Luther Vandross, resurrected here in a suite of poems, addresses the contradiction between his public persona and a life spent largely in the closet: “It’s a calling, this hunger / to sing for a love I’m too ashamed to want for myself.” In “Aaron McKinney Cleans His Magnum,” the convicted killer imagines the barrel of the gun he used to bludgeon Matthew Shepard as an “infant’s small mouth” as well as the “sad calculator” that was “built to subtract from and divide a town.” In these and other poems, Blount viscerally captures the experience of the “other” and locates us squarely within these personae.

ISBN: 978-1-945588-49-5

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 152 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *Fantasia for the Man in Blue*

“We have waited a long time for a full collection of the evocative provocations of Tommye Blount to be released. Poem by poem Blount’s first book has become one of the most anticipated books of poetry of his generation. *Fantasia for the Man in Blue* does not disappoint. It is a kaleidoscopic self-portrait, where the self is viewed from every vantage, inside out, then in again. Fearless in its observations. So fearless it makes us wince. So baring we can’t help but see ourselves in this mirror. . . .”

—Vievee Francis

“With *Fantasia for the Man in Blue*, Tommye Blount captures the tension between what horrifies us as a nation and of what we crave to soothe the pain. An achievement of saying what needs to be heard at a time when there’s so much chatter among us, Blount manages to cut through the din by directing us to the beauty that remains. Dear Tommye, thankfully, ‘you are the disobedient one, / littering the spangled blue night / with your dark tear,’ which is a comfort. These poems, a cocktail not only of urban gothic but also of a sublime fantasia, will change how we listen to the world around us and teach us the uses of its enchantment.”

—A. Van Jordan

## *If You Don't Want Your Kids To Have Sex Don't Finish The Basement*

This guy, Lev, at the dinner party said,

*If you don't want your kids to have sex, don't finish the basement.*

I don't remember anything anymore, my fifty-two-year-old brain a soggy piece of kale,  
but I remembered what Lev said.

It's because Lev is the heart in *levov*  
where all the stories come from.

Here's the story: we were eating the salmon and he was talking about his kids,  
all grown up,  
and my kids were in the basement playing ping pong,  
not yet 13.

There was beer and wine and gluten-free challah and gluten-free Tiramisu  
and the walls were red and gluten-free.

That's the whole story.

The other story is that when a guy says something like that  
you have to remember where you were when you first had sex.

It could have been in a car, in an attic, between two trees, under the moon,  
near the factory, inside the deep blue sea, in the onion patch.

Sex is an onion.

It's translucent and sweet and will make you cry your face off.

It's a swimming pool on fire and a gorilla who knows how to speak 7 languages.

If you are lucky enough to have sex in a finished basement,  
this is a good thing.

If you have sex in an unfinished basement, not so good—all that dust,  
those exposed water heaters, boilers, and rusted rakes.

So when Lev said,

*If you don't want your kids to have sex, don't finish the basement,*

I took a bite of my salmon and here's the last part of the story.

My kids are going to grow up and have sex.

A sad and wide-eyed, ecstatic sex, if they're lucky,  
and so I left the table in the dark middle of winter to finish the basement—  
buy some rugs, some cheap pillows, and a jukebox,  
one of those old school Wurlitzers with the automatic eye.

*Fill it up with all the songs that make your heart burst, I will tell them.*

*Play your music*

*till the needle runs those records bare bone beauty and glisten.*

# Matthew Lippman



# MESMERIZINGLY SADLY BEAUTIFUL

Matthew Lippman



Poems that are both surreal and real, perfectly pitched to capture the cacophony of Trump-era America.

This is the “Age of the Bullet,” Matthew Lippman writes in *Mesmerizingly Sadly Beautiful*, days in which “bullets sprout other bullets in the bullet garden” and a caricature of a onesie-wearing president sucking on a pacifier appears on the cover of a national magazine. Lippman’s poems are wildly inventive yet grounded in the 21st-century dailyness of parenting and dinner parties and Dunkin Donuts, all of which serve as launch pads into perennial questions of mercy and trust. “I don’t care what you say about this city,” Lippman writes in the title poem whose images recall New York City in the days following 9/11: “We sit down together on the sidewalk / and we hold one another.” These are brash, beautiful poems, big-hearted in their tilt toward sentimentality and their yearning for something more, something better.

ISBN: 978-1-945588-48-8

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 78 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *Mesmerizingly Sadly Beautiful*

WINNER OF THE FOUR WAY BOOKS LEVIS PRIZE IN POETRY

“*Mesmerizingly Sadly Beautiful*, humming with antic energy, takes on issues of sex, politics, race, religion, and poetry, all subjects our mothers warned us not to bring up at a dinner party. At times dreamily or nightmarishly surreal, at others so realistic we laugh or cringe in recognition. It’s outrageously American, crass, funny, fast talking, unbound, and yes, sadly beautiful.”

—Dorianne Laux, judge

Matthew Lippman’s collection *Mesmerizingly Sadly Beautiful* won the Four Way Books Levis Prize in Poetry. He is the author of five other poetry collections—*A Little Gut Magic*, *American Chew*, *Salami Jew*, *Monkey Bars*, and *The New Year of Yellow*.

from “*In the Pines*”

In order to have the sex I wanted  
I had to leave the city  
& go to the country  
where the animals are

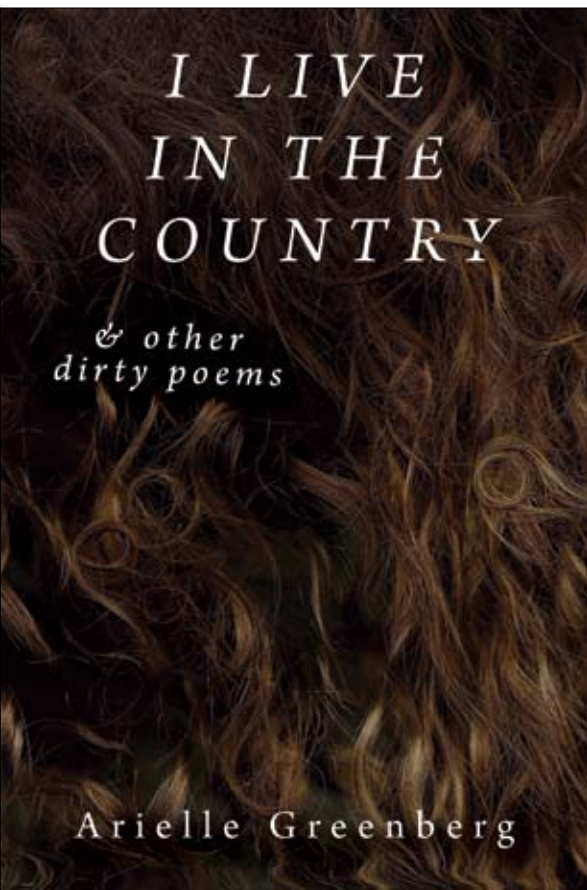
I took off all my clothes at the trailhead  
and walked through the woods  
like some video for an Icelandic rock song

I had to be made of the ice breaking up in the creek  
I had to be in the pines  
I had to go over the falls again



## Arielle Greenberg

Arielle Greenberg’s previous poetry collections are *Come Along with Me to the Pasture Now*, *Slice, My Kafka Century* and *Given*. She’s also the writer of the creative nonfiction book *Locally Made Panties*, the transgenre chapbooks *Shake Her* and *Fa(r)ther Down*, and co-author, with Rachel Zucker, of *Home/Birth: A Poem*. She has co-edited three anthologies, including *Gurlesque*, forthcoming in an expanded digital edition co-edited with Becca Klaver. Arielle’s poems and essays have been featured in *Best American Poetry*, *Labor Day: True Birth Stories by Today’s Best Women Writers* and *The Racial Imaginary*, among other anthologies. She wrote a column on contemporary poetics for the *American Poetry Review*, and edited a series of essays called *(K)ink: Writing While Deviant* for *The Rumpus*. A former tenured professor in poetry at Columbia College Chicago, she lives with her family in Maine, where she writes, edits, teaches and works for a creative services agency.



Sexually explicit poems that address the radical possibilities of a woman's pleasure and the endless varieties of human desire.

Arielle Greenberg's *I Live in the Country & other dirty poems* exploits and undoes the stereotype of the "wholesome country life." Here, the speaker moves to the country ("where the animals are") in order to live a whole life, one in which she can live honestly and openly in a non-monogamous marriage. Her book is a visceral, erotic celebration of the cornucopia of sexual pleasures to be had in that rural life—in the muck of a pasture in spring or behind the bins of whole-wheat pastry flour at the local co-op. Greenberg hauls out what has previously been stored under dark counters and labeled deviant—kink, fetish, and bondage—and moves it into the sunshine of sex-positivity and mutual consent. In doing so, she forges new literary territory—a feminist re-visioning of the Romantic pastoral poems of seduction. "I am trying to turn my eye toward joy," she writes. "My heart toward bliss."

ISBN: 978-1-945588-43-3

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 150 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *I Live in the Country & other dirty poems*

"In an increasingly joyless and digitized time, Arielle Greenberg weaves together ancient instincts with a post-modern sensibility. Smashing not only the patriarchy, but all concepts of what it means to be a 'good' smart feminist, *I Live in the Country & other dirty poems* is essential reading for anyone with a body."

—Carina Finn

"Greenberg's poetry serves as reminder of our primal existence as she invites us into the muck, an indistinguishable line between where our landscape ends and we begin. Greenberg has birthed an intimate and embodied experience of textual ecstasy that oozes with desire, pleasure and bodily fluids. Her ecosexual play will leave you filthy in the purest and most ecstatic way possible."

—Madison Young

## *Guidebooks for the Dead*

And the enchantment  
Of children's hospitals.

Somewhere there is a god,  
I swear.

Someone must be in charge.

What is the word, again,  
In Spanish

For useless?



# Cynthia Cruz

Cynthia Cruz is the author of five previous collections of poetry, including four with Four Way Books: *The Glimmering Room* (2012), *Wunderkammer* (2014), *How the End Begins* (2016), and *Dregs* (2018). Cruz has received various fellowships and has an MFA in writing from Sarah Lawrence College, an MFA in Art Criticism & Writing from the School of Visual Arts, and an MA in German Studies from Rutgers University. The author of a collection of essays, *Disquieting: Essays on Silence* (2019), Cruz is the editor of the anthology, *Other Musics: New Latina Poetry* (2019). She is currently working on a collection of translations of the Austrian poet Georg Trakl with the Swiss poet and translator Daniele Pantano. She teaches at Columbia University and Sarah Lawrence College.

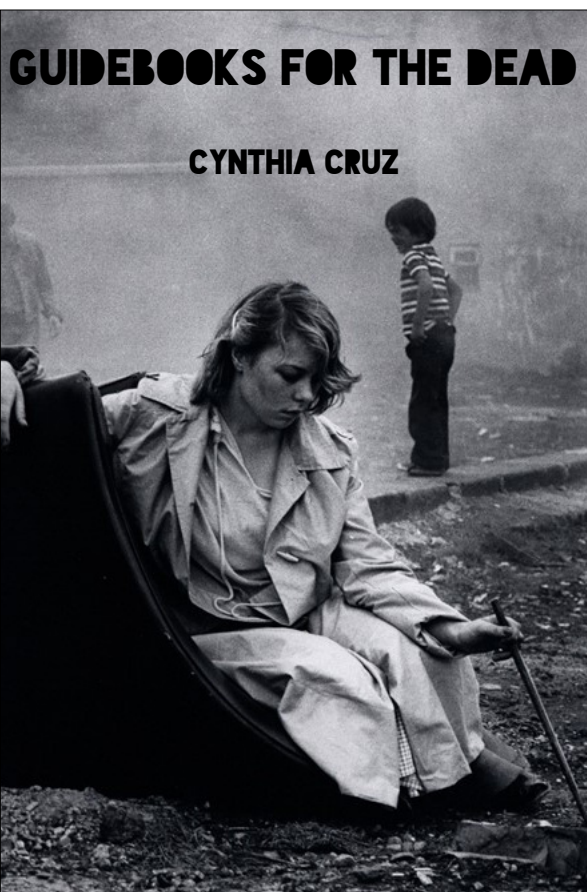
Also by Cynthia Cruz:

*Dregs*: ISBN: 978-1-945588-18-1

*How the End Begins*: ISBN: 978-1-935536-67-3

*Wunderkammer*: ISBN: 978-1-935536-47-5

*The Glimmering Room*: ISBN: 978-1-884800-97-9



A slide show in poems documenting the ruin wrought by war and inequality on those who defy the status quo.

In *Guidebooks for the Dead*, Cynthia Cruz returns to a familiar literary landscape in which a cast of extraordinary women struggle to create amidst violence, addiction and poverty. For Marguerite Duras, evoked here in a collage of poems, the process of renaming herself is a “Quiet death,” a renewal she envisions as vital to her evolution. In “Duras (The Flock),” she is “high priestess” to an imagined assemblage of women writers for whom the word is sustenance and weapon, “tiny pills or bullets, each one packed with memory, packed with a multitude of meaning.” Joining them is the book’s speaker, an “I” who steps forward to declare her rightful place among “these ladies with smeared lipstick and torn hosiery . . . this parade of wrong voices.” *Guidebooks for the Dead* is both homage to these women and a manifesto for how to survive in a world that seeks to silence those who resist.

ISBN: 978-1-945588-44-0

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 72 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *Guidebooks for the Dead*

Praise for Cynthia Cruz:

“...an exquisite fever dream of drugs, anorexia and unwanted sex (in both senses of the word) populated by young women and men...who have lost all sense of where the edge is...”

—Dana Jennings, *New York Times*

“...Over and over, Cruz generates a saturating atmosphere that refuses to give in to the urge to redeem art, to instrumentalize it, to turn it into something that improves us....”

—Johannes Göransson, *Spoon River Poetry Review*

“The reader must stumble in the fog of Cruz’s mischievous hallucinations. It’s a pleasure.”

—LitHub’s “30 Poets You Should Be Reading”

*2016 summer equinox (police state)*  
*revision: john donne*

and the american word

brother resound ::

( father son uncle nephew )

out (the)

law

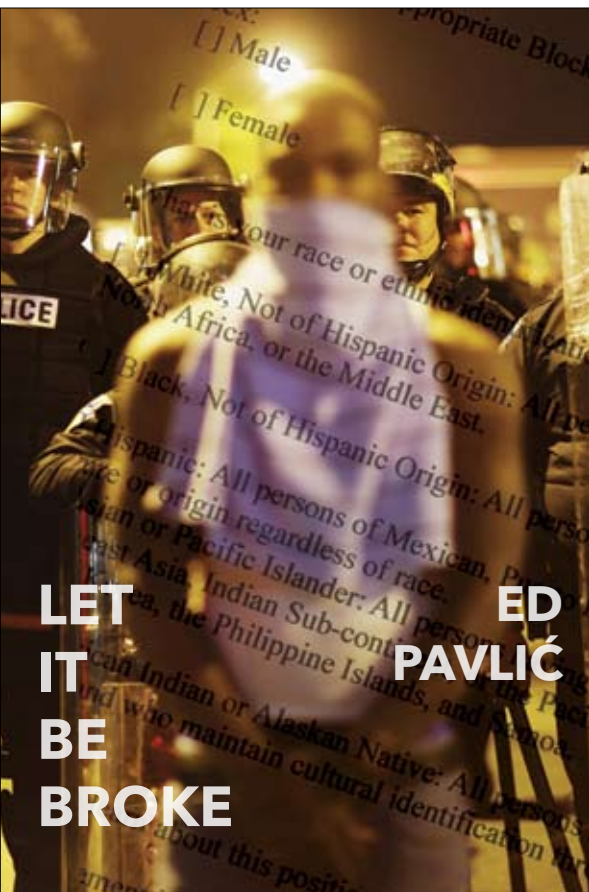
any black man's death diminishes me

author photo by Sunčana Rain Pavlić



## Ed Pavlić

Ed Pavlić is the author of eleven books of poetry, scholarship, fiction and non-fiction. His most recent works include *Another Kind of Madness: A Novel* (2019), *Live at the Bitter End* (2018), *Who Can Afford to Improvise?: James Baldwin and Black Music, the Lyric and the Listener* (2016), *Let's Let That Be Not Yet: Inferno* (2015) and *Visiting Hours at the Color Line* (2013). Author of pieces in over sixty magazines and journals, most recently the *New York Times*, *Boston Review*, *Harvard Review*, and *Callaloo*, Pavlić is twice winner of the National Poetry Series Open Competition (2012 and 2015) and *The American Poetry Review* / Honickman First Book Prize (2001). He is Distinguished Research Professor in the English Department and in the Institute for African American Studies at the University of Georgia. He lives with his family in Athens, GA.



Thirty years (and more) of the history of racial disunion in the US are considered through personal and communal story and outcry and—sometimes—song—

The poems in Ed Pavlić's *Let It Be Broke* are ignited by sonic memories—from Chaka Khan on the radio to his teenaged daughter singing “Stay” at a local café—that spark a journey into personal and ontological questions. Pavlić’s lyric lines are equal parts introspection and *inter-spection*, a term he coins for the shared rumination that encourages some collective deep thinking about the arbitrary boundaries that perpetuate racial and geographic segregation and the power of words to transcend those differences. In an epiphanic moment, Pavlić recalls a quote shared by a former teacher as “a hammer made of written words,” and how he held “onto those words / as if they were steel bars and I was dangling over some bright black deepness.”

ISBN: 978-1-945588-45-7

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 134 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *Let It Be Broke*

“This book bridges intellect and ecstasy, miracle and disaster, Rukeyser and Rihanna. It’s powered by some wondrous concoction of language, politics, and blood. Ed Pavlić is doing what he’s always done. His poems sing with the scale of a Homeric epic; they drift with the existential perceptions of a Joyce novel; they argue with the fever and fight of a Baldwin essay. *Let It Be Broke* delves, demands, and delights.”

—Terrance Hayes

“What does it mean to belong, to whom, and how? How do race, geography, music(s) embed a psyche? How can the interstitial seem revolutionary—well *Let It Be Broke* brings up these questions in a language that implodes vernacular and erupts in lyricism—the expected is often disrupted by Ed Pavlić in this meditation on race, racism, code switching, America’s violent history. Pavlić joins his literary and cultural forbears such as James Baldwin and Adrienne Rich in this examination of America’s racial paradox along with Rihanna, Prince, and Kendrick Lamar. He makes in this difficult work a language that is necessary if this nation is to ever claim ideas that bind its citizens other than ones based on hatred and privilege. *Let It Be Broke*’s style is fragmentary, incantory, and emotionally dangerous—as he looks at the very broken psychic and physical landscape of America. And yet, he brings (as is said in gospel music) home a common notion at book’s end: ‘me: yes that’s exactly what I mean by us dust’.”

—Patricia Spears Jones

## *The Volunteers*

The farmhouse leans in light  
the landscape holds exquisitely.  
In a crescent men watch the scorch-  
wind, eyes as dry as gravel spades.

Clapboards curl. The frame pops  
its locks and birds abandon; out  
the cellar door mice twist and bolt.  
A black tree sings from the center

of total loss. Years, years pass.  
The landlords rent a dozer  
their nephew throttles to cover  
the ditch: a piano's charred lip,

ivory teeth pressed to the clay,  
mess of wire and flashing,  
and skulls of marsh ducks coddled  
in luxuriant fronds, rusted tub.

He buries the mason jars. A porcelain  
cracks, spits frogs, collapses.  
The dirt tamps, the diesel buckets  
heave a last good turn.

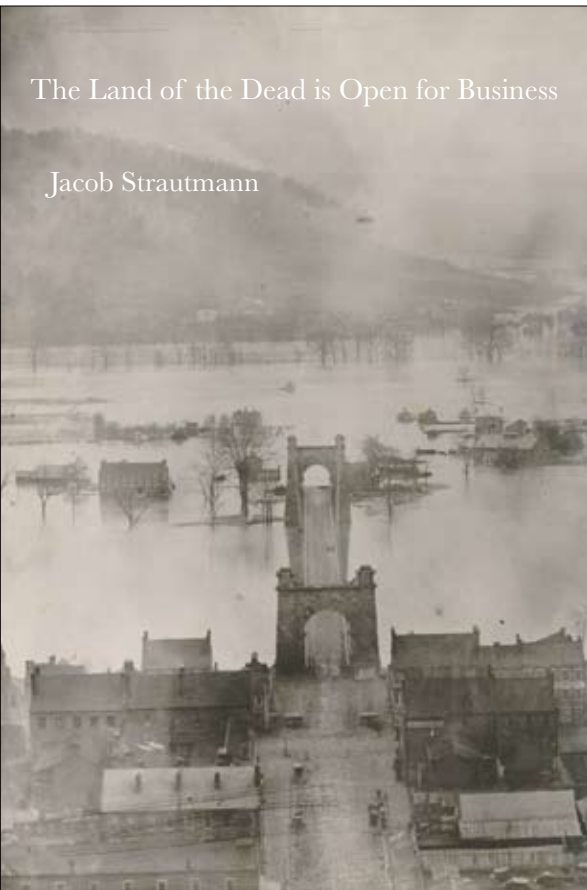
Raised in Marshall County, WV, Jacob Strautmann is a recipient of the Massachusetts Poetry Fellowship from the Massachusetts Cultural Council. His poems have appeared in the *Boston Globe*, *Agni Magazine*, *Salamander Magazine*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Blackbird*, and others. He is the managing director of Boston Playwrights' Theatre at Boston University, where he also teaches creative writing. He lives in Belmont, MA, with his partner Valerie Duff and their two children.

author photo by Kalman Zabarsky



## Jacob Strautmann





Poems of urgent beauty that give voice to a region of people who have been silenced or ignored.

*The Land of the Dead is Open for Business* is an extended elegy for Jacob Strautmann's home state of West Virginia and its generations of inhabitants sold out by the false promise of the American Dream. Throughout the book, voices rise up from the page to describe a landscape eroded and plundered by runaway capitalism—its mountain tops leveled by fracking, its waters polluted by runoff from mines—and the fallout from that waste. Those who remain are consigned to life in a ravaged land denuded of nature where birds die and “Sheep / birth limp two-headed things and some / that speak like men if they speak at all.”

ISBN: 978-1-945588-46-4

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 80 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry

## *The Land of the Dead is Open for Business*

“In addition to extracting coal from the Appalachian region, the coal industry has also removed human lives, history, culture, local economy, and Nature itself. It is almost impossible to realize some people struggle to survive where they come from, because where they come from is being destroyed. The poems in this fine collection are formally deft and play along to mountain music. But the truth is not blunted by the art; the art only makes the truth more bitter.”

—Maurice Manning

“These poems are ringing elegies for lost American time and space—time to oneself, space to call one's own. Jacob Strautmann's lines are bruised and deepened by infinite *stuff*, by debris, detritus, melodies, memories. Past and present twist together, foreground and background shift and slip; the poet wanders open-hearted through this charred and littered landscape, the one moving thing, still casting seeds, upturning hope, unearthing beauty.”

—Glyn Maxwell

*Birches* by Carl Adamshick (2019) Reviewed  
in *Publishers Weekly*

“His bicycle / black on the grass / black on the towpath / one pedal dug into the earth / black in the fallen leaves.’ Adamshick’s poems are most compelling in moments like this, in which an image stands on its own, generating possibilities for interpretation.”

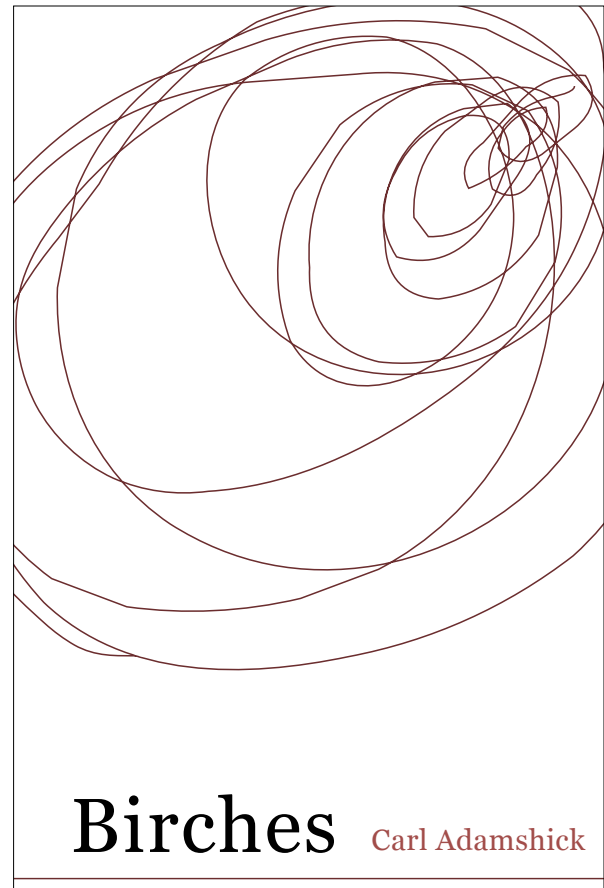
—*Publishers Weekly*

ISBN: 978-1-945588-24-2

\$15.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 88 pages

Pub Date: February 2019 | Poetry



*The Book of Ruin* by Rigoberto González  
(2019) Featured in Craig Teicher’s “I Reject  
Walls’: A 2019 Poetry Preview” on NPR

“González’s *The Book of Ruin* haunts from shore to shore, ghosting across time and language, rediscovering humanity’s capacity for light in the tomb of catastrophe. These poems are a caution tattooed onto parable and tethered to history’s breath. Delivered with unyielding craft and electrifying vision, González has been sent to remind us the fabled ways in which—*The crack in the earth, it is us. The crack in the earth, it is ours.*”

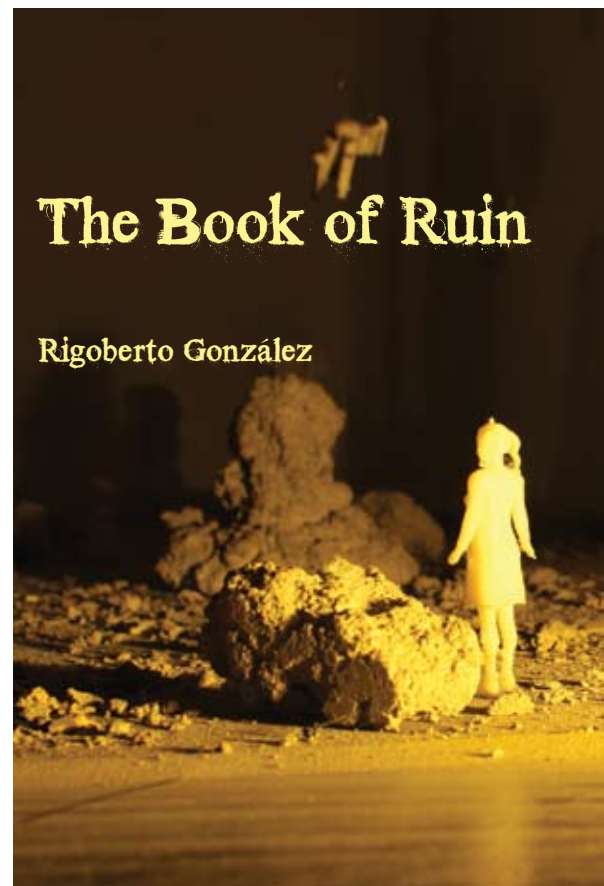
—Tyehimba Jess, Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry

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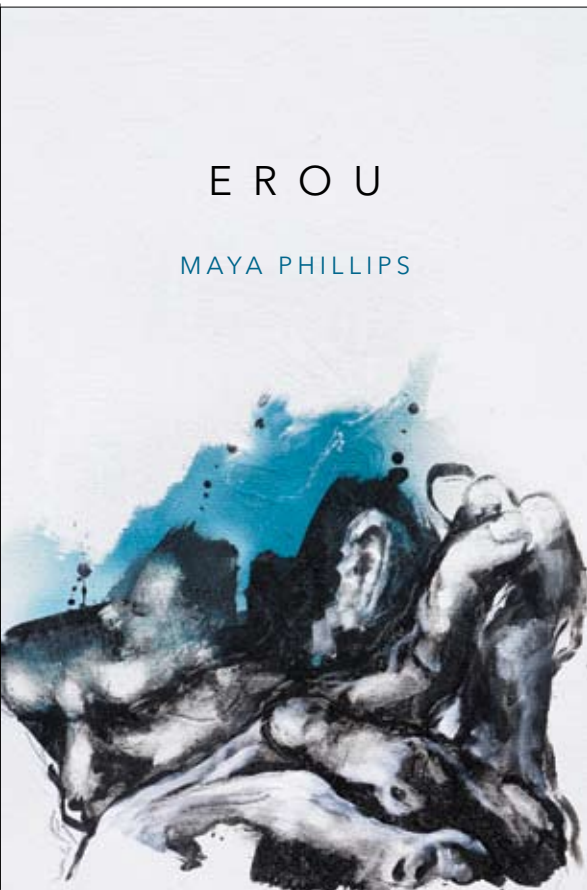
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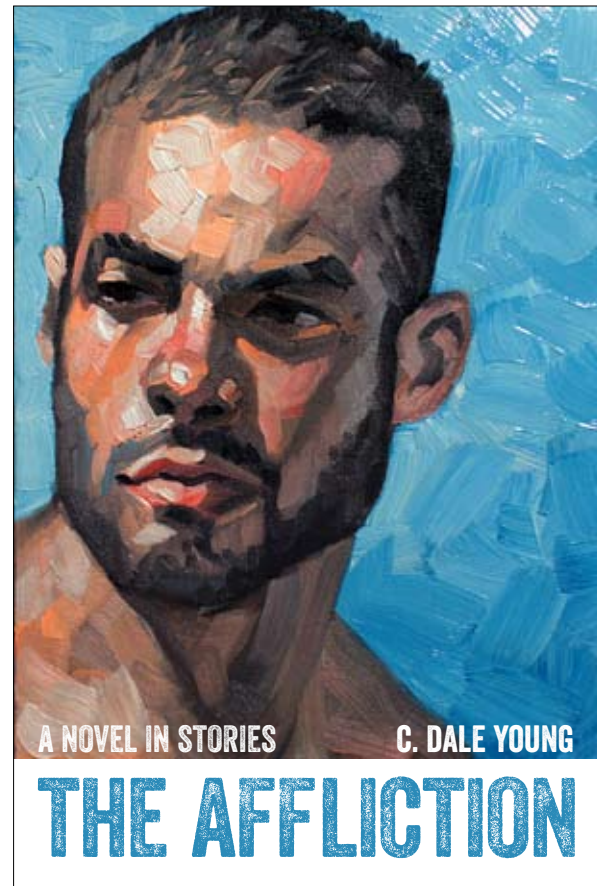
—Charles Baxter

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*Rest* by Margaree Little (2018) Winner of The 2019 Audre Lorde Award for Lesbian Poetry and the 2018 Balcones Poetry Prize

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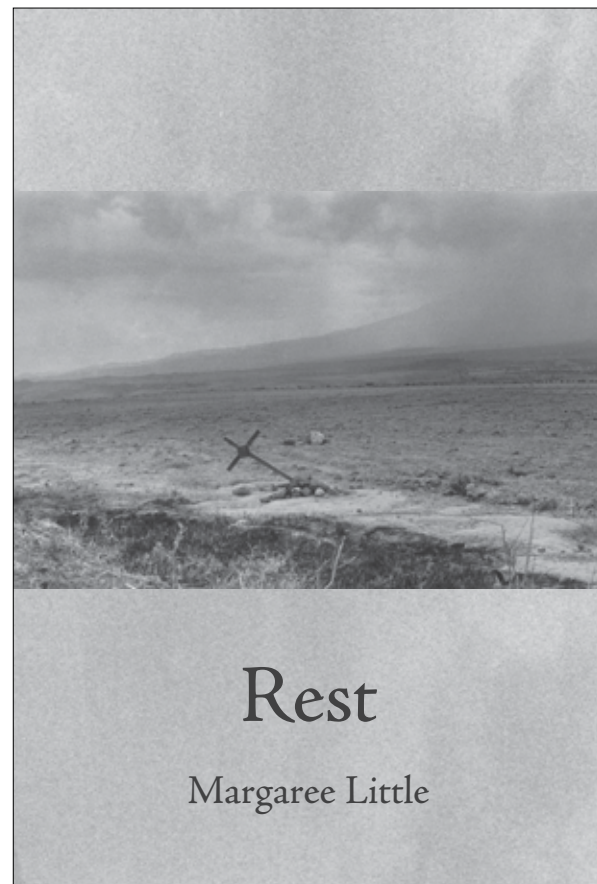
—Andrea Syzdek for *Kenyon Review*

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*Threat Come Close* by Aaron Coleman (2018)  
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—Barbara Hoffert for *Library Journal*, May 2018

“*Threat Come Close* is a book of questioning. But it is also a book of love poems. But it is also a book of confrontations with history. Aaron Coleman assumes the freedom to write *from* blackness—a freedom the black American poet must always seize because it is a freedom that is never simply granted . . .”

—Shane McCrae

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Pub Date: March 2018 | Poetry

# The Faces of Four Way Books

## Selected Authors and Awards



Reginald Dwayne Betts,  
*Bastards of the Reagan Era*

Winner of the PEN / New England Award in Poetry, the INDIEFAB Book of the Year for Poetry, a winner of the National Council on Crime; Delinquency's (NCCD) Media for a Just Society Award, the Housatonic Book Award



Rigoberto González,  
*The Book of Ruin,*  
*Unpeopled Eden,*  
*Black Blossoms*

Winner of the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize, the 26th Annual Lambda Literary Award for Gay Poetry



Yona Harvey,  
*Hemming the Water*

Winner of the Kate Tufts Discovery Award



Eugenia Leigh, *Blood, Sparrows and Sparrows*

Winner of the Debut-litzer Prize in Poetry



Margaree Little, *Rest*

Winner of The 2019 Audre Lorde Award for Lesbian Poetry and the 2018 Balcones Poetry Prize



Gregory Pardlo, *Digest*

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry



Kevin Prufer, *How He Loved Them, Churches, In a Beautiful Country, National Anthem*

Winner of the Julie Suk Award



Cammy Thomas, *Inscriptions, Cathedral of Wish*

Winner of the Norma Farber First Book Award from the Poetry Society of America



Daniel Tobin, *Blood Labors, From Nothing, The Net, Belated Heavens, Second Things, The Narrows*

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