

FOUR WAY BOOKS

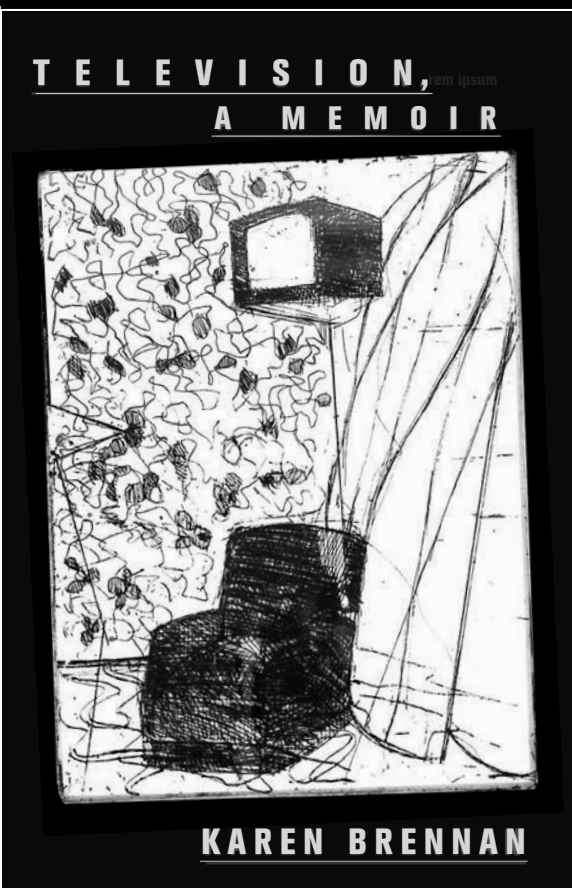


SPRING 2022 POETRY
& NON-FICTION
RECENTLY PUBLISHED &
NOTEWORTHY

“I always thought Larks was a stupid name for a cigarette. They came in a maroon package and boasted innovative charcoal filters that tasted like cheap men’s cologne. I never liked them, but I smoked them out of loyalty to my husband who worked for the manufacturer. Thus, Larks were a constant in my life then, cartons strewn around our dwelling much like, in a later age, my shoes would be. Cartons opened and unopened, cigarette packages on every surface of our lives along with the burnt and smoldering butts and the ubiquitous green haze in the air of the world.”

—*from* Larks

author photo by Eric Kroll



Television, a memoir is a hybrid collection of autobiographical pieces, tragi-comic in spirit, that depict a woman’s life evolving through time and culture in fragmentary glimpses. Indeterminate in genre, *Television* is a fluid text that sometimes reads as poetry, sometimes as prose, while exploring classism, ableism, and feminism in a world defined by the advent of new media and, for the author, a privilege that often felt suffocating. Working structurally and thematically, television creates conceptual mileposts in the memoir, with certain programs and cultural references corresponding to specific eras in the author’s past, but it also gestures at an existential modality — the experience of a televisual life, the performative arrangements of nuclear families and neighborhoods, the periodic events and dramas of an adolescence watched from outside oneself.

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\$19.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 172 pages

Pub Date: February 2022 | Non-Fiction

Karen Brennan

Television, a memoir

Karen Brennan is the author of fiction, poetry, and nonfiction. A recipient of a National Endowment of the Arts fellowship and an AWP award, she is Professor Emerita of English and Creative Writing at the University of Utah. Her stories, poems, and essays have been included in anthologies from Norton, Penguin, Graywolf, Georgia, and Michigan, among others. Since 1991, she has served as core faculty in the Warren Wilson MFA Program for Writers. *Television, a memoir* is her eighth book.

“I’ve been a serious and devoted fan of Karen Brennan’s work for decades, and her new book is perhaps my favorite. It is a memoir and an anti-memoir. It tells the story of a life, but kaleidoscopically, elliptically, aphoristically, ecstatically. What it’s really about is the frenzy of the visible behind and beneath and beyond the life lived. In that way, deeply reminiscent of Edmund Carpenter’s *Oh, What a Blow That Phantom Gave Me!*—than which there is hardly higher praise.”

—David Shields

“Imagine working in miniature and implying the whole world in each passage. Karen Brennan is that kind of writer, and she does it again and again in *Television*, a book that resonates not like a conventionally structured memoir, but something more intricate and alive: a hive of songs that are at once astringent, tender, comic, and rueful. I loved every word.”

—Paul Lisicky

from Election

....We woke to

Reptile-cool comets of spit,
Unremitting slurs,

And Muslim girls taunted and slapped
On public buses,

Non compis mentis for a king,
Flimflam, an unbridled foundry

Of chicanery, a crafty corsair's
Or a vehement robber baron's

Loot-fast dynasty.
Yes, we woke, incredulous,

To dewy-faced fifth graders
Lowering deliberately

In a sun-flecked field
To fashion a human swastika—

Cyrus Cassells is the 2021 Poet Laureate of Texas. His honors include a Guggenheim fellowship, the National Poetry Series, a Lambda Literary Award, a Lannan Literary Award, two NEA grants, a Pushcart Prize, and the William Carlos Williams Award. His 2018 volume, *The Gospel according to Wild Indigo*, was a finalist for the NAACP Image Award, the Helen C. Smith Memorial Award, and the Balcones Poetry Prize. *Still Life with Children: Selected Poems of Francesc Parcerisas*, translated from the Catalan, was awarded the Texas Institute of Letters' Soeurette Diehl Fraser Award for Best Translated Book of 2018 and 2019. He was nominated for the 2019 Pulitzer Prize in Criticism for his film and television reviews in *The Washington Spectator*. He teaches in the M. F. A. program at Texas State University and is the recipient of the 2021 Presidential Award for Scholarly / Creative Activity, one the university's highest honors.

Cyrus Cassells

author photo by Rachel Eliza Griffiths



In the aftermath of the Stand Your Ground killing of his close friend's father, poet Cassells explores, in his most fearless book to date, the brutality, bigotry, and betrayal at the heart of current America. Taking his cue from the Civil Rights and Vietnam War era poets and songwriters who inspired him in his youth, Cassells presents *The World That the Shooter Left Us*, a frank, bulletin-fierce indictment of unraveling democracy in an embattled America, in a world still haunted by slavery, by Guernica, Hiroshima, and the Holocaust, by climate catastrophe, by countless battles, borders, and broken promises—adding new grit, fire, and luster to his forty-year career as a dedicated and vital American poet.

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\$16.95 | Paper
6 x 9 | 120 pages
Pub Date: February 2022 | Poetry

The World That the Shooter Left Us

“Wrestling in the clutches of fury and mourning, Cassells—long a master purveyor of both the splendor and contradictions of the natural world, as well as the voluptuary elements of the self—turns his consummate clear-eyed gaze to a bleak and burgeoning brutality that threatens our days, siphons the spirit, and challenges the realm of the poet. *The World That the Shooter Left Us* is a world defined by stark boundaries and firepower, chalk outlines, rampant injustices and histories tainted with each and every version of sin. Cassells, a wily and relentless witness, doesn't tiptoe through the maelstrom or allow the reader to turn away. Instead, he becomes the writer that this moment needs—one with the lyrical skill and decades of experience to craft this revelatory guidebook for our grief.”
—Patricia Smith

“*The World That the Shooter Left Us* is poetry of conscience at its most crafted and compassionate. The title poem is an elegy for a beloved Latino lawyer, murdered by a white assailant over a parking space, that forces us to contemplate all we have lost in a society bristling with guns, rage, and bigotry. However, the title of another poem captures the essence of this eloquent collection: “The Only Way to Fight the Plague is Decency.” In the face of plague after plague—COVID-19, lethal police violence, kids in cages, the end of asylum, sexual exploitation, Trumpism—these poems show us a way out, a vision of transcendence through reclamation of our humanity. Cyrus Cassells demonstrates, through the resplendent decency of these poems, that the world the shooter left us is not only a world of death, but life, not only bullets, but poetry.”
—Martín Espada

The Border

There was a gate & through the gate
another garden—

same grasses, clover, gentian violet & lily
& the dry winds also made those willows sway—

just that rusty gate—
the dirt beneath scraped when it hinged open and shut—

& some claimed one side was Paradise.

author photo by Sigrid Estrada



Rewriting Eden, Victoria Redel interrogates the idea of paradise within the historical context of borders, exile, and diaspora that brought us to the present global migration crisis. Drawing from a long family history of flight and refuge, the poems in *Paradise* interweave religion and myth, personal lore and nation-building, borders actual and imagined. They ask: What if what we fell from was never, actually, grace? What is a boundary, really? Redel navigates geopolitical perimeters while also questioning the border between the living and the dead and delineating the migrations aging women make in their bodies and lives. With stark lyricism and unflinching attention, *Paradise* considers how a legacy of trauma shapes imagination and asks readers to see the threads that tie contemporary catastrophes to the exigencies and flight paths that made us.

ISBN: 978-1-954245-13-6 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-21-1

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 96 pages

Pub Date: February 2022 | Poetry

Victoria Redel

Victoria Redel is the author of three previous collections of poetry and five books of fiction. A former recipient of Guggenheim and NEA fellowships, she teaches at Sarah Lawrence College.

Paradise

“But doesn’t every story begin with expulsion?” asks Victoria Redel in her lyrical revision of paradise from the distance of / in time. “We came from somewhere. Had a village, & then didn’t,” she continues as pages turn in this powerful book of diaspora and exile. If Auden was right and Ireland ‘hurt’ Yeats into poetry, then certainly history ‘hurts’ Victoria Redel into most moving sonnets, list poems, invocations and spells of inter-generational memory. The reader will learn here of a grandfather who ‘played flute in the orchestra of Turkish Sultan’ and ‘was nicknamed The Little Sultan by the Turkish Sultan himself.’ Such scraps of memory, are they real, or are we making them up as consolation, watching our loved ones, one after another, disappear in time, Victoria Redel asks. What is most real to me is this poet’s insistence on astonishment despite all the history—or maybe because of it: ‘All those years of worry when I might have chosen wonder,’ she writes. Yes. Open this book on the poem called ‘Pleasure’ and you will be captivated, you will want to share these pages with your friends. I know I did. I wish you *Paradise*, readers. For that’s where this beautiful book is taking you, as it re-envision the meaning of the word.”

—Ilya Kaminsky

“Redel leaps into the great mythical original maw of us—our shame, our guilt, our our our. The beginning of us, the end of us, the middle, which is still us. *Paradise* is a spiritual history of catastrophe and survival, described and reimagined by a traveler / witness / scribe who is one of us earthbound dreamers, an overtaker and escapee like us, whose ‘new world’ is already taken, already lived through. A glorious paradox of this work about migration, diaspora, goodbyes, regeneration, tremors and shifts, losses upon losses: the book acknowledges the bleak facts and trauma of empire, yet is simultaneously a rapturous read, a beautiful experience. . . . This book, breathing, is planted at the other end of Eden, and it gives me hope.”

—Brenda Shaughnessy

Saturday

What is a fragment, a found
postcard, ephemera, ruin or a photograph.
For example: Doris Peter's "Children
collecting scrap metal, George Washington Street,
1997," Russian. Or a Che Guevara montage
on dream board in the sweetshop, Neukölln.
Why glean, why assemble, or
how does accumulation keep.
How does getting it all down
do the same work as making. And how
is the gluing of words together
not unlike taking something beautiful apart.
In the afternoon, on Saturday,
I bought a pale blue dress from Humana
and walked alone, home, in it,
through the parades of my emptiness.



Cynthia Cruz

Cruz is the author of six collections of poems: *Guidebooks for the Dead* (Four Way Books, 2020), *Dregs* (Four Way Books, 2018), *How the End Begins* (Four Way Books, 2016), *Wunderkammer* (Four Way Books, 2014), *The Glimmering Room* (Four Way Books, 2012) and *Ruin* (Alice James Books, 2006). *Disquieting: Essays on Silence*, a collection of critical essays exploring the concept of silence as a form of resistance, was published by Book*hug in the spring of 2019. *The Melancholia of Class*, an exploration of melancholia and the working class, was published by Repeater Books in July of 2021.

Cruz earned an MA in German Language and Literature from Rutgers University and is currently pursuing a PhD at the European Graduate School where her area of research is psychoanalysis and philosophy. Cruz teaches in the Graduate Writing Program at Columbia University and is a visiting writer in the MFA Writing Program at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. She is also a mentor in the Low Residency MFA Writing Program at the Institute of American Indian Arts. Cruz co-edits the multi-disciplinary online journal, *Schlag Magazine*.

Hotel Oblivion

"Cynthia Cruz's *Hotel Oblivion* is a harrowing noir, hypnotic in the same way the dull thud of the pulse, from inside pain, can hypnotize. This is a self-portrait of the self that exists—in flashes—in the interstices between what we call the body, what we call the mind, and what we call art (or the study of art, the regard we maintain for art as a human project). Unica Zürn and Jean Genet are the presiding elders of this doubled journey across damaged selfhood and Mitteleuropa. 'The mind,' Cruz avers, 'is just a dumb machine / that makes small traces,' poem by poem. 'And I have begun now to imagine,' Cruz ventures, 'what it might be like / to make art entirely / in solitude, to finally / enter the work, and become / what I have been for so many years / afraid of: the space between, the place / of magnificent, though mostly / terrifying, silence.'" —G. C. Waldrep

"Hélène Cixous said, 'The writers I love are descenders, explorers of the lowest and deepest,' and Cynthia Cruz is a master of descent. Her exquisite new collection, *Hotel Oblivion*, emerges from 'the terrible intimacy / of the mouth' in the form of letters and fragments composed in isolation across hotel rooms in Warsaw, Berlin, and Belgrade. These rooms double as art studios and prisons, as well as rooms of the mind, in which Cruz's speaker remembers, unknowns, and reaches toward a 'self- / made language' which is 'not unlike taking something beautiful apart.' *Hotel Oblivion* is a compulsive read—it rivets with its obsessiveness, world-building, and refusal to sublimate: 'Now the poems are coming like gray rings / of memory. Or an endless series of Polaroids.' Dear reader, when I got to the end, I wanted to begin again."

—Allison Benis White

A specter, haunting the edges of society: because neoliberalism insists there are no social classes, thus, there is no working class, the main subject of *Hotel Oblivion*, a working class subject, does not exist. With no access to a past, she has no home, no history, no memory. And yet, despite all this, she will not assimilate. Instead, this book chronicles the subject's repeated attempts at locating an exit from capitalist society via acts of negative freedom and through engagement with the death drive, whose aim is complete destruction in order to begin all over again. In the end, of course, the only true exit and only possibility for emancipation for the working class subject is through a return to one's self. In *Hotel Oblivion*, through a series of fragments and interrelated poems, Cruz resists invisibilizing forces, undergoing numerous attempts at transfiguration in a concerted effort to escape her fate.

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6 x 9 | 120 pages
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from Aunt Bird, Conjured

v.

Her life was like a thick soup in my mouth. Her name the Yiddish word for “bird”: Feiga. She wiped a grain of soil from her lips, and I could hear the meat of her voice speak. It climbed up and down my mind, so that she inhabited the core of each thing.

author photo by Pamela Lischin



Aunt Bird is an astonishing, hybrid poetry of witness that observes and testifies to social, political, and historical realities through the recovery of one life silenced by the past. Within these pages, poet Yerra Sugarman confronts the Holocaust as it was experienced by a young Jewish woman: the author’s twenty-three-year-old aunt, Feiga Maler, whom Sugarman never knew, and who died in the Kraków Ghetto in German-occupied Poland in 1942. In lyric poems, prose poems, and lyric essays, *Aunt Bird* combines documentary poetics with surrealism: sourcing from the testimonials of her kin who survived, as well as official Nazi documents about Feiga Maler, these poems imagine Sugarman’s relationship with her deceased aunt and thus recreate her life. Braiding speculation, primary sources, and the cultural knowledge-base of postmemory, *Aunt Bird* seeks what Eavan Boland calls “a habitable grief,” elegizing the particular loss of one woman while honoring who Feiga was, or might have been, and recognizing the time we have now.

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\$16.95 | Paper
6 x 9 | 128 pages
Pub Date: February 2022 | Poetry

Yerra Sugarman

Yerra Sugarman is also the author of *Forms of Gone* (Sheep Meadow Press, 2002), which won PEN American Center’s PEN / Joyce Osterweil Award for Poetry, and *The Bag of Broken Glass* (Sheep Meadow Press, 2008), poems from which received a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship. Her other honors include a Glenna Luschei Prairie Schooner Award, a Canada Council for the Arts Grant for Creative Writers, the Poetry Society of America’s George Bogin Memorial Award and Cecil Hemley Memorial Award, a Chicago Literary Award, and a “Discovery”/*The Nation* Poetry Award. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Ploughshares*, *Colorado Review*, *The Nation*, *AGNI*, *Prairie Schooner*, *New England Review*, and elsewhere. She earned an MFA in Visual Art from Columbia University, and a PhD in Creative Writing and Literature from the University of Houston. Born in Toronto, she lives in New York City.

Aunt Bird

“The angel of history’s wings were forced open, Walter Benjamin wrote, by a gust from Paradise. Unable to reorient himself, he flies into the future with his face to the past, devastated by the atrocities that pile up at his feet. In *Aunt Bird*, Yerra Sugarman comes to us as our own angel of history, the afterimage of the Holocaust indelibly marking her lyric vision. In this book length elegy, Sugarman works at the intersection of historian, mourner, and niece, lovingly revivifying her lost Aunt Feiga on the page, showing the reader how grief can be a life-long project, with its own demands and ethics. The dead may be irrevocably gone, but as Sugarman reminds us, not everyone who dies is lost.”

—Jason Schneiderman

“‘To remember is both plague and song.’ This is one of the myriad striking lines in Yerra Sugarman’s *Aunt Bird*, a book of holocaust poems like no other. What can we know of this ‘genocidal little earth?’ What must we invent? Sugarman’s intense—even glorious—lyrical poems draw song from a life the poet is compelled to imagine, never having actually met this aunt whose name in Yiddish meant ‘bird.’ ‘Her life was like a thick soup in my mouth,’ the poet confesses. Language in these poems is pummeled and ‘exploded like melons,’ watches as ‘the sky / is pulled back like a bandage from the skin,’ understands that ‘courage is like meat packed in ice . . . it can’t free anything.’ Yet beauty is a kind of freedom, and the surreal beauty of this book is as compelling as its tragedy.”

—Alicia Ostriker, New York State Poet Laureate

Beyond Language

A row of seven cypress trees, religiously tall,
hedges the field below, itself in turn
water-hedged by mineral coastal blue.

Why seven? Why have you come here?
Not another *soul* for miles.
You will find much beauty here

Mrs. Ioanna says opening the balcony door.
Beneath the field, though I've yet to see it,
a cliff points over the craggy shore.

I came to test whether it's true—
if the best things happen to you when you're alone.
Maybe in the end you'll find nothing useful here,

my mind says. *You are old, you have done
terrible things.* In the dusk, beyond language,
the field empties itself of color.

author photo by Matthew Leifheit



PLEASURE

ANGELO NIKOLOPOULOS

PLEASURE is a book-length poem which muses on the phenomenology of solitude in a pastoral landscape, written in a diaristic, lyric mode, where the queer “I” alternately savors the decadence of isolation and stands at the precipice of despair. A travelogue in verse, PLEASURE takes place in Syros, the Greek island to which author Angelo Nikolopolous travels a few weeks after the discovery of his mother’s brain tumor. These intertextual, elliptical explorations of solitude and sensuality interweave images of seaside roaming, secluded town life, and ephemeral sexual encounters with the ubiquitous implication of death—the waning summer, the ill, perhaps dying, mother. Staring down true disconnection—both physical and psychic orphanhood—Nikolopoulos writes about the thrill and sadness of turning your back against the world and those in it only to rediscover that which tethers all to human experience: the quotidian, singular pleasures of having a body.

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6 x 9 | 80 pages
Pub Date: February 2022 | Poetry

Angelo Nikolopoulos

Angelo Nikolopoulos is the author of *Obscenely Yours* (Alice James Books) and PLEASURE. His poems have appeared in *Best American Poetry*, *Best New Poets*, *Boston Review*, *Fence*, *The Los Angeles Review*, *Tin House*, and elsewhere. Winner of the 2011 “Discovery” / *Boston Review* Poetry Contest, he has received fellowships from the Jerome Foundation, MacDowell Colony, and the Saltonstall Foundation for the Arts. A former Teach for America high school teacher, he has taught Creative Writing at New York University and Rutgers University. He teaches at Hunter College and lives in Brooklyn, New York.

PLEASURE

“PLEASURE is a refined, sustained lyric on joy, arousal, solitude, and the art of being a single queer man in a world that wants everything paired up like spice shakers or kidneys. Abasement and abandonment rear their sweet heads, too, and are not shame markers but elations. Fifty years after Stonewall we are still learning how to lift ourselves up as worthy recipients of pleasure in its finest gladrags.”
—D.A. Powell

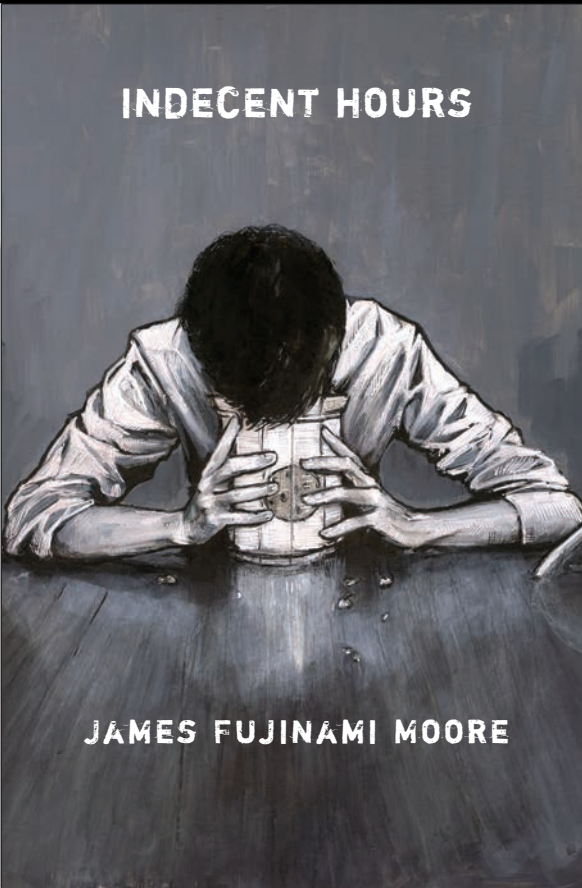
“PLEASURE is an elegant poem/essay on family, on solitude, on expatriation; on self-constitution through reading and literary absorption. Nikolopoulos’s specificity about erotic encounters is enchanting and ethically succulent—worthy of his predecessors and models: Genet, Barthes, Guibert. It is thrilling to see how these poems emerge from the emergencies and delectations of daily experience; thrilling to see how the poet has made, of his tempests and agons and inspirations, a new form, a new way of being lyrical, experimental, libidinous, all at once. Maybe the least fussy and the most direct thing I could say is that I couldn’t stop reading the book once I’d started: never did a hitch or solecism or doldrum impede my pleasure.”
—Wayne Koestenbaum

from of upon closer examination, it is not
a scarf

... I saw it first streaming
over my Facebook,
a blip descending scream
sandwiched between ten facts about
anxiety that I probably won't believe
and an ad for the diapers
I do not yet know I want, the
autoplays of Subarus
& pain relief,
a reminder that gravity
like fatherhood
is a neutral,
irreversible force.
Scrubbing
the video backwards
here is what
I see: the baby
girl leaping up
the lip of roof
to her daddy's open hands
his soft hands undoing
over & over &
over again
the weightless,
ribboning noose.

James Fujinami Moore's work has appeared in *Barrow Street's 4x2*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Guesthouse*, *The Margins*, the *Pacifica Literary Review*, and *Prelude*. He has received support from Poets House, Bread Loaf, and the Frost Place, and received his MFA from Hunter College in 2016. He lives in Los Angeles.

author photo by Mark Maryanovich



For award-winning poet James Fujinami Moore, the past is never past. In this brutal debut, sensual, political, and imagined worlds collide, tracing a history of diaspora and trauma that asks: what do we do in the aftermath of violence, and why do we long to inflict it? From Vegas boxing rings and the restless sands of Manzanar to the scrolling horrors of a Facebook feed, Moore's poems trace over intimate details with surprising humor, fierce eroticism, and a restless eye.

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6 x 9 | 112 pages
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James Fujinami Moore

indecent hours

"James Fujinami Moore's debut poetry collection reminds us that America is not a Promised Land but a mutable place we inhabit. It is a country shaped by lust and heartbreak, parental pride and discomfort, nebulous mythologies, and large and small acts of violence born of boredom, of boyhoods, of unchecked power, of stereotypes and racial slurs. The book's great energy resides in Moore's willingness to ask: How has America shaped the people it never vowed to love and protect? How heavy the memories lying by at night? At once witty and weary and always with an eye on the animal kingdom and the natural world, Moore's collection will rattle you with its close examinations and indecent answers, with its refusal to look away."
—Yona Harvey

"James Fujinami Moore's poems possess the uncanny capacity to be at once unsettled and unnervingly lucid. It is this particular power that fuels his searing investigations—into the intimate relationships between representation and violence, into how families and countries take shape around those who are missing. Moore's poems are urgent, achingly searching, unflinching. Here is a poet who moves as he needs to—flipping foreground and background, rewinding and replaying, refusing the distortions of fear."
—Mary Szybist

When You Die They'll Autopsy Your Brain

In one quadrant: whiskers, insect husks, syringes, wet ashes. In the second: an illuminated alphabet—Apollo, Bathysphere, Chaos, &c. The third, your parents, shrunk & mummified, hair & fingers eerily lifelike. And finally a newborn, radiant as alabaster, fragile as eggshell, who you are.

author photo by William Diebold, Jr.



A posthumous collection, *Midflight* collects the poems written by beloved science editor and journalist David Corcoran in the latter part of his life. Idling in a space between the pastoral and the ordinary, Corcoran’s lyrical world maps the sublime mundanity of nature while exploring memory, dreams, and consciousness itself. Corcoran’s lines abound with figures living and long deceased, with the dead walking onstage as if they never left. Describing the accident that killed his father when he was a toddler in “Here,” Corcoran writes, “the door [opens] in midflight / and [pitches] him out.” In “Last Questions,” he asks, “Are you my brother or / a mockingbird?” While these haunting, vivid poems have an aching prescience, imbued as they are with the awareness of human ephemerality, the gift they proffer, to the writer and the reader at once, is the sense of finding oneself midflight, in midair, betwixt sky and ground, in the free fall of being—going and going and never gone.

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David Corcoran

Midflight

David Corcoran was born in New York City in 1947 and was raised in nearby Rockland County. A lifelong journalist, he began his career as a boy, covering sports at the local paper. He attended Amherst College and continued in newspapers, ultimately working as a writer and editor at *The New York Times*, where he retired as editor of the weekly section, *Science Times*. His poems have appeared in *The Adirondack Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Fovea*, and *Podium*. David Corcoran died in 2019. This is his first book.

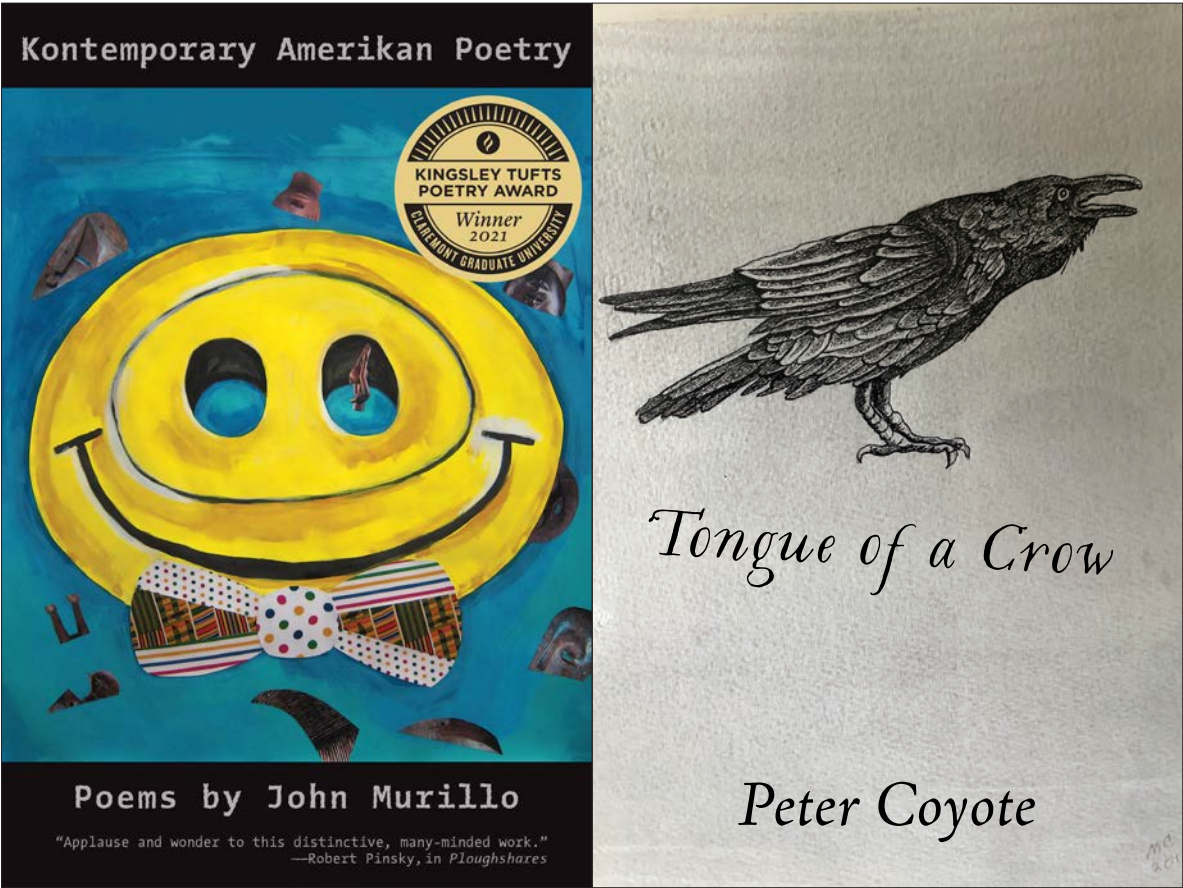
“David’s poems bring me back to basics. His eyes had real power. He understood that good poets must remain young. It is like a curse: having to reinvent the world with our eyes. I don’t want to say goodbye to him. I am sure he wrote these trenchant poems, in part, to heal himself.”
—Henri Cole

“A rare gift—allow yourself to be carried along by these poems and by the end you will have glimpsed the interior landscape of another human being, which is where I find myself now, on the other side of this strange and beautiful collection. Opening this book was like entering a dream—surreal, yet grounded in the things of this world—ash, stone, water. Desire is the subtext, which means that death is always nearby, lurking, playing its unsettling, essential, inevitable music.”
—Nick Flynn

Kontemporary Amerikan Poetry
by John Murillo

Winner of the Kingsley Tufts Award, Four Quartets Prize from Poetry Society of America, and Poetry Society of Virginia North American Book Award; Finalist for the NAACP Image Award in Poetry, PEN America’s PEN /Voelcker Award, Maya Angelou Award, Hurston / Wright Legacy Award, and *Believer* Book Award in Poetry; and Featured in *Lit Hub*, *Publishers Weekly* (Starred Review), *Library Journal*, *NPR*, *Booklist*, *Poets & Writers*, *Rain Taxi Review of Books*, *The Rumpus*, and *The New York Times* (selected by Reginald Dwayne Betts).

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Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry



Tongue of a Crow
by Peter Coyote

Featured in *The Press Democrat* and *A Mighty Blaze: Poets in Conversation*.

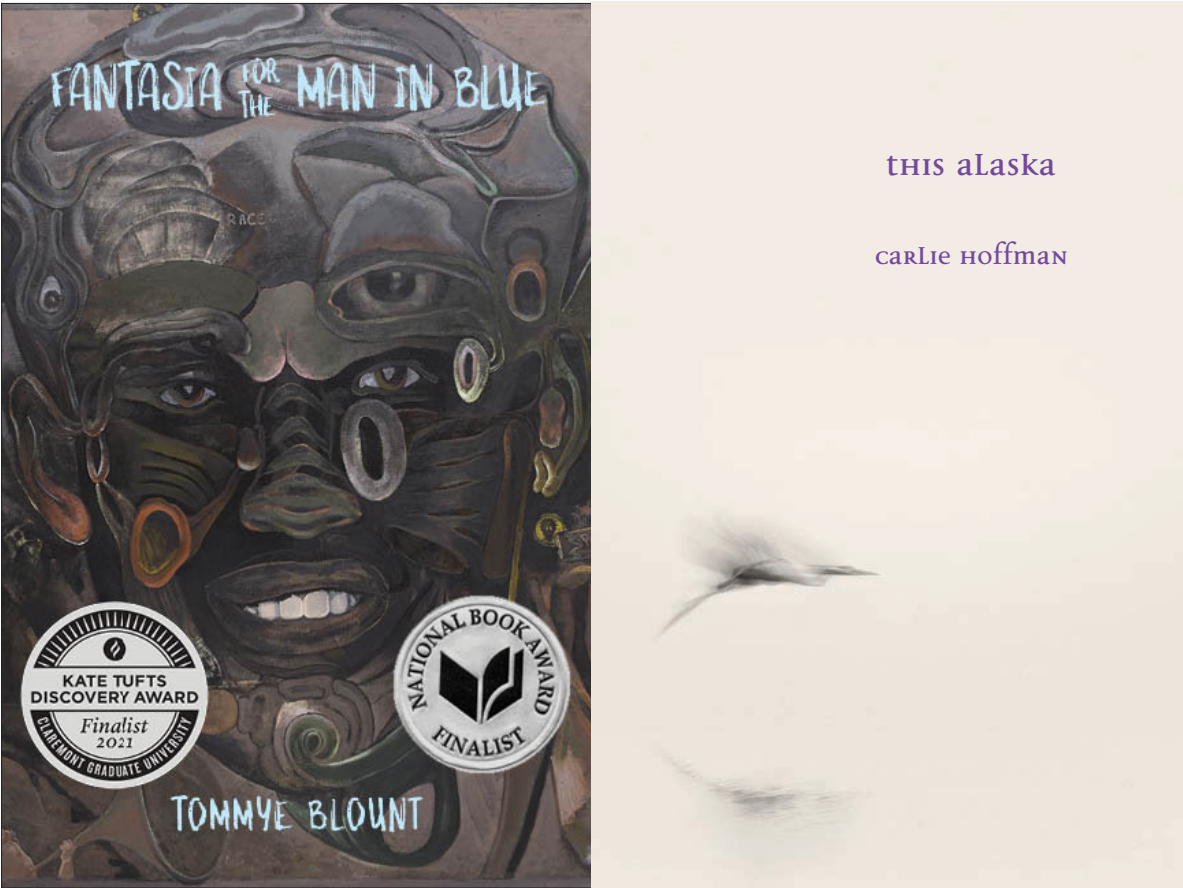
“Peter Coyote’s poetry is like his work as an actor: subtle, powerful, humble yet blazing with an inner light and heat. This is a work of range and wit and natural beauty...The whole collection is haunting, poignant and dazzling.”
—Novelist and Screenwriter Corey Mesler

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Pub Date: September 2021 | Poetry

Fantasia for the Man in Blue
by Tommye Blount

Finalist for the National Book Award in Poetry, Kate Tufts Discovery Award in Poetry, Publishing Triangle Thom Gunn Award for Gay Poetry, Lambda Literary Award in Gay Poetry, Julie Suk Award, and Hurston / Wright Legacy Award; Longlisted for the *Believer* Book Award in Poetry; and Featured in *Poets & Writers*, *Booklist* (Starred Review), and *Publishers Weekly* (Starred Review).

ISBN: 978-1-945588-49-5 | eISBN: 978-1-945588-65-5
\$16.95 | Paper
6 x 9 | 88 pages
Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry



This Alaska
by Carlie Hoffman

Featured in *Publishers Weekly*, *Columbia Journal*, *The Purchase Phoenix*, and *Ordinary Plots*.

“Beauty and violence coexist in Hoffman's writing, drawing memorably from one another. As the poem ‘Overnight’ asks, ‘Who are we if not images / that betray us? The street is quiet. // Snow begins in the leaves.’ This is an enjoyably atmospheric debut.”
Publishers Weekly

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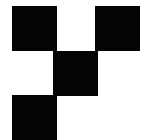
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