

# FOUR WAY BOOKS

*thirty  
years*

**“Your life began this way, with the dream of orchids ...”  
Rigoberto González from “Floriuno”**

**SPRING 2023 POETRY**

**RECENTLY PUBLISHED & NOTEWORTHY**

## from “Tostón”

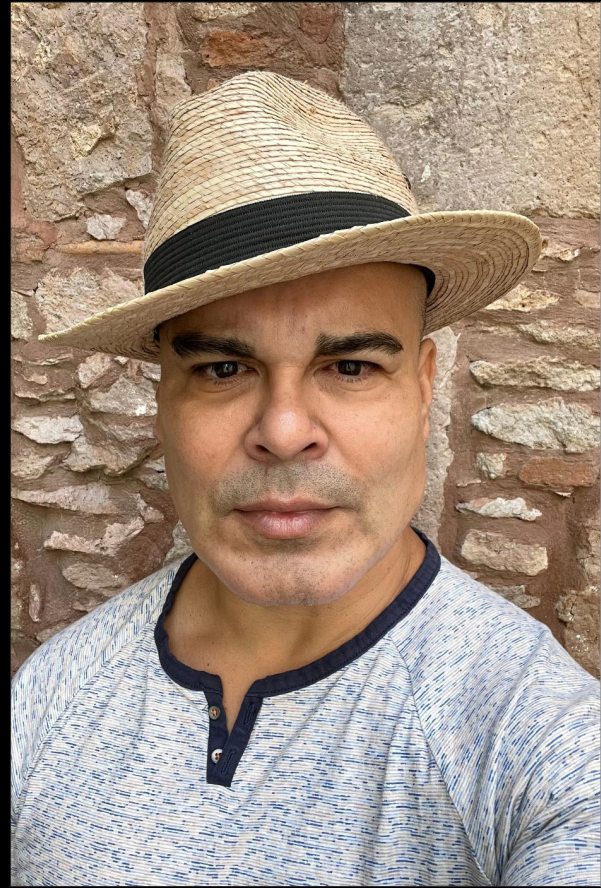
The floor collects the cells of your skin and no one else's. You're breathing in only yourself in the dust. Again, this doesn't sadden you one bit. Perhaps you used up the last drops of grief after you lost

your children. When you die, you're the last piece of evidence that your parents ever lived. And you? What proof that you were once loved? Slowly you rise and walk from one room to another

and both rooms scarcely notice the difference. You are, dear friend, officially a tostón that 50¢ Mexican coin, half a peso, relic of the past, purveyor of the simple pleasures of your childhood—paletita

de dulce sabor mango, canica ojo de dragón, galletita de mantequilla, cacahuete japonés. Moctezuma's profile is engraved on this silver moon, he always facing away from the sea,

looking back at the ruins of Tenochtitlán, not with anguish or disdain, but with a dignified gaze that says, *What is done is done. No use crying over what can never change. Or what is gone.*



## Rigoberto González

Rigoberto González lives in Newark, NJ and is the author of eighteen books of poetry and prose, including previous Four Way Books publications *The Book of Ruin* (2019), *Unpeopled Eden* (2013), and *Black Blossoms* (2011). His awards include Lannan, Guggenheim, NEA, NYFA, and USA Rolón fellowships, the PEN/Voelcker Award, the American Book Award from the Before Columbus Foundation, the Lenore Marshall Prize from the Academy of American Poets, and the Shelley Memorial Prize from the Poetry Society of America. A critic-at-large for *The LA Times* and contributing editor for *Poets & Writers Magazine*, he is the series editor for the Camino del Sol Latinx Literary Series at the University of Arizona Press. Currently, he's Distinguished Professor of English and the director of the MFA Program in Creative Writing at Rutgers-Newark, the State University of New Jersey.

thirty  
years



The capstone of a quarter-century career in poetry, *To the Boy Who Was Night* collects the poetry published by Rigoberto González since 1999, including selections from five previous books as well as new work. Mirroring González’s personal trajectory, the arc of this work articulates the course of a life: these poems recall leaving a beloved homeland, confront masculinity and sexuality in new adulthood, imagine the earth devoid of human inhabitants, descend into the realm of ghosts, and return to arrive at *Dispatches from the Broken World*. This latest section ventures into foreign terrain—an autobiographical confrontation with isolation and the aging body. His lyrical exploration, like the weather reports scrawled on ancient temple walls, will preserve this age-old message: “likely a poem, surely an epitaph.” *To the Boy Who Was Night* bears the fruit of 25 years of poetry, González’s boldest and most comprehensive volume yet.

ISBN: 978-1-954245-52-5 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-53-2

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 280 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

## *To the Boy Who Was Night* *Poems: Selected and New*

Rigoberto González writes a richly detailed poetry, with strangely evocative landscapes, insightful appraisals of body and soul, and unpredictable narratives, sometimes set in Mexico, sometimes in California, sometimes places in his heart. His sense of wonder is magical and his personality evident—this is him, a poet who can claim a cadence like no other. A true and wildly engaging master.

—Gary Soto

How to deal with irreplaceable loss? Can poetry resurrect a lost culture? Can it be equal in force to the violence from which it arises? Rigoberto González has great compassion for the downtrodden, for those who do the terrible but necessary jobs. His genius is to bring alive the sensory experience that some paintings give us by a kind of synesthesia, so that we feel the poems in our skin and bones. In this stunning collection, a brilliant mind shapes a magical landscape from the ruins.

—Toi Derricotte

## Prophecy

*Remember, my mother says, they found Adam Walsh in pieces, buttoning my jacket, kissing my cheek, sending me off to school, directly across the dead-end road. Street severed by woods, I couldn't shake its prophecy. In school, we play Hangman: on the chalkboard, a neck in a rope, a word underneath in dashes, letters looming from the fog, filling in the blanks, until one grinning boy hangs another.*

author photo by Anthony Raley



## James Allen Hall

James Allen Hall (he/they) lives in Chestertown, MD and is the author of a previous book of poems, *Now You're the Enemy*, and *I Liked You Better Before I Knew You So Well*, a book of lyric essays. They direct the Rose O'Neill Literary House at Washington College.

*thirty  
years*



James Allen Hall returns to poetry with *Romantic Comedy*, a sophomore collection sounding the parameters of genre to subvert cultural notions of literary value and artistic legitimacy. What realities do stories authorize, and which remain untold? “This story,” they profess in “Biography,” “is mine: there was / a wound, then a world.” Rather than playing into the attention economy’s appetite for sensationalism, Hall’s poems resist the formulaic while paying homage to the oeuvre, a formal balancing act that celebrates queer life. The poems create liberatory narratives that break constraints or speak through them. Hall parses music from the blizzard—as when “one year / [they] watched the snow / pile to [their] door / all December, all / January,” “the year [they] wanted / to die,” and, faced with winter’s architecture, “learned / another song. Sang / another way.” Whether grieving the death of their father, documenting the survival of sexual assault, interrogating the scripts of addiction, or revisiting an ’80s crime thriller, Hall’s second collection constantly affirms the ingenuity of self-definition as a technology of survival.

ISBN: 978-1-954245-46-4 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-47-1

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 104 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

## *Romantic Comedy*

WINNER OF THE FOUR WAY BOOKS LEVIS PRIZE IN POETRY

“... *Romantic Comedy* broke me open for its willingness to go there, “into the subway, where the rats are /... where grit diamond-sparkles in rough light, / down where the understory waits its turn / to be born, invented by fairies, told around a fire, / unfolded, weaved, made up by survivors, / by the likes of you, and me.” *Romantic Comedy* is a masterpiece of queer self-creation.”

—Diane Seuss, Levis Prize judge and winner of the 2022 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry

## Children of Lions

The rest of us,  
trembling among our mothers'

bargain trench coats, waited  
for Narnia. There, we dreamed

we were the children  
of lions. Heirs to our own beds. Safe

in a closet rapturous with centaurs  
in symphony with naiads and fauns. And I,

pink and young, swelled like a sinless sun. And I  
pretended my father—

who had struck me then shoved me in—  
would find my tomb empty

and repent. No, that is the adult talking.  
I was a child then. It didn't matter

what he'd done.  
I still wanted to be found.



author photo by Ted Ely

## Eugenia Leigh

Eugenia Leigh is a Korean American poet living in Jericho, NY and the author of one previous collection of poetry, *Blood, Sparrows and Sparrows* (Four Way Books, 2014), winner of the Debulitzer Prize in Poetry. Her poems and essays have appeared in numerous publications including *Guernica*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Nation*, *Ploughshares*, *Poetry*, and *The Rumpus*. Poems from *Bianca* were awarded *Poetry's* Bess Hokin Prize and selected for the *Best of the Net Anthology*. A Kundiman fellow, Eugenia received her MFA from Sarah Lawrence College and serves as a poetry editor at *The Adroit Journal*.

thirty  
years



“I thought I forgave you,” Eugenia Leigh tells the specter of her father in *Bianca*. “Then I took root and became / someone’s mother.” Leigh’s gripping second collection introduces us to a woman managing marriage, motherhood, and mental illness as her childhood abuse resurfaces in the light of “this honeyed life.” Leigh strives to reconcile the disconnect between her past and her present as she confronts the inherited violence mired in the body’s history. As she “choose[s] to be tender to [her] child—a choice / [her] mangled brain makes each day,” memories arise, asking the mother in her to tend, also, to the girl she once was. Thus, we meet her manic alter ego, whose history becomes the gospel of Bianca: “We all called her Bianca. My fever, my havoc, my tilt.” These poems recover and reconsider Leigh’s girlhood and young adulthood with the added context of PTSD and Bipolar Disorder. They document the labyrinth of a woman breaking free from the cycle of abuse, moving from anger to grief, from self-doubt to self-acceptance. Bianca is ultimately the testimony of one woman’s daily recommitment to this life. To living. “I expected to die much younger than I am now,” Leigh writes, in awe of the strangeness of now, of “every quiet and colossal joy.”

# *Bianca*

ISBN: 978-1-954245-44-0 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-45-7

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 124 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

“I hope you read Eugenia Leigh’s *Bianca* from cover to cover, in one sitting, as I have. In these pages you will travel with a woman—brain, heart, and gut—delving into nightmare and violence to finally retrieve a life of love and motherhood, to accept that life. These poems, which are sometimes a torrent, sometimes a clear evening sky, challenge the reader to witness pain and then reward us with the poet’s relentless search for connection and beauty.”

—Patrick Rosal

“Eugenia Leigh’s *Bianca* pierces with its white hot rage and sorrow. With terrifying honesty and lyric precision, Leigh revisits the cyclonic violence her father inflicted upon her and her family and explores the dangers of mental illness when it goes unspoken, untreated, and unnamed. *Bianca* devastates me.”

—Cathy Park Hong

## Memento Mori: Bird Head

A suitable end to February—waking and drawing the blinds to discover a bird's head, stuck by its own blood to the sill, outside the window. Thirty-three floors up, a hawk devoured the body on the roof and discarded the eyeless head. Its beak, long and curved, looks like the Venetian plague doctor's mask that hung on a red velvet ribbon in my first apartment. The head sits, stubborn, a reminder of what this winter has taken and what remains three weeks before spring.

As soon as I roll a newspaper and push the head off the ledge to the stubby shrubs below, I regret it. The dried blood, still smeared on the gray stone, resembles a daub of paint a child tried to scrape from her thumb. On my first organ donor form, I checked off each box except eyes, as if there were some way to see, even after death.

author photo by Richard McCormick

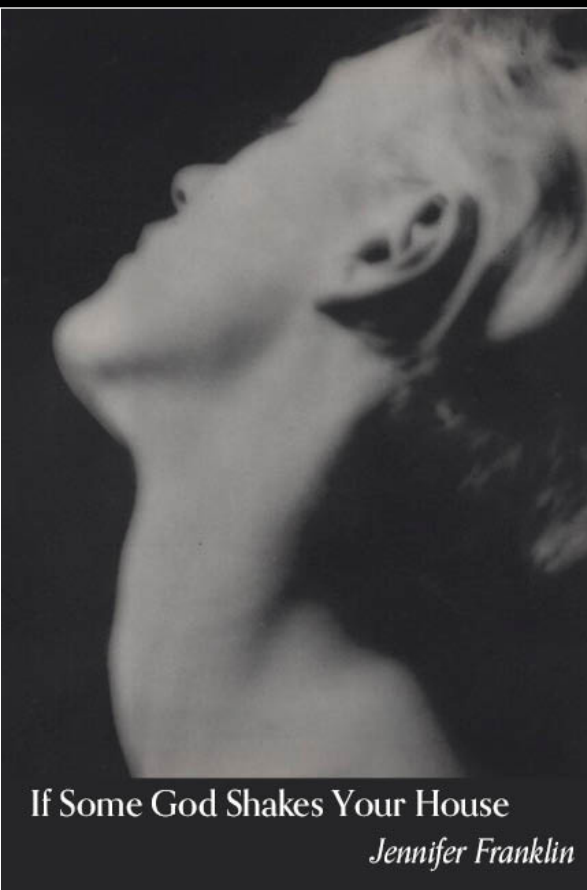


# Jennifer Franklin

Jennifer Franklin is the author of two previous full-length poetry collections, most recently *No Small Gift* (Four Way Books, 2018). Her work has been published widely in print and online including, *American Poetry Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Bennington Review*, *Boston Review*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Guernica*, *JAMA*, *The Nation*, *New England Review*, *the Paris Review*, “poem-a-day” series for the Academy of American Poets on poets.org, *Prairie Schooner*, and *RHINO*. She received a City Corps Artist Grant in poetry from NYFA and a Café Royal Cultural Foundation Grant for Literature in 2021. For the past ten years, she has taught manuscript revision at the Hudson Valley Writers Center, where she runs the reading series and serves as Program Director. She also teaches in Manhattanville’s MFA program. She lives with her husband and daughter in New York City. Her website is [jenniferfranklinpoet.com](http://jenniferfranklinpoet.com).

thirty  
years





Jennifer Franklin reimagines an Antigone for our times in her third collection, *If Some God Shakes Your House*, where filial devotion and ossified roles of gendered labor become the engine of her defiance. Franklin's Antigone is ferocious, feeling, and unafraid of the consequences of speaking the truth to power about the political atrocities she has witnessed and personal traumas she has withstood. With a sensitivity that equally elevates the quotidian and the classical, and an attention that moves from the ancient ruins of Pompeii to the right of bodily autonomy and agency stripped away by our own Supreme Court, Franklin reveals the high stakes of our moment where "the one who does the judging judges things all wrong." Franklin's Antigone has embraced the sacrifice of self for something greater—a dual devotion to her disabled daughter and to her art. "For twenty years, I have been disappearing," she writes in the book's final poem, yet she continues to sing.

ISBN: 978-1-954245-48-8 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-49-5  
\$17.95 | Paper  
6 x 9 | 120 pages  
Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

## *If Some God Shakes Your House*

"Urgent, tense, and fateful—Jennifer Franklin throws her voice in these taut lyrics and prose poems that view her own experience through a dramatic lens, the voice of Antigone come back to face the rockiness of our moment and the inevitability of death. This serious, unremitting book will leave you shaken by the furies, the randomness of destiny, and the gravity of life."

—Edward Hirsch

"'Once I discovered / home was a lie I told myself,' Jennifer Franklin writes, 'I shoveled the dirt to bury my life.' These poems—at once brutal and blooming—speak in the voice of a modern-day Antigone, a voice filled with soil and song, a voice strained by the burdens of gendered kinship duty and state violence. Franklin's work moves across the boundaries of the mythic and the mundane, the mother and the child, the scarred body and the exalted promise, the prose poem and the sonnet, the womb and the tomb, the living and the dead. She instructs us how to hold ourselves and our beloveds—wretched and wondrous—through our living, dying, earth-bound days: 'Anyone can throw // a corpse below the ground. It takes love / to prepare a body for the earth.'"

—Deborah Paredez

While Waitressing at the Kosher  
Restaurant a Man Calls Me a Whore and  
a Woman Rushes Behind Me into the  
Kitchen to Hand Me Her Baby

Every season is good for killing girls,  
the seaweed-black night foaming

with stars—  
a plaque of women's names.

Before Mary's a whore,  
a baby is placed in the frozen bird

of her lap, the dignity in being.  
Every place that hurts you

is the season where the sun bursts  
like salmon on fire. Think

of Eve shivering naked beneath the alder  
watching God get angry—

is it anger or is it grief—all of us doing  
what we've been trained to do.

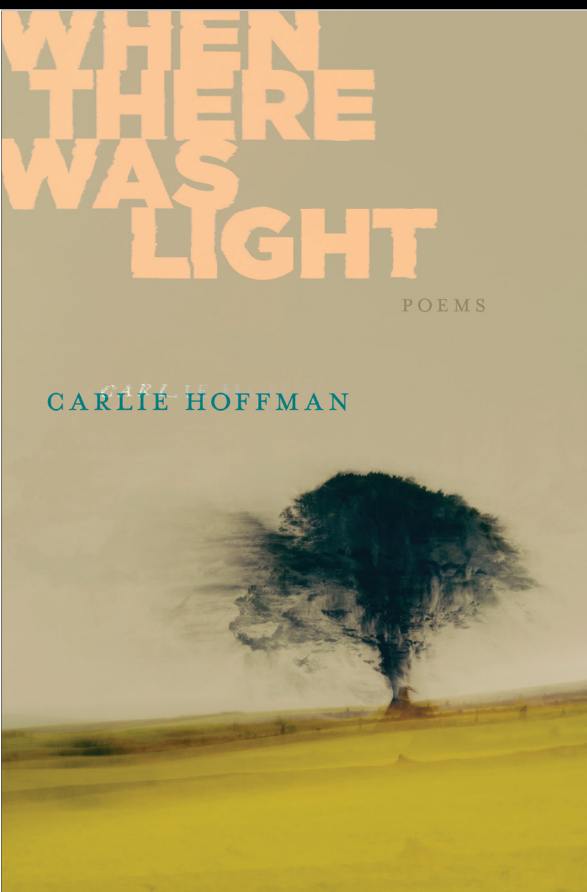
Carlie Hoffman lives in Brooklyn and is the author of one previous collection of poetry, *This Alaska* (Four Way Books, 2021), winner of the NCPA Gold Award in poetry and a finalist for the Foreword Indies Book of the Year Award. A poet and translator, her honors include a "Discovery" / *Boston Review* prize and a *Poet's & Writers* Amy Award. Carlie is the founder and editor-in-chief of *Small Orange Journal*.



author photo by Johnny Steers

## Carlie Hoffman

thirty  
years



While Hoffman’s debut collection interrogated the mythos built around grief, inhabiting an Alaska of the mind, her stunning sophomore collection *When There Was Light* looks at the past for what it was. These poems map out a topography where global movements of diaspora and war live alongside personal reckonings: a house’s foreclosure, parents’ divorce, the indelible night spent drunk with a best friend “[lying] down inside a chronic row of corn.” Here, her father’s voice “is the stray dog barking / at the snow, believing the little strawberries grow wilder / against a field.” In these pages, she points to Russia and Poland and Germany, saying, “It was / another time. My people / another time. The synagogues burn decades / of new snow.” The brilliance of this collection illuminates the relationship between memory and language; “another time” means different, back then, gone and lost to us, and it means over and over, always, again. With this linguistic dexterity and lyrical tenderness, Hoffman’s work bridges private and public histories, reminding us of the years cloaked in shadows and the years when there was light.

ISBN: 978-1-954245-42-6 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-43-3

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 80 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

## *When There Was Light*

“Carlie Hoffman’s poems see pain, danger, regret, remorse, mercy in ways other documentation cannot. Sometimes a balm, other times a warning, often a record, most often all at once. Here is how Hoffman opens a few poems: ‘February, worst month, The last time, When I was suffering, I’ve lost you again, It seems to me a blessing, Every season is good for killing girls.’ Hoffman’s poems accept their fierce conflicts and struggle. Her reaching for a way to say in words never ends. Near the book’s end Hoffman asks a question. ‘Will I ever stop being angry / for never hearing my family’s language?’ Imagine how many ways to take that question. In another poem Hoffman says, ‘Somehow, American,’ and it sums up an almost unbearable too much. This is a beautiful book, willing to look with love, the kind poetry provides, deep into what our families do and mean to us, what they give us, what they take away.”

—Dara Barrois/Dixon

## Effigy

I waited all my life for my father to die and when he finally did I heard the whip of voices caged within his skull. In the neighborhood, maple branches sprawled into each other, each trunk an asthmatic wheeze summitting the snake line, each limb heaving into the next. A pattern ripples through the absence of whom we scatter. I heard my own pulse shelled by inheritance, felt the stubborn flesh of a neck that snapped its own beat. Outside, when people celebrate the terrorist's death in the streets, I do not leave my house. When my father finally died, we cut him from the ceiling, fed him sweets, dipped him in oil, and burned, like an effigy, the voiceless body

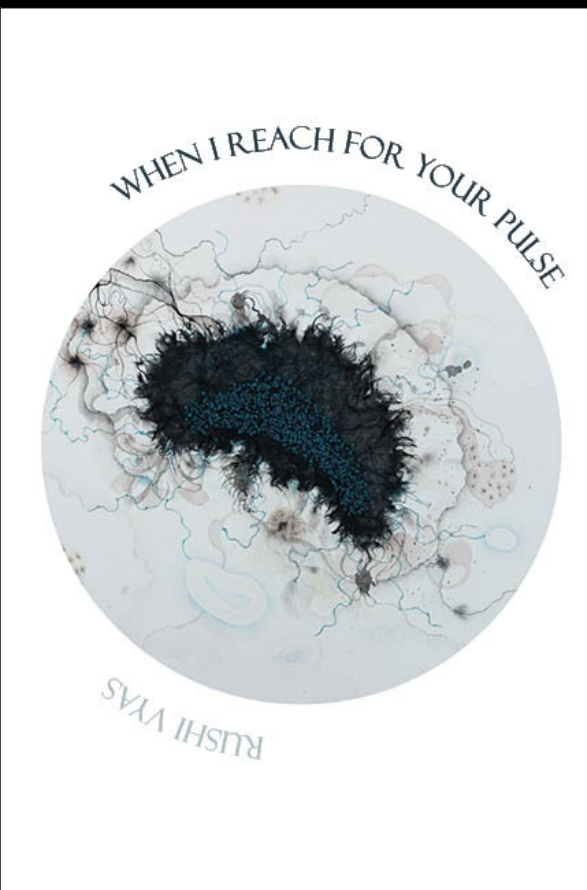
author photo by Tessa Romano



## Rushi Vyas

Rushi Vyas was born in Toledo, Ohio. He is co-author of the chapbook *Between Us, Not Half a Saint* (GASHER Press, 2021) with Rajiv Mohabir, and his poem “Morning Chant: Scatter” was republished as a broadside by the Center for Book Arts. He earned his MFA from the University of Colorado-Boulder and his BS from the University of Michigan. His poems have been published in *Adroit Journal*, *The Georgia Review*, *Indiana Review*, *Landfall* (NZ), *The Offing*, *The Spinoff* (NZ), *Tin House*, and elsewhere. He has worked as a career counselor, curriculum developer, editor, and facilitator. In 2019, Rushi moved from Brooklyn, New York, to Ōtepoti Dunedin, Aotearoa New Zealand, where he currently lives, writes, and teaches.

thirty  
years



In this electrifying debut, lyric works to untangle slippery personal and political histories in the wake of a parent's suicide. "When my father finally / died," Vyas writes, "we [...] burned, / like an effigy, the voiceless body." Grief returns us to elemental silence, where "the wind is a muted vowel in the brush of pine / branches" across American landscapes. These poems extend formal experimentation, caesurae, and enjambment to reach into the emptiness and fractures that remain. This language listens as much as it sings, asking: can we recover from the muting effects of British colonialism, American imperialism, patriarchy, and caste hierarchies? Which cultural legacies do we release in order to heal? Which do we keep alive, and which keep us alive? A monument to yesterday and a missive to tomorrow, *When I Reach for Your Pulse* reminds us of both the burden and the promise of inheritance. "[T]he wail outlasts / the dream," but time falls like water and so "the stream survives its source."

ISBN: 978-1-954245-54-9 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-55-6

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 124 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

## *When I Reach for Your Pulse*

"In this unflinching debut, Rushi Vyas intricately untangles personal and familial memories as a lyrical mode of mourning. 'I waited all my life for my father to die,' Vyas writes in the opening poem, and we witness the aftermath of a paternal suicide which left shockwaves in its wake. There is no bracing for the impact of a self-inflicted violence that ends a history of domestic violence. Relief, dread, and radical compassion lace these unforgettable accounts. At times fierce and tender, these poems reveal how anti-elegy is essential to the elegiac form."

—Diana Khoi Nguyen

"Rushi Vyas's staggering first collection is an effigy formed by that brightness we know will supplant the day's dark whether we see it happen or not. This lyric is simultaneously interrogation, mourning, joy. The speaker in these poems searches for direction, some impetus that might *occupy the mind against dreams* in a layered and multivocal testament to the gravity of witness, to the perpetual happening of a moment that reverberates so profoundly it cannot end, a temporal ripple that, steeped in a sonic resonance where *syllables are not yet words or a body mostly nothing ... air & bone lined with skin*, anchors us to the intersection where *I* meets *Thou* meets *We*. I'm thrilled to be invited into these poems where *snow stifles / the certain world and the season of unknowing* feels most like an emancipation gifted within this 'verse, within these 'verses."

—Ruth Ellen Kocher

## Autobiography

Is it enough that I tried to do no harm?  
I drank the milk before it spoiled,

biked to work, held doors. When I crushed  
the occasional spider, I felt mostly sorry.

In the city, nature was hard to follow,  
incognito in crevices along the river,

but who can tell a flower from a weed?  
I met the not-knowing, & it bloomed in me

like a seed. Traffic blinked, an organism,  
while I trained my mind on the mind,

which took forever. I couldn't think my way  
into the future, where love was a country

I'd never visited but wanted to. The ocean  
repeated while we wandered the lemon groves.

author photo by Lizzie Harris



# Jen Levitt

Jen Levitt is the author of *The Off-Season* (Four Way Books, 2016). Her poems have appeared in *The Adroit Journal*, *Boston Review*, *Tin House*, *The Yale Review* and elsewhere. She lives in New York City and teaches high school students.

thirty  
years

# SO LONG

JEN LEVITT

POEMS

## *So Long*

Anticipating and then grieving the death of her father, Jen Levitt's *So Long* fleshes out a full elegiac register, sitting with the mourning of farewell while holding onto gratitude, remembrance, and a permeating love. "Soon," she says, "we'll have to find another way to meet, as moonlight / makes the river glow." In the contrails of bittersweet loss, Levitt's speaker observes all that surrounds her, and the self, too, as a phenomenon in loneliness. In the suburbs, she notes high-school athletes circling "in their sweat-resistant fabrics," "so natural in their tank tops, those dutiful kids trying to beat time"; upstate, she finds herself in temple where Broadway music has replaced prayer and discovers "no promises, / but, like hearing a rustle in deep woods & turning to locate its source, the chance for something rare." It is this humanistic faith that inverts the title's idiomatic goodbye into a statement of permanence, the truth of our enduring, improbable lives: look at this, she seems to command herself, "& look at how lucky I've been, for so long."

ISBN: 978-1-954245-50-1 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-51-8

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 88 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

Jen Levitt can see you, reader, in this quiet hour in the dark; this poet wrote a book that makes its own light to read by. The speaker's inner life is seductive but not flirtatious, precise but not fussy, realized but pressingly nascent, and visionary but using all the senses for its clairvoyance. Thirty-something in New York City, making a life as a teacher and poet, losing a beloved father, learning to live with absence and longing—what a soul that peeks out from behind these translucent scenes of good-bye and remembering, to keep love from slipping away the way time does. Oh the loss is endless, as is Jen Levitt's brilliance, her empathic light which transforms that loss into longing, into love. If you know someone who deserves everything beautiful in this world, lay this book at their feet. The lovers of realness, those who really love, will treasure this treasure.

—Brenda Shaughnessy

## Poetry

Is pointless, my son says. If you write that down  
I'll kill you. I fear he fears  
The attention I give it. I used to drive  
Till he fell asleep. Ten minutes, then silence

The river knit with ice. In tonight's movie  
A boat swerves against bullets.  
He sings the movie's theme. I kill you,  
You kill me. Plot against all

That is good. Good for whom?  
I know every word that rhymes  
With my assailant's first name. It's difficult  
To achieve real-world fear

In a movie. My son crawls into bed.  
There's nothing I need more than you, I say.  
Not true, he says. The rudder turns  
In my throat. Every sleep he needs me less.

author photo by Augusta Sparks Farnum



## Rob Schlegel

Rob Schlegel lives in the Pacific Northwest and is the author of three previous collections of poetry, including *January Machine* (Four Way Books, 2014). With the poets Rawaan Alkhatib and Daniel Poppick, he co-edits the Catenary Press.

thirty  
years





Childcare  
Rob Schlegel

Crackling with the hypervigilance of parenthood, *Childcare* explores the paradox at the root of raising kids: the joy of new life accompanies an awareness of potential loss. Rob Schlegel's fourth collection observes the tangled emotions of fatherhood; even as he wonders at the strange intelligence of youth, he elegizes the present moment. The longitudinal wisdom of this collection appears in the choreography of its leaps—how it moves from the aside “[My son] needs my love the most when he least deserves it / Is something I read” to the reflection that “Death / Names my shape. I keep my clothes / From dust and ghosts and time. / I’m angry at my father for aging.” From Schlegel’s relentless curiosity and keen observations, the artistic crisis driving the book emerges: does poetry memorialize the ephemeral moment, saving something for us, or does it remove us from experience? The duality of language’s role—that it, ultimately, has the capacity to do both—doubles the significance of “childcare” in this collection, which comes to represent not just the work of child rearing but the dutiful care by adult children for their parents. Perhaps nothing can convey the scope and quality of family life like the concatenated dependencies of “(Un)conditional,” which terminate here: “If the cut draws blood / If life ends in desire // If it begins in love.”

## *Childcare*

ISBN: 978-1-954245-56-3 | eISBN: 978-1-954245-57-0

\$17.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 76 pages

Pub Date: March 2023 | Poetry

“There are few poets whose work I admire as much as I admire Rob Schlegel’s. There’s a nervy sincerity at work, a genuine desire to say what’s true—a role for the poet that emerges from the role of the parent. This voice combines the elemental depth of the fable and the immediacy of the interior monologue. These poems are as brave in their performances as they are profound in their claims: even the truest statements in *Childcare* seem to disappear as soon as they arrive, showing Schlegel to be the rarest of American artists, daring enough to test his wisdom against the honest brutality of everyday life. Schlegel does nothing short of renewing the power of American English to tell truths worth telling. He asks questions worth asking; he pushes the power of the language just a little bit further than we ever thought it would go, reminding us not just who we are but who we might become.”

—Katie Peterson

## *Kontemporary Amerikan Poetry*

by John Murillo

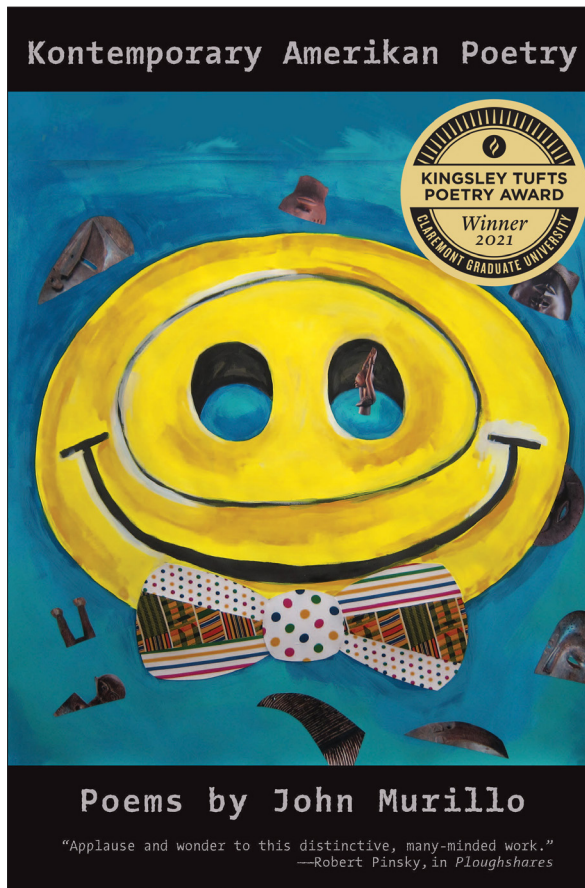
Winner of the Kingsley Tufts Award, Four Quartets Prize from Poetry Society of America, and Poetry Society of Virginia North American Book Award; Finalist for the NAACP Image Award in Poetry, PEN America's PEN/Voelcker Award, Maya Angelou Award, Hurston/Wright Legacy Award, and *Believer* Book Award 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).

ISBN: 978-1-945588-47-1 | eISBN: 978-1-945588-57-0

\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 88 pages

Pub Date: March 2020 | Poetry



## *Cutlish*

by Rajiv Mohabir

Finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award in Poetry and Longlisted for the PEN/Voelcker Award in Poetry.

“... Mohabir’s language is sharp and energetic, aware of the carving power of language, and often witty in its observations or address of weighty subjects.”

—*Library Journal*, Starred Review

ISBN: 978-1-945588-88-4 | eISBN: 978-1-945588-98-3

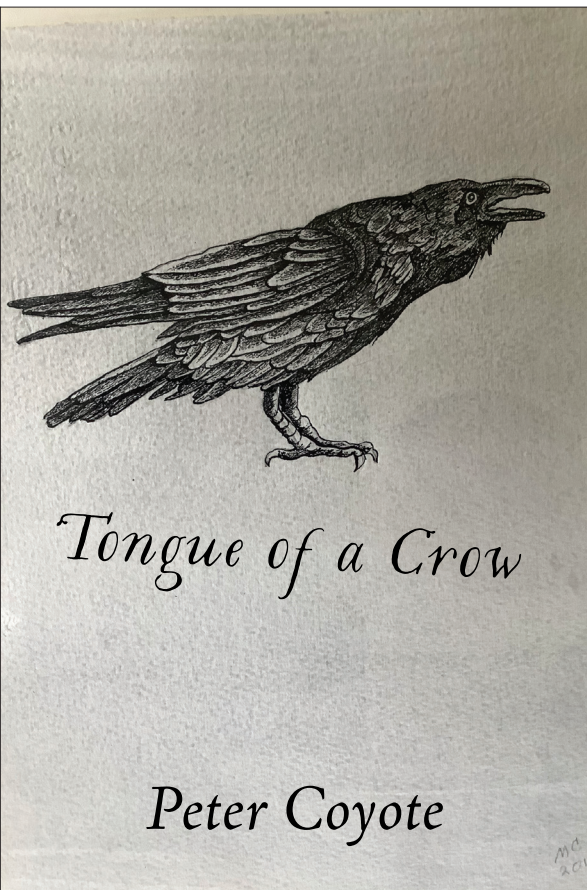
\$16.95 | Paper

6 x 9 | 116 pages

Pub Date: September 2021 | Poetry



## RECENT & NOTEWORTHY



*Tongue of a Crow*  
by Peter Coyote

Winner of the Human Relations Indie Book Award and the National Indie Excellence Award. Finalist for the Next Generation Indie Book Award

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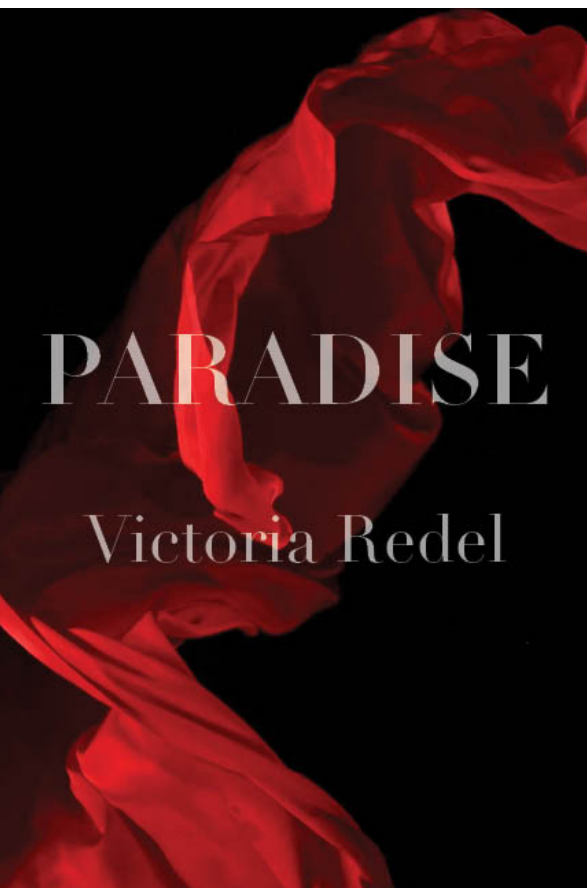
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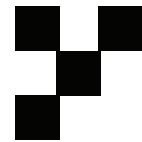
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This catalogue and the publication of our books were made possible by a generous grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

We are grateful for the public funds we receive from the New York State Council on the Arts.

We wish to thank the individuals and private foundations who support Four Way Books.

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