



# GRAYWOLF PRESS

WINTER 2018





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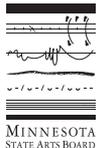
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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Cover art: Shen Wei, *Half Persimmon*, 2009  
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The new poetry collection by Tracy K. Smith,  
Poet Laureate of the United States

## Wade in the Water

Poems

TRACY K. SMITH

In *Wade in the Water*, Tracy K. Smith boldly ties America's contemporary moment both to our nation's fraught founding history and to a sense of the spirit, the everlasting. These are poems of sliding scale: some capture a flicker of song or memory; some collage an array of documents and voices; and some push past the known world into the haunted, the holy. The collection widens to include erasures of the Declaration of Independence and correspondence between slave owners, a found poem composed of evidence of corporate pollution and accounts of near-death experiences, a sequence of letters written by African Americans enlisted in the Civil War, and the survivors' reports of recent immigrants and refugees. *Wade in the Water* is a potent and luminous book by one of America's essential poets.

**Even the men in black armor, the ones  
Jangling handcuffs and keys, what else**

**Are they so buffered against, if not love's blade  
Sizing up the heart's familiar meat?**

**We watch and grieve. We sleep, stir, eat.  
Love: the heart sliced open, gutted, clean.**

**Love: naked almost in the everlasting street,  
Skirt lifted by a different kind of breeze.**

—from "Unrest in Baton Rouge"

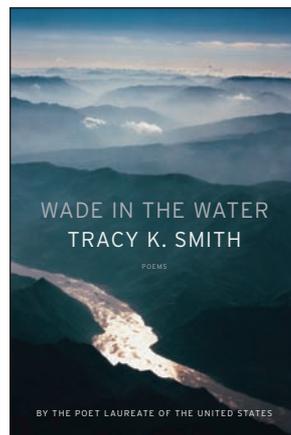
### Praise for *Life on Mars*

"A collection of bold, skillful poems, taking readers into the universe and moving them to an authentic mix of joy and pain."

—Pulitzer Prize citation

"*Life on Mars* first sends us out into the magnificent chill of the imagination and then returns us to ourselves, both changed and consoled."

—*The New York Times Book Review*



Poetry, 88 pages, 6 x 9

Hardcover, \$24.00

April

978-1-55597-813-6

Ebook Available

Brit., trans., audio, dram.:

Graywolf Press

1st ser.: Author c/o Graywolf Press

ALSO AVAILABLE

*The Body's Question*, Poetry,  
Paperback (978-1-55597-391-9),  
\$16.00

*Duende*, Poetry, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-475-6), \$16.00

*Life on Mars*, Poetry, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-584-5), \$16.00

TRACY K. SMITH is the author of three previous poetry collections, including *Life on Mars*, winner of the Pulitzer Prize, and a memoir, *Ordinary Light*, which was a finalist for the National Book Award. She teaches at Princeton University.

## An Excerpt from *Waiting for Tomorrow*

Drinks are served as they stand in the garden. Adam's studio, which attracts curiosity (and teasing toward the end of the evening, what have you got hidden there? Come on, show us!) is still firmly closed, the curtains drawn. There is the beautiful lawn, the wooden chairs, the awnings stretched taut, the candles on the tables, the children in the playhouse, air that is both dense and fresh, something one can feel going deep into one's lungs and acting there like an air freshener, they exchange news, they drink a toast, they stroll around a little, they light the first cigarettes. There is, after all, something gratifying about this start to the evening. A year has passed and they are all still there, no one has been forgotten, there has been no great disaster, no revolution, no great quarrels, no, they are still the same, or almost, at the start of this evening with all the children running in and out between their legs. They have the feeling that there is a special glamour about ordinary life, routine, traditions (getting married, having children, going on vacation, seeing friends, being in good health, little girls wearing smocked dresses and little boys wearing Bermuda shorts), and they feel grateful.

Julie is the first to notice Adèle. Going up to Anita, and in the brisk tone of voice she sometimes adopts, she remarks: "Anita, there's a woman in your kitchen."

Anita looks up and sees Adèle in the doorway.

They all turn to watch her approaching. Adèle walks slowly because Laura and the other children are dancing around her, as if she had promised them candies. They all notice her towering figure, her muscular, bare arms, effortlessly carrying a crate filled with bottles, her long solid legs in tight-fitting black jeans, her black boots. The gold of the setting sun pours down from the sky, filters through the leaves of the lilac trees, and spills onto Adèle's shaven head. There is the bracelet that sinks into her flesh a little when she sets the crate down on the ground. There is her Madonna-like face, her discreet and simple smile, her eyes slightly lowered, the hand she presses to her heart when she straightens up, and then Laura throws herself into her arms. Now she smiles broadly at Anita and at Anita alone. There is something other than friendship between these two women, there is a country, pictures beyond words, gestures beyond dissection, the little memories of childhood, the little memories of a country left behind, when the bread was like that and bus tickets were this color, when that was what we used to say, when this was what we used to do, when these were the fruits we used to eat.

Adèle turns on her heel and walks away, with the brood of children in tow, without a word, without a glance at the others.

**A powerful examination of the artistic impulse,  
cultural identity, and family bonds**

## **Waiting for Tomorrow**

*A Novel*

**NATHACHA APPANAH**

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY GEOFFREY STRACHAN

Anita is waiting for Adam to be released from prison. They met twenty years ago, at a New Year's Eve party in Paris, a city where they both felt out of place—he as a recent arrival from the provinces, and she as an immigrant from the island of Mauritius. They quickly fell in love, married, and moved to a village in southwestern France, to live on the shores of the Atlantic with their daughter, Laura.

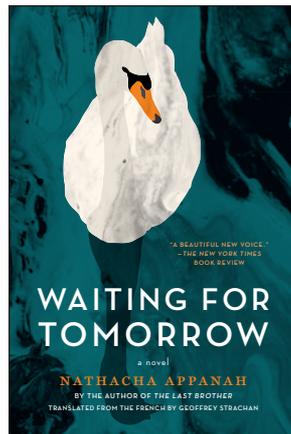
In order to earn a living, Adam has left behind his love of painting to become an architect, and Anita has turned her desire to write into a job freelancing for a local newspaper. Over time, the monotony of daily life begins to erode the bonds of their marriage. The arrival of Adèle, an undocumented immigrant from Mauritius they hire to care for Laura, sparks artistic inspiration for both Adam and Anita, as well as a renewed energy in their relationship. But this harmony will prove to be short-lived, brought down by their separate transgressions of Adèle's privacy and a subsequently tragic turn of events.

With the careful observation, vivid description, and emotional resonance that are the hallmarks of her previous novel, *The Last Brother*, in *Waiting for Tomorrow*, Nathacha Appanah investigates the life of the artist, the question of cultural differences within a marriage, and the creation and the destruction of a family.

### **Praise for *The Last Brother***

"Appanah's is a beautiful new voice. . . . If the music it sings is sad, well, it's all the more lifelike for that." —*The New York Times Book Review*

"Impressive. . . . Appanah's descriptions are meticulous."  
—*Publishers Weekly*, starred review



Fiction, 176 pages, 5½ x 8¼

Paperback, \$16.00

April

978-1-55597-803-7

Ebook Available

Brit., trans., dram.: Gallimard

1st ser., audio: Graywolf

### **ALSO AVAILABLE**

*The Last Brother*, Fiction, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-575-3), \$14.00

### **NATHACHA APPANAH**

was born in Mahébourg, Mauritius. She is the author of *The Last Brother*, which has been translated into sixteen languages. She works as a journalist and translator and lives in Caen, France.

## An Excerpt from *Tomb Song*

After a thousand failed attempts—Google searches, e-mails, Skype, and long-distance telephone calls to nonexistent accounts and numbers one digit short—Mónica tracks down my elder brother on a mobile phone with the area code for Yokohama, Japan. Would he call me? I answer. Solemn, without greeting me, Jorge asks:

“Is everyone at her bedside . . . ? You have to be there with her in these difficult days.”

I suppose he’s lived abroad for so long he’s ended up swallowing the exotic pill of advertising via the Abuelita cocoa powder slogan: There’s-No-Greater-Love-Than-the-Love-of-the-Great-Mexican-Family. I say no. Saíd is a mess and no doubt hooked on something or other; in his state, he isn’t up to the stress of a hospital. Mónica is doing her part outside (I’d like to say “in the outside world” but, today, for me, the outside world is immeasurable: hyperspace) as Director of Communications and Logistics of My Mother’s Leukemia. Diana has two babies and can only manage a shift every other night. Adriana is lost to the world: she left home when I was seven, so I hardly even know her. I’ve seen her no more than a couple of times in my adult life. The last was in 1994.

“For the past week, I’ve been doing thirty-six-hour shifts, dozing or writing by the bed of a dying woman,” I add melodramatically.

What I don’t add is: Welcome to the Apache nation. Eat your children if you don’t want the Palefaces, those white trash, to corrupt them. The only Family that gets along in this country is a narco-trafficking clan in Michoacán that cuts off people’s heads. Jorge, Jorgito, hello: The Great Mexican Family came tumbling down like a pile of stones, Pedro Páramo dissolving under his illegitimate son Abundio’s knife before the startled eyes of Damiana, the Televisa model who goes on robotically repeating: Coming to you from Lake Celestún, this is XEW . . . Nothing: there’s nothing left but pure, shitty, cunt nothingness. In this Sweet Nation where my mother is dying, not a single sheet of *papel picado* is left. Not a shot of tequila uncorrupted by the perfume of marketing. Not even a speck of sadness or decency or an outcry that hasn’t been branded by the ghost of an AK-47.

An incandescent US debut from Mexico,  
for readers of Ben Lerner and Rachel Cusk

## Tomb Song

A Novel

JULIÁN HERBERT

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY  
CHRISTINA MACSWEENEY

Sitting at the bedside of his mother as she is dying from leukemia in a hospital in northern Mexico, the narrator of *Tomb Song* is immersed in memories of his unstable boyhood and youth. His mother, Guadalupe, was a prostitute, and Julián spent his childhood with his half brothers and sisters, each from a different father, moving from city to city and from one tough neighborhood to the next.

Swinging from the present to the past and back again, *Tomb Song* is not only an affecting coming-of-age story but also a searching and sometimes frenetic portrait of the artist. As he wanders the hospital, from its buzzing upper floors to the haunted depths of the morgue, Julián tells fevered stories of his life as a writer, from a trip with his pregnant wife to a poetry festival in Berlin to a drug-fueled and possibly completely imagined trip to another festival in Cuba. Throughout, he portrays the margins of Mexican society as well as the attitudes, prejudices, contradictions, and occasionally absurd history of a country ravaged by corruption, violence, and dysfunction.

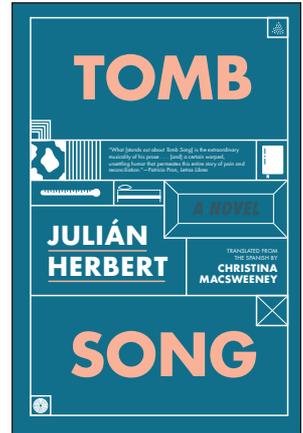
Inhabiting the fertile ground between fiction, memoir, and essay, *Tomb Song* is an electric prose performance, a kaleidoscopic, tender, and often darkly funny exploration of sex, love, and death. Julián Herbert's English-language debut establishes him as one of the most audacious voices in contemporary letters.

### Praise for *Tomb Song*

"An extraordinary author in full possession of his powers who from now on should be considered indispensable." —**Patricio Pron, *Letras Libres***

"With writing that is simultaneously rough and beautiful, [*Tomb Song* is] an epic without heroes that shatters the glass ceiling of hypocrisy."

—**Ivan de la Nuez, *Babelia***



Fiction, 208 pages, 5½ x 8¼

Paperback, \$16.00

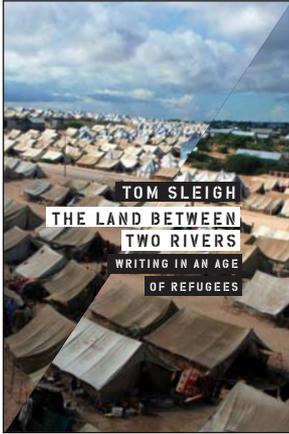
March

978-1-55597-799-3

Ebook Available

Brit., 1st ser., audio: Graywolf Press  
Trans., dram.: Penguin Random  
House Grupo Editorial

**JULIÁN HERBERT** was born in Acapulco in 1971. He is a writer, musician, and teacher, and is the author of several poetry collections, a novel, a story collection, and a book of reportage. He lives in Saltillo, Mexico.



## Essays on the urgency of our global refugee crisis and our capacity as artists and citizens to confront it

### The Land between Two Rivers

*Writing in an Age of Refugees*

TOM SLEIGH

Nonfiction, 272 pages, 6 x 9

Paperback, \$16.00

February

978-1-55597-796-2

Ebook Available

Brit., trans., audio, dram.:

Graywolf Press

1st ser.: Aevitas Creative Management

Tom Sleigh describes himself donning flak jacket and helmet, working as a journalist inside militarized war zones and refugee camps, as “a sort of Rambo Jr.” With self-deprecation and empathetic humor, these essays recount Sleigh’s experiences during several tours in Africa and in the Middle Eastern region once called Mesopotamia, “the land between two rivers.”

Sleigh asks three central questions: What did I see? How could I write about it? Why did I write about it? The first essays focus on the lives of refugees in Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Kenya, Somalia, and Iraq. Under the conditions of military occupation, famine, and war, their stories can be harrowing, even desperate, but they’re also laced with wily humor and an undeluded hopefulness, their lives having little to do with their depictions in mass media. The second part of this book explores how writing might be capable of honoring the texture of these individuals’ experiences while remaining faithful to political emotions, rather than political convictions. Sleigh examines the works of Anna Akhmatova, Mahmoud Darwish, Ashur Etwebi, David Jones, Tomas Tranströmer, and others as guiding spirits. Concluding with a beautiful remembrance of Sleigh’s friendship with Seamus Heaney, the final essays meditate on youth, restlessness, illness, and Sleigh’s motivations for writing his own experiences in order to move out into the world.

“All those things we’d rather not hear about—war, disease, physical and moral corruption, the nightmare of family, the beauty and heartbreak of love—we hear about in the poems, plays, and essays of Tom Sleigh.”

—J. D. McClatchy, citation for the John Updike Award  
from the American Academy of Arts and Letters

TOM SLEIGH is the author of a previous essay collection, *Interview with a Ghost*, and nine books of poetry, including *Station Zed*, *Army Cats*, and *Space Walk*, winner of the Kingsley Tufts Award. He teaches at Hunter College and lives in New York.

Tom Sleigh's brilliant new collection is "full of the wonder and eloquence driving profound poetry"  
(*Los Angeles Times*)

## House of Fact, House of Ruin

Poems

TOM SLEIGH

"I hate to admit it, but even the house of fact is a house of ruin," writes Tom Sleigh in the title sequence of this extraordinary new collection. Very much of our present moment, in which fact can so easily be manufactured and ruin so easily achieved by pressing SEND or pulling a trigger, these poems range across the landscapes of contemporary experience. Whether a militia in Libya or a military base in Baghdad, a shanty city in East Africa or an opulent mall on Long Island, these subjects and locations resonate with the psychic and social costs of having let the genie of war, famine, and climate change out of the lamp in the first place. The book ultimately turns on conundrums of selfhood and self-estrangement in which Sleigh urges us toward a different realm, where we might achieve the freedom of spirit to step outside our own circumstances, however imperfectly, and look at ourselves as other, as unfamiliar, as strange.

**You've got to put your pants on in the house of fact.  
And in the house of fact, when you take off your shirt,  
you can hear your shirt cry out, *Facts are the floor, facts  
are how you make the right side talk to the left.***

**I'm washing my naked belly clean, and doing it with dignity.  
I'm turning around, trying to see the filthiness  
that keeps making me filthy.**

—from "House of Fact, House of Ruin"

### Praise for *Station Zed*

"Tom Sleigh lures readers beyond familiar borders so deftly that most won't recall how they entered various conflicts or major war zones. Instead, fans will notice Sleigh's ability to craft compelling narratives with his pied-piper voice. . . . Gritty and challenging." —*The Washington Post*



Poetry, 120 pages, 6 x 9

Paperback, \$16.00

February

978-1-55597-797-9

Ebook Available

Brit., trans., audio, dram.:  
Graywolf Press

Ist ser.: Aevitas Creative Management

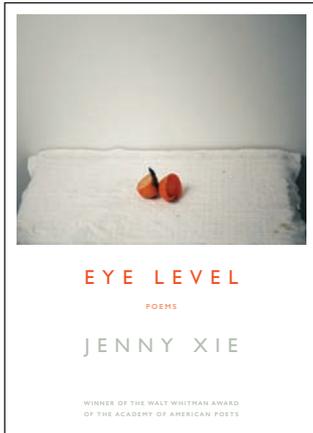
### ALSO AVAILABLE

*Interview with a Ghost*, Literary  
Criticism, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-440-4), \$15.00

*Army Cats*, Poetry, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-583-8), \$15.00

*Station Zed*, Poetry, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-698-9), \$16.00

TOM SLEIGH is the author of nine previous books of poetry, including *Station Zed*, *Army Cats*, and *Space Walk*, winner of the Kingsley Tufts Award. He teaches at Hunter College and lives in New York.



Poetry, 80 pages, 6½ x 9

Paperback, \$16.00

April

978-1-55597-802-0

Ebook Available

Brit., trans., audio, dram.:

Graywolf Press

1st ser.: Author c/o Graywolf Press

JENNY XIE has published poems in *Harvard Review*, the *Literary Review*, the *New Republic*, *Tin House*, and elsewhere. She teaches in the Expository Writing Program at New York University and lives in Brooklyn.

Winner of the Walt Whitman Award of the Academy of American Poets, selected by Juan Felipe Herrera

## Eye Level

Poems

JENNY XIE

Jenny Xie's award-winning debut, *Eye Level*, takes us far and near, to Phnom Penh, Corfu, Hanoi, New York, and elsewhere, as we travel closer and closer to the acutely felt solitude that centers this searching, moving collection. Animated by a restless inner questioning, these poems meditate on the forces that moor the self and set it in motion, from immigration to travel to estranging losses and departures. The sensual worlds here—colors, smells, tastes, and changing landscapes—bring to life questions about the self as seer and the self as seen. As Xie writes, “Me? I’m just here in my traveler’s clothes, trying on each passing town for size.” Her taut, elusive poems exult in a life simultaneously crowded and quiet, caught in between things and places, and never quite entirely at home. Xie is a poet of extraordinary perception—both to the tangible world and to “all that is untouchable as far as the eye can reach.”

**For years now, I’ve been using the wrong palette.**

**Each year with its itchy blue, as the bruise of solitude reaches its expiration date.**

**Planes and buses, guesthouse to guesthouse.**

**I’ve gotten to where I am by dint of my poor eyesight, my overreactive motion sickness.**

**9 p.m., Hanoi’s Old Quarter: duck porridge and plum wine.**

**Voices outside the door come to a soft boil.**

**—from “Phnom Penh Diptych: Dry Season”**

“We go places; we enter multiple terrains of seeing; we cross cultural borders of time, voices, locations—of consciousness. Then—we notice we are in a trembling stillness with all beings and all things. Jenny Xie’s *Eye Level* is a timely collection of beauty, clarity, and expansive humanity.”

**—Juan Felipe Herrera**

“Tarfia Faizullah is a poet of brave and unflinching vision.”—Natasha Trethewey

## Registers of Illuminated Villages

Poems

TARFIA FAIZULLAH

*Registers of Illuminated Villages* is Tarfia Faizullah’s highly anticipated second collection, following her award-winning debut, *Seam*. Faizullah’s new work extends and transforms her powerful accounts of violence, war, and loss into poems of many forms and voices—elegies, outcries, self-portraits, and larger-scale confrontations with discrimination, family, and memory. One poem steps down the page like a Slinky; another poem responds to makeup homework completed in the summer of a childhood accident; and the near-title poem, “Register of Eliminated Villages,” suggests illuminated texts, one a Qur’an in which the speaker’s name might be found, and the other a register of 397 villages destroyed in northern Iraq. Faizullah is an essential new poet, whose work only grows more urgent, beautiful, and—even in its unsparing brutality—full of love.

**Somebody is always singing. Songs  
were not allowed. Mother said,  
Dance and the bells will sing with you.  
I slithered. Glass beneath my feet. I  
locked the door. I did not  
die. I shaved my head. Until the horns  
I knew were there were visible.  
Until the doorknob went silent.**

—from “100 Bells”

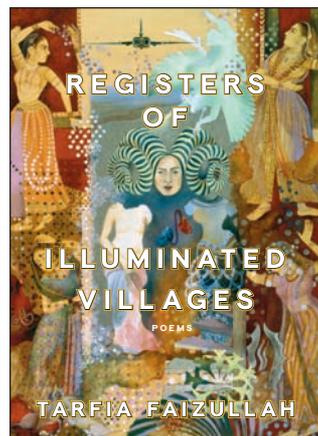
### Praise for *Seam*

“How thin the seam between this fierce book and all the poet’s country-people who haven’t lived to read it. Faizullah has made a courageous and shaming book.”

—Jean Valentine

“*Seam* feels unusually honest and exceptionally rich.”

—Slate



Poetry, 96 pages, 6½ x 9

Paperback, \$16.00

March

978-1-55597-800-6

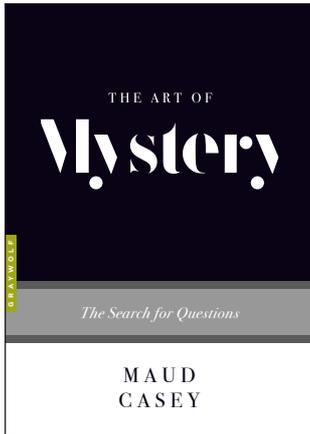
Ebook Available

Brit., trans., audio, dram.:

Graywolf Press

1st ser.: Author c/o Graywolf Press

TARFIA FAIZULLAH is the author of *Seam*, winner of a VIDA Award and a Great Lakes Colleges Association New Writers Award. She teaches at the University of Michigan and lives in Detroit.



Nonfiction, 160 pages, 5 x 7

Paperback, \$14.00

January

978-1-55597-794-8

Ebook Available

Brit., trans., dram., 1st ser., audio:  
Graywolf Press

**MAUD CASEY** is the author of three novels, most recently *The Man Who Walked Away*, and a story collection, *Drastic*. She has received the Calvino Prize and a Guggenheim Fellowship. She teaches at the University of Maryland, and lives in Washington, DC.

A sensitive and nuanced exploration of a seldom-discussed subject, by an acclaimed novelist

## The Art of Mystery

*The Search for Questions*

MAUD CASEY

The fourteenth volume in the *Art of* series conjures an ethereal subject: the idea of mystery in fiction. Mystery is not often discussed—apart from the genre—because, as Maud Casey notes, “It’s not easy to talk about something that is a whispered invitation, a siren song, a flickering light in the distance.” Casey reaches beyond the usual tool kit of fictional elements to ask the question: Where does mystery reside in a work of fiction? She takes us into the Land of Un—a space of uncertainty and unknowing—to find out and looks at the variety of ways mystery is created through character, image, structure, and haunted texts, including the novels of Shirley Jackson, Paul Yoon, J. M. Coetzee, and others. Casey’s wide-ranging exploration encompasses spirit photography, the radical nature of empathy, and contradictory characters, as she searches for questions rather than answers. *The Art of Mystery* is a striking and vibrant addition to the much-loved *Art of* series.

### Praise for Maud Casey

“Casey is a consummate stylist. . . . This is a writer who pays a deep, sensual attention to the world.”  
—*The New York Times Book Review*

“*Listen*. It’s a command that Maud Casey’s quick to utter. . . . With good reason: If you’re listening closely enough, you might just hear her pull off a feat as graceful as it is clever.”  
—NPR

*Encircling 2: Origins* continues Tiller's  
“poised and effective *Rashomon*-style exploration  
of multiple psyches” (*Kirkus Reviews*)

## Encircling 2: Origins

A Novel

CARL FRODE TILLER

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY  
BARBARA HAVELAND

Book two of *The Encircling Trilogy* continues piecing together the fractured identity of David, the absent central figure who has lost his memory. Three very different friends write letters about his childhood on the backwater island of Otterøya. Ole, a farmer struggling to right his floundering marriage, recalls days in the woods when an act of pretending went terribly wrong. Tom Roger, a rough-edged outsider slipping into domestic violence, shares a cruder side of David as he crows about their exploits selling stolen motorcycles and spreads gossip about who David's father might be. But it is Paula, a former midwife now consigned to a nursing home, who has the most explosive secret of all, one that threatens to undo everything we know about David.

With a carefully scored polyphony of voices and an unwavering attention to domestic life, Tiller shows how deeply identity is influenced by our friendships. *The Encircling Trilogy* is an innovative portrayal of one man's life that is both starkly honest and unnervingly true.

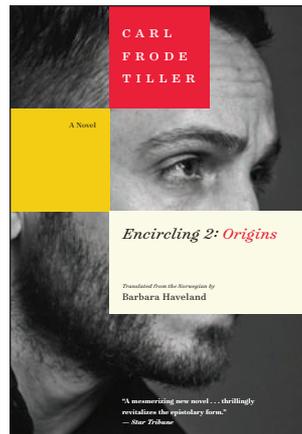
### Praise for *Encircling 1*

“A beautiful meditation on the subtler ways we fail each other, our quieter forms of grief. . . . It's thrilling to know two more books will arrive.”

— *USA Today*

“Mesmerizing. . . . Thrillingly revitalizes the epistolary form. . . . [Tiller's] authentic voices consistently entrance and intrigue.”

— *Star Tribune* (Minneapolis)



Fiction, 448 pages, 5¼ x 8

Paperback, \$16.00

March

978-1-55597-801-3

Ebook Available

Brit.: Sort of Books

1st ser., audio: Graywolf Press

Trans., dram.: InkWell Management

ALSO AVAILABLE

*Encircling*, Fiction, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-762-7), \$16.00

CARL FRODE TILLER is the author of five novels and four plays. Books in *The Encircling Trilogy* have won the Brage Prize and the Norwegian Critics Prize, and have been translated into multiple languages. Tiller lives in Trondheim, Norway.

## An Excerpt from *Some Hell*

The third-strongest earthquake, Colin's father had written, occurred forty years later, in the middle of the Indian Ocean. Waves approached a hundred feet and killed more than 230,000 people in fourteen countries. Colin was in kindergarten at the time, but he remembered it. It was the first thing he encountered, in all of his father's notebooks thus far, that wasn't like a note from a history text. He could point to it and say *Yes, I remember*, and nobody could argue it was fake. It made it easier to believe the world his father described was the world left in Colin's custody.

In no time at all, Colin had become an expert at picking locks—or at least one particular lock. He'd also mastered the open loops and uncrossed *t*'s of his father's handwriting. It still felt like spying, but Colin convinced himself of the task's necessity. Even now, he was looking for the future, or at least a way to prove his father would have loaded that gun, one way or another.

He had spent the rest of fall and half of winter haunting Heather's room when she was out with her boyfriend. Or boyfriends. There was no point in telling them apart. Each would pull up in his rusted sedan with plastic over one rear window, and each was sitting inside without a coat—only a T-shirt and a black stocking cap. Colin felt hypnotized by their arms: bicep wider than his calf muscle, forearm with its vein like a vine climbing a tree. They stared at Colin until he backed into the house. When he could no longer see them, down the street, it was safe to let himself into her room.

It'd been months since he sat on her bed and listened to her wisdom. The batteries in the jewelry box had finally died and now there was nothing to hear through the wall, no way for her to translate his future. Instead, he began to go through her things. Aside from candy wrappers and shoes there was nothing under the bed. He rummaged through her dresser until he found a box of tampons and immediately closed it. On most afternoons he found nothing, and soon gave up pretense and only went in there to jerk off. His rule was that he could look at the men in her magazines, but only if there were women in the picture with them. If it was an ad with only men, he was supposed to turn the page. Like most of his rules, he couldn't follow it.

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*A Novel*

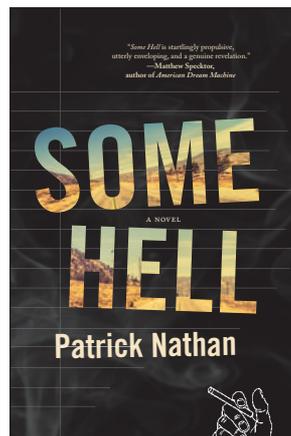
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Middle school hasn't been going well for Colin. His teenage sister teases him mercilessly, his autistic brother lashes out at him, and he has a crush on his best friend, Andy. But after the tragic night when his father commits suicide, none of that matters. Diane, his mother, seeks solace in therapy. Colin is awash in guilt, and casts about for someone to confide in: first his estranged grandfather, then a predatory science teacher. But nothing helps as much as the strange writing his father kept in a series of notebooks locked in his study. Colin looks for answers there—in fragments about disaster scenarios, the violence of snow, mustangs running wild in the West—but instead finds the writing infecting his worldview. Diane, meanwhile, has a miserable fling with a coworker, and leans more heavily on Colin for support as things go from bad to worse. But spring is unfolding, and a road trip to Los Angeles gives them a tantalizing glimpse of what the future might hold. In *Some Hell*, a debut novel of devastating intensity and aching, pointillistic detail, Patrick Nathan shows how unspeakable tragedy shapes a life, and how imagination saves us from ourselves.

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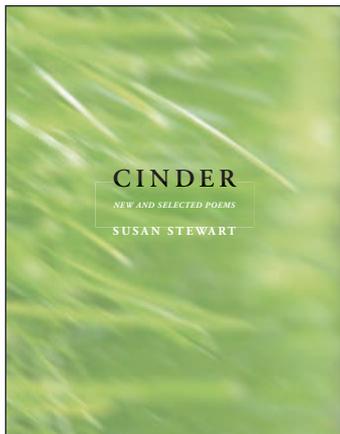
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**to the Nth, like the truth of an ending  
unskined across the crust of the white field.  
Though it happened only once, I  
am sending the thought  
of the thought  
continuing.**

**To return to  
the field before the mowing.  
When a goldfinch swayed  
on a blue stem stalk,  
and the wind and the sun  
stirred the hay.**

—from “After the Mowing”

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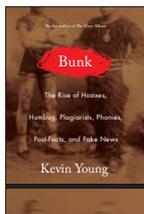
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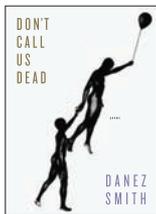
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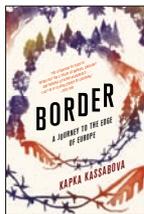
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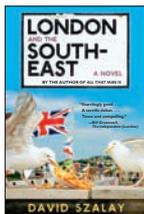
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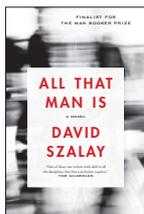
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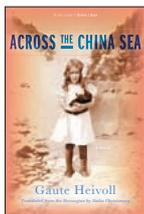
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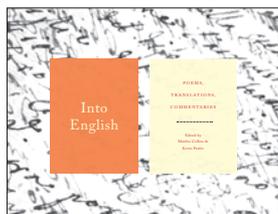
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