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A provocative and urgent essay collection that asks how we can live with hope in “an age of ecocide”

Confessions of a Recovering Environmentalist and Other Essays
PAUL KINGSNORTH

Paul Kingsnorth was once an activist—an ardent environmentalist. He fought against rampant development and the depredations of a corporate world that seemed hell-bent on ignoring a looming climate crisis in its relentless pursuit of profit. But as the environmental movement began to focus on “sustainability” rather than the defense of wild places for their own sake, and as global conditions worsened, he grew disenchanted with the movement that he once embraced. He gave up what he saw as the false hope that residents of the first world would ever make the sacrifices that might avert the severe consequences of climate change.

Full of grief and fury as well as passionate, lyrical evocations of nature and the wild, Confessions of a Recovering Environmentalist gathers the wave-making essays that have charted the change in Kingsnorth’s thinking. In them he articulates a new vision that he calls “dark ecology,” which stands firmly in opposition to the belief that technology can save us, and he argues for a renewed balance between the human and nonhuman worlds.

This iconoclastic, fearless, and ultimately hopeful book, which includes the much-discussed “Uncivilization” manifesto, asks hard questions about how we’ve lived and how we should live.

“[Kingsnorth’s] work is a fascinating interrogation of what it is to live in the 21st century. . . . We are uniquely disconnected now from history, prehistory and the living world. [Kingsnorth] is exploring what it is to be disconnected and try to reconnect. These are the fundamental questions of our age.”

—George Monbiot
An Excerpt from Beast

Five seasons I’ve been here now. Five seasons, but I’ve never seen a storm like this. An hour or two back, I stood by the door and watched it rise over the shoulder of the moor. Winter here is one long storm, dark and roiling, the wind tearing at you, pulling you down. But this one is harder than usual, louder, stronger. It roars up the fields like a beast chasing the smell of blood. The rain is horizontal, it blows in from the west as if it has been arrowed in from the Atlantic. It forces itself through every crack, through every gap and space. It seeps through the walls, around the doors, around the windows, it runs down from the roof where the iron meets the stone, it comes through the openings where the plastic flails in the wind. It has been roaring now for an hour maybe, not much longer, but everything is getting wet. I’ve pushed towels and flannels and rags into every weeping cut and wound but still it comes.

I think that something is coming. I don’t know what. I wonder if it will thunder, if there will be lightning. Lightning is drawn to iron. There is iron on the roof, but there is iron too in the deep rocks of the moor. I am living on and under iron, there is metal everywhere, metal and flesh and wet, black trees. I look out of the window and I see sheets of water flowing across the yard, through the gate, down onto the track. The sky is a solid darkness. Last time there was a big storm, the track from this place, which leads along the combe about a mile down to the road, became so pitted and full of great gashes that I could barely even walk on it. It was as if something had attacked it. The wind here will throw you to the ground if it catches you, will tear the slates off the roof and make them fly. Rain like this will make the streams rise so fast that they foam brown and white and roar down the combes into the valleys where the people are. And here are the stone walls and stone doors turning darker with the water, as the rain comes through the roof, and here is the stove hissing as the rain drips upon it. I am surrounded.
The stunning new novel from the prizewinning author of *The Wake*

**Beast**  
* A Novel  
**PAUL KINGSNORTH**

“Come to a place like this . . . and you will understand soon enough that this world is a great animal, alive and breathing.”

*Beast* plunges you into the world of Edward Buckmaster, a man alone on an empty moor in the west of England. What he has left behind we don’t yet know. What he faces is an existential battle with himself, the elements, and something he begins to see in the margins of his vision: some creature that is tracking him, the pursuit of which will become an obsession. This short, shocking, and exhilarating novel is a vivid exploration of isolation, courage, and the search for truth that continues the story set one thousand years earlier in Paul Kingsnorth’s bravura debut novel, *The Wake*. It extends that book’s promise and confirms Kingsnorth as one of our most daring and rewarding contemporary writers.

“Slim, hypnotic, a swift descent into the solitary world of Edward Buckmaster.” — *New Statesman* (UK)

“To read *Beast* is a joy. . . . Kingsnorth’s gaze is so intense it forces a similar intensity from the reader. . . . In the end, your gaze has become as minutely focused as his hermit’s. You feel alive.” — *The Guardian* (UK)

“*Beast* continues Kingsnorth’s powerful exploration of the connection between people, place and prose. . . . This is a novel bravely wrestling not only with the bestial, but with what it is that makes us human.” — *The Observer* (UK)

“Kingsnorth’s style is a kind of ancient modernism, and he’s really the only writer doing anything like it. His taste for self-isolation has produced writing that is both powerful and singular—Beckett doing *Beowulf*.”

— *London Review of Books* (UK)

**ALSO AVAILABLE**

*The Wake*, Fiction, Paperback  
(978-1-55597-717-7), $16.00

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**PAUL KINGSNORTH** is the author of *The Wake* and *Confessions of a Recovering Environmentalist*. He is cofounder of the Dark Mountain Project, a global network of writers, artists, and thinkers in search of new stories for a world on the brink.
This year marks the tenth anniversary of the landmark series, edited by Charles Baxter, which continues to provide sustained examinations of key, but sometimes neglected, aspects of creative writing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Format</th>
<th>Pages</th>
<th>ISBN</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Subtext</td>
<td>Charles Baxter</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>192</td>
<td>978-1-55597-473-2</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyond Plot</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of the Poetic Line</td>
<td>James Longenbach</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>144</td>
<td>978-1-55597-488-6</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Risk, Restlessness, Imagination</td>
<td>Carl Phillips</td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Time in Memoir</td>
<td>Sven Birkerts</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>208</td>
<td>978-1-55597-489-3</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then, Again</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of History</td>
<td>Christopher Bram</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>176</td>
<td>978-1-55597-743-6</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unlocking the Past in Fiction and Nonfiction</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Perspective</td>
<td>Christopher Castellani</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>160</td>
<td>978-1-55597-726-9</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Tells the Story</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of History</td>
<td>Donald Revel</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>184</td>
<td>978-1-55597-474-9</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Poet's Eye</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Time in Fiction</td>
<td>Joan Silber</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>978-1-55597-530-2</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Long As It Takes</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Intimacy</td>
<td>Stacey D’Erasmo</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>144</td>
<td>978-1-55597-647-7</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Space Between</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Syntax</td>
<td>Ellen Bryant Voigt</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>190</td>
<td>978-1-55597-531-9</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhythm of Thought, Rhythm of Song</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Description</td>
<td>Mark Doty</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>152</td>
<td>978-1-55597-563-0</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World into Word</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Recklessness</td>
<td>Dean Young</td>
<td>Nonfiction</td>
<td>182</td>
<td>978-1-55597-562-3</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry as Assertive Force and Contradiction</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paperback</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A moving reflection on a subject that touches us all by the best-selling author of
Claire of the Sea Light

The Art of Death
Writing the Final Story
EDWIDGE DANTICAT

Edwidge Danticat’s The Art of Death: Writing the Final Story is at once a personal account of her mother dying from cancer and a deeply considered reckoning with the ways that other writers have approached death in their own work. “Writing has been the primary way I have tried to make sense of my losses,” Danticat notes in her introduction. “I have been writing about death for as long as I have been writing.” The book moves outward from the shock of her mother’s diagnosis and sifts through Danticat’s writing life and personal history, all the while shifting fluidly from examples that range from Gabriel García Márquez’s One Hundred Years of Solitude to Toni Morrison’s Sula. The narrative, which continually circles the many incarnations of death from individual to large-scale catastrophes, culminates in a beautiful, heartrending prayer in the voice of Danticat’s mother. A moving tribute and work of astute criticism, The Art of Death is a book that will profoundly alter all who encounter it.

Praise for Claire of the Sea Light

“Fiercely beautiful. . . . Brims with enchantments and surprises.”
—Los Angeles Times

“Luminous. . . . Danticat is a beautiful storyteller. . . . [Her] determination to face both light and dark brings the story to life.”
—The Miami Herald

“On these pages, the human heart is laid open and the secret contents of its chambers revealed in all their beauty and agony.”
—O, The Oprah Magazine

EDWIDGE DANTICAT is the author of many books, most recently Claire of the Sea Light and Brother, I’m Dying. She is a two-time finalist for the National Book Award, and has received the National Book Critics Circle Award and other honors.
An Excerpt from So Much Blue

The fog had not burned off an hour later when we took a turn off the same road we had traveled the previous day. I was driving and the Bummer was in the passenger seat, leaning forward, peering through the haze. His attitude was different again, even more serious, nervous, pensive, and charged, perhaps a little frightened.

“I can see a little better now,” I said.

“We just stop here anyway and walk,” the Bummer said. He pointed to the shell of a shack.

As we got closer and the fog grew thinner I could see that the shack was only two walls, each leaning into and supporting the other. The wood was old and gray, growing darker and browner near the ground where several boards were pried loose. A couple of bright green, laurel green, parrots sat on top of one wall, side by side, facing us. They didn’t fly away as we drew closer and so I wondered if birds could fly in the fog, whether they were grounded.

The Bummer stood directly beneath the birds and pointed the muzzle of his black rifle at them.

“Bang,” he said. He turned and smiled at us. “Easy hunting. Anybody hungry?”

“We’re good,” Richard said.

I was surprised by how much relief I felt when he did not pull the trigger. I then realized just how tense my body had become. I tried to focus on my breathing, so that I could keep breathing. We walked on past the two walls and onto a trail that led down a hill through a stand of trees. It was damp in the thickly wooded area, but strangely warmer. Monkeys made sounds far off and parrots and other birds were calling more and more. I was several yards behind the Bummer, and Richard was crowding up behind me.

“Another goose chase?” Richard asked.

“Probably. I hope there’s some food wherever we’re going.” I looked at Richard and sighed. “You owe me big time.” I looked at the back of the Bummer’s head, discovered I did not like the shape of it.

“Bummer, just where are we going? Fill us in on your method, if you wouldn’t mind.”

The Bummer stopped, his shoulders sagged, and he sighed. He turned around and looked at us, at me.

“I’m trying to find your friend’s brother,” he said, evenly.

“How?”

“If the missing boy is into drugs then I have to check out some places.”

“What kind of places?” Richard asked.

“Drug kind of places. Now what do you know? Not much, right? Just let me do my job.”
Kevin Pace is working on a painting that he won’t allow anyone to see: not his children, not his best friend Richard, not even his wife, Linda. The painting is a canvas of twelve feet by twenty-one feet (and three inches) that is covered entirely in shades of blue. It may be his masterpiece or it may not; he doesn’t know or more accurately doesn’t care.

What Kevin does care about are the events of the past. Ten years ago he had an affair with a young watercolorist in Paris. Kevin relates this event with a dispassionate air, even a bit of puzzlement. It’s not clear to him why he had the affair, but he can’t let it go. In the more distant past of the late seventies, Kevin and Richard traveled to El Salvador on the verge of war to retrieve Richard’s drug-dealing brother, who had gone missing without explanation. As the events of the past intersect with the present, Kevin struggles to justify the sacrifices he’s made for his art and the secrets he’s kept from his wife.

So Much Blue features Percival Everett at his best, and his deadpan humor and insightful commentary about the artistic life culminate in a brilliantly readable new novel.

Praise for Percival Everett

“Everett is a master of his trade.” —Time Out Chicago

“A restless polymath with a knack for deconstructing genres, [Everett] has quietly built up one of the most eclectic and original bodies of work in American letters.” —Harper’s Magazine

“Everett is one of the most gifted and versatile of contemporary writers.” —Alan Cheuse, NPR

PERCIVAL EVERETT is the author of nearly thirty books, including Percival Everett by Virgil Russell, Erasure, and I Am Not Sidney Poitier. He has received the Hurston/Wright Legacy Award and the PEN Center USA Award for Fiction. He lives in Los Angeles.
The exquisite new collection by the award-winning author of *The Last Two Seconds* and *Elegy*

**A Doll for Throwing**

*Poems*  

MARY JO BANG

*A Doll for Throwing* takes its title from Bauhaus artist Alma Siedhoff-Buscher’s *Wurfpuppe*, a flexible and durable woven doll that, if thrown, would land with grace. A ventriloquist is also said to “throw” her voice into a doll that rests on the knee. Mary Jo Bang’s prose poems in this fascinating book create a speaker who had been a part of the Bauhaus school in Germany a century ago and who had also seen the school’s collapse when it was shut by the Nazis in 1933. Since this speaker is not a person but only a construct, she is also equally alive in the present and gives voice to the conditions of both time periods: nostalgia, xenophobia, and political extremism. The life of Bauhaus photographer Lucia Moholy echoes across these poems—the end of her marriage, the loss of her negatives, and her effort to continue to make work and be known for having made it.

*We were ridiculous—me, with my high jinks and hat. Him, with his boredom and drink. I look back now and see buildings so thick that the life I thought I was making then is nothing but interlocking angles and above them, that blot of gray sky I sometimes saw. Underneath is the edge of what wasn’t known then. When I would go. When I would come back. What I would be when.*

—from “One Glass Negative”

**Praise for The Last Two Seconds**

“A restless, analytical collection in which the emotional force of disasters both personal and public . . . is often signaled by the nervous precision of the analysis itself.”


“An American masterpiece.”—*Star Tribune* (Minneapolis)
A singular debut that “marks the emergence of a great, stomping, wall-knocking talent”

(Kevin Barry)

Fen
Stories
DAISY JOHNSON

Daisy Johnson’s Fen, set in the fenlands of England, transmutes the flat, uncanny landscape into a rich, brooding atmosphere. From that territory grow stories that blend folklore and restless invention to turn out something entirely new. Amid the marshy paths of the fens, a teenager might starve herself into the shape of an eel. A house might fall in love with a girl and grow jealous of her friend. A boy might return from the dead in the guise of a fox. Out beyond the confines of realism, the familiar instincts of sex and hunger blend with the shifting, unpredictable wild as the line between human and animal is effaced by myth and metamorphosis. With a fresh and utterly contemporary voice, Johnson lays bare these stories of women testing the limits of their power to create a startling work of fiction.

“Within these magical, ingenious stories lies all the angst, horror and beauty of adolescence. A brilliant achievement.”

—Evie Wyld

“Johnson’s heady broth of folklore, female sexuality and fenland landscape reads like a mix of Graham Swift and Angela Carter. . . . For atmosphere, originality and plain chutzpah, this is an impressive first collection.”

—The Guardian (UK)

“Johnson’s slippery and sensual stories . . . have an amphibious, elemental quality and a contemporary provincial witchiness all their own.”

—The Sunday Times (UK)

“[A] remarkable debut. . . . Johnson’s well-judged narrative distance and her fine use of language . . . transform the familiar, the domestic, the provincial into something terribly beautiful.”

—The Times Literary Supplement (UK)

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For some time, the only sounds audible from the house are of the wind in the trees—it seems as though a storm may be coming—and the creaking of the front door on its hinges. The door was left open by the fleeing man and woman. The wind has come into the house and it has begun to move other things—some papers left out on the kitchen counter, a bit of onion skin on the linoleum behind the pantry door. The lit cigarette in the ashtray burns faster, and the wind pushes its smoke away, at an acute angle, toward the farther recesses of the house. The cigarette is propped in one of the three heat-discolored notches cut equidistantly along the ashtray’s edge; in twenty minutes the line dividing the intact cigarette and the ash has reached the notch, and the remaining unconsumed cigarette tips back and tumbles silently onto the table’s surface.

Now, in a gust, doors slam shut throughout the house. The front door is the last, and loudest. Rain—big drops of rain—begin to fall outside, intermittently at first, then in a steady if irregular rhythm, and then in a torrent. After three minutes of this, rapid footsteps sound on the porch and the front door opens only wide enough to admit a lone person before it closes again behind her.

It is the child. She’s crying—sobbing wildly, choking on her sobs—and mucus drips from her nose and over her lips. She locks the door behind her and calls out to her parents. Of course there is no answer. The child does not appear surprised. She knows that something unprecedented, terrible, and irreversible has happened, and that her parents are not likely to answer. At the same time, she believes the opposite: that her parents are nearby and will soon come to her aid. This is, after all, the only arrangement she knows. For a few minutes more the child stands in the vestibule, continuing to cry, her arms hanging at her sides, her eyes darting wildly, surveying the interior of the house, which our observer might guess she suddenly sees as alien, subtly and permanently changed, as though in a dream. At last the crying stops, and the child stands panting and rubbing her face. She takes a few steps into the kitchen. It appears to frighten her. She takes note of the fallen chair and the few scraps of blown paper lying beside it. After a time, she moves a few feet to her left, slowly, her back sliding along the kitchen wall. Then she lowers herself to the floor and sits there, her legs splayed out like a doll’s.
The most inventive and entertaining novel to date from “a master of the dark arts” (Kelly Link)

**Broken River**
*A Novel*

**J. ROBERT LENNON**

A modest house in upstate New York. One in the morning. Three people—a couple and their child—hurry out the door, but it’s too late for them. As the virtuosic and terrifying opening scene of *Broken River* unfolds, a spectral presence seems to be watching with cold and mysterious interest. Soon the house lies abandoned, and years later a new family moves in.

Karl, Eleanor, and their daughter, Irina, arrive from New York City in the wake of Karl’s infidelity to start anew. Karl tries to stabilize his flailing art career. Eleanor, a successful commercial novelist, eagerly pivots in a new creative direction. Meanwhile, twelve-year-old Irina becomes obsessed with the brutal murders that occurred in the house years earlier. And, secretly, so does her mother. As the ensemble cast grows to include Louis, a hapless salesman in a carpet warehouse who is haunted by his past, and Sam, a young woman newly reunited with her jailbird brother, the seemingly unrelated crime that opened the story becomes ominously relevant.

Hovering over all this activity looms a gradually awakening narrative consciousness that watches these characters lie to themselves and each other, unleashing forces that none of them could have anticipated and that put them in mortal danger. *Broken River* is a cinematic, darkly comic, and sui generis psychological thriller that could only have been written by J. Robert Lennon.

**Praise for J. Robert Lennon**

“[In] Lennon’s tales . . . you will find a suburban dystopia peppered with lyricism and wonder, touched with moments of transformation and grace.”

—*The New York Times Book Review*

“The fun of reading Lennon is in his outright refusal to conform to expectations.”

—*The Daily Beast*
“Fred Marchant teaches and awakens the soul.”
—Maxine Hong Kingston

**Said Not Said**

*Poems*

**FRED MARCHANT**

In this important and formally inventive new poetry collection, Fred Marchant brings us into realms of the intractable and the unacceptable, those places where words seem to fail us and yet are all we have. In the process he affirms lyric poetry’s central role in the contemporary moral imagination. As National Book Award winner David Ferry notes, “The poems in this beautiful new book by Fred Marchant are autobiographical, but, as is always the case with his poems, autobiographical of how he has witnessed, with faithfully exact and pitying observation, the sufferings in the lives of other people, for example the heartbreaking series of poems about the fatal mental suffering of his sister, and the poems about other peoples, in Vietnam, in the Middle East, written about with the noble generosity of feeling that has always characterized his work, here more impressively even than before.”

*Said Not Said* is a poet’s taking stock of conscience, his country’s and his own, and of poetry’s capacity to speak to what matters most.

Someone in Benghazi with a hose in one hand
Uses his free one to wipe down the corpse
Water flows over the body and down
A tilted steel tray toward the drain

What washes off washes off
—“Below the Fold”

“Just when we think the rocks cannot be made to tremble, there comes a book that takes the dangers of war alongside a fishbone caught in the throat to show us how the variable silences of love and fear take us to the interior of hope. *Said Not Said* is the sage’s elegance, a direct pointing to the truth.”

—Afaa Michael Weaver
“Erika L. Sánchez—here’s her ground-crackling first poetry volume.”—Juan Felipe Herrera

Lessons on Expulsion
Poems
ERIKA L. SÁNCHEZ

“What is life but a cross / over rotten water?” Poet, novelist, and essayist Erika L. Sánchez’s powerful debut poetry collection explores what it means to live on both sides of the border—the border between countries, languages, despair and possibility, and the living and the dead. Sánchez tells her own story as the daughter of undocumented Mexican immigrants and as part of a family steeped in faith, work, grief, and expectations. The poems confront sex, shame, race, and an America roiling with xenophobia, violence, and laws of suspicion and suppression. With candor and urgency, and with the unblinking eyes of a journalist, Sánchez roves from the individual life into the lives of sex workers, narco-traffickers, factory laborers, artists, and lovers. What emerges is a powerful, multifaceted portrait of survival. Lessons on Expulsion is the first book by a vibrant, essential new writer now breaking into the national literary landscape.

The vulgarity of the orchid in all of its hooded glory is showy but exquisite.
The first time I ever came the light was weak and carnivorous.
I covered my eyes and the night cleared its dumb throat.
I heard my mother wringing her hands the next morning.
Of course I put my underwear on backwards, of course the elastic didn’t work.
What I wanted most at that moment was a sandwich.
But I just nursed on this leather whip.
I just splattered my sheets with my sadness.
—from “Poem of My Humiliations”

“Erika L. Sánchez writes with persistent care. . . . Reading Sánchez’s poems is like watching the world from a train, the exquisite rhythmic blend of the known and the unknown. The world remains always more than we can understand, yet suddenly, thanks to her great poetry, we are pierced by what we know.”
—Eileen Myles
The Half-Finished Heaven
Selected Poems
TOMAS TRANSTRÖMER
TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY ROBERT BLY

Tomas Tranströmer’s celebrated career earned him a place among the twentieth century’s essential global voices. Translated into more than fifty languages, his poetry draws readers to its power and resonance, its shaping of landscapes both outer and interior, stark and yet alive to the luminous. Tranströmer was awarded the 2011 Nobel Prize in Literature “because, through his condensed, translucent images, he gives us fresh access to reality.”

Renowned poet and translator Robert Bly introduced American readers to Tranströmer’s poetry in his seminal English translations, all of which are collected here for the first time in this expanded edition. With an updated introduction and fourteen additional poems, The Half-Finished Heaven presents the best of Tranströmer’s poetry in one indispensable volume.

Every person is a half-open door leading to a room for everyone.

The endless field under us.

Water glitters between the trees.

The lake is a window into the earth.

—from “The Half-Finished Heaven”

“Tranströmer, who was awarded [the] Nobel Prize in Literature, has for years now been one of my ports of refuge . . . My favorite book of the poems is The Half-Finished Heaven, a selection translated by Robert Bly. Bly’s language is so clean and direct it seems to bypass language itself.”

—Teju Cole, The New Yorker
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RATHER THAN BEER.”—LESLIE JAMISON,
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