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A magnificent book of hope and resolve written out of profound losses, by award-winning poet Mark Wunderlich

God of Nothingness
Poems
MARK WUNDERLICH

God of Nothingness is a book for those who have seen death up close or even quietly wished for it. In these poems, honed to a devastating edge, Mark Wunderlich asks: How is it we go on as those around us die? And why go on at all? This collection is a brilliant testament to the human ability to make something tough-minded and resilient out of despair and the inevitability of death drawing near. Some poems are moving elegies addressed to mentors, friends, and family recently gone; some contend with the unasked-for responsibilities of inheritance and the family name; others call forth the understanding of being the end of a genetic line; still others remember a rural midwestern coming-of-age and, chillingly, an encounter with the serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer. Present all the while are the prevailing comforts and wonders found in the natural world, work, and the longing for traditions that seem to be passing from our time. Exquisite in its craft and capaciousness, God of Nothingness is an unflinching journal of solitude and survival.

I am free from longing to be free; I do as I please,
my money is my own, all the mistakes I make are only my mistakes.
What is it to look at something you made and see the future?
What is it to have someone made by your body, but whose mind
remains just out of reach? I’ll never know. Come here, little rabbit.
Eat these greens. I will pet your cloudy fur with the mind’s hand.
— from “The Son I’ll Never Have”

Praise for The Earth Avails

“Wunderlich has imagined a way to make the unmistakable ambition of his writing align with his wish for a more humble image of human life.” — Slate

“Immediate and urgent . . . The Earth Avails is a refreshing read. It is a book to carry with you.” — Orion Magazine

MARK WUNDERLICH is the author of The Earth Avails, winner of the Rilke Prize; Voluntary Servitude; and The Anchorage, winner of the Lambda Literary Award. He teaches at Bennington College and lives in the Hudson Valley in New York.
An Excerpt from Abundance

$8,722.04

Everything, everyone had a price, and so this was Papa’s. If this life insurance check amounted to the dollar-cent sum of nearly six decades of breathing, a solid four of which had been spent working, Henry didn’t even want to know the heartless arithmetic that would one day crunch out his own price tag.

Even though it was Saturday, his body clock had still dragged him out of bed by 5:30 a.m., no matter how badly he wanted to sink back into sleep. He was turning into Papa. Before climbing out of their cozy nest, he sealed the covers over Michelle, ran a palm over the bulge of her tummy.

Rather than flip on the TV for the day’s forecast, he watched the coffeepot fill drip by drip until it grumbled through its finale. Then, with the life insurance check clasped against a mug of black coffee, he toed the screen door open and took a seat on their singlewide’s wood-latticed steps. Dawn’s citrus matched the tart, sulphur smell of the gravel pits in the distance, the horizon line spliced by angling stalks of cranes and conveyor belts.

There’d been little time to grieve. Papa likely would have appreciated the bypassing of mourning rituals. The single-page, handwritten will, drawn up shortly after Mom had passed, simply named Henry sole executor, who could do with Papa’s assets and ashes as he saw fit.

What he picked up from the med school’s crematorium wasn’t an urn. Just a container. Plain, cylindrical, white, slightly bigger than a Folgers can and much heavier than it looked. When he gave it a shake to assess its contents, his papa, he heard a little thump from within. Chunks of bone, he was told. Its label, printed in a mechanical, matter-of-fact font, spelled out Papa’s name and three dates: birth, death, cremation. But before he could dig up the phone numbers of family members he’d only met once as a three-year-old visiting Manila, other phone calls started coming in.

A swarm of indecipherable legalese and not-so-subtle insinuations. The banks and collection agencies were demanding Henry take over Papa’s unfinished payments and settle his debts, threatening repossession, probate court showdows, and garnisheeing his wages. They were relentless, seething, foaming. Their persistence would have made even the most shameless, derisive, and downright slimy of the skinnies blush. After a twenty-minute conversation with an estate lawyer (billed the full hourly rate of $150), all the logistics and ciphers got distilled down to more comprehensible terms:

As executor, Henry was legally obliged to set his neck to the chopping block.
A wrenching debut about the causes and effects of poverty, as seen by a father and son living in a pickup

**Abundance**

*A Novel*

JAKOB GUANZON

Evicted from their trailer on New Year’s Eve, Henry and his son, Junior, have been reduced to living out of a pickup truck. Six months later, things are even more desperate. Henry, barely a year out of prison for pushing opioids, is down to his last pocketful of dollars, and little remains between him and the street. But hope is on the horizon: today is Junior’s birthday, and Henry has a job interview tomorrow.

To celebrate, Henry treats Junior to dinner at McDonald’s, followed by a night in a real bed at a discount motel. For a moment, as Henry practices for his interview in the bathtub and Junior watches TV, all seems well. But after Henry has a disastrous altercation in the parking lot and Junior succumbs to a fever, father and son are sent into the night, struggling to hold things together and make it through tomorrow.

In an ingenious structural approach, Jakob Guanzon organizes *Abundance* by the amount of cash in Henry’s pocket. A new chapter starts with each debit and credit, and the novel expands and contracts, revealing the extent to which the quality of our attention is altered by the abundance—or lack thereof—that surrounds us. Set in an America of big-box stores and fast food, this incandescent debut novel trawls the fluorescent aisles of Walmart and the booths of Red Lobster to reveal the inequities and anxieties around work, debt, addiction, incarceration, and health care in America today.

JAKOB GUANZON was born in New York and raised in Minnesota. He holds an MFA from Columbia University’s School of the Arts, and lives in New York City. *Abundance* is his first novel.
An Excerpt from *frank: sonnets*

The sonnet, like poverty, teaches you what you can do without. To have, as my mother says, a wish in one hand and shit in another. That was in answer to I wish I had an Instamatic camera and a father. Wish in one hand, she said, shit in another. She still says it. When she tells me she wishes I were there to have some of her bean soup she answers herself. Wish in one hand, she says, shit in another.

Poverty, like a sonnet, is a good teacher. The kind that raps your knuckles with a ruler but not the kind that throws a dictionary across the room and hits you in the brain with all the words that ever were. Boxed fathers buried deep are still fathers, teacher says. Do without the, Without and Without hot dogs in your baked beans. A sonnet is a mother. Every word a silver dollar. Shit in one hand, she says. Wish in another.

Praise for *Still Life with Two Dead Peacocks and a Girl*


“This collection showcases a poet who is writing some of the most animated and complex poetry today. . . . By the end of the book, everything is larger and more vibrant—the paintings, the speaker’s life, the reader and the world.” —Los Angeles Times

Praise for *Four-Legged Girl*

A richly improvisational poetry collection that leads readers through a gallery of incisive and beguiling portraits and landscapes. —Pulitzer Prize finalist citation

“A great passion issues from the pages of *Four-Legged Girl*. . . . This book is a wise, wild, continuous gift. It will make you lean in and listen; it will make you this poet’s devotee. These poems are tremendous in every way. Diane Seuss: holy smoke!” —Terrance Hayes
A resplendent life in sonnets from the author of *Four-Legged Girl*, a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize

**frank: sonnets**  
**DIANE SEUSS**

“The sonnet, like poverty, teaches you what you can do / without,” Diane Seuss writes in this brilliant, candid work, her most personal collection to date. These poems tell the story of a life at risk of spilling over the edge of the page, from Seuss’s working-class childhood in rural Michigan to the dangerous allures of New York City and back again. With sheer virtuosity, Seuss moves nimbly across thought and time, poetry and punk, AIDS and addiction, Christ and motherhood, showing us what we can do, what we can do without, and what we offer to one another when we have nothing left to spare. Like a series of cels on a filmstrip, *frank: sonnets* captures the magnitude of a life lived honestly, a restless search for some kind of “beauty or relief.” Seuss is at the height of her powers, devastatingly astute, austere, and—in a word—frank.

**Praise for Diane Seuss**

“The picturesque and the grotesque pair flawlessly in Seuss’s poems, and even gore has an abject charm. . . . She admires art without forgetting that it’s only a facsimile; she questions whether reality, with all of its texture and dimensionality, can be known at all.”  
—*The New Yorker*

“Seuss blazes up into the dark and dirty corners of youthful folly, in poems that are visually sharp and linguistically alive; her voice is lucid, earthy, mordant, and funny.”  
—Dana Levin

**DIANE SEUSS** is the author of five collections of poetry, including *Still Life with Two Dead Peacocks and a Girl*, a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award and the Los Angeles Times Book Prize for Poetry; *Four-Legged Girl*, a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize; and *Wolf Lake, White Gown Blown Open*, winner of the Juniper Prize. Seuss has served as Writer in Residence at Kalamazoo College, and has been a visiting professor at Colorado College, the Helen Zell Writers’ Program at the University of Michigan, and Washington University in St. Louis. She lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan.
A dazzling return to the short story by a finalist for the Man Booker International Prize

Wild Swims
Stories
DORTHE NORS
TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY MISHA HOEKSTRA

In fourteen effervescent stories, Dorthe Nors plumbs the depths of the human heart, from desire to melancholy and everything in between. Just as she did in her English-language debut, Karate Chop, Nors slices straight to the core of the conflict in only a few pages. But Wild Swims expands the borders of her gaze, following people as they travel through Copenhagen, London, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and elsewhere.

Here are portraits of men and women full of restless longing, who are often seeking a home but rarely finding it. A lie told during a fraught ferry ride on the North Sea becomes a wound that festers between schoolmates. A writer at a remote cabin befriends the mother of an ex-lover. Two friends knock doors to solicit fraudulent donations for the cancer society. A woman taken with the idea of wild swims ventures as far as the local swimming pool.

These stories have already been featured in the pages of the New Yorker, Harper’s Magazine, Tin House, and A Public Space. They sound the darker tones of human nature and yet find the brighter chords of hope and humor as well. Cutting and offbeat without ever losing its warmth, Wild Swims is a master class in concision and restraint, and a path to living life without either. With Wild Swims Nors’s star will continue to be ascendant.

Praise for Mirror, Shoulder, Signal

“In flowing and absorbing prose, Nors illustrates how . . . to overcome immense loneliness and make a connection.”
—The New Yorker

“Nors gives the invisible woman the dignity of her artful gaze. . . . This triumphant novel sounds the depths of women’s unseen strength.”
—The New York Times Book Review
Winner of the Walt Whitman Award of the Academy of American Poets, selected by Harryette Mullen

The Wild Fox of Yemen
Poems
THREA ALMONTASER

By turns aggressively reckless and fiercely protective, always guided by faith and ancestry, Threa Almontaser’s incendiary debut asks how mistranslation can be a form of self-knowledge and survival. A love letter to the country and people of Yemen, a portrait of young Muslim womanhood in New York after 9/11, and an extraordinarily composed examination of what it means to carry in the body the echoes of what came before, Almontaser’s polyvocal collection sneaks artifacts to and from worlds, repurposing language and adapting to the space between cultures. Half-crunk and hungry, speakers move with the force of what cannot be contained by the limits of the American imagination, and instead invest in troublemaking and trickery, utilizing any means necessary to form a semblance of home. In doing so, The Wild Fox of Yemen fearlessly rides the tension between carnality and tenderness in the unruly human spirit.

Let them find me dressed
only in leaves, bathing with bodega cats

and their panther mothers, breasts wagging
akimbo. I can’t forget those women who clapped

back. Who did not wear worry with each black
layer. Did not let things happen as they usually do,
then drop like rotted fruit when it was over.

—from “Ode to Bodega Cats”

“Formally and linguistically diverse, these bold, defiant declarations of ‘reckless’ embodiment acknowledge the self’s nesting identities . . . . They ask how to belong to others without losing oneself, how to be faithful to oneself without forsaking others.”

—Harryette Mullen

THREA ALMONTASER is a Yemeni American author from New York City. Her work can be found in Ambit, Duende, wilderness, the Rumpus, the American Poetry Review, and elsewhere. She lives in Raleigh, North Carolina.
An unnamed woman checks into a guesthouse in a mysterious district known only as the Subdivision. The guesthouse’s owners, Clara and the Judge, are welcoming and helpful, if oddly preoccupied by the baffling jigsaw puzzle in the living room. With little more than a hand-drawn map and vague memories of her troubled past, the narrator ventures out in search of a job, an apartment, and a fresh start in life.

Accompanied by an unusually assertive digital assistant named Cylvia, the narrator is drawn deeper into an increasingly surreal, and threatening world, which reveals itself to her through a series of darkly comic encounters reminiscent of *Gulliver’s Travels*. A lovelorn truck driver . . . a mysterious child . . . a watchful crow. A cryptic birthday party. A baffling physics experiment in a defunct office tower where some calamity once happened. Through it all, the narrator is tempted and manipulated by the bakemono, a shape-shifting demon who poses a distinctly terrifying danger.

Harrowing, intricate, and deranged, *Subdivision* is a brilliant maze of a novel from the writer Kelly Link has called “a master of the dark arts.” With the narrative intensity and mordant humor familiar to readers of *Broken River*, J. Robert Lennon continues his exploration of the mysteries of perception and memory.

**Praise for Broken River**

“A novel that watches as its own plot unfolds, wondering at the way that ‘everything is exquisitely interconnected, malevolent, and dangerous.’”

— *The Wall Street Journal*

“[Broken River] proves, as ever, that the novel can do things nothing but the novel can do.”

A new collection of short fiction by the author of the cult classic *Pieces for the Left Hand*

**Let Me Think**

*Stories*

**J. ROBERT LENNON**

*Let Me Think* is a meticulous selection of short stories by one of the pre-eminent chroniclers of the American absurd. Through J. Robert Lennon’s acerbic yet sympathetic eye, the quotidian realities of marriage, family, and work are rendered powerfully strange in this rich and innovative collection.

These stories, most no more than a few pages, are at once experimental and compulsively readable, the work of an expert craftsman who can sketch whole lives in a mere handful of lines, or reveal, over pages, the boundless complexity of a passing thought. Here you’ll find a heist gone wrong, a case of mistaken identity, a hostile encounter with a neighborhood eccentric, a glass eye, a talking owl, and a six-fingered hand. Whatever the subject, Lennon disarms the reader with humor before pivoting to pathos, pain, and disappointment—most notably in an extraordinary sequence of darting, painfully funny fictions about a disintegrating marriage that captures the myriad ways intimacy can fail us, and the ways that we can fail it.

Like Lennon’s earlier story collection *Pieces for the Left Hand*, *Let Me Think* holds a mirror up to our long-held grudges and secret desires, our petty resentments and moments of redeeming grace, and confirms him as a virtuoso of the form.

**Praise for the stories of J. Robert Lennon**

“Step through a portal into one of Lennon’s tales, and you will find a suburban dystopia peppered with lyricism and wonder, touched with moments of transformation and grace.”

— *The New York Times Book Review*

“Beautifully told, engrossing little stories. . . . A pleasure on every level.”

— Lydia Davis
An engaging, incantatory novel about the legacy of a dictatorship, by the author of *Space Invaders*

**The Twilight Zone**
*A Novel*

NONA FERNÁNDEZ

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY NATASHA WIMMER

It is 1984 in Chile, in the middle of the Pinochet dictatorship. A member of the secret police walks into the office of a dissident magazine and begins to talk to a reporter, who records his testimony. The narrator of Nona Fernández’s mesmerizing and terrifying novel *The Twilight Zone* was a child when she first saw this man’s face on the magazine’s cover with the words “I Tortured People.” His complicity in the worst crimes of the regime and his commitment to speaking about them haunt the narrator into her adulthood and career as a writer and documentarian. Like a secret service agent from the future, through extraordinary feats of the imagination, Fernández follows the “man who tortured people” to places that archives can’t reach, into the sinister twilight zone of history where morning routines, a game of chess, Yuri Gagarin, and the eponymous TV show of the novel’s title co-exist with the brutal yet commonplace machinations of the regime.

How do crimes vanish in plain sight? How does one resist a repressive regime? And who gets to shape the truths we live by and take for granted? *The Twilight Zone* pulls us into the dark portals of the past, reminding us that the work of the writer in the face of historical erasure is to imagine so deeply that these absences can be, for a time, spectacularly illuminated.

**Praise for *Space Invaders***

“[The narrators’] valiant, doomed efforts to make sense of the political violence they witnessed in childhood are moving and haunting and will linger long after the book is done.”

—NPR.org

“A small jewel of a book. . . . Fernández’s picturesque language and dreamlike atmosphere is well worth being invaded by. A book to slip in the pocket to read and reread.”

—Patti Smith, *New Statesman*
Now in paperback, a stirring nonfiction epic about culture, politics, food, and religion on the Great Plains

**American Harvest**

*God, Country, and Farming in the Heartland*

**MARIE MUTSUKI MOCKETT**

For over one hundred years, the Mockett family has owned a seven-thousand-acre wheat farm in Nebraska, where Marie Mutsuki Mockett’s father was raised. Mockett, who grew up in Carmel, California, with her father and her Japanese mother, knew little about farming when she inherited this land. Her father had all but forsworn it.

At the invitation of Eric Wolgemuth, the conservative farmer who has cut her family’s fields for decades, Mockett accompanies a group of evangelical wheat harvesters through the heartland as they follow the trail of ripening wheat from Texas to Idaho. Together they contemplate what Eric refers to as “the divide,” peeling back layers of the American story to expose its contradictions and unhealed wounds. She joins the crew in the fields, attends church, and struggles to adapt to the rhythms of rural life, all the while continually reminded of her status as a person who signals “not white,” but who people she encounters can’t quite categorize.

*American Harvest* is an extraordinary evocation of the land and a thoughtful exploration of ingrained beliefs, from evangelical skepticism of evolution to cosmopolitan assumptions about food production and farming. With exquisite lyricism and humanity, this powerful book attempts to reconcile competing versions of our national story.

“An extraordinary feat of empathy set against a land of reds, whites, and blues, *American Harvest* doesn’t just speak to the great divide—it dares to bridge it.”

—Marlon James

“A nimble blend of personal reflection and incisive social history. Consistently thought-provoking.”

—San Francisco Chronicle
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This cover was designed in the Juxtaposition Arts Graphic Design Lab, where young creatives gain real-world experience through paid apprenticeships. This cover design reflects the Graphic Design team’s collaborative approach to projects and efforts to stay connected during a global pandemic. Despite the distance from peers, this time has allowed artists in the Lab to delve deeper into creative ambitions, remain curious, and explore new ways to make connections.