



News from

Red Hen Press

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Fault

Poems by

Katharine Coles

In *Fault*, Katharine Coles continues to explore her abiding interest in the intersections of science, culture, and history, but the book is perhaps best described as an extended meditation on love. Ranging across time and continents, Coles addresses such figures as Newton, Kepler, and Vesalius, not only with intellectual rigor but also with a humor, intimacy, and buoyant optimism that render her subjects—the figures and the science—accessible within the capacious intellectual, emotional, and physical landscapes of the poems.

Fault

Poems by Katharine Coles

ISBN: 978-1-59709-390-3

6 x 9; Tradepaper

96 pages

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Currently director of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Utah, Coles teaches poetry, prose writing, and literature and directs the Utah Symposium in Science and Literature. Recipient of the 2012 Guggenheim Fellowship, an Individual Writers Fellowship, and a New Forms Project Grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, she has published poetry and prose in such journals as *Poetry*, *The Paris Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *North American Review*, and *The New Republic*. *Fault* is her fourth collection of poems; she is also the author of two novels, most recently *Fire Season*. Her book of poetry *Flight* will be published in 2013.

Praise for *Fault*:

"*Fault* has all the inquisitive intelligence of Katharine Coles' earlier work, the thrill of scientific inquiry, the dazzling profusion of sensory delights. But these poems also soar into song—lament, hymn, jazz riff, ghazal. With the passion of one who knows both suffering and desire, Coles illuminates the miraculous accident of our survival, the mystery of eternity contained by fragile bodies. With fearless grace, she exposes the startling similarity between the tenderness of a lover's gaze and the patient precision of a terrorist touching wires. "Happiness must be simple, and enough." No matter how dangerous the world becomes, Katharine Coles lights every line with wonder, and with love."

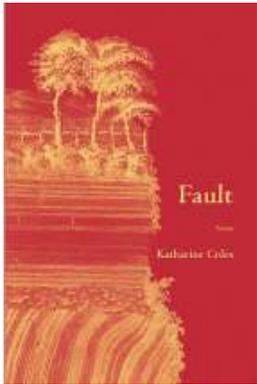
—Melanie Rae Thon

"Whether she's contemplating the history of cosmology or the stern topography of western canyons, the "touched wires" that detonate the bomb that destroys a city square or the touched chords of married love, Katharine Coles writes with stirring passion and impeccable clarity. Again and again, with nimbleness and delicacy, she locates the precise register of consciousness, the precise figurative or affective cognate that allows us purchase on an abstract realm. Her rejuvenating explorations of inherited forms—pantoums and ghazals, sonnets and quatrains, slant rhyme, eye rhyme, and metamorphic rhyme—are revelatory: I know of no one writing in America today who uses these lovely instruments to richer effect, the auditory argument now countering, now corroborating the arguments of heart and mind. This wonderful new book is varied, engaging, and terrifically smart: it merits and lavishly rewards the most mindful of readings."

—Linda Gregerson



More Praise for Katharine Coles:



“Student and teacher of the arts of writing, Katharine Coles brings her knowledge and expertise into art with *Fault*. Addressing what’s important to her, a blend of history, science, and love, she discusses much through her verse and provides much to make people think about the world around them. *Fault* is a choice pick for poetry readers everywhere. “Poetry & Spirituality”: Today, the wind rides the thighs of grasshoppers,/and leaves fly like rescue from burning trees/I could almost turn into something./ All this talk./I’m guilty too- me, an unbeliever/raising a miracle, these ungainly hoppers/pelting my chest, my hips/fixing a moment//to my shorts, my footfall opening one/so brilliantly into flight you might think/butterfly, before its wings let it down.”

—James A. Cox, *Small Press Bookwatch*

“Her fourth volume of poetry *Fault* (Red Hen Press) charts a path across the natural environs, both within our state borders and in the larger world from Paris to Padova, using history, science, culture and even love. But a map is always an imperfect representation. In “Good Eye,” she asks of astronomers, “Some nights/ Surely they remembered just to gaze,/ Instead, say, of counting—all those points!—/ Or measuring the arc from star to star,/ And, by measuring, fixing it.” These *Fault* lines show what slips between the cracks and escapes measure.”

—Brian Staker, *Salt Lake City Weekly*

A CONFUSION

Not even a decent pack. Just a pair,
though in small rooms they move to multiply.
A piebald dog. A dog with golden fur.
One who herds. One who gulps each fly
that buzzes her, cracking it in snap jaws.
Tonight, stretched out on oriental rugs,
a relaxation of dogs, dog tired; a doze
and snoring. Then absolution: a bliss of dogs,
a conflagration, a swarm, unspooled. Odd
dogs, chasing the invisible. Like me. A fool,
a blaze of dogs, a plight, an inspiration
of frenzied tongue and paw; two dogs in a pod,
mathematic. An education. Love’s school
in wilderness, its muzzled exultation.

—from *Fault*

