

News from

Red Hen Press

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Letters to Guns

POETRY BY

Brendan Constantine

Letters to Guns examines the para-physical natures of love and history, at times re-imagining both. As the poems progress, eight letters arrive written by non-human addressees (a nightgown, a grove of trees, a wooden spoon, others) at random points over the last 2,200 years. They are messages from home and pleas for understanding, warnings and promises of change. These in turn ignite other poems and themes which anticipate the next arrival. Taken together, the letters form an armature, a living skeleton fleshed by real and metaphenomenal experience. Throughout, a variety of styles appears and no single approach to poetry pervades. Singly, these poems should challenge and entertain. As a group they must transform and evolve our experience of sitting down with a book of poems.

Letters to Guns

Poetry by Brendan Constantine

ISBN: 1-59709-138-3

Binding: Tradepaper

Size: 6 x 9; Pages: 80

Price US \$16.95

Praise for *Letters to Guns*:

In the hands of Brendan Constantine poetry is a weapon. That much is obvious. But one never knows, his poems will explode with bullets or flowers because Constantine is both guerilla fighter and beguiling jester. Melancholy, hysterical, literary, musical—the insights, like the forms (epistles, odes, annotated poems), of *Letters to Guns* are unpredictable, innovative and above all gripping. I am as helpless as anyone looking down the barrel of a gun. These poems are dangerous fun!

—Terrance Hayes

With the epistolary speed of a good kiss, Brandon Constantine mixes the importunate worlds of violence and passion with great immediacy. As Van Gogh suggested, he "exaggerates the essential," and thus builds a surreal world that keeps reminding us where we have just arrived: the over-ripened America we happily devour in his poems.

—Mark Irwin

How can poems be so zany and gorgeous in the same breath, so brilliant and tender and shocking and hilarious? I don't know how Brendan Constantine does it, but I hope he keeps doing it—keeps bringing us these poems like hymns from another universe, one both darker and more humane than our own, poems of astounding imagination and sly profundity, rendered in language all Constantine's own—language sharpened to a knife point, shined to a blaze, rollicking and serious and utterly original.

—Cecilia Woloch