



News from

Red Hen Press

P.O. Box 40820 Pasadena, CA 91114 (626) 356-4760 fax: (626) 356-9974 redhen.org

No Other Paradise

by

Kurt Brown

No Other Paradise

Poetry by Kurt Brown

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88 pages

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Biographical notes:

Kurt Brown founded the Aspen Writers' Conference, and Writers' Conferences & Centers (a national association of directors). His poems have appeared in many literary periodicals, and he is the editor of several anthologies including *Blues for Bill*, for the late William Matthews, from University of Akron Press, and his newest (with Harold Schechter), *Conversation Pieces: Poems that Talk to Other Poems* from Alfred A. Knopf, Everyman's Library Pocket Poets Series. He is the author of six chapbooks and four full-length collections of poetry, including *Return of the Prodigals*, *More Things in Heaven and Earth*, *Fables from the Ark*, and *Future Ship*. A collection of the poems of Flemish poet Herman de Coninck, entitled *The Plural of Happiness*, which he and his wife translated, was released in the Field Translation Series in 2006. He lives in Santa Barbara, California.

Praise for *No Other Paradise*:

"I am going to keep death from entering this poem," Kurt Brown writes in *No Other Paradise*. These masterful poems are taut with the power of the unspoken. Their urgency is visceral. If the problem of our century is Hegel's dilemma of cognition and the will—the more we know, the less we can act—Brown is searching for a knowledge so immediate, so free of rhetoric, that our scary responsibilities will open the world up rather than paralyze us. With a clear eye, zapping wit, and a mind haunted by the unfathomable future, Brown is creating fascinating poetry whose horizons lie far beyond the self. *No Other Paradise* leaves us in that strangest, richest moment, the human present."

—D. Nurske

"If other poets examine the mysteries of our broken world, Brown excavates them, mining through the rubble of curiosity, confusion and contemplation to construct these haunting poems about the silence, the fleetingness, and the end of things. Here, 'stars tremble like pebbles under moving water' and 'children still in the womb will be born with bullets already searching for their heads.' And yet, this "mortality" lens also illuminates and we can see objects for the dark beauties they really are: 'and we sang *halleluiab! halleluiab!* / while all around us real mountains filled with crows / black as ministers in their robes.'"

—Rigoberto González, *Critical Mass*