



News from

Red Hen Press

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Or Consequence

Poetry by

Cynthia Hogue

Cynthia Hogue's stunning new collection, *Or Consequence*, by turns bristles with spiked, jagged lines or rustles with deep emotion, in poems that range ambitiously from meditations on "freedom" in the central long poetic cycle based on an archival slave narrative to poems crossing cultural and formal boundaries. Hogue's is an innovative poetics of inquiry and outrage, an analytic lyric striking a balance between methods of narrative and assemblage, and finally, between love and hope in the twenty-first century.

Or Consequence

Poetry by Cynthia Hogue

ISBN: 978-1-59709-476-4

6.25 x 9; tradepaper

104 pages

Price: US \$18.95

Biographical note:

Cynthia Hogue has published five previous collections of poetry, including *The Incognito Body* (Red Hen Press 2006). She is the co-editor of *Innovative Women Poets: An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry and Interviews* (2006), and of the first edition of H.D.'s *The Sword Went Out to Sea (Synthesis of a Dream)*, by *Delia Alton* (2007). She has received Fulbright, NEA (poetry), and NEH (Summer Seminar) Fellowships. In 2005, she was awarded the H.D. Fellowship at the Beinecke Library at Yale University, and in 2007, a MacDowell Colony Residency Fellowship. In 2008, she was awarded an Arizona Commission on the Arts Artists Project Grant for a multigenre project of interviews with Hurricane Katrina evacuees. Hogue taught in the MFA program at the University of New Orleans before moving to Pennsylvania, where she directed the Stadler Center for Poetry at Bucknell University for eight years. While in Pennsylvania, she trained in conflict resolution with the Mennonites and became a trained mediator specializing in diversity issues in education. In 2003, she joined the Department of English at Arizona State University as the Maxine and Jonathan Marshall Chair in Modern and Contemporary Poetry.

Praise for *Or Consequence*:

"Always a pioneer, with *Or Consequence* Cynthia Hogue enters new realms of visionary, speculative intelligence. She has become a student of "nubilous, light-flecked water," of consciousness as ontological and historical field. Her brilliantly complex poems vibrate with the absorptions and surprise of unbidden confrontations. They are supremely attentive fictions, awake to the reciprocities of love, power, karma, listening, trust, and memory, accountable to the expansive transformations of generosity and the most nuanced particulates of thought and feeling. "Consequence" broadens to include the gap between cause and effect, intention and expression, a terrain so ample it embraces pathos, tragedy, exaltation, and even comic associations as phrases eroded by use are rewired and weirded into freshness. This is a poetry of conscience, but Hogue's witnessing is delicate rather than didactic, rich with insurrections of mind and language. She is, moreover, an intensely visual poet whose subtle and various use of white space recalls the many forms of emptiness enumerated in Buddhism. I can think of no recent book that better suggests the turbulent and sublime possibilities of poetry."

— Alice Fulto



More Praise for *Or Consequence*



“Cynthia Hogue finessing her materials with such wishful genius, chiasmically asking the pure questions: how to create space upon habitually imbruted ground, all the while Beauty, in an arched fold awaits us.”

—Lissa Wolsak

“With *Or Consequence* a gentleness is thrust into the clamor which does not diminish the firmness wherein these lines lie in waiting, asserting the historical record here, imagining the human options there: ‘Upon which so much.’”

—C.D. Wright

“A poem’s intimate room needs to stand ajar, signals beamed in and conversation spilling into the halls. Hogue’s poetics of generosity is so thoughtfully, deftly framed that she actually manages it.”

— Lesley Wheeler, *Shenandoah*

“Enticing, endearing, and evocative.”

— Anna Leahy, *The American Book Review*

From “Étude (On Love)”

“I have been all this
while in transit which is to
say without a clear
aim in mind in

fact the mind feeling *not* clear
as if at the bottom of a lily-
pond, not the blue and
white *nénuphars* Monet painted going blind

but the mucky bottom with long green stems
in nubilous, light-flecked water.
Do we all go through
this floating from time

to time when the self cannot see
the self so close in its need
to control, which is the urge
to have nothing

change?”

