

## **Season Two, Episode Two: The Writing Life Of Poetry with Molly Fisk and Brendan Constantine**

Intro: Welcome to Red Hen Radio, a podcast brought to you by Red Hen Press. We're a nonprofit publisher fostering diverse stories every year. On this podcast, you'll get to hear from the people who are inside the literary world — the authors and publishing professionals who are working hard to keep independent literature thriving. Stay with us as we introduce you to today's segment.

KATE GALE:

Hi, I'm Kate Gale. I'm a writer, but I'm also the publisher of Red Hand Press, and we're delighted to be here with all of you today. Molly, could you introduce yourself?

MOLLY FISK:

I'm Molly Fisk and I am sitting in Nevada City speaking to you, Nevada City, California. And I'm a poet and an essayist, mostly radio essays. And I teach and I coach and I otherwise cause trouble in my life.

KATE GALE:

Love it.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Hi, I'm Brendan Constantine. I'm a poet born and raised in Los Angeles. I'm coming to you today from Red Hen Press Studios in Pasadena, California. I'm a poet and a teacher. I've been fortunate enough to teach at the same LA high school for the last almost 22 years. I also teach poetry at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. And like Molly, I'm a troublemaker and am down to set up a poetry class with pretty much anyone who will stand still long enough.

KATE GALE:

Sounds fantastic. Molly, I wanted to start with you. This book is a narrative book and it tells a story, and I really like poetry books that tell a story. One of the first narrative poetry books that I fell in love with, that think a lot poetry lovers really get crazy about is *Autobiography in Red*. And so I'm curious what the origin of this book was for you. What came to you to want to put this together? Can you tell us something about this grand achievement of a book?

MOLLY FISK:

I had no intention of writing a narrative group of poems. I started a long time ago, more than 20 years ago. The people in this book, the two members of the couple, Phoebe and Miles, showed up in my notebook. And I'd always been, as a kid, I was a fan of things like Laura Ingalls Wilder. And my great grandfather had a whole bunch of cowboy books, Western books, the ones with

horrible politics. But at time, were very adventuresome and we had a third floor landing and they were all there. So I had read through all of those. I knew how to knit and sew because my mother had taught me. And suddenly these people started showing up in my notebook and I thought, *well, what?* And I wrote two or three poems and then a month or two later I wrote another one. And I went on with my life trying to make a living as a poet and writing other books.

And in the early 2000s, I was asked to do a talk at our local library and I went through my work to see what I wanted to talk about and there were 50 poems about these people. And I thought, well, okay, I hadn't realized there were that many. Maybe this is a book. And I read them to the audience at that talk and people really liked them, which surprised me because I hadn't really thought about that part of it. And then it took me another 15 years to finish the book. And I really didn't want to call it a novel. I tried to make it a novel. I took it out of lines and put it into paragraphs and tried to make it a novel and it wasn't long enough. And I didn't want to think about having an arc for the action and I didn't want to have any conflict, which I had heard that you had to have if you wrote a novel. I put it back into lines and put it together as a book of poems, but it is in fact a story about two people in chronological order. But with poetry, you can leave gaps in a way that I love. So it's not going to tell you all about the shoes and then about the next thing that happens. It's going to give you vignette after vignette after vignette and build on that. So it builds a story and the lives of these people, but not every minute of every day, which to me is a great relief.

KATE GALE:

Yeah, I think that when we live our life with another person, a sort of observed life, we sometimes just get too much of their life. That's why I like to go on vacation from my husband. But I think that in this book, we get these wonderful pieces. It's like we're jumping into the covered wagon with them. And we get these pieces of their life, and they're so exquisite. And it feels like you have revisited a time that we'd almost forgotten about.

So Brendan, in many ways in this book, you invite the reader into your classroom.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Yes.

KATE GALE:

We get to experience you as a teacher and as a thinker, and it feels very exciting. The poem, "The Opposite Game", obviously is such a great example. And that poem has had a life of its own. It's almost like having its own Domingo moment, I would say. So I thought maybe we could just start with talking a little bit about the origin of that poem. I think that you must have been surprised with how much energy that poem took on.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

I didn't expect the poem really to last, so to speak, much more than a day. I had written it to present once, and I wrote it in such a hurry, I wasn't thinking of writing a book.

I gotta tell you, it was a very strange experience. I was lucky enough to have my first book published with Red Hen Press, which was *Letters to Guns*. And that book had a healthy little life, and it came to the attention of a number of different groups that were on either side of the guns issue. I found that I was getting lots of letters from people that thought I was an authority of some kind on that subject. And I really am not. I was just writing a book of poems at the time, and guns happened to be a kind of muse for it, but they were sort of a stand-in for different kinds of people, different kinds of thought. They were a stand-in for America itself.

But as the result of that, I got invited to speak at a gun violence awareness rally in Arizona. And I was invited by a remarkable woman named Patricia Meche. And if that name is familiar, she's something of a real hero. It was Patricia Meche who, at the infamous Tucson shooting was one of a couple of people brave enough to tackle the gunman. Patricia as much as anybody saved a lot of people that day and so when someone like that says can you come to our event and read some poems, you know, I have no choice here mean, that's an actual hero asking me to come and read poems.

But I was also aware that the event was meant to be sort of uplifting and empowering and I thought *oh great now you're going to be trying to lift everybody's spirits* and then you're gonna invite them poet to get up there and say a few words, you how am going to get up there and not completely depress the hell out of everyone. So I thought, I don't have the poem for this event.

But what I did have was something interesting happening in my classroom at that time, which was as a means of engaging some of my kids, my middle schoolers and particularly, on days when there had been too much sugar or not enough sleep, you know, and they were reluctant to write, I realized that if I could make a game of writing, I could probably wake up a little inspiration in the classroom. And I'd begun to play a game that I called the opposites game, where you would just take a piece of writing by somebody else and challenge the students to come up with the antonym for every single word in a particular line. And we just happened to have started with Emily Dickinson's, *My Life Had Stood A Loaded Gun*. And at that time, the kids were totally divided as to what the opposite of a gun was. Nobody could agree. And it had gotten to such a point that the kids were actually taking sides, friendships were being broken up. It got really intense and it was raging for days. And that was happening just as I was leaving town for Arizona. So there I am panicking in a Tucson hotel room trying to get my kids on video chat. This was before the pandemic or anybody was that conversant with Zoom. So I was FaceTiming my students asking questions while I wrote this poem and I presented it the next day at the event. It went very well. My host said, okay, now you've got to get this published, and that

was in 2016. It's 10 years later. There have been two film adaptations. The poem has been adapted for the chorale. There are groups of people singing it. I get people sending me pictures of people carrying lines from the poem on banners at rallies. People I don't know. Kids are learning it for slam contests. It just took off and then became sort of the centerpiece of this book.

KATE GALE:

The videos of this I've watched many times, I've sent to many people, and I really love how this has turned into something else because that's one of the things that we like to think about at Red Hen is how a poem can end up in a song, it can end up in a painting, it can be skywritten, it can end up on the beach. A poem can end up in so many different places.

I'm coming back to you, Molly. One of the things that you write about in this book, and maybe this is something you write about in other places too is food. I don't tend to certainly write poetry about food, although it does make its way into my novels. And so I really liked the food in this book. I loved the poem, "What They Eat", which felt like so much detail. So I felt like this would be such a great poem to teach. We have a Writing in the Schools program in the summer and one of things we have the students write about is food they like and food they hate and they write about it so viscerally. I wonder if you would read us a poem.

MOLLY FISK:

Sure, and I will read "What They Eat". I have spent a lot of time teaching kids in schools and in juvenile hall, and I learned a lot in juvenile hall because of what people ate that I'd never heard of, like fried spaghetti eggs. I've taught a lot of kids to look at their lunch and go backwards and figure out where it all came from and how far away it was. I've tried to get people to understand their relationship with the world in this kind of a way, but the poem was prompted by a poem by Campbell McGrath that I saw in *The New Yorker* and just loved.

"What They Eat"

Bacon, hams, head cheese, pork chops from the hog his father gave them at the wedding. Honey from her mother's hives. Cornpone, cornbread, corn fritters, popcorn, cornmeal made into a mush with clabbered goat's milk, goat cheese and butter. Fresh eggs from the six laying hens. And they're considering eating the rooster if it gets any meaner. They've promised not to kill a goat until spring and then only if they have to. Squash, pumpkins, melon, parsnips, turnips, potatoes. Living things they can shoot or snare or hook. Partridge, rabbits, deer, wild turkeys. If nothing else, squirrel. Trout, perch, catfish. The meat eaten fresh or jerked or smoked. What they can gather. Watercress, pokeweed, wild onions and radish. Skunk cabbage, sweet peas, thimbleberries, blackberries, salmonberries, chokecherries, plums. The fruit dried are put up into jam. Black walnuts, chestnuts, molasses, salt. The memory of her Aunt Edith's dried peaches. For special occasions, anadama made with their small store of wheat and their smaller hoard of yeast.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

That's lovely.

KATE GALE:

Mm-hmm.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

That is a sumptuous poem.

KATE GALE:

I love every detail of it.

So Brendan, you like to write about events that remind us of the life we're inside of. I guess I do. One of the poems I really liked in this book was the "Cargo Ship" one. It became an event that reminded us that that ship could sort of stop the world. But it also felt like, you know, what part of your life is a cargo ship stuck in a canal? And I kept thinking about that for weeks. And I felt like your poem kind of in many ways walked around that question and the fact that it was loaded with things that maybe we didn't need. I liked this because it just reminded me of these massive ships carrying stuff around and getting stuck and drifting and how dependent we've become on the sort of global economy and stuff being brought to us quickly. So.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Yeah, this is also very much a poem about teaching poetry. It's funny that the oft quoted line of Williams that, you know, that you, was difficult to get the news from poetry, but that people died miserably every day for lack of what was found there. Alternately, I found that it can be very easy to get poetry from the news and quite often, you know, again, in the classroom and just trying to get the kids to sort of raise an antenna for poetry being all around them that even in a headline, you got a headline that had a good combination of concrete nouns and image, that there would be enough to set your inspiration on a course. And so, yeah, this is another one of those poems that was based on something that really happened in the classroom. And it was just this one particular day, almost four years ago now, when a headline popped up on CNN, and it filled my head, and I went into the classroom with it and asked the kids to appreciate it. This poem is called, "Meanwhile, a cargo ship full of luxury cars is on fire and adrift in the middle of the Atlantic."

My students don't want to write today, so I tell them I'll let them go early. If first, they'll sit a moment, eyes closed, and listen to this headline from the news. Isn't that lovely, I ask. Read it again, they say, and slower. Meanwhile, a cargo ship full of luxury cars is on fire and adrift in the middle of the Atlantic. Mmmm, says one girl. I wish we didn't have eyes. Her best friend nods

totally. A boy opens his laptop and starts to type, his fingers like a small animal trying to run on a polished floor. It just gets better, doesn't it? Meanwhile, a cargo ship full of luxury cars is on fire and adrift in the middle of the Atlantic. Everyone is writing now, even the girl who wished she was blind. Imagine it, I say, the cars all melting together into a kind of rich lava. And are there seagulls, I wonder, flying in and out of the smoke, white on black? Everyone's safe, I say, the crew jumped ship. It's like a funeral barge for a king or stop talking, says the best friend. I need to think of a rhyme for Egypt. Class ends late, with students reading aloud as they walk into February's paper sun. And meanwhile...

KATE GALE:

I like that.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

So glad. Thank you.

KATE GALE:

Wonderful

MOLLY FISK:

Aw, thanks Molly.

INTERMISSION:

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KATE GALE:

So Molly, I have a question for you and that is that I think that for most of us, particularly those of us living in Los Angeles, it's hard to find time for an art form as slow and quiet as poetry. You don't live in Los Angeles, so maybe this isn't true for you. I'm curious whether you find it easy to find time for poetry and whether you think that just generally it's harder to find time for poetry given the noise of the culture we're living in.

MOLLY FISK:

I do not find it hard to find time for poetry. But I live alone. I don't have kids. My parents are gone. I have a lot of friends and I get up early in the morning and go out for coffee and breakfast every day so I see actual people. But then the rest of my time is spent alone a lot of the time,

which I've designed so that I can be more available to poetry. And I've made my peace with the lifestyle that that provides.

I was in a writing group for 12 years with Forrest Hamer and Dan Bellum, two Bay Area poets. And they were always surprised because what I do is sit down and write about what I see right in front of me. I don't plan out, let's write a poem about women's friendships or about industrial workers of the world. I mean, I don't tend to have an idea. I tend to sit down and say, okay, there's one scrub jay and there's one spotted tohee. And what are they doing to each other out in the bush there? I have a lot of poems written through the window of the coffee shop where I go. I've written a lot of poems to stores I've shopped at and to restaurants. So in a way, I've kind of brought the poems with me into my daily life, and that makes it easier to write them.

People have said to me, you know, if you moved to a city, you'd have a much bigger poetry presence in this.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Oh my God.

MOLLY FISK:

If I moved to the city, I would die. I've lived in Chicago and Boston and San Francisco, and I just want to be out in the woods now. And it's the partly because the pace is slow enough. We have big traffic jams when school lets out.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Whatever you're doing, it's working. I'm sorry, I just want to interject. You're doing fine. I am a fan of your work, Molly's, and I have never found it lacking in urgency. As a matter of fact, I'm caregiver for my mother, who's 96. She's not able to leave her bed. I do a lot of reading to her. She's not even really able to very comfortably hold a book. And just last night, I'm sitting at her bedside and reading your poem, "Farmer's Market", aloud. We went through that piece and then mom said, *do that again*.

And there we were with that incredible longing that you conjure in no time at all. I mean, it happens so fast and so authentically. Yeah, you're fine. You absolutely do not need to move to move to a city. I'm in awe of what you're able to conjure. And it was so necessary right from the very beginning that sense of loneliness that appears. Folks, if you don't know this poem, you can easily find it at the Poetry Foundation. It's called "Farmer's Market". But I'm warning you, because it is going to rip your heart out and hide it for about six months. But it's a great experience. I recommend that you have it. I'm fascinated also by what you were saying about just being open to whatever's outside the window. I think of the contemporary painter Enrique Martinez Saleya.

*who says, don't just go paint something I have in mind, I paint to find out what I have in mind.*  
You know what I mean?

MOLLY FISK:

And do you get surprised, here's one poet asking another poet a question.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Please.

MOLLY FISK:

Are you surprised by your endings? Do you find that you come to the end of a poem and you did not know you were going there or you even thought that?

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

All the time. Yeah, I find actually if I end a poem exactly where I thought I was going to end it on those occasions when I have some sort of ending in mind, which is not always, but if I, you know, if I try to sort of Babe Ruth that sucker, point to where I say the ball is going to go and then head there, chances are it's a mediocre poem. If I make sure that I am open the entire time to chance and the poem getting a say in where it wants to go, then I'm frequently surprised.

MOLLY FISK:

It's my favorite thing.

KATE GALE:

Molly, part of what I like about this is that on these podcasts, we know that a lot of people who are listening are interested in the building blocks of their own writing life. And so I like to think that one of the questions they're asking themselves, especially if they're a young poet, is how do you build that? And the fact is everyone's building it differently. And I remember as a young poet hearing that some people wrote poems on the subway and thinking having spent some time on the subway, I'm not going to be able to do that. There's people throwing up on the subway so I'm not going to be writing poems on the subway, but somebody else is, you know?

And so if you're living in a city and it's too distracting to you to write poetry, you should move. Find your way out. I love hearing about you creating a life that works for you as a poet. That is so fantastic. I love this.

So, Brendan, I wanted to ask one of the things I think that when Tobi and I are talking with young writers that we often find is that they want to have a writing life and they want to make a living. Sometimes, of course, they want to work in publishing. A lot of times they are kind of

determined to do what our friend Doug Manuel does, which is, of course, teach at a university, but they're not sure they're going to get a job. And one of the things that we will talk with them about is what about doing something where you're teaching at a high school?

Like, Nicelle does a version of that, you do a version of that. Can you talk with us a little bit? You've been a poet and doing that for a long time. It seems like it's been very fulfilling for you.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

It really has. mean, naturally, high school is not necessarily going to be able to offer you as many classes in a week as you might if you were teaching in an MFA program or something like that where you really are expected to be there every day. Poetry classes, creative writing classes tend to be an elective, and that's good and bad. On the one hand, you know, I'm not making as much money as I would if I were a full-time English teacher.

But at the same time, does, you know, echoing some of what Molly said, it does afford me some time to be a poet because I'm there only four days out of the week. I like to think that at some point I could end up teaching at a university and going that route, but working in high schools has been really fulfilling and in such surprising ways. I certainly don't want to foul my own nest just as a career poet, but I have to say that at universities in the company of other professors, that's where I tended to encounter the attitude, *no one's going to have an original idea, no one's got anything original to say, my job is to break the will of the student and I'm not smiling at anybody until we get back from winter break*. Whereas in the high schools and working with young writers and people that are coming to poetry for the first time, I'm reminded again and again and again how young poetry really is and that it will stay young because our language is going to stay young because it's going to continue to evolve. English is perpetually an adolescence and so English poetry will stay there too. The kids say astonishing things to me. They show me things I never saw coming. There is not this attitude that all the original ideas have been taken and that everything cool has been tried. It is boundless and that has been enormously satisfying. What I'm not making money I have to say I am I am reaping in a zest for what I do.

Whatever art form you're practicing, if you want to keep it young and fresh for yourself, work with people who are coming to it for the first time, you know, who are bringing to it a brand new set of eyes every day. I am constantly quoting my kids. They're saying things, you know, all the time. I was working with a group of kids and it was the beginning of the year and I was asking some basic questions. I said, *who can tell me a fundamental difference between simile and metaphor?* And a boy named Joey raised his hand and said, well, *similes are less sure of themselves*.

That's an astounding thing to say. I could never have seen that coming. Likewise, just this summer, I was working with a group of kids and one boy came, it was an online class and he was doing a poetry workshop with me. I was very proud of him because he showed up even on his birthday. He had just turned 10. He had a very good excuse not to come to class you know, there was cake and presents and things waiting, but he wanted to come to the poetry class and there we are on Zoom. And I said, okay, well, Bodie, *how do you handle writer's block?* And he said, *Well, when I don't know what to say, I just write the prologue.* And I thought, my god, that's amazing. When I don't know how to start, I go before the beginning. So as far as swing it back around to Kate's original question, have I figured out how to make a living at poetry? No, I haven't. But when it comes to finding a way to incorporate my career as a poet into my job, into my work into something that might pay a few bills in here, buy a few bags of grocery and a few gallons of gas. I found that working in high schools has been the ticket. Also, there's no such thing as writing late in life, I've found. Fran Lebowitz points out that there are no child prodigies in writing. We don't have baby Mozarts at our keyboard. You're not gonna write a novel at two or three years old. You have to have been somewhere. You have to have done something. You know, you've got to have had at least a couple of birthdays that sucked And usually I find that by the time a kid is like eight or nine years old, they've got a lot to say. But likewise, I relish working with older writers, people who were coming back to writing after a long time. So in addition to teaching at the high schools, I'm also finding that from community to community, if I look around long enough, I can usually find a community of older writers who were just looking for somebody to lead a class somewhere. You know, and if I can show up, you know, once a week with a handful of exercises to try and the patients to look at drafts of poems that, you know, that can be an incredible revenue stream. One that probably wasn't available pre pandemic, but now that we've all gotten so conversant with Zoom and other means of remote communication. I mean, online classes are an industry right now. And there is easy to start as maybe sticking your flyer out on social media and saying, who wants to just get together and write poems and read to each other? That's been the way to go right now. That's what's been helping me keep the lights on.

MOLLY FISK:

It's my demographic also. Often women who end with their first life, the kids are grown, the job maybe they're tired of, and they've always wanted to write and now it's time to start.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Right, and when you see them, I mean have you seen this too, the experience of somebody who thought, *well I'm coming to this late and I probably don't have a lot to say* and you're able to impress upon them? No, you've been filling the well for 60 years. You are right on schedule right now. Now the dam's gonna break and you got a lot to say, you know, and it can be very exciting when that happens. Man.

KATE GALE:

That's fantastic. I think it's just great to remember that there's a lot of different ways to have the building blocks of a writing life. So Molly, I wanted to give you the chance to pick a poem that you wanted to read as we're sort of wrapping this up. So is there a particular favorite of yours that you wanted to read?

MOLLY FISK:

There is. It's called "Mended".

At a certain point, the little V's of yarn that make up the heel of a sock in common use begin to wear. From stouts, twisted stuff, they become lace, filigree, and the next day's step over a dorsal or down from the stirrup onto soft earth is too much. Inside his boot, the fabric breaks, perhaps just once, perhaps in tandem, as a team of oxen might together sink their heads and blow after the wagon is safely rolled into a grove of cottonwoods. And though his shod foot will hold them in place that day, and likely weeks, the damage continues as each stitch relies on the next for strength. Phoebe has threaded the fat needle with worsted her mother's spun, saved from a child's mitten too small to fit anyone now. She slips the darning egg to its home in the frayed heel and begins to build the patch. Warping fourteen strings over the wood and weaving the needle under and over, deftly between them, making whole again what was broken. Tougher than before, the way scars on skin or hide are slightly raised and harder to cut through as you ready them for tanning. But so slightly he will not feel the difference tomorrow, flexing his toes against the leather, forcing the heel down, stamping it tight.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

That's really nice.

KATE GALE:

It's amazing.

MOLLY FISK:

So I used to be a sweater designer. Before I was, there was a waitress in Norway, and then I was a sweater designer, and then I was a banker, a Fortune 1000 lender, and then I was an investigator for the EEOC, and then I started writing poetry in Dorian Lox's living room, and that was that. I know all about knitting. I have not ever used a darning egg, but I have some friends in their 80s, and we get together and do our mending every couple of months, and they have darning eggs. So I was thinking about the darning egg.

So thinking about Jane Hirshfield's poem, this name I've forgotten, where she talks about proud flesh, which is what you call it when a horse has a wound that gets healed and there's a scar. I think this book is full of references to other poets' work. All these things have been in my head for 30 years and now they're getting used.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

This is also what you were just describing, your litany of careers confirms my suspicions, having read your work over the years, that your career as a poet is post-witness protection. Did you say a waitress in Norway?

MOLLY FISK:

Yeah.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Wow. All right. That's an amazing... Is there... I know this can get annoying. If you identify as a poet, people are always saying, know, have you written about this? Have you written about... Well, you should put that in a poem, but gosh, please tell me you've got a poem where your litany of careers appears.

MOLLY FISK:

Definitely there are some poems about waitressing in Norway in my first book.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

I think there should be a list and I think you should make up four or five others that weren't in your past and slip them in there. I think, you know, that sounds amazing. Wow. That was a great poem.

KATE GALE:

Mm-hmm. I like it because also there's many kinds of mending. There's fence mending and sock mending and maybe things that can't be mended, glass breaking and so on. Having done my own mending as a child, just, yeah, I like to think about the detail of it. You're diving into that detail. So thank you so much for that, Molly. So Brendan, do you have a favorite poem?

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Sure, I'm gonna read a poem that plays off of a popular expression and one that seems to be in very wide use. In fact, I heard the expression that this plays off of several times as people were getting ready for Thanksgiving. This poem is called "The Room in the Elephant"  
We couldn't stop talking about it, how big it was and comfortable. Who doesn't wish their own room was so orderly, so keen to navigate? My chair was deep. The arms wide and velvet. I thought I'd never get out, but it was easy. The floors, the dark wood of the table were polished almost to water. Everyone was laughing but couldn't say why. It simply felt right, like the painting on the ceiling of a market in Pompeii. There was light from somewhere. Only now does that seem strange because there were no windows. I don't remember lamps or candles. It was as if everything cast a luster including us, it's even possible our eyes were closed, that the room put

itself in mind and we could just see. I don't know, there's been a lot of elephants in the room, so I figured why not the room and the elephant?

MOLLY FISK:

Wonderful. Invert them.

KATE GALE:

So I like to think when we are discussing and listening to poetry on this podcast that we're inviting our readers to slow down. I like to think that maybe our listeners are drinking some tea, maybe holding your book and just having a moment that isn't as rushed. I hope that that's what everyone is doing.

It's been such a pleasure to be with you today, Molly, and it's been such a pleasure to be with you today, Brendan.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Well, Thanks so much for having us.

KATE GALE:

Yeah, thank you so much for having this moment. And I hope that I will get to spend more time with both of you in 2026. On that glorious note, thank you again for being here.

MOLLY FISK:

It's been lovely.

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE:

Thank you so much.

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