

DRIFTWOOD PRESS
IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE PUBLICATION OF

Wren Hanks's
LILY-LIVERED

MARCH 29TH 2021

A STUNNING PORTRAYAL OF TRANS EXPERIENCES, MIXING DEFT
PROSE POETRY AND LUSH LYRICISM TO PROFOUND EFFECT

“On Earth, a fish barricades her den / and emerges male two months later, / melon-head worthy of brawling and teeth,’ announces one of the brilliant sectioned poems central to Lily-livered. ‘On Mars, the sunset is blue. / She asks me about this second life / of red dirt, burnt skin. What do you enjoy // about being a man?’ Although framed by a series of ‘transiversaries,’ to describe this collection in diaristic terms would not do justice to the overlay of questions raised around gender, beauty, diet, desire, violence, medication and self-medication. An interest in refrain and cyclical structures anchors us, pleasingly counterbalanced against enjambment and an adventuresome sense of the line; we welcome cultural cameos from Shakespeare, HBO, and indie rock. This is a stunning read that showcases a sophisticated, exciting approach to contemporary poetics.”

-Sandra Beasley, author of *Count the Waves*

Wren Hanks is the author of *The Rise of Genderqueer* (Brain Mill Press, 2018). His recent work appears or is forthcoming in *Indiana Review*, *Third Coast*, *Waxwing*, and *New South*, and has been anthologized in *Best New Poets*. He lives in Brooklyn, where he works in pet and wildlife rescue, and recently adopted a corn snake.

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BARRICADES

On Mars, the sunset is blue,
polar, familiar, I could be its snow queen
with that audience of burned red dirt.

On Earth, a fish barricades her den
and emerges male two months later,
melon-head worthy of brawling and teeth.

Transition works this way for some,
but when I barricade myself it's to worry
the new hairs on my jawline until they fall out.

She asks me if I want to learn violence
the way men know it, the mare glue
setting them to the street.

I might ask you to strike me again and again,
not as a woman, but something to control.

Do you want that stoic brutality?

If I barricade myself, it's because the answer
became yes.

I took her leash and became her audience,
the view polar, familiar.

Please reach out if you'd like
to schedule a reading and/or
Q&A with the author.