

Jen Silverman's

BATH

MAY 24TH 2022

GEOGRAPHIC AND LYRICAL, THESE POEMS COMMUNICATE
HARROWING INSIGHTS INTO THE LANDSCAPE OF RELATIONSHIPS.

"The stunning poems in *Bath* have a tactile palpability—all of the senses are involved—and they are controlled by a voice that is wise, humane and passionate. I have not read a book in years where the speaker is so reliable. Nor have I read a poet so imaginative..."

– John Skoyles, poetry editor of *Ploughshares*

"Jen Silverman's poems are baptisms of desire. Economical in syntax and generous in image, *Bath* astonishes at every turn with its heart, its wisdom, its waters."

– Traci Brimhall, author of *our lady of the ruins*

Jen Silverman is a New York-based writer and playwright. She is the author of the debut novel *We Play Ourselves* and the story collection *The Island Dwellers* (Random House) which was longlisted for a PEN/Robert W. Bingham Prize. Additional work has appeared in *Vogue*, *The Paris Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Sun*, *The Gettysburg Review*, *The Baffler*, *LitHub* and elsewhere. Jen's plays have been produced across the United States and internationally. Jen is a three-time MacDowell Colony fellow, a member of New Dramatists, and the recipient of an NEA Fellowship, a New York Foundation for the Arts grant, a Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Fellowship, the Yale Drama Series Award, and a Playwrights of New York Fellowship. Jen also writes for TV and film.

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Bath 1

(Iowa City)

That winter, a fever came
and didn't depart til spring
everything happened through a curtain

the bills the rent the love affairs
with men I couldn't keep separate in my mind
I'd never liked blondes

but they were so bright they caught my eye
like lucky coins I plucked them up and
there you go next thing you don't know

one from the other and blame it on the fever but
the sensitive ones will leave your bed and go
out into the cold, hearts bruised, and what can you do

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