

Last Train to the Missing Planet
Poetry by Kim Dower
ISBN 978-1-59709-353-8
Binding: Tradepaper
Size: 6 x 9; Pages: 144
Price: US \$17.95
Pub Date: March 29, 2016



Kim Dower



For more information contact:

Alisa Trager
Marketing Associate
marketing@redhen.org

Alexa Oliphant
Publicist
publicity@redhen.org

Distributed to the book trade by:

Chicago Distribution Center
(800) 621-2736
orders@press.uchicago.edu
chicagodistributioncenter.org

Last Train to the Missing Planet

POETRY BY

Kim Dower

Expect the unexpected, while being entertained, engaged, inspired: experience the always present but rarely recognized miraculous moments of our everyday lives in this anticipated third collection from Kim Dower.

Acclaimed for combining the accessible and profound, Kim Dower's poetry has been described by *The Los Angeles Times* as "Sensual and evocative . . . seamlessly combining humor and heartache," and by *O Magazine* as "unexpected and sublime." Her third collection, *Last Train to the Missing Planet*, rockets forward in this trajectory, taking us on a journey to places we've often visited but never seen. Buy a ticket and hop aboard: experience love, longing, and passion tipped sideways; irreverent, touching, and disarmingly sexy as illuminated by an original and brilliant light. Lose yourself in the unexplored sensations of the ordinary in this engaging year of moments, both comforting and terrifying—and always extraordinary.

Praise for *Last Train to the Missing Planet*

"These poems speak in the voice of an old, trusted friend who knows you, who has come to visit and remind you of who you are and what a life is all about. They speak not of the highs and lows, but about the grey space between tragedy and tenderness, memory and loss, fragility and perseverance—that space where the soul and the truest self live."

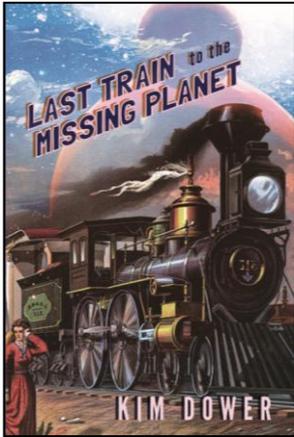
—Richard Blanco, Presidential Inaugural Poet

"What a pleasure it is to settle into Kim Dower's latest collection. Dower's poetry creates a quiet space around itself, full of worldly, humorous insights into life as it is."

—Janet Fitch

Biographical Note

Kim (Freilich) Dower was born and raised in New York City and received a BFA in Creative Writing from Emerson College, where she also taught creative writing. Her first collection of poetry, *Air Kissing on Mars* (Red Hen Press, 2010), was on the Poetry Foundation's Contemporary Best Sellers list, and her second, *Slice of Moon* (Red Hen Press, 2013), was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Her work has been featured in Garrison Keillor's "The Writer's Almanac," and Ted Kooser's "American Life in Poetry," as well as in *Barrow Street*, *Eclipse*, *The Los Angeles Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Rattle*, and the anthology *Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles and Beyond* (Beyond Baroque Books / Pacific Coast Poetry Series, 2015). The founder of the Literary Publicity Company, Kim-from-L.A., she lives in West Hollywood, California.



Last Train to the Missing Planet

Poetry by Kim Dower

ISBN 978-1-59709-353-8

Binding: Tradepaper

Size: 6 x 9; Pages: 144

Price: US \$17.95

Pub Date: March 29, 2016



Kim Dower



For more information contact:

Alisa Trager

Marketing Associate

marketing@redhen.org

Alexa Oliphant

Publicist

publicity@redhen.org

Distributed to the book trade by:

Chicago Distribution Center

(800) 621-2736

orders@press.uchicago.edu

chicagodistributioncenter.org

Kim Dower's Poetry Is...

“Sensual and evocative . . . seamlessly combines humor and heartache.”

—*Los Angeles Times*

“Unexpected and sublime.”

—*O Magazine*

“A moving blend of sexual experimentation and loss.”

—*Library Journal*

“More Billy Collins than John Ashbery and has some of the same sharp Southern California perspective as Joan Didion, driving down the freeway in *The White Album*.”

—*Oregonian*

“Exquisitely crafted but the tool marks are invisible on the printed page, and each poem reads like an intimate conversation with the poet herself—bright and lucid, funny and sharp, and always full of life.”

—Jonathan Kirsch, *Jewish Journal*

“Bold and sexy and smart.”

—Stephen Dunn

“A dark chocolate fever dream of love, of mothers. Kim Dower dares you into the dark. You may find yourself lurking there.”

—Erica Jong

“A kind of miracle. . . wild with poetry's particular fever . . . but, but, sometimes—tempered by a rich inner life, fed by wisdom and knowledge one gets walking up and down upon the earth with all of one's senses fully alert. . . and this fever can turn into art, as it has, in poem after poem.”

—Thomas Lux

“Charming and compelling, accessible and profound.”

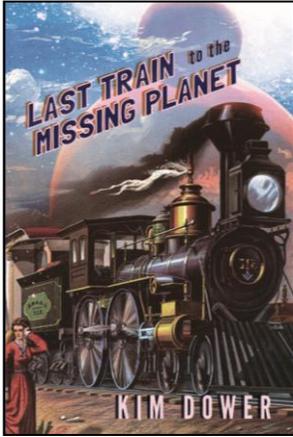
—Lisa See

“Jazzy, sassy, sexy—poems that move fast, are full of surprise and tweak the heartstrings like Arkhipovsky tweaks the balalaika.”

—Stephen Dobyns

“Witty, sexy, irreverent, touching, and disarmingly candid. Attuned to life's quirky and endearing strangeness, [Kim's] poems are, you guessed it, *fun*.”

—Charles Harper Webb



Last Train to the Missing Planet

Poetry by Kim Dower

ISBN 978-1-59709-353-8

Binding: Tradepaper

Size: 6 x 9; Pages: 144

Price: US \$17.95

Pub Date: March 29, 2016



Kim Dower



For more information contact:

Alisa Trager

Marketing Associate

marketing@redhen.org

Alexa Oliphant

Publicist

publicity@redhen.org

Distributed to the book trade by:

Chicago Distribution Center

(800) 621-2736

orders@press.uchicago.edu

chicagodistributioncenter.org

From *Last Train to the Missing Planet*

I wore this dress today for you, mom, (pg 39)

breezy floral, dancing with color
soft, silky, flows as I walk.
Easter Sunday and you always liked

to get dressed, go for brunch, “maybe
there’s a good movie playing somewhere?”
Wrong religion, we were not church-goers,

but New Yorkers who understood the value
of a parade down 5th Avenue, bonnets
in lavender, powder blues, pinks, hues

of spring, the hope it would bring.
We had no religion but we did have
noodle kugel, grandparents, dads

who could fix fans, reach the china
on the top shelf, carve the turkey.
That time has passed. You were the last

to go, mom, and I still feel bad I never
got dressed up for you like you wanted me to.
I had things, things to do. But today in L.A.

hot the way you liked it—those little birds
you loved to see flitting from tree to tree—
just saw one, a twig in its mouth, preparing

a bed for its baby—might still be an egg,
I wish you were here. I’ve got a closet filled
with dresses I need to show you.