

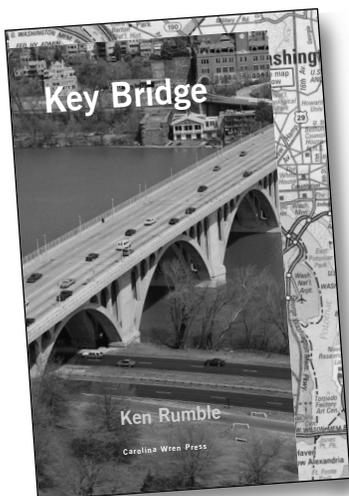
**FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

Carolina Wren Press announces the publication of:

## Key Bridge

by Ken Rumble

Carolina Wren Press  
ISBN 978-0-932112-54-5  
\$14.95 paperback, 80 pp.



KEN RUMBLE was born in Washington, D.C., and grew up just outside the District in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

He serves as the director of the Desert City Poetry Series and is a member of the Lucifer Poetics Group. His poems have appeared in journals such as *Talisman*, *the tiny*, *effing magazine*, *Parakeet*, *Carolina Quarterly*, and *Cross Connect*. He lives in Greensboro, North Carolina, with his partner and daughter.



PHOTO: CASS CHISHOLM

**ABOUT THE PRESS** Carolina Wren Press publishes poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and children's books (under its Lollipop Power imprint). As our mission (*new authors, new audiences*) suggests, the Press is committed to an ever-growing vision of the audience for, and the producers of, contemporary literature.

### Advance Praise for *Key Bridge*

"Despite Rumble's wry protestation of being 'safe in sound' this book ranges magnificently from its cell. At once the journal of two-plus bad years in Babylon, a psychic geography of D.C. and its implications, and a blistering investigation of the unstableness of color-as-metaphor Ken Rumble's *Bridge* is, finally, a great deal more than some ceremonial key to a fabled city—this key gifts its recipient with unlikely knowledge. *Key Bridge* is a book of exceptions, a close telling of jeopardies and penchants, a gift of directions."

—C. S. GISCOMBE

"An ambitious study of polis, power, and memory, Ken Rumble's *Key Bridge* weaves together private and public history. A native and naïve voice emerges from this geo-poetical landscape, raising candid questions about the bridges that we cross and the troubled waters around us." —LISA JARNOT

"Capturing all its contradictions, this poem evokes Washington D.C. so powerfully that it brings the whole nation's contradictions along with it. Here is our racism, our blindness, and our brilliance, all composing a flickering, echoing city. Rumble has reawakened the bridge as metaphor, and with it, given us a moment to pause in mid-air, look around, and take stock. Given his vivid, incantatory language, it's a startling view." —COLE SWENSEN

"D.C. bleeding shot by shot? D.C. as waiting room for its own rebirth? Ken Rumble's *Key Bridge*—a reanimation, retrieval and investigation of his native city—thrillingly initiates the heroic endeavor to 'write what's gone': punk buttons, sex in parking lots, shadow names, B-movie dreams, the mystery of the D.C. sniper(s), 'a dream of the city.'

But what city? The city where the speaker 'learned / the way to sound'? The first 'chocolate city'? The city of 'when I was one / on hopes for unannounced Fugazi'? The city where Francis Scott's home was 'demolished, / demolished, & generally destroyed / for the bridge that bears his name'?

Clearly, it is now Rumble's city. Section by section, the strange distance between D.C.'s official histories and its unofficial street life becomes the space in which the poem continually returns to invent the terms by which 'this sinking, swamp built city' can momentarily reveal itself to be something else: a forest, or a thrift shop, or a saucer the speaker spins in order to 'see how it loves.'" —TONY TOST