



# [A Novel by Ken Sparling]

Ken Sparling



Ken Sparling's nameless new novel is a window, an open door, a means of escape. The novel's narrator---Ken---works at a library. He's drowning in memos, directives, instructions. Words at their most banal. At home, he and his wife have almost nothing to say. Their few words are terse, resentful, wounded. -- Ken begins to write a novel, an alternative life for himself and his wife. He gives his wife a lover, a gas man who speaks no English. He gives himself a new language to speak, a poetic language, surreal and hallucinatory, where turkeys are orange and wind knows where it's going.