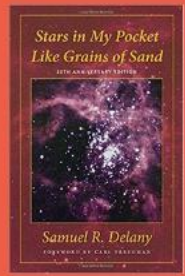


# FICTION

## PORTSMOUTH PUBLIC LIBRARY



*Americanah* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie  
*We Ride Upon Sticks* by Quan Barry  
*Kindred* by Octavia Butler  
*The Water Dancer* by Ta Nehisi Coates  
*Dominicana* by Angie Cruz  
*Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand* and *Tales of Nevèrÿon* by Samuel Delany  
*Girl, Woman, Other* by Bernardine Evaristo  
*Bingo Love* by Tee Franklin  
*If I Ever Get Out of Here* by Eric Gansworth  
*Homegoing* by Yaa Gyasi  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God* by Zora Neale Hurston  
*Klara and the Sun* by Kazuo Ishiguro  
*Black Leopard, Red Wolf* by Marlon James  
*The Broken Earth Trilogy* by N.K. Jemisin

*Pizzeria Kamikaze* by Etgar Keret  
*Pachinko* by Min Jin Lee  
*Tigers, Not Daughters* by Samantha Mabry  
*Beloved* by Toni Morrison  
*Kafka on the Shore* by Haruki Murakami  
*The Housekeeper and the Professor* by Yōko Ogawa  
*Akata Witch* and *Binti* by Nnedi Okorafor  
*Boy, Snow, Bird* by Helen Oyeyemi  
*A Tale for the Time Being* by Ruth Ozeki  
*Meet Addy* by Connie Porter  
*Inconvenient Daughter* by Lauren J. Sharkey  
*On Beauty* by Zadie Smith  
*An Unkindness of Ghosts* by Rivers Solomon  
*The Illusionist* and *Underground Railroad* by Colson Whitehead

# NONFICTION

PORTSMOUTH PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Eat a Peach* by David Chang

*A Map Is Only One Story* edited by Nicole Chung

*In Waves* by A.J. DUNGO

*Minor Feelings* by Cathy Park Hong

*Fresh Off the Boat* by Eddie Huang

*Barracoon* by Zora Neale Hurston

*All Boys Aren't Blue* by George M. Johnson

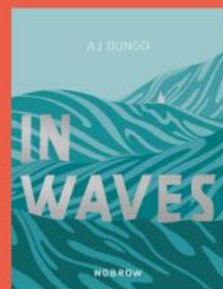
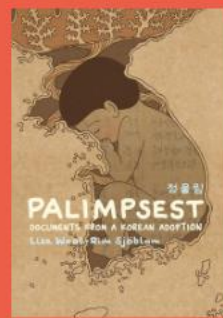
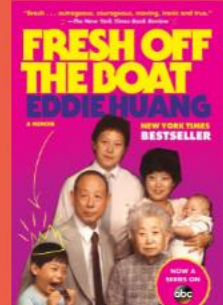
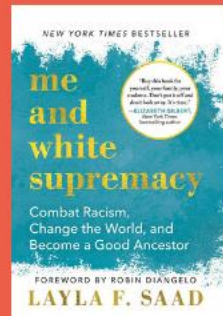
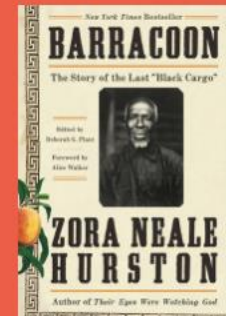
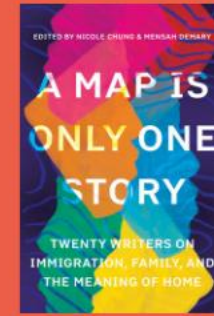
*When Stars Are Scattered* by Omar Mohamed and Victoria Jamieson

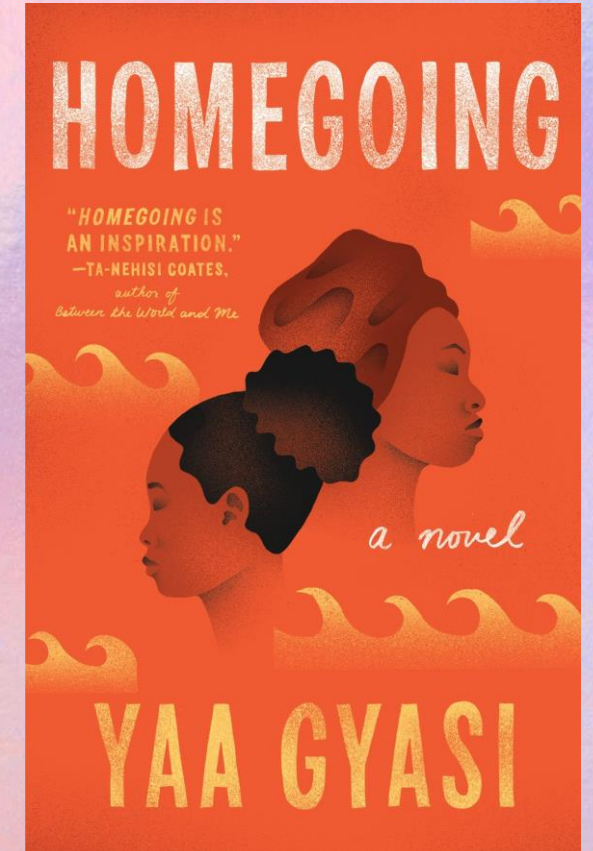
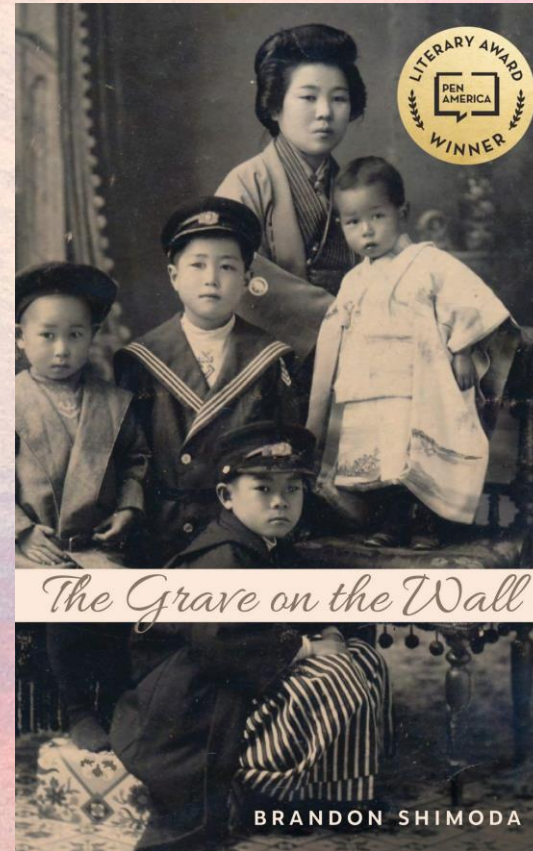
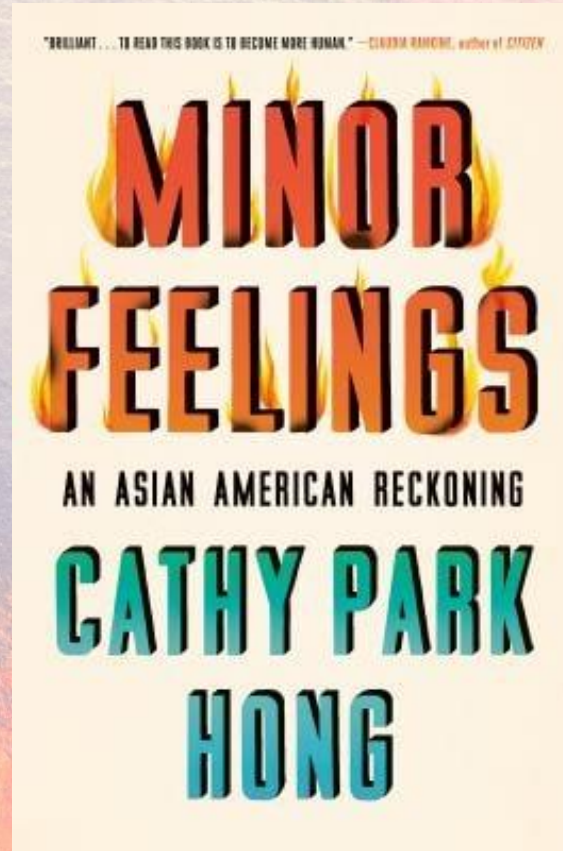
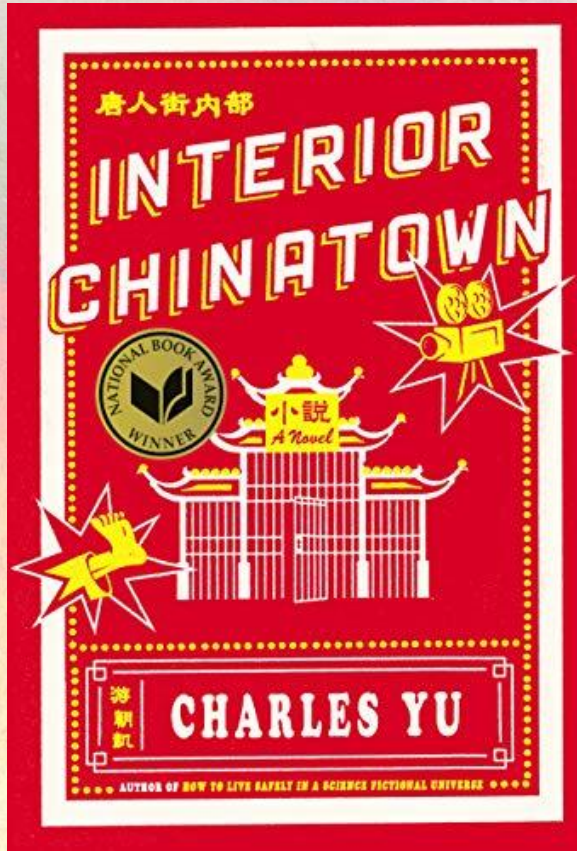
*You Can't Touch My Hair (And Other Things I Still Have to Explain)*

by Phoebe Robinson

*Me & White Supremacy* by Layla F. Saad

*Palimpsest: Documents From a Korean Adoption* by Lisa Wool-Rim Sjoblom





“As I listened to Weems speak of her experience regarding her reading of Morrison, I remembered how, years ago, my own arrhythmic heart had contorted in my body, my blood burned gold in its millions of creeks and rivers, my brain opened in its dark, dazzling cup. *I could see myself.* Morrison had achieved freedom through her language.”  
— Rachel Eliza Griffiths, poet