



*Friends of  
Lorine Niedecker*

*Issue #20  
Summer 2014*

# *I was the solitary plover*



*I was the solitary plover*

*a pencil*

*for a wing-bone*

*From the secret notes*

*I must tilt*

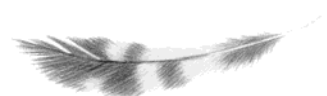
*upon the pressure*

*execute and adjust*

*In us sea-air rhythm*

*“We live by the urgent*

*wave of the verse”*



## Friends of LN School Poetry Project

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker have embarked on a project to install a Lorine Niedecker poem in every school in Fort Atkinson. Early this year Amy Lutzke contacted Dr. Jeff Zaspel, Superintendent of the Fort School District who enthusiastically embraced this project. He suggested starting with the high school.

Art instructors Angie Szabo and Andrea Goswitz took this project to their students and some incredible poetry art has resulted. The design pictured here is a

rendition of the piece which is in its final phase of construction. The cattails are made of scrap metal from the local metal recycler and stained glass. The dragonflies are made of stained glass. The words will be vinyl attached to the window.

We were particularly pleased with the location of this piece as it means every person leaving the building will have a poem of Lorine's in their line of view. Not only will the students of Fort High School now know a poem of Lorine's,

the hundreds of students, teachers & parents from other districts that visit this school will experience her as well.

Look for photos of the finished pieces in the winter issue of the Solitary Plover, as well as updates as the project moves on to other schools in the district. The Friends of Lorine Niedecker would like to thank the following people for making this project possible: Dr. Jeff Zaspel, High School Principal Dan Halvorsen, High School IMC Director Cassandra Jacobs, teachers Angie Szabo and Andrea Goswitz, students Jourdyn Cluver, Marcos Ventura, Alexandra Scullin, Kelsey Riebe, and Eric Sawyer.

### Poetry Festival October 10 and 11, 2014

The annual Lorine Niedecker Wisconsin Poetry Festival is coming soon. A complete schedule of events appears on pages 12 & 13 of this issue. The theme this year is “the short poem” and on Friday evening there will be a short tribute to early Niedecker advocate, Mary Gates, who passed away earlier this year. Don’t miss it!



## ESSAY

Waters of Desire: the poetry of Lorine Niedecker

Lorine Niedecker lived most of her life on Blackhawk Island in a cabin by the waters of the Rock River. She lived the life of a recluse at shore, submerged in the experience between the forest and the house chores but with the eyes always looking at the river’s flow. Yet, her relationship with water is ambivalent. The poetry of Lorine Niedecker is damped

not only with water as an image of wilderness, extending from her encounter with the hydrological landscape of Fort Atkinson—which she knew so well—but it is also infused with images of water as a domesticated element permeating the household.

Struggling between her lack of interest in social mingling and her determination to publish her poetry, Lorine Niedecker had to work throughout the sixties as a cleaning woman at a local hospital in order to make a living. It is then not surprising to see that the quotidian: taking care of her mother and their cottage, cleaning, washing, paying, mending—and all other sorts of tasks performed specially by women at the time—consumes such a big portion of Niedecker’s writings. Poems such as *Alcoholic dream*, *Mr. Van Ess* and *To my pressure pump* among others, which have been repeatedly published under the (somewhat problematic) categories of “Home/World” or “Homemade/Handmade Poems” seem to reflect the poetess’ preoccupation with her sometimes immediate, sometimes ‘wifely’ environment.

Despite of this apparent duality between the representation of the natural environment outside and inside the household, the poetry of Niedecker does not contrast these two worlds in a categorical manner. On the contrary, her writings spill over the boundaries of this distinction rendering the movements of tributaries, marshlands and the swamps of Wisconsin’s southeastern geography as near and familiar as the drinking of a glass of water. To Niedecker, rivers enter the “boots of men,” loss and despair are pools swam by young “pert girls,” a man “wades the muddy water fishing.” The reader sees the waters of the wilderness glide inside the lives of people, crawling in their clothes, differentiating the quality of their jobs and social positions, determining their traditions and even reaching all the way to the bed as the poem *Laundromat* indicates.

With the humor and wit that characterizes her poetry, the poetess condemns the town’s boisterous nuptial celebrations—and even perhaps the very same institution of marriage—as superfluous and devoid of meaning. The opening verse “Once again a public wedding” signals the cyclic beginning of two very frequent events. On the one hand, as furthered

# for a wing-bone

accentuated by the title, the first verse makes reference to the routine of washing clothes at the public laundry. On the other hand, the verse explicitly references the regularity of the town's weddings and the chatter about them. The sound of the laundry machines and the babble of the people become "Once again [...]" a bugging noise in the ears. It is perhaps in the frequency of the performance of both these events that life loses 'ecstasy' or transcendence.

Moreover, the final verse of the poem "After all, ecstasy / can't be constant" also reminds us that the water moving machines at the Laundromat where gossip about marriage is told, is the same water that feeds fields in the country. Nevertheless, in this case water is "soapy" and "sudsy" and conversely to the ceaseless water of the Rock River, "inconstant." Yet, the water inside the Laundromat has the same generative force as the unrefined water of the Wisconsin wilderness: it runs laundry machines, clean clothes and keeps gossip flowing.

The element of water serves in the poem to create a parallel between the seeming triviality of washing clothes at a laundromat and getting married. Niedecker uses language to move things out of their socially constructed order and to show the similarities that lay underneath life's events. The above is done through the use of the simile "a casual, sudsy / social affair at the tubs," which aiming at describing the atmosphere of the town's weddings, describes also the public perception about what happens in a Laundromat. By using the language of the Laundromat to describe the next wedding to come, Niedecker shows the reader that the value given to things is artificial and that life's meaning is found, not in the big events, but in the simplicity of the everyday. Lorine craves for the chit chatter to stop overpowering the whirling sound of the washing machines, which—natural as it is—brings her to a state of trance.

Water traverses in the poetry of Lorine Niedecker the boundaries between the "natural" and the man-made and the perennial and the mundane. However, whether water is the river looking at her writing on her desk or the bucket next to the cleaning tools—turning vital when her writings were unable to pay her rent—water is the medium where desires are constructed and projected. And is this element, what I would argue, serves to encompass the entire body of work of Lorine Niedecker.

Valentina Ramona de Jesús Uribe Restrepo

## POETRY

Silence

*for Daisy and Lorine Niedecker*

The mother, who does she blame  
for the sudden silence  
only child born meek  
cries unheard.  
Is she afraid to sleep?

Child grows to a woman who writes  
hard line, leaves two unborn.  
In old age near-blind  
listens along that muddy shore  
to frog music—sublime.

Nancy Shea



Grandma Hill

went to a different church  
every Sunday night

said she *liked to mix it up*  
that there were *many paths*  
*to the same gate*

then she'd grin  
wink at me  
*but most days I'm Methodist*

Nutcracker

Double-hinged friend  
you make delight  
of long winter nights  
such soothing toil  
from mast-rich soil  
shagbark pecan  
you help bake  
cookies and cake  
that transport us  
to April wind.

David Gross

# From the secret notes

Lorine

you wear

in your author photo  
a frumpy jacket  
baggy hose  
cat-eye glasses

hands in coat pockets  
feet cut off by the frame

your words  
they

speak of hard work  
hard patience  
of scrub brushes  
buckets & linoleum floors

you are kneeling  
you are reaching  
w/ care

w/care  
in your poems  
syllables rustle  
& marsh reeds

voice clear  
as crickets

Alexa Mergen

picking pole beans  
sinking into soft earth  
with my boots on

\*

cluttered voices  
the whole sky the color  
of the crayon

\*

so many  
a few less stars  
so many

\*

small smaller packets  
for sale  
wild flower seeds

\*

our grandson's birthday  
the sides of the mountain resisting  
gravity

Gary Hotham



*from Canoeing The Douro, Canto 2*

I am a traitor  
to the past.  
I think each day  
is more magnificent  
than the last,  
the fruit closer  
to ripening. I dare to eat  
what has been forbidden –  
pork fat, eggs, sugar, cream.  
Is silence the sly vice,  
the one that inwardly says  
this is the last meal?  
Yet there is the hand's wish.  
I begin again.

*from Canoeing the Douro, Canto 4*

Just yesterday  
a man walked through a village  
carrying branches of a lemon tree  
in his arms, blessed bitterness.  
He stopped to please me  
in front of the church,  
my camera's shutter ready,  
posed with his left hand on his breast,  
reminding me of Christ.

Ronnie Hess



# I must tilt

## After Basho

A crow sits  
on naked limb.  
Night sneaks up  
where the last  
cricket sings.

## One

There is a star.  
It does not shine.  
Aberrant and lone,  
knowing kinship  
with the blind, it  
longs to touch.

## Goldfinches

Goldfinches in flight -  
yellow handkerchiefs waving  
across the green farm.

Phillip T. Egelston



## Ash Wednesday

mortal intersection  
plural  
at the knee

\*

a spring is one long  
loophole  
mercy on us all

\*

still no leaves  
heat and belief rise  
cold as diamonds in the sky

Elizabeth Savage

## Lorine's Koshkonong

After carp fishermen taste  
evening's dessert  
Henry and Gertrude  
talk ecstatic in the Quonset hut,  
Daisy from her clean kitchen floor  
stuffs cotton deeper in her ears  
And Lorine straps herself  
by book and lens  
to the shore,

All bottom feeding a depression,  
flopping and wriggling  
In the poet's seine  
she empties, ships to Zuk  
In letter and verse  
from Blackhawk  
No longer just an island,  
a fisherman's daughter leaping  
for out of the water Manhattan.

Howard Gustrowsky



## Drifts

Wind sculpted cold pressed  
drifts rise roadside like  
soft sand dunes floating  
on a summer beach  
one iced immovable  
the other fluid shifting  
both warmed to clear amber  
by a setting sun

Kathleen Serley

# upon the pressure

## Birth on a Farm

a full moon rises  
over the silo dome  
windmill shadows

farmhouse  
curtains flutter—pulling in  
the scent of lilacs

wild raw brays  
spill warm blood  
on flour sack sheets

between her legs  
a wet head emerges  
—a slap—a cry

female born alive  
father—farmer  
mother—housewife

a rooster crows—  
the screen door slams  
awakens the milk house

an orange sun  
peeps through pink clouds  
suckling sounds

yesterday's wash  
hangs limp on the line  
—morning dew

## Gathering Eggs

lavender light  
a merciless fox  
flees under the fence

windmill pump  
fills water buckets  
spilling in the dust

straw filled boxes—  
reaching beneath hens  
pecks draw blood

a mad bantam  
spurs poised to strike  
flaps wings—gives chase

bare legs  
dance backwards—spin  
kick shut the gate

squatting in dirt  
reciting catechism  
washing eggs

red scabbed fingers  
fill wooden crates  
sun goes down

## Marilyn Fleming



## from *Armadillidium vulgare*

stands up in the sun  
after weeding — he holds a pill bug

being  
a pill bug in these roots  
& why not?

pill bug  
people have more cuticle

## from *Straw*

*straw broom*  
shorter  
w/ age

## John Martone



# execute and adjust

## 3 Poems for Lorine

Sun a skald. Viburnum  
again flowers. Bird's nest  
above  
dog's grave.

\*

### TALK

this is pretty sweet  
not real sweet  
but

\*

in the morning  
stars  
over plain  
dry --

sun day

\*

Steven Manuel



daylight through a glass wall & door

a vibrant old rosebush fronts  
the glass, compels  
June honey bees to tap  
against it go a w r y

in new green grasses  
a stunned German Amsel begins to  
shake down its plumage

its beak opens – breathless?  
its fear shit stiffens on the door sill below  
the impact smudge of wingdust

softer insects may ping and  
get away; or fall  
into a darker ground or stop  
in time

## Late Winter, Snow Pack

her footsteps across the front yard  
tundra sink holes  
of time elapsing

white papier-mâché rivers between  
stark grey roads  
me-  
and-  
er-ing

through all this space  
moon  
landing

sun lit  
écriture

\*

hummingbird stops  
at me in a pink tee seeing  
how Bosch saw

\*

cold sun  
the crow calls to  
its shadow

\*

the black dragonfly  
gleams with late day sun  
a samurai's dream

Donna Fleischer

# *In us sea-air rhythm*

## Red Spots of Rouge

Bravo for the plucky old women  
whose tissue paper cheeks  
are smudged with red spots of rouge!  
Their ginger dyed curls never tremble.  
Their eyebrows, drawn on so firmly,  
arch high above their knowing eyes.  
Oh the burdens their bent backs have carried!  
Hooked on thin arms in thick sweaters  
are well scuffed purses with coupons,  
and tissues and change for the bus.  
And always a shopping bag with treasures –  
beef bones for soup, some crackers in cellophane,  
day old bakery, or small gifts for the people they love.  
Movers and shakers, they are still in the game.  
They are salutary citizens in the city of life.

Elizabeth Harmatys Park



## Heal

In the small town I look up at the crescent moon and  
The water tower with its painted carousel  
Middle earth is where everything grows  
I dreamt of a fluorite necklace  
It found me the next day  
At the fair trade market  
I should buy a bowl of tumbled gems  
And sprinkle them in my house  
Or hold one in my hand while I sleep  
Or put a crown over my brow  
To heal or clear the worry I own

Carrie Schonhoff

## Dedication to Sound, March to June

We hear cranes then see wide wings  
returning, resolute line in blue sky.  
  
We see cranes silhouetted  
on still marsh waters  
  
before bulrush obscures views  
and nesting-silence persists.  
  
At dawn whoops and caws ring out  
a shattering reverberation traveling distance  
as the wail of sirens.  
  
Why such a clamor?

Dreamer awake the cry is mine  
climbing from a dark hole  
a new variation each night.

Mary Rowin





# "We live by the urgent"

## Birdcall

--June 2, 1946

Lorine, if I say the birdcall you couldn't identify at 4:30 in the morning  
was the cry of your lost daughters, I hope you'll correct me.  
(This is not a dream.)  
You didn't recognize the *mild, ventriloquial flute notes*, because  
the flute was not a flute.  
Or maybe I should stop seeing embryos  
          where there are           no embryos.  
Sometimes a wood thrush  
is just a wood thrush. And a miscarriage (mine)  
feels like a missed period—only the worst cramping and bleeding of your life.  
For most of my adult life I've been saying,  
"Well, maybe I dreamed it."  
When you heard the *three deep churls* and the mild flute notes,  
you were dreaming of lullabies.  
And I was putting words in your sweet mouth.

Emilie Lindemann

### Foundering

*When Niedecker became pregnant, Louis Zukofsky encouraged her to have an abortion. The doctor performing the operation discovered that Niedecker had been carrying twins, and Niedecker named them "Lost" and "Found."*

We float unfinished dreams  
wearing Mama pajamas, Lorine.  
The two of us in wading boots--  
country bumpkins swimming out to save  
Maybe babies.  
But we couldn't fit into the swimsuits,  
Lorine. So we'll stumble to safe shores  
where we hide our losses  
in lemon bread and pretzels with cheese.  
When Lost & Found swim their way home  
we'll be waiting with rainbow beach towels.  
We'll be lake birds  
with long, sturdy legs.

Emilie Lindemann

### Oak Savanna

*An oak savanna is a community of scattered oak trees above a layer of prairie grasses.*

Under sprawling oaks  
set neither in woodland nor open prairie,  
          bluestem and goldenrod bloom           un-shaded.  
With nothing to stop them  
bur oak, white oak and red oak           limbs lengthen  
          let in light           for switch grass, Indian grass and rye.  
Consider the irony:  
          oaks overhead, grassland underfoot  
                          balance of space and light  
                          perfect companionship of two sublimes.  
Mary Rowin

# wave of the verse "

## CONTRIBUTORS

The poems of **Phillip Egelston** have appeared in *Folio*, *Limestone*, *RiverSedge*, *Passager*, *San Pedro River Review*, *The Cresset*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Paris/Atlantic*, and many other magazines. New work will appear in *Plainsongs*, *William And Mary Review*, and *Anglican Theological Review*. He is Advisor on Creative Writing and Visual Arts to the Shawnee Hills Arts Council in Southern Illinois.

**Donna Fleischer's** poems appear or are forthcoming in *Bones*, *EOAGH*, *Jupiter 88*, *Kō*, *moongarlic*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Otoliths*, *Poets for Living Waters* (Blazevox), and *Spiral Orb. Indra's net* (bottle rockets press 2003), an out of print haibun collection, is available free to read at [Scribd](#). Her essay, *The Black Swans of Ellen Carey: Of Necessary Poetic Realities* is the catalogue essay to the groundbreaking lens-based artist's 2014 Eastern Connecticut State University exhibition "[Let There Be Light: The Black Swans of Ellen Carey](#)". *Twinkle, Twinkle* (Longhouse Publishers, 2010) is her third chapbook. She curates contemporary poetry and permaculture content at her blog [word pond](#).

**Marilyn Fleming** has had her poetry published in journals, on line magazines and anthologies. Some of her recent work has been published in *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*, *2014 Goose River Anthology*, *Cattails*, *Bliethe Spirit*, *Red Cedar Review* and *Fox Cry Review*. She has a special interest in oriental forms of poetry and won first prize in the Hildegarde Janzen Oriental Forms Award. Born and raised on a dairy farm in Wisconsin she has lived her entire adult life in the Metro Milwaukee area.

**David Gross** is the author of four collections of poetry, the most recent, *Pilgrimage*, is available from Finishing Line Press or at Amazon. Recent poems and reviews have appeared in *Big Muddy*, *The Cape Rock*, *Versé Wisconsin*, *Naugatuck River Review* and *Hummingbird*. He lives on a small farm in the foothills of the Illinois Ozarks.

When not working in home construction and remodeling in the Madison WI area, **Howard Gustrowsky** enjoys reading and writing poetry.

**Ronnie Hess** is a New York-born and raised journalist and poet. She is the author of a poetry chapbook, *Whole Cloth: A Poem Cycle* (Little Eagle Press, 2009), and *A Woman in Vegetable*, (forthcoming, Kattywompus Press), as well as a culinary travel guide, *Eat Smart in France* (Ginkgo Press, 2010). She lives in Madison, WI.

**Gary Hotham** lives in Maryland. He took up the art of English language haiku as a teenager and has had many published in literary magazines and journals since then. He has also had a number of chapbooks published since his first: *Without the Mountains* in 1976. And some larger collections of his haiku have appeared in print: *Breath Marks: Haiku to Read in the Dark* (1999); *Spilled Milk: Haiku Destinies* (2010); and *Nothing More Happens in the 20th Century* (2011).

**Emilie Lindemann** holds a PhD in English from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee's creative writing program. She lives in rural Manitowoc County and is an assistant professor of English at Silver Lake College. Emilie is the author of several poetry chapbooks: *Dear Minimum Wage Employee*, *The Queen of the Milky Way*, and *Small Adult Trees* (forthcoming)--all from Dancing Girl Press. In her free-time, she's part of an art rock group called Villainess.

**Steven Manuel** lives in Asheville, North Carolina and edits the poetry and arts journal *from a Compos't*. His poetry has appeared in *The Cultural Society*, *Lightning'd Press*, *Bardic Sepulchral*, *the Swan's Rag*, *Bright Pink Mosquito*, *Shampoo*, and elsewhere. His chapbook *First Ayres* was published in 2013 by Longhouse Publishers & Booksellers.

**John Martone's** most recent collection is *cover-slip*. You can find an e-book of this book and other recent works at <http://www.scribd.com/john-martone-2968>. The titles there have links to print editions, which can also be obtained from him directly (inquiries to [johnmartone@gmail.com](mailto:johnmartone@gmail.com)).

**Alexa Mergen's** poems appear in a variety of journals and are forthcoming in *Nimrod*, *Turtle Island* and *Virginia Quarterly Review*. Her two chapbooks are *Three*

# Solitary Plover

*Weeks Before Summer* and *We Have Trees*. Alexa teaches yoga and leads place-based poetry workshops that incorporate breath and movement. She edits the blog Yoga Stanza. [alexamergen.com](http://alexamergen.com)

**Elizabeth Harmatys Park**, a Wisconsin native, sociologist and peace activist, writes with *Time Out* for Poetry in Linn and *Author's Echo* in Burlington. She was awarded the Jade Ring poetry prize in 2012 by the Wisconsin Writers Association.

**Mary Rowin's** poems have been published in *Verse Wisconsin*, *Stoneboat*, *Solitary Plover* and the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets *Calendar* and *Museletter*. She won second prize in the 2013 Science Fiction Poetry Association contest, dwarf poem category. Mary's work also appears in *Echolocations: Poets Map Madison* published in 2014 by Cowfeather Press.

**Elizabeth Savage** is poetry editor for *Kestrel: A Journal of Literature & Art*. Her new poetry collection, *Idylliad*, will be published by Furniture Press in 2015.

**Carrie Voigt Schonhoff** draws inspiration for her poetry from her life on a small farmette in rural southeastern Wisconsin that she shares with her two children.

**Kathleen Serley**, Wausau, is a retired college communications instructor. A lifelong resident of Wisconsin, she enjoys hiking, gardening and exploring this beautiful state where she finds inspiration for her poems.

**Nancy Shea** is a member of the Solitary Plovers. The poem *Silence* was inspired by reading Lorine's letters in which she often refers to her mother as Bean Pole. It seems that the silence in relationship between Lorine and her mother is woven into the use of silence and sound in her poetry. In a letter to Zukofsky, Lorine mentions a poem form of two five line stanzas with a rhyme of lines three and five.

**Valentina Uribe** is a Colombian writer and student of Comparative Literature and Cultural Studies relocated in Germany. She is currently writing her Master thesis at the Free University of Berlin. Her research explores the relation and influence of the human body, photography and literature. Parallel to her studies she works as a staff writer for Berlin's largest English literary magazine SAND Journal.

## MORE NEWS

### Hummingbird Donation

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker were recently gifted with a complete set of *Hummingbird: Magazine of the Short Poem* by CX Dillhunt, the current editor. Hummingbird was started by former Fort Atkinson resident Phyllis Walsh in 1990. Phyllis worked at the Dwight Foster Public Library for a time and knew Lorine Niedecker. She was the author of *Lorine Niedecker: Solitary Plover*. She also corresponded for many years with Cid Corman. The Friends are grateful for this donation.

## ABOUT US

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker is a non-profit corporation. There are no staff, just devoted volunteers. Our goals include preserving and expanding the legacy of Lorine Niedecker, as well as, offering educational materials, access to archives, a semi-annual newsletter and events as time and resources are available. We are supported through donations and grants. Donations are always welcome and are fully tax-deductible.

The Solitary Plover is issued twice yearly, in winter and in summer. Sign up for the email version on our website.

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Find Lorine on Facebook

# Solitary Plover

## Lorine Niedecker Wisconsin Poetry Festival, 2014 Theme - The Short Poem

October 10 and 11, 2014

\*Registration for Workshops and Saturday lunch opens in late summer.\*

\*Most events will be held at the Dwight Foster Public Library\*

### Friday, October 10

- 9:30 – 4:30 Hoard Historical Museum is open Museum  
Exhibits include the Lorine Niedecker Room and Native American and regional history.
- 2:00 “Lorine and Her Place” Museum  
Kori Oberle, Executive Director of the Hoard Historical Museum, is creating a special tour opportunity that reflects the influences -- natural, historical and cultural -- that were part of Lorine’s sense of place. Highlights will include: the Niedecker Room, an overview of Lorine’s museum archive and regional history in anticipation of the Saturday evening Increase Lapham presentation.
- 5:00 Café Carpe opens for dinner Café Carpe
- 5:30 Poetry Festival Welcome
- 6:00 Honoring Mary Gates  
Mary set the stage for the care of Lorine’s library. This presentation will honor her accomplishments and the activities that continue.  
Amy Lutzke, Tom Montag, Karl Gartung, Margaret Schroeder
- 6:30 Open Mic - Come read your poems or your favorite poems.  
Moderator – Marilyn Taylor



### Saturday, October 11

- 8:00 Poetry at the Farmers Market Parking lot across from Library  
Help create the Poetry Path.
- 8:30 Poetry Cafe and Poetry Store Open Library  
Registration, freebies, exchanges, free Wi-Fi, light refreshment
- 9:00 “Lost and Found”  
Emilie Lindemann, UW Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Karen Laudon, artist  
Lost & Found is an inter-arts collaboration by poet Emilie Lindemann and visual artist Karen. Poetry, two dimensional images, and sculpture of wood, other natural materials, and found objects will be included. In 1934, Niedecker became pregnant after an affair with Louis Zukofsky, who convinced Niedecker to have an abortion. When it was discovered that Niedecker had been carrying twins, she named them Lost & Found. This project explores Lorine Niedecker's missed motherhood, her conflicted relationship with her own mother, and thoughts about loss and unrealized potential.

# Solitary Plover

- 9:45 “*The Short Poem*”  
CX Dillhunt, Editor, “Hummingbird Magazine of the Short Poem. This session is not about how long or short a poem can be, but more an investigation into Phyllis Walsh's observation: "You wouldn't think that something so small would be so much work..." Q&A will be joined by Steve Tomasko, Graphic Design Editor, “Hummingbird” and Tom Montag, poet and publisher.
- 10:30 Break
- 11:00 “*Public Art & Poetry - What Do Taxi Cabs & Maple Syrup Have in Common?*”  
Shoshauna Shy, Thomas Ferrella, Sara Parrell  
This presentation will highlight the creation of four recent poetry projects that brought businesses, art institutions and poets together to present poetry in unexpected ways to everyday citizens. The discussion that follows will generate additional public art ideas that you can take back to your community.
- 11:45 \* “*Invitation to Blackout Poetry,*” Amy Lutzke  
\* “*Ten Things You Need to Know When Writing the Short Poem,*”  
Tom Montag
- 12:00 Lunch Poetry Cafe  
Box Lunches available (\$10, sign-up required)
- 1:00 Wisconsin Poetry Festival Open Mic. (sign up in Poetry Café) Library  
Moderator - Jean Preston
- 2:15 Poetry Round Tables  
Group 1 - CX Dillhunt and Jeanie Tomasko; Group 2 Jean Preston and Dion Kempthorne  
Small groups will encourage discussion with poets about how they create poems.
- 3:00 Writers Workshops – the short poem  
These workshops will generate inspiration along the Rock River. Some of the new poems will be presented at the evening session.  
\* Blackhawk Island (Free, registration required, limit 20)  
Moderator: Lisa Fishman  
\* Rock River Walk (Open participation)  
Moderator: Richard Meier
- 5:30 Poetry Festival Picture at the Poetry Wall – Group Shot Corner of Main & Sherman
- Dinner on your own Restaurant List available
- 7:00 Nature of Wisconsin Poetry Library, Jones Gallery  
Allen Increase Lapham – Authors Paul Hayes and Martha Bergland will talk about their new book and Lapham’s effect on Lorine’s poetry.  
Art Exhibit recognition  
Fresh Short Poems (from work created that afternoon)  
Blackhawk Island Poems  
Rock River Poems
- 8:30 Closing Remarks