



*Friends of
Lorine Niedecker*

*Issue #12
Summer 2010*

I was the solitary plover



Plein Air Painters

On Saturday, May 15, from early morning till dusk seven plein air artists (painting outside) gathered at Lorine Niedecker's cabin on Blackhawk Island. The group of artists spent the day exploring the landscapes of the Rock River and Mud Lake, across from Lorine's. Diane Washa was at the Lorine Niedecker Wisconsin Poetry Festival last fall and was so captivated by Lorine's story, Blackhawk Island and Fort Atkinson that she collected others painters for what she is calling the "Lorine Niedecker Inaugural Plein Air Painting

Festival. "There is something that happens when you visit Lorine's place. After my first painting I knew I had to come back and bring others who would appreciate it too." The paintings are remarkable. Artists who paint outdoors capture the subtleties of changing light, color and air. These landscapes reflect the beauty of the mosquito-free spring day they had. The plan is to exhibit these paintings at the Lorine Niedecker Wisconsin Poetry Festival on September 25, 2010. Some will be for sale. More photos on page 17.

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"

Lorine Niedecker WI Poetry Festival

This year's festival will take place in Fort Atkinson on Friday night September 24 and all day Saturday, September 25. The primary location for the festival events will be the Velvet Lips Lounge at 10 S. Water Street West, just off of Main Street. Highlights of the festival include: Blackhawk Island Writer's Workshop, open poetry read Sat. afternoon, the popular Poetry Café and a Lorine Niedecker Grasshopper Invitational.

Save the Dates!

Friday, September 24

And

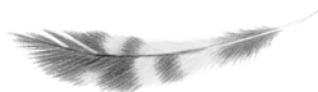
Saturday, September 25

Velvet Lips Lounge

10 S. Water Street West

Fort Atkinson, WI

Complete schedule on page 2



a pencil for a wing-bone

Grand Tour of the Dead Poets Society of America Comes To Fort Atkinson



On May 1, Walter Skold, creator of the Grand Tour of the Dead Poets Society of America, made a stop at the grave of Lorine Niedecker. It was the 4th Dead Poets Bash to be held in 16 states on the Grand Tour 2010. The camera crew in the photo is working on a documentary about the tour. Maggie Kates, pictured at left with Walter Skold, kicked off the 1st Dead Poets Bash of Wisconsin with a reading from Carl Sandburg. You can learn more about the tour at: <http://deadpoets.typepad.com>

Lorine Niedecker WI Poetry Festival Schedule of Events

Registration begins on Monday, August 16

Registration form available at www.lorineniedecker.org

FRIDAY, September 24, 2010

5:00 – 8:00 pm Welcome Gathering and Poetry Open Mic Café Carpe

SATURDAY, September 25, 2010

8:30 am Poetry Café and Poetry Store Open Velvet Lips (Street Level)
Registration, Poetry Publishers, freebies, exchanges

9:00 - 10:00 am Write Like A Poet: Tricks Poets Can Teach Every Writer Velvet Lips (2nd floor)
Moderators: Angela Rydell and Laurel Yourke

10:30 – 12:30 Nature of Wisconsin Poetry Velvet Lips (2nd floor)
Moderator: Tom Montag, Panel: Karl Gartung, Faith Barrett, Nancy Rafal

12:30 – 1:30 pm Welcome and Lunch Velvet Lips (Street Level)

2:00 – 4:00 pm Blackhawk Island Writer's Workshop Blackhawk Island
Moderators: Pat Moran, Chris Fink, limit 20, registration required

2:00 – 4:00 pm Wisconsin Poetry Showcase Velvet Lips (2nd floor)
Moderator: John Lehman, sign up at the festival

4:00 – 4:45 pm Poetry Café - Gathering for dinner connections. Velvet Lips (Street Level)

5:00 – 6:30 pm Dinner on your own.

6:30 – 8:00 pm The Lorine Niedecker Grasshopper Invitational Velvet Lips (Street level)
Master of Ceremonies: Tom Montag
Invited Readers: Angela Sorby, Blackhawk Island writers

8:30 pm Bill Camplin - Musician, poet, songwriter performs. Café Carpe
With special recognition of the Festival. Tickets \$5

From the secret notes I must tell

POETRY

You Are One of Those Who Come to the Tomb

you are one of those
who come to the tomb
where I have been buried.

although the light is very dim
your feet have brought you to my side.

you have come with baskets,
with herbs of hope and healing
that freshen me with fragrance.

you have come with jars,
with oils of care and courage
that waken me with warmth.

because of you
it is an easter morning
and I can live and I will rise.

I begin to hold the hand
of the resurrected one
when I hear the words you whisper.
I begin to believe I will endure
when I hear the words you shout.

I begin to trust that from despair
I too can come out.

Elizabeth Harmatys Park

As a social worker, Elizabeth Harmatys Park specialized in family life education and suicide prevention. Her interest in religion and gender in society led her to earn a PhD at the University of Wisconsin Madison, and teach sociology. She and her husband volunteer in a local prison. She has children, grandchildren, a Book Club, and an annual "Earthy Pleasures" getaway weekend with women friends. Elizabeth once had a 96 year old friend who wrote her a letter after she moved away and asked "Tell, me dear, where is the sun for you in the morning"? The sun is in her kitchen.



Early Morning Fog On Second Street, NYC

My dancing floor is ready once again;
scrubbed gold and silver by the rising sun,
the breathing light, the brush of shimmering fog,
the luster of clean tears from my sound sleep.

Just yesterday a gaggle of young girls
went squeaking past; their dower chaperon
came after them on sudden, sodden feet;

Three monks with curlycues and saffron robes
alight with laughter, till a cell phone rang
somewhere within the glow of flowing folds;

Old Harry grumbling through the toll of noon
went for the alcove where he takes the sun
and speaks his daily piece to ghostly ears;

That beautiful young man appeared again
on roller blades with twelve or twenty dogs
tied to a single taut and trembling leash.

But now, once more the dancing street awaits
and I can only see what I can hear –
the dropping moisture whispering off the leaves
and foot steps sounding through the golden blur.

Henry C. Timm

Henry C. Timm first studied and wrote poetry years ago under the tutelage of Donald Justice. Ever since, as playwright, director, editor, teacher and essayist, poetry has continued to focus and shape his wording ways.



upon the pressure

Dear Kindred Spirit

Dear L.
Would you laugh,
Or materialize an ephemeral smile,
To see your small precise words
Now written so large
That they are barely contained
Upon the multicolored side
Of a cavernous tavern.

How I envy your building fame,
Although, as is usual for poets,
You are not here to luxuriate in the notice.

Even on my most queenly day,
When my delusions are as numerous
As weeds in the summer,
And loftly as far planets,
Would I think to spawn admirers
Like tadpoles in your river.

Perhaps you would prefer
Your memories be contained instead
Alone in your splendid tea pot,
Or written in frost,
Or in a damp quiet pond,
Where frogs sing spring operas,
With only gales in turning leaves
To rustle your name.

Donna Kay Kohls

Donna Kay Kohls lives in Fort Atkinson and has done so for the last eleven years. Being a great lover of all water, rivers and lakes, and of nature in general, (and a person who prefers walking over driving), she very much enjoys the poetry of Lorine Niedecker and wishes very much she could have known the poet herself. How a poet who lived on Blackhawk Island became respected and admired, around the world, is amazing, wonderful, and very inspiring.

If Donna Kay could make a living writing poetry, she would do that, but since there is no real call for professional poets, (that she knows of), she instead writes amusing plays and puppet shows, and tries to live frugally.

The Wild Swans Are Cool

They flank the
Tank
That is the
Pond
That is the
Lake

The cygnets
Ring them
In their
Wake

Walking With Gosia

evening fog –
poke no stick
at no dog

Shore Lunch

Dig in
Then
Dugout
Takes us home

James A. Gollata

James A. Gollata, minimalist, lives in Richland Center, but not every minute.



Nursery Work

Even
the toughest
of crew

very few teeth
in his mouth

forced to speak of
Cercidiphyllum japonicum

Anonymous

execute and adjust

What if Spring Forgets to Come

What if spring forgets to come
And winter never dies
Then what will thaw the hearts of men
If cold won't say goodbye?
Can afternoons beside a fire
Or sips of herbal tea
Quell my thirst for summer days,
Restore these memories?
Will pleadings with the sun each morn
Exact a perfect day,
Or letters to the weatherman
And trips to church to pray?
Then what ensures the season's change,
It won't depend on me,
Unless I wake first flower bud
And charge a finders fee.
Perhaps with study I can learn
The robin's sweet gay song
And hum it night and day until
These birds appear on lawns.
Since nothing that I do or say
Can help life's plans along,
Perhaps it's only when I hope-
That spring can finally dawn.

Gwen S. Dunham

My poem, "*What if Spring Forgets to Come*" was written for my mother. It was her whimsical statement to me at the end of a difficult winter that inspired me to write the poem. She has inspired my creativity by her oil paintings and love of nature.

I grew up in La Crosse, Wisconsin along the Mississippi River. Now I live with my husband, Bob, in Monona, WI. I'm a Private Investigator and own Discovery Investigations. When I'm not investigating criminal cases, I'm dreaming up my next poem or plot for the book I'm going to write on some exotic beach.



The Burden Of Space

"The stiff Rabensteiner swinging his arms, the fair Kullich with the deep-set eyes, and Kaminer with his insupportable smile, caused by a chronic muscular twitch."

-Kafka

gaudy meteorologists predicting bad weather
cringe from the thick walls of freedom
adam and eve beside the road
selling masturbatory self-imposed bird baths
along with false modesty concerning space
impatient with the technological demands of the other
every day you wish it were different
everybody has to have what they don't need
putting gain ahead of the cosmos
at exactly nine o'clock in the morning
on the first tuesday in april
the whole state of colorado
went swimming in the nude
on a long leash in the grotto of hispanic immigrant agony
i really shouldn't be saying this
but stupidly they passed up more money
fighting hard for a fun-filled paid vacation in poland
good-bye automatons, good-bye brain-drain
now the economy will take a nose-dive
we'll miss every one of you

tom hibbard

tom hibbard has had many poems, translations, reviews and articles published on and off line. Reviews are in the current issue of *Galatea Resurrection*. A long poem titled "Big Snow" just went online at issue 37 of *Jacket*. A book of poetry is available at Otoliths Storefront. And a long piece "Linear/Nonlinear" can be found in the archives of *Big Bridge*.



In us sea-air rhythm

That Summer Season

That summer season
worked away inside us
for months. From
blizzards
to the thaw
to the overflowing gullies
it came too
like a poem we longed to write
but couldn't.
Poems are frivolous things,
a waste of time and energy.
Still, in our way,
we recognized the verse of the season
with its unending stanzas,
with its dotted miniscule i's
and its lower-case persistent c's
and its sense of potential joy.

Like that day
it floated above us,
taunting us to take up
the pen, to open the book
and put the words down.
It teased us to sing.
As if we could—
or would—
sing!

Jamie Parsley

Jamie Parsley is the author of ten books of poems including *This Grass* (2009) a book of poems accompanied by paintings by artist Gin Templeton and the forthcoming *Fargo, 1957* (2010), an elegy about the tornado that struck Fargo, North Dakota on June 20, 1957, which will be published by the Institute for Regional Studies at North Dakota State University. He holds an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from Vermont College and a Master's degree from Nashotah House Seminary in Wisconsin. His website is www.jamieparsley.com.



A Heart in Poverty

your heft -

is a fractured confession
stretched between weep and wit

a winter ghosting
with no yielding to power
or counsel on decay

is love's sediment
in shallow spirit

and the finality
of descent into
bare memory
of goodbye

Lisa Hester

Lisa Hester was born and raised in Massachusetts. She currently lives in Washington D.C., with her three young children where she is working on her first book of poems. Her poems have been published in two issues of *Ç*, a small independent literary journal printed in Missoula Montana.



Birth of a Poem

How do people create poems?
I wasn't sure.
Went for a walk early one Spring morning,
Now I know.

Linda Schumacher

I'm a wife, step-mom, grandma, and poet who enjoys riding on the back of our Harley. As time permits, my husband and I take road trips. Otherwise, my time is divided among jobs as a church secretary, administrative assistant and being a poet.

"We live by the urgent wave"

May

Rain falls silently
against the tall windows in the café
into the heart

heart-shaped leaves
scrape without sound on the glass

She leans over the table
takes his hand

in the center of the warm palm
a golden drop
to drink from

September

Sundried grasses on the edge
of paths through the woods
smelling of honey

the smells grow faint
and the gravel roads darken
as the night temperature
drops

We were here
threading red and blue berries
on straws
in years passed

October

The heron lifts late over the lake
and the northern palm by the shore
sways stiffly in the wind

while the water from the bird's wing
drips a heavenly path
into the green deep

Hanne Elisabeth Bramness

Hanne Bramness is a Norwegian poet and has been a passionate reader of Lorine Niedecker's work for many years. These are translations from Norwegian. She has just finished a new

book of meditations on photographs - some of which are pictures from Black Hawk Island, also some by LN herself. The enclosed poems are from a new calendar she is working on echoing some of these pictures.



Poem for Lorine Niedecker

*As I paint the streets
I melt the houses*

Your face is the weather
your eyes the rain—

forever cultivates
my thoughts
on what stands
for beauty these days.

Stand by the boatman
and know
his rough face sways

away
from your chin.
Variance

without and within.

Tyler Farrell, Ph.D

The author states "this is a poem about Lorine Niedecker that I wrote in a graduate writing workshop after reading her poetry and visiting her home and grave in Ft. Atkinson." He currently teaches writing at Marquette University and Carroll University and last year published his first collection of poetry from Salmon (Ireland) entitled *Tethered to the Earth*.



of the verse "

Love Rekindled

A word, a look,
a flash, you and I
and pyrolatry—
we are inferno,
perdition burning,
a consumptive conflagration
of cares, concerns,
questions and commands
trying to consume the other
consumed by other.

We tend our daily fires;
tongues of flame crackle
babbling coruscations
until banking on
the hearth we smolder
on in our sleep, shifting
as two logs in a fireplace,
bumping and rubbing
against each other
in the night
the peaceful drone of slumber
belying the open flames
of our sub consciousness.
Separate, we are
without exchange of heat;
and the morning would find
charred cinder unresolved
into cold blackness.

Michael Latza

Michael F. Latza was born in Chicago, where he spent his formative years. After a career as a mailman for 25 years, he is teaching English, Composition, Literature, and creative Writing at the College of Lake County, Grayslake, IL., where he also edits the creative writing journal, *Willow Review*.



Haiku

her summer dessert

wild strawberries
smaller than we grow them

higher piles

one leaf larger
than the others

no river
for the rain

just our jackets

rain shine

some last century's evils
on a small plaque

one stone pushed against the other

the edge my coffee
drips over

old paint shines in the sunrise

our shadows changing size
remain the same color

Gary Hotham

Gary Hotham lives in Maryland. He has been writing for a long time now and his poems have appeared in a variety of literary journals and magazines. His book *BREATH MARKS: Haiku to Read in the Dark* was published in 1999 and his latest chapbook, *MISSED APPOINTMENT: The Haiku Art* in 2007. Both books received a Mildred Kanterman Memorial Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America.

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Opportunity

Conversations on the deck
Bottles of beers in hand
Day before Easter Sunday

Talk gravitates toward post-Katrina
And what to do with the
Entire state of Louisiana

The irony of turning it into our
World's largest nature preserve
Is lost on nobody,

Considering the crude treasure
Lurking miles within the deep
Legislators and lobbyists would
Certainly battle over floating fuels

*We can give it to the Greens
The way exhausted plantation-owners
Laid down from years of music—
A repression that grew
Into jazz, ragtime, blues and r n' r*

This was before the BP/Transatlantic spill
Left us thinking we could capture
Escaped slicks in football stadiums
Pumping a death sludge from fragile
Coasts to the corner gas

That left us gyrating the hamster
Wheels of stationary bikes to
Pump ourselves up for whatever
Next impending crisis awaits.

*Egrets one of us says—
Only egrets will know what to
Do about all this terrible shit.
As we dine on sirloin steaks
And forget our flash forwards
Into possibility, the metaphor of
The egret subsides into a shared
Unconsciousness that fishes for
Something fresh and uncontaminated.*

Victor Schoonover

Victor Schoonover lives with his wife in Rockford, IL where he teaches English to refugees and immigrants from around the world. This is Victor's second submission to *The Solitary Plover*. Like Lorine Niedecker he attended Beloit College and studied creative writing. He continues writing and will take time to travel Holland, Belgium and Ireland this summer.



Talk Radio

It's been twenty years and I
forget your name, but your voice
bored a hole in my brain, curled
itself in a tight cocoon, and there
it remains to this day. For months
after he left, you were my nighttime
companion, my only lover, living
in your electronic box, taking calls
from lonely people who looked to
you for answers, night after night .
Your vatic voice filled my sleepless
hours like the love songs I no longer
listened to. If you were lover, the
others became my friends. All those

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broken people. All awake all night.
Waiting in the darkness for your
disembodied voice to tell them
what to do. Did anyone ever take
your words to heart? Did John from
Duluth confront his mother? Jane
from Gary dump her cheating spouse?
Did Paul from Atlanta stand up at AA
and give his real name? Or did they,
like me, lie in the darkness for countless
nights, letting your voice wash over them,
ease their pain, love them back to life?

Live Bait!

This morning when I stopped for gas,
two tall vending machines, garish blue
and green, up against the wall: LIVE BAIT!
proclaimed on fronts and sides, painted
facsimiles of hooked bass fighting, churning
fake water and foam. Put in two bucks for
crayfish, nightcrawlers, crickets. Neat,
sealed, styrofoam packages, guaranteed
fresh. The lake's only three blocks
away. How convenient. How unlike
those summer nights my Dad would
wake us up to hunt for worms. We
pulled our jackets over pj's, slipped on
shoes with no socks, got coffee cans
and flashlights off the back hall shelf.
The worms came up in the damp grass
at night but headed underground
when they sensed our lights. We had
to be fast. Grab the worms, cool
and smooth, before they disappeared,
and drop them in the grass-filled cans.
When we'd caught enough worms, or
got tired and chilled, Dad set the cans
in the basement fridge. We dragged
mud in the house and forgot to wash
our hands. Wrapped in warm blankets,
we eased into sleep, our visions of hooked
fish, fighting hard, flashing bright
over deep blue water, breaking free.

Jean Preston

Jean Preston holds an M.F.A. in Creative
Writing/Poetry from The University of South-

ern Maine Stonecoast Writing Program. Ms.
Preston's publications include a collection of
original poetry titled *All the Queen's Horses*, as
well as poems in the literary journals,
Centrique and *Pleiades*, and *The Journal of the
Association for Research on Mothering*. Ms.
Preston earned her B.A. from Carthage College
in English, with minors in Classics and
Women's/Gender Studies. She was a recipient
of an ASIANetwork Freeman Fellowship in
2001. Ms. Preston has worked as a presenter,
instructor, and tutor for various academic and
community organizations including the
Kenosha Literacy Council and the Racine
Odyssey Project, and has facilitated several
seminars and workshops on writing poetry.
Presently, Ms. Preston is the Director of the
Carthage College Writing Center and an
Adjunct Assistant Professor of English.



Oceanography

In my time

there could be
more sea turtles burying eggs
in their security of shores...

than migrating birds to eat them.

In my image

greed has celebrated with death
fusing water and oil to
fossilize progeny that overflow...

sand caskets with no human sorrow.

To the genius of Nature -

a penitent prayer
goes out on the wave with my cane,
can't we overcome this scourge!

I ask, will you trust us?

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And, for the first time
the Ocean speaks...
in the flood of featherless bodies
turning over and over,
surviving the wake, the Ocean writes in the sand...

I thirst

Compass

Pouted clouds fade
into the southwest
sidling over prickly pear mounds
sifting through tall pencil cactus
entering captured pools of monsoon rains
reflected from weathered cow paths
around the terraced silo.

As the cork dries
the pink wine sizzles
into the shadow
that cradles
the terra cotta cat's
evaporating purr.

Elaine Barrett

Elaine writes fiction and not, along with poetry from Madison. Her poetry and prose has over the years appeared in the *Wisconsin State Journal*; previous (*Madison*) *Mature Lifestyles Newspaper*; and *UCLA's American Indian Culture and Research Journal*; she was also a 2 year contributor to Madison's *NorthSide News*.



Editors Note:

We received two submissions by poet José Kozer in Spanish that were translated for us. We are including both the original Spanish versions and the translations.

José Kozer, born in Havana, Cuba (1940) of Jewish parents who emigrated from Poland (father) and Czechoslovakia (mother), left his native land in 1960 and lived in New York until 1997, the year in which he retired from Queens College as Full Professor where he taught Spanish and Latin American literatures for thirty-two years. He lives in Florida. His poetry has been partially translated to English, Portuguese, French, Italian, German, Hebrew and Greek. There are several master and doctoral dissertations written on his work. The editorial house Aldus in Mexico City published two books of prose by Kozer entitled *Mezcla Para dos Tiempos* and *Una Huella Destartalada*. He is the author of several books of poetry, among them, *Bajo Este Cien*, *Ánima*, *Y Del Esparto la Invariabilidad*, *Trasvando*, and *Semovientes*, published recently in Havana, Cuba. Junction Press, New York, just published a bilingual (English/Spanish) anthology of Kozer's work entitled *Stet* and translated by Mark Weiss.

Tribute

No lo necesita, necesita hacer un vestido.

El dedal relumbra, por un instante la carne se retrae ante la duración. La aguja zigzaguea poniendo a prueba el aire, la malla del aire, sus tramas más perceptibles, la forma de las mangas (escote) cuerpo de la tela apretada a la cintura, vuelo (campanas al vuelo) rematado por una bastilla recosida: tela basta, ni un adorno salvo quizás un monograma negro con ancla y salto incierto del delfín a la altura izquierda del pecho, el vestido ha de tener el atributo de la duración.

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Correr el costurero hasta el pie de la ventana que mira al lago

donde a primera hora ya se camina sobre las aguas. Está vindicado el padre en el hijo. Todo ha de suceder donde sur y norte confluyen.

Gris. Moderno. Pese a la imposibilidad de lo objetivo, coser el

vestido tomando en consideración los tiemblos del camino cuesta arriba, la forma imprecisa que cobra el lago cuando caminan sobre sus aguas, la ingente multiplicación de los peces, el equilibrio de lo dulce y lo salado, los esfuerzos del cangrejo por encontrar la entrada (qué habrá allá abajo, más allá de la necesidad de refugio): querer ser monograma (cómo se atreve a querer suplantar al delfín) del vestido de Niedecker, Lorine.

El vestido es su opuesto aunque no su contrincante. Un alma

buena, el buen alma de la tela lleva a bailar a Lorine haciendo el paripé de la danza moderna, gavotas retorcidas, jigas retrecheras: Lorine trenza homenajes al Amado (el que nunca se va al fondo de las aguas del lago). Una pirueta, la carne se recoge, abre la tela sus orlas a la distancia y al viento: disputa entre el cangrejo y el delfín. Lorine Niedecker remata el vestido (basto) nuevo con un monograma, fondo carmelita, la piedra aguamarina, encima el emblema, pies descalzos, camina (en efecto, no se hunde).

Lorine Niedecker is making herself a dress.

She doesn't need it, she needs to make a dress.

The thimble gleams, for an instant her flesh retracts in the face of

duration. The needle zigzags putting air to the test, the mesh of air, its entwining more perceptible, the shape of the sleeves (neckline) torso of the fabric pressed to the waist, flight (bells in flight) finished by a resewn bastilla: fabric's enough, not even an adornment except maybe a black monogram with an anchor and uncertain jump of the dolphin at the top left of the chest, the dress should have the attribute of duration.

Races the seamstress to the foot of the window that overlooks the lake

where at first light you can already walk on water. The father is vindicated in his son. Everything must happen where south and north converge.

Grey. Modern. In spite of the object's impossibility, to sew the dress taking into consideration the trail's trembling costs up top, the imprecise way the lake invoices when they walk on its waters, the exponential multiplication of the fish, the equilibrium of the sweet and salty, the efforts of the crab to find the entrance (what will be there below, beyond the necessity of refuge): to want to be the monogram (how could it dare to want to supplant the dolphin) on the dress of Niedecker, Lorine.

The dress is its opposite but not its opponent. A good

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soul, the good soul of the fabric takes Lorine out dancing keeping up the appearances of modern dance, twisted gavottes, wily jigs: Lorine braids tributes to her Beloved (who never goes to the bottom of the lake's waters). A pirouette, flesh withdraws, open the fabric its borders to the distance and to the wind: she disputes between the crab and the dolphin. Lorine Niedecker completes the dress (coarse) new with a monogram, carmelite bottom, the aquamarine stone, on top of the emblem, barefooted, walk (in effect, do not sink).

Translation by Julia Stanka

Julia Stanka (born in Houston, 1983) holds a Master's degree in Modern Languages from Texas A&M University. She has worked as freelance editor for publications in Rice University's open access consortium, *Connexions*. She is publisher of *S/N:NewWorldPoetics*.

Lorine Niedecker Absorta

Estoy vieja, no hay otra manera de decirlo, y el lago sigue congelado.

El cormorán era una efigie, está vivo, viva efigie del cormorán

reflejada en el lago, un bloque de hielo negro el cormorán a ras del agua en que yo misma, si me acercara, mejor no, el peso de la edad me podría inclinar sobre las aguas congeladas del lago, oiría el estrépito (de lejos) antes de desplomarme: resquebrajar la dureza, la omnipotencia de la dureza, si ocurre, el cormorán alza el vuelo, y yo de vieja expectoraba mi propia dureza en ese lago (ahí)

de dos o tres kilómetros de diámetro en ¿a ver, dónde estamos? Wisconsin, Michigan (sería preferible): quedarme dormida. Me quedo dormida a cada rato, a toda hora, hielo perentorio en efigie a la orilla (era, sin duda, Wisconsin).

No me asedia. No lo oigo. Eco podre, descompuesto. Rebote roto.

El intenso graznido se pierde en la extensión del lago, argollas deshechas, nada me llega al oído, veo la cicatriz del agua congelada, no oí el momento de la rotura (pulverización) no sé si fue el cormorán al alzar el negro vuelo o la efigie al hundirse para siempre en el lago: ¿envejecí, de repente, muerta? Sierpes, negras escolleras, peces amedrentados, lo abisal por debajo del instante en que, al expectorar, tocaría fondo. Me enredaría entre los granos últimos de arena, o las pellas de fango. Está salada el agua. Vía rota, mi boca. Acta nocturna de mi cara externa, la pieza en bloque (¿quién oye?) se desplomó.

El lago tiene forma de herradura.

Por el sendero de grava no oigo jamás el ruido, llegan con sus

bultos las lavanderas, las fornidas lavanderas del mito.

Juncias.

Y la madre exasperada porque perdió el sentido del oído, total,

para lo que hay que oír, pudo pensar.

Una va forjando su existencia entre carrasperas y la sordera:

biombos, tapias, el oblicuo pedrusco del sonido, me

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separan.

Mamá
se
quedó
sorda
a
una
edad
temprana.
Creció
hasta
una altura descomunal (la más alta, a todos saca una cabeza, en

una comunidad de descendencia escandinava): desde su elevación, cual misterios, apenas habla, nunca lee, jamás sonríe, no se lleva en bocina o concha las manos al oído, se despega su sombra de las paredes: sólo (oblicua) recoge en sazón las verdes manzanas del árbol descarnado, sordas peras limoneras del ralo peral, arranca unos puerros (sus sayas huelen a cebolla): coloca sobre la mesa el cuerpo extraño de la arcilla volcada cántaro de agua, tal vez oye el estertor del pez en el limo (o viceversa) (¿se habrá descongelado el lago?) que se derrama.

I am old, no other way to put it, and the lake is frozen still.

The cormorant was an effigy, alive, a living effigy of the cormorant

reflected in the lake, a block of black ice the cormorant on and over the water in which I myself, if I came close, better not, the weight of age might pull me over the frozen waters of the lake, I'd hear the din (far off) before collapsing: splitting the hardness, the omnipotence of the hardness, if it happens, the cormorant takes

flight, and I an old woman expectorated my own hardness on that lake (there) its two- or three-kilometer diameter in, let's see, where are we? Wisconsin, Michigan (that'd be better): to fall asleep. I fall asleep all the time, at all hours, peremptory ice as effigy on the shore (doubtless, it was Wisconsin).

It doesn't besiege me. I don't hear it. An echo rotten, decomposed. Broken ricochet.

Intense squawking lost in the vastness of the lake, broken wedding rings, nothing arrives at my ear, I see the frozen water's scar, didn't hear the moment of its breaking (pulverization) I don't know if it was the cormorant taking black flight or the effigy sinking forever into the lake: did I grow old, suddenly, dead? Serpents, black breakwaters, startled fishes, the abysmal underlying the instant when, expectorating, I'd touch bottom. I'd get tangled among the last grains of sand, or the tallow of mud. It's salty, the water. A broken route, my mouth. Nocturnal act of my external face, the block of the piece (who hears?) collapsed.

The lake is shaped like a horseshoe.

On the gravel road I never hear the noise, they arrive, the washwomen with their loads, the burly mythical washwomen.

Reeds.

And the mother, exasperated because she lost her hearing, completely,
for what's got to be heard, she managed to think.

One of them forges her existence between deafness and hoarse throats:
folding screens, brick walls, the oblique

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boulder of sound, set me
apart.

Mother
went
deaf
at
an
early
age.
She
grew
to
a massive size (the tallest one, a whole head
taller, even in this
community of Scandinavian
descent): from the heights,
like mysteries, she barely speaks,
never reads, smiles not once, doesn't
cup like a horn or a shell her
hands to her ears, her shadow detaches
from the walls, she only
(obliquely) picks the ripe
green apples from the gaunt
tree, deaf lemony
pears from the sparse pear tree,
she pulls up some leeks (her
skirts smell like onions): she places
on the table the strange body
of spilled clay pitcher of
water, perhaps she hears the death rat-
tle of
the fish in the mire (or vice versa)
(might
the lake have thawed?) that
overflows.

Translated by Craig Epplin

Craig Epplin is a visiting assistant professor at Reed College, where he teaches classes on Latin American literature and Spanish language. He's published essays on poetry, digital culture and novels. As a translator, he's worked with essays, opera and poetry. Epplin has translated work by Argentine poet Arturo Carrera and Colombian poet Andrea Cote, and has just begun translating José Kozer's collection *Bajo Este Cien*. He just recently joined the editorial board of *Rattapallax* poetry magazine.

NEWS



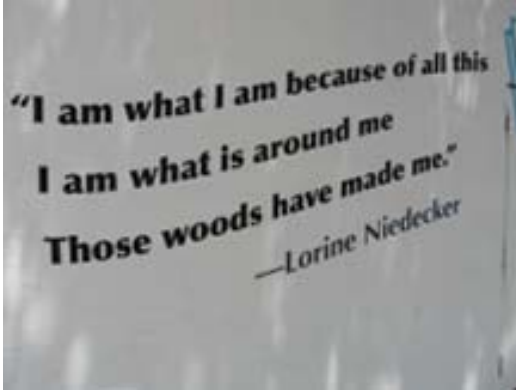
Margot Peters
Lorine Niedecker Biographer

On May 12, 2010, Lorine's birthday, Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee hosted Margot Peters for a reading from her new biography of Lorine Niedecker, *Lorine Niedecker: A Poet's Life*. The biography will be a groundbreaking, full-length account of Niedecker's life and work. The University of Wisconsin Press projects a publication date of fall 2011.

The appreciative crowd was captivated by the reading. This preview provided a taste of the extraordinary writing and research of Ms. Peters. This is truly a biography worthy of Lorine.

Margot Peters has been Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and holds a PhD in Victorian literature. She is the author of *Unquiet Soul: A Biography of Charlotte Bronte*, *Charlotte Bronte: Style in the Novel*, *Bernard Shaw and the Actresses*, *The House of Barrymore* and *Mrs. Pat: The Life of Mrs. Patrick Campbell*. Margot Peters lives in Lake Mills, Wisconsin.

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Section of the Woodland Pattern Book Center 30th Anniversary Mural

In celebration of 30 years of literary service, Woodland Pattern has redecorated their wall along Locust Street in Milwaukee Wisconsin with a quote of Lorine's. This quote is from one of the letters to Gail Roub, in which she describes her poetics.

Bill Murry Reads Niedecker at Poets House

In the spring of 2009, actor Bill Murray read poetry to construction workers on break from building the new Poets House in lower Manhattan. He reads *Poets Work*. If you haven't seen it yet, it's worth taking a look:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rj_LYsvGF0E



Announcing Winners Of The 2010 Woodrow Hall Jumpstart Award

Paula Sergi of the Foot of the Lake Poetry Collective in Fond du Lac won first place and \$500.00 to collaborate with the Women, Infants and Children (WIC) office, the Association of Commerce, the Fond du Lac Public Library, the Fond du Lac Arts Council, and Park Ridge Organics to bring poetry to the farmers' markets,

the library, the Windhover Center for the Arts and two harvest festivals in the Fond du Lac area. The finalist was Phil Hansotia of Ellison Bay who received \$250.00 to create "poetry trails" (poems in display cases mounted on posts) in Newport State Park, a partnership between the Wallace, Unabridged and Word Women poetry groups with the Newport Wilderness Society, Newport State Park, and Sevastapol, Gibraltar and Southern Door high schools.

Shoshauna Shy of Woodrow Hall Editions based in Madison created the Woodrow Hall Jumpstart Award, an offshoot of the Poetry Jumps Off the Shelf initiative, designed to help other Wisconsin poets implement a project that brings poetry into the eye of the general public in an unconventional manner.

Learn more about this award and the Poetry Jumps Off the Shelf program at:
www.PoetryJumpsOfftheShelf.com

LorineNiedecker.org Update

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker are about to embark on a project to update the group's Web site. Improvements to the site will include an updated design, a searchable database of citations to works by and about Lorine, improved access to the digitized Niedecker archive, an interactive map of Niedecker sites in the Fort Atkinson area and an image library. In addition, we hope to be able to provide access to some full-text articles that have been written about Lorine.

Watch for the launch of the new site later in 2010!



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More Plein Air Painters



Diane Washa



Karen Farnsworth



Ching Kung

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 semiannual newsletter and events as time and resources are available. We are supported through donations and grants.

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

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