



I was the solitary plover

FRIENDS OF
Lorine Niedecker

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Amy Lutzke Retires from FoLN Board of Directors by Ann Engelman

In 2000 Amy Lutzke, librarian at the Dwight Foster Public Library, was asked to care for the Lorine Niedecker archive at the library. Twenty-four years later one of Amy's legacies is increased visibility of Lorine Niedecker.

Her first project was coordinating a Niedecker conference in 2001. This conference brought together speakers and included the performance of a scene from Kristine Thatcher's play "Niedecker" performed by local actresses. In 2003 she helped coordinate the Niedecker Centenary Celebration in partnership with Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee. The conference agenda drew local, national and international speakers, audiences at multiple locations significant to Lorine and new scholarship.

Amy's session was "The Challenge of an Important Archive: a Small Library and Its Task." One example she chose was the need to document marginalia found in Lorine's personal library collection. From that request a qualified volunteer stepped forward and the project was completed. It provided a significant base for new research.

She went on to expand a local committee to become the Friends of Lorine Niedecker. She determined non-profit status would be important and arranged for a 501c3 designation, the mission to promote and expand the legacy of Lorine Niedecker. A board of directors was assembled.



Ann Engelman & Amy Lutzke

Amy continued the development of the lorineniedecker.org website created by a library predecessor. Amy created and edits the Solitary Plover newsletter that has grown into a respected publication for poets and Niedecker scholarship. She worked with the public schools in Fort Atkinson to facilitate a poetry/art installation in each school.

When she learned a grant opportunity to digitize collections through the Library Services and Technology Act was available, she had the foresight to apply and the Dwight Foster Library was granted

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Amy Lutzke Retires *cont.*

funding. Digitizing the archival collections of the Dwight Foster Library and the Hoard Historical Museum allowed them to be available online to researchers around the globe.

Amy built the basic foundations of the organization, helped guide FoLN priorities and digitize a collection held safely at the library and the museum that became available to anyone anywhere.

This is the short list.

This past year as Board Chair Amy has restructured the FOLN board for a more efficient and professional organization. Amy's impact on Lorine's legacy is more than remarkable. She will remain in Fort Atkinson; we know where to find her.

Thank you Amy.

WI Poet Laureate Nicholas Gulig Focuses on Niedecker

In January 2023 I became Wisconsin's 10th Poet Laureate, a position I never could have imagined holding when I first started reading and writing roughly 30 years ago. Born and raised in Eau Claire, I came to poems first and foremost through voice of my late father. An avid reader, my dad kept a small library of books in our house and on nights I couldn't sleep he often pulled a poetry collection from his shelf and read to me. Very early in my life, I learned to listen; poetry defined my home, and, in many ways, it still does. This last year as I've traveled back and forth across the state I've had the opportunity to think extensively about my formative moments as a writer. When you speak to people about poetry as much as I do, questions about the origins of my relationship to the medium occur with frequency. I have a range of answers, but almost always I think back to those attentive evenings as a kid in the dark being read to by my dad. **The memories clarify how reliably poetry has made a space for me to live in, how welcoming and open the world appears to me because of poets and the people who read and support them.** Nowhere has this been truer than in Wisconsin.

If I'm honest, the veracity of this surprises me. Growing up, I often felt like the only writer in the state and literature appeared very much like it happened somewhere else. I was very wrong about this, of course, and in the last year I've seen more of our state than in the 40 odd years prior, driving from reading to reading, from community to community. Bearing

witness to the literary landscape of Wisconsin in this way has shown me the depth and dedication of Wisconsinites to poetry, and I am grateful. There are people here who care very deeply about language, and this care, I've come to feel, is one of the many ways that we create and give meaning to the place we share. Our homes, as well as our communities, are written into being. The places where we live speak through us.

In 1999, I left Wisconsin for the first time to teach myself to be a poet. This was due, in part, because I had inherited a narrative about writing that centered on the myth of individual talent, for better and for worse. Thankfully, the world was quick to clean me of this illusion and in 2002 I came to understand very clearly that I needed teachers. To find them, I moved to Montana, then to Iowa, and then to Colorado. In Denver, one of my teachers, the poet Eleni Sikelianos, assigned Lorine Niedecker's *Lake Superior* to us and little has remained the same.

Of all people, it's ironic that Lorine Niedecker would be the one teach me how to leave myself behind and reach for other people.

Much like Emily Dickinson before her, Niedecker is famous for her solitude, and yet, when I first read *Lake Superior* as a graduate student, I found myself amidst the mind and talent of a person looking elsewhere, drawing inspiration as much from outer truths as inner.

Said differently, *Lake Superior* positions knowledge beyond the boundaries of the poet. The speaker of the poem is first and foremost a student, a person seeking knowledge, taking notes and listening. For me, it was a revelation to find in Niedecker's research fragments of the poem I read in class, to see the language of geology and geography and history as poetic resources providing real material, exerting influence. In contrast to the more traditional romantic image of the poet alone in the wilderness I found instead in *Lake Superior* a woman learning in a library, asking others

to instruct her, allowing the history and geology of a distant place to guide her thinking, move her pen.

Somehow, I lived the majority of my adult life as a poet from Wisconsin having never once encountered Niedecker. There are likely a multitude of reasons for this, I imagine, not the least of which is the extent to which women have historically been overlooked within the tradition, on the one hand, and the degree to which the Midwest has largely remained invisible in the broader landscape of American letters, on the other. When I think of what I want my tenure as



Wisconsin's poet laureate to accomplish, I think often of how indebted I am to Niedecker, her work and vision, and how closely I almost missed her.

When my dad died suddenly in 2015, I was living half a world away in Thailand, my mother's country. At that point I knew that I needed to come home. An opening at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater provided me a portal back and soon, in the summer of 2016, I found myself driving to Fort Atkinson where my uncle had offered me a room to live while I worked and waited for my wife and daughter's Visa applications to be approved. At the time, it was a very difficult drive. The leadup to the elections were underway and small town, rural Wisconsin was a blistering sea of MAGA flags and Trump signs, stark reminders that immigrants weren't welcome. In my heart, I remember doubting my decision to come back. I questioned the fairness of asking my wife and daughter to give up their home in Thailand for a place in the world that very clearly and very openly didn't want them.

It was early evening when I pulled into town, turned off Highway 12 and started down Main Street. There, on a small marquee above Scottie's Eat More Dinner, a sign that read "Welcome Poets" in thin, black letters above the doorway. And a short block later, painted on the side of a building to my left: "Fish, fowl, flood, water lily mud, my life."

Recently, I retold this story to a film producer who works for PBS Wisconsin. With support from the Academy of American Poets, I'm happy to be able to tell people that I will be making a documentary about my tenure as Wisconsin's Poet Laureate, and my relationship to Niedecker more specifically. As part of the project, PBS joined me and a group of other writers this fall as we recreated Niedecker's 1966 trip

around Lake Superior, the first poem I ever read of hers, employing her extensive notes and journals as our guide. Along the way, we collected flowers, stones, drift wood, mushrooms, foliage. On the last day of the trip we built an altar from the detritus we collected and placed a picture of Niedecker at the altar's center.

It was a surreal moment, following in the footsteps of the poet whose home I am now trying to make my own. That evening as I drove into Fort Atkinson all those years ago, I couldn't have felt more alien, more displaced. But then the sign was there above the dinner, and then the mural. In more ways than I can name, Niedecker's poetry, its legacy and material effect, returned me to Wisconsin. Or rather, more precisely, Niedecker gave Wisconsin back to me, and she did so at a time and place it felt the door to home was closed.

The question, then, became a matter of giving back what I'd been given. How does one pay homage and move on? This, of course, is the predicament in which every writer finds themselves, for better and for worse. The men and women who come before us give to us the words we use to write. After all, I'm a poet in many ways because my dad read poems to me at night, because my teachers put poems in front of me in class. **Like every writer, I am the inheritor of influence. The language I've encountered teaches me, acts as my instruction.** In this way, the poet walks upon the path of those who've walked before them—and yet, at some point, they must also walk away. In this light, the making of an altar felt to me an appropriate and necessary gesture. First and foremost, altars are a form of tribute, a means of celebration, but they are also and equally an object the living make that helps them live without the dead, a way of letting go. In this light, I've to come feel that all writing acts as altars act, and, in one way or another, moves in two directions.

I'm excited to make this documentary with PBS. My hope is that the film will live as part of larger project oriented around Niedecker and Lake Superior. My

long-term dream is to construct an online resource about the poem, an interactive map that allows a person to move virtually around the lake, focusing on the places Niedecker mentions in her notes, learning the history and geology of the region. My hope is that teachers will be able to use this resource in the classroom, that students might learn to see more clearly and think and write more deeply about the places where they're from. To that end, The Friends of

Lorine Niedecker have graciously agreed to help me start a poetry contest focused on poems by writers that engage the historical, geological, and geographical properties of the bodies of water that matter most to them. While the specifics of this contest have yet to be solidified, our intent is to have the contest running by the end of my tenure. I hope that if you're reading this, you'll give us something to consider.



In September 2023, Fort Atkinson resident and Wisconsin State Poet Laureate Nicholas Gulig led a small group of fellow writers and artists on a trip around Lake Superior, retracing the steps that Lorine Niedecker took on her 1966 trip around the lake with her husband, Al. At the conclusion of the trip, Gulig and his friends foraged natural materials from the forest and the beach and constructed an altar in memory of Niedecker. Photographer: Colin Crowley

#1

Sometimes I wake up in the morning lost

Confusion in darkness spare rest brings.
Vague shapes have clouded my thinking,
unexpected disturbance.
A dream has unmoored me.
The room does not turn.
I am grateful—
time alone
at dawn,
words.

#2

The House is Dark, and I Lie in my Bed

There is a penetrating silence
sensed in quiet circumstances,
what I hear when I'm alone.
Speak to me in whispers.
Call me by my name
as wide as words,
minor chords,
arrows,
soot.

#3

I hold the egg gently close to my heart

Dreams are cruel, and we are all cut down.
One by one, the awful news comes.
Some are lost, without knowing
what is the reasoning?
Why, in what order?
Why is it I
who is left
behind,
last?

Ronnie Hess is an essayist and poet who lives in Madison, WI. Her most recent collection is *Eggphrasis*, a set of poems about raising hens in her backyard. For information, ronniehess.com

A Bruised Reed

through another
small town
the migrant bus

*sandhill cranes
gather in the marsh*

darker
as they age
field of goldenrod

*at the mercy
of the wind
milkweed seeds*

a second cousin's friend
offers a couch

*up before dawn
another day following
the harvest moon*



Dan Schwerin
Julie Schwerin

Blossom Viewing

first day of spring
the homeostasis
of hyacinths

after
chickadees fly
their separate ways

no time
to explain
mayflies



Julie Schwerin (she/her - Sun Prairie, Wisconsin) is an associate editor at *The Heron's Nest* (www.theheronsnest.com), author of *Walking Away From the Sunset* (Brooks Books) and *What Was Here* (Folded Word Press).

Time Piece

The preacher's gold
watch fell
to me and its lid
still opens.
The way he laid it
on a pulpit
while preaching
temperance,
then lifted beyond time,
he would
close it, and just
keep going.



Dan Schwerin's poetry comes from life on a farm or making his rounds across thirty plus years as a pastor in Wisconsin, and now as the bishop of the Northern Illinois Conference of The United Methodist Church. His debut haiku collection, *ORS*, from Red Moon Press, won the Haiku Foundation's Touchstone Award in 2016. You can find him on Twitter @SchwerinDan.

Burrs

They get everywhere, and stick—
tiny, tenacious, jumping aboard each time
you walk in the wild. Ancient compulsion.

Nature got it right.

Impossible to shake—a second skin
of prickly potential, riding you home.
It's the little things that stay with us.

That last backward glance,
that flash of blue sleeve.

We keep watch for the momentous—
on guard against tsunamis, quakes;
miss the minute.

Try now to brush them off—you'll miss a few.

They'll stay with you, cling like a lipsticked kiss,
a lament, be there long after you have forgotten
what first you brushed against.



Catherine McGuire is a writer/artist with a deep concern for our planet's future, with five decades of published poetry, six poetry chapbooks, a full-length poetry book, *Elegy for the 21st Century*, a SF novel, *Lifeline* and book of short stories, *The Dream Hunt and Other Tales*. Find her at www.cathymcguire.com

Prelude

Sea-foam in heaps
wind's endearments
send skittering

laughing their way
to oblivion
their shudders

leaving shadows
on my fingers &
opposable thumbs

If i could i'd climb
into mine own
hand & be

pocketed, agate
shell fragment
length of plastic twine

The ocean's appetite
more ancient
than empire's

will we ever find
what we've been

looking for, the
beach pines
singing *earthlings*

the beach pines
singing *beware*

needles in bundles
of two or three
housewives of air

singing as they sweep
the saltiness down



Sara Burant is the author of a chapbook, *Verge*, and the recipient of a 2023 Oregon Literary Fellowship in Poetry. She lives in Eugene with a very attentive red heeler named Penn



Trying to Rewind 120 Seasons with Six Lines of Poetry

(Happy Birthday Lorine Niedecker)

I sit, a solitary waterlily, pressure urgent in the swale
upon swamps of thought. I must adjust the flood-like waves,
plover the mud, fish for secrets,
live by the life notes, bone rhythms mothered from the water,
execute the tilt, pencil the verse born, leave—
sworn to air and wing.



(I wrote this poem during the 120 Birthday Celebration of Lorine. I borrowed the lines from the murals painted on the buildings in Fort Atkinson.)

Angela Hoffman lives in Wisconsin. With her retirement from teaching and the pandemic coinciding, she took to writing poetry. Her poetry has been widely published. Angela's collections include *Resurrection Lily* 2022, *Olly Olly Oxen Free* 2023, and *Hold the Contraries*, forthcoming 2024 (Kelsay Books).

Such Things Are Often Lethal in the Male

how different
the path looks

going back
these cannot
possibly

be my tracks

so much is dying
among the stones



Pediatrician **Kelley White** has worked in inner city Philadelphia and rural New Hampshire. Her poems have appeared in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Rattle* and *JAMA*. Her most recent collection is *NO. HOPE STREET* (Kelsay Books). She received a 2008 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts grant.

Last Wilderness

A coworker says her
husband is driving to Alaska -
“his trip of a lifetime” she explains
with a definitive, sustained grin.

The smile remains as she
retreats into her own mind,
not speaking or nodding;
and inside that public,
personal thought reveals
the slightest tremor of
head movement.

Within the span of her
barely detectable fluttering
I wonder whether she knows.
Whether it’s MS or Parkinson’s
or Huntington’s—that last one
making our ancestors potential kin.

Whether the husband is out chasing
one last wilderness adventure
before spending

in sickness and in health
loving her until the end



Ed Makowski is a writer/poet/artist
living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He has a
degree in journalism from the University
of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Ed works in the
nonprofit sector, spends his days mostly
thanking people. He prefers two wheels
to four, playing to spectating. He can be
found at radderthanddeath.com.



To the Day

the day shortens
with advancing cold

lines of poetry shorten
with advancing age

oceanic mind travels
without money or home

ancient Chinese poems
always welcome



Irresistible push
Toward subservience

Learned at the knee

Overcome only with time
And condensing

Words flow

Subversive

Subterranean

Weedy sustainers



Karen Laudon is a Wisconsin native,
and visual artist, primarily a painter.
Thirty-odd years ago, while studying
at the San Francisco Art Institute, an
erudite friend introduced Laudon to
the poetry of Lorine Niedecker. It was
a revelation, and her gateway drug to
poetry. Writing comes as a surprise.

Donna Fleischer is the author of
six poetry books, including *the
forthcoming baby in space* (Half Day
Moon Press), *from beyond my window:
the Covid-19 Poems* (Meritage Press),
< *Periodic Earth* > (Casa de Cinco
Hermanas Press), *Twinkle, Twinkle*
(Longhouse Publishers), *indra's net*
(bottle rockets press), and *Intimate
Boundaries* (self-produced). Her poems
appear in *Autumn Moon*, *EOAGH*,
Marsh Hawk Press Review, *Otoliths*,
Passport, and *Spiral Orb*. She received
the support of a Massachusetts Museum
of Contemporary Art—Tupelo Press
residency and the University of Hartford's
Creative Writing Award for Poetry.



Six Ducks Feed in the Yard This Morning

The pickings are good today—corn and seed scattered under overfilled feeders. Three male mallards, feathers gleaming green and black in the early sun, and three dull-feathered lady friends. They waddle in a pack, peck at the ground, peck at each other for dominance, the smallest female surprisingly tough.

They haven't come by for some time—it's a long trip from the ponds at least two neighborhoods over, or the catch basin surrounded with cattails by the Piggly Wiggly on the next street—yet here they are, gleaning seeds off the ground in the cool autumn air.

How did they know to come? Perhaps some fellow bird flew to the ponds or the basin and invited the ducks to breakfast. Perhaps the blue jay harangued them with his crass call or the cardinal seduced them with his bright red feathers. But no.

Cardinals are vain, jays selfish. It must have been the wrens, their numbers so great they know what it means to share.



Retired from Carthage College, **Jean Preston** was the 2014-2015 Poet Laureate of Kenosha, Wisconsin. She volunteers at the local food pantry, serves on the Kenosha/Racine Poets Laureate Committee, and writes from her home in Kenosha, where she lives with her husband, Tom, and their designer dog (a.k.a. mutt), Jaxi.

In the Palace of Sunrise

The gilding of every reed and grass,
each branch and crown
in the palace of sunrise

beggars a woman in rusty snowshoes
as she crunches her way
down icy corridors,

embarrassed by the clacking racket
she can't help making,
so cloddish in this setting,

wishing she were as elegant as nearby
deer, didn't appear to be a poacher
of dawn, her clunky boots

and bundled fingers the opposite
of grace and splendor, imploring
daybreak's gold to perfect her



Georgia Ressmeyer, a three-time Pushcart nominee, is the author of two published poetry chapbooks and two full-length poetry collections. Her most recent is *Leading a Life* (Water's Edge Press). Others include *Today I Threw My Watch Away* (Finishing Line Press), *Waiting to Sail* (Black River Press), and *Home/Body* (Pebblebrook Press). Her poetry has won numerous awards.

a
friend's obituary
part of the morning the wind didn't use

moving out
rooms with their own
light



Gary Hotham currently lives in Maryland. He has had a number of chapbooks of haiku published since his first: *Without the Mountains* in 1976. Some recent awards: *Mannequins Dressed for the Window: Haiku Secrets* received an honorable mention in the *Haiku Canada Marianne Bluger Book* and Chapbook Awards for 2022 and *Rightsizing the Universe: Haiku Theory* received an honorable mention in the Touchstone Distinguished Books Awards for 2019. Most recent chapbook: *Soft Serve: Haiku Remains* was published in 2023 by Pinyon Publishing.

A deer in the field

A deer in the field
watches the field

The leaf from no tree
falls

over the uneven
blue
lake

The little white space waits
to be a little erased



Jenn Morea teaches at the University of Michigan Museum of Art, Columbia College Chicago, and the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts, and leads retreats at Brisbane House in Arena, WI. She is the lyricist for the Candy Claws album *Ceres & Calypso in the Deep Time*.

After the Storm

i

Tree trimmers lop, branches fall—
power lines will hang another winter.
Next year they will be planted underground,
electrify phagocytes, saprophytes,
the poles old and bleached like posts
to a pier that's been washed away.
Once these lines held up the sky.
I nod, pay my respects to elders.

ii

Sawn branches measure to the waist,
stand in conical round ready for fire,
birds stalled overhead in circles ready
to strut the cleansed ground for seeds.
Chainsaws evaporate the condensation
on blades as if taking a smoke
after an hour's hard work,
anonymous pulp a fire on snow.

iii

Notched branches for V-supports,
chain-saw-ripped wood
stacks unevenly yet perfectly,
the whole making the splits
appear like one, as if the tree
unassembled, torn, retained
a grace it had in life.
My children live coast to coast,
and not close.
I will fall like a limb in the woods,
ungathered, unstacked.



Jeff Burt grew up in Wisconsin and the Midwest still populates his vision decades later. He has a digital chapbook available *Little Popple River* from Red Wolf Editions and a print chapbook *A Filament Drawn so Thin* from Red Bird Chapbooks.

Walking in the Rain to Saint James Church on Duke Street

Herringbone brick sidewalk
gleams burnt orange and umber
alone morning
my friend
old pattern of personality
subterranean heart-root
heaves bricks heavenward
a walkway of lift and tilt
solid waves beneath my feet
puddles gather in troughs
reflect blank sky



Sylvia Cavanaugh studied Urban Planning and is a former high school teacher. She published three chapbooks and her poems have appeared in various periodicals and anthologies. She is a Contributing Editor for *Verse-Virtual*. Her work has received awards from The Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, Wisconsin People and Ideas, and the Hal Prize.

soggy spruce woods trail
curves toward red-tipped white birch buds
and cardinal song



Katrina Serwe lived in her left brain until a midlife crisis brought her into balance. Now she calls herself a poet. You are likely to find her on a hiking trail working on a poem. Her poetry has been featured in *Bramble*, *Moss Piglet*, *Portage Magazine*, and *Scrawl Place*.

Field Report

Tuesday morning
dog walk
The deer recumbent and still

Wednesday morning
dog walk
The deer recumbent and intact

Thursday morning
dog walk
The deer

Friday morning
dog walk
Turkey vultures, cousins of the lammergeier & griffon

I write these lines with
silence

A time to sweep
the graves



Sharon L. Oriol is the author of two handstitched chapbooks published in a limited editions of 50: *Lochan* and *Sky Report*. Her poems have also appeared in numerous publications. Sharon lives on the banks of the Crystal River in northwest Michigan, surrounded by seasonal flora and fauna.

Ink Paper Flower

Mineral Point Cafe—January real feel on the cusp of zero. I try to sip my almond milk latte but instead I guzzle it—almost always on the verge of hunger. I stack books and journals on the table. I hunch awkwardly behind them. I'm like a child who imagines if she closes her eyes she is made invisible to others. I read lines and phrases by and about Niedecker. "I own again/ these walls thin/at the back/of my writing tablet. A priest (I presume based on his collar) sits by the fire with a placard that states: feel free to bother me. I do not venture close enough to strike a match or conversation.

flames waver then leap
wet wood whistles an escape
my hand moves closer

I buy a new composition journal of post consumer recycled material. I need to mark this residency tangible though I have no concrete goals, no published collection. I can't decipher the vibe of this Cornish town—part hobo—part avant-garde hoping for artsy. Do I listen to live music from Driftless Standard Time? Do I walk back to Roland's Loft before accu weather tells me it's sunset? I read about the five fears of abhidharma—fear of death, loss of livelihood, unusual states of consciousness, loss of reputation and speaking before an assembly. How to approach my in person and virtual reading tomorrow when I know full well I offer next to nothing. Upon Niedecker's death Basil Bunting wrote "in England she was, in the estimation of many, the most interesting woman poet America has yet to produce." My maternal granny was 8 when Niedecker was born and she outlived her by decades. They lived in rural isolation and survived abuse by men-partners, spouses or supposedly protectors. Physical and spiritual hardship thrived them stronger.

a worn path to chicken coop
a journal is kept under
straw in the last nesting box
words fragile as speckled eggs

Last morning of this residency the sky is a gray blanket—wool not cotton. I brave a seven mile run—find the edge of plowed road that holds fine gravel. I find a version of peace from physical exhaustion. The mug of coffee feels warmer and tastes richer after my deprivation run. I train my muscles to turn fat into energy. I promise to tighten stanzas and strike adverbs and adjectives. I stare out the window at the limestone houses on the hill. I don't look at my phone or open my chromebook—certain rejections will taint my morning. Once home I will find the bundle of letters twined with a lace ribbon. I will reread my granny's salutations and closings—her cursive scrawl of blue ink on lined paper. I will look for a version of heirloom wisdom. I will cut words and arrange phrases—squinting for contrasting colors and hoping for just enough fragrance.

She grew pink flowers
but could not cut or gather
long stems into vases
before the cows trampled
blossoms into fragrant mud.



Jenna Rindo worked for years as a pediatric RN at hospitals in Virginia, Florida and Wisconsin. She writes to better understand and appreciate the complications of the human body, mind and spirit. She is a runner and trains for races from the 5K to the full marathon. A former ESL teacher she now tutors and mentors refugee students. She believes that all forms of art involve finding the balance between what to include and what to leave out. John Ruskin said it much more eloquently: "Nothing is ever seen perfectly, but only by fragments and under various conditions of obscurity." Her poems and essays have been published in *AJN*, *Calyx*, *Rhino*, *Tampa Review*, *WI People and Ideas Magazine*, *Bramble*, *One Magazine*, *Verse Virtual* and other journals.

Boundary Marker

unfazed
by the season

lichen-
bitten

stone on
stone

making an integrity
of fragments

a history
of hands

lacing the fields
mortarless gray

a single head
dims behind
white breath



Kerri Sonnenberg is author of *The Mudra* (Litmus Press). Recent work appears in the journals *Concision*, *Oversound*, *Peripheries* and *Petrichor*. Originally from Illinois, she now resides in Cork, Ireland.

The Mother

says goodbye to the bed
where her child slept
and grew

she sets it out
for someone else
as the child
puts on his shoes



The Moon's Ways

Robert MacFarlane writes
in *The Old Ways* of sailing
between Scotland and the Hebrides
in waters called The Minch

feeling “earth open on its hinges”
as the water pauses, waits
for the tide to turn at moon’s
silent direction and once again
everything changes.



Mary C. Rowin's poetry, essays and reviews have appeared in a variety of publications such as *Hummingbird*, *Panopoly*, *Solitary Plover*, *Stoneboat* and *Oakwood Literary Magazine*. Nominated for a Push Cart, her awards include prizes from The Nebraska Writers Guild and *Journal from the Heartland*. Mary lives in Middleton, Wisconsin.

Fireworks in Berlin

from our window
giant marigolds
thunder down
on human antics



Trish Stachelski grew up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in a Polish/Irish immigrant family and spent a lot of time along Lake Michigan. Her parents' love of nature furthered these interests. I want to acknowledge that my homeland is also homeland to the Menomonie, Ojibway, Ottawa and Potawatomi nations whose cultural connection continues.

Drifting

drifting,
the pier
shifting its weight
in the sand
dreams of
figures voices colors
blurring
in the
heat

~

drifting,
the pier
shifting its weight
in the sand
creaks a laugh
at soft footed
steps
along its
summer
spine



Kory O'Rourke is a graduate of San Francisco State University's Creative Writing Masters of Arts program, with a focus in poetry. I'm a former winner of San Francisco's city-wide poetry contest, "Poet's 11", judged by Poet-in-Residence Jack Hirschman. I am a mother, teacher, survivor, proud queer, and a helpless lover of bad dogs.



Niedecker – River Words

If I wrote about granite, quartzite, the waves in sandstone
the hard shard, and the iron of my blood

about the muddy shore of a long winding river, winding three loops
through this life

and the groundless of my ancestors along
this ancient river bed—

where the first peoples danced and hunted
before the ground was plowed and planted

about the rushing water that swirls and gathers
in a constant flow to crash over the dam

would she recognize the timelessness of her rocky
mineral river words?



Nancy Shea lives, works, and writes near the confluence of the Rock and Crawfish Rivers. She enjoys considering the edges of things and where things run together. She enjoys reading and studying Lorine Niedecker's poetry and writings and has benefited from study groups with Niedecker scholars.



FoLN Poetry Readings

North Central: A Virtual Reading Series

presented by Friends of Lorine Niedecker

Friends of Lorine Niedecker (FoLN) are delighted to host poet and essayist Merrill Gilfillan for a solo virtual reading on Sunday, March 31st, 2024 at 5pm CST.

Merrill Gilfillan was born in Mount Gilead, Ohio, in 1945 and studied literature at the Universities of Michigan and Iowa. His first book of poems appeared in 1970. Recent publications include *A Walkable Rain* (Oxeye Press, 2024) and *Stars Seen Then* (Partly Press, 2020). Selected Poems will be published by Flood Editions in 2024. Merrill's previous books with Flood Editions include *Talk Across Water: Stories Selected and New*, *The Bark of the Dog*, and *Red Mavis*, as well as a collection of alfresco essays, *The Warbler Road*. He lives in Asheville, North Carolina.

North Central is a virtual reading series providing a space to gather and hear living poets who connect in various ways to the poetry of Lorine Niedecker. The series takes its title from North

Central (London: Fulcrum Press, 1968), the third book of poems published in Niedecker's lifetime. The readings are curated by Chuck Stebelton and Richard Meier and supported by the Friends of Lorine Niedecker. Past readers have included Joshua Beckman, Tirzah Goldenberg, Noah Zannella, and Shannon Tharp. Readings are held twice per year, in October and March.

This event will be recorded. Please join us Sunday, March 31st at 5pm CST on Zoom here:

Sunday, March 31 at 2 p.m. CST

Join Zoom Meeting :

carthage-edu.zoom.us/j/96278936109

Meeting ID: 962 7893 6109

For more information contact Chuck Stebelton cstebelton@gmail.com or Richard Meier rmeier@carthage.edu

Hear The Solitary Plover Virtual Reading

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker will host a reading by the poets published in the Winter 2024 Solitary Plover on Thursday, February 29 at 6:30 p.m. CST.

We invite you to join us for this virtual reading conducted on Zoom.

Thursday, February 29 at 6:30 p.m. CST.

Join Zoom Meeting:

us06web.zoom.us/j/86490079677?pwd=q-ca05GzRcVegmGK6YarutYSa4VhkeU.1

Meeting ID: 864 9007 9677

Passcode: 520557

News & Events Mailing List

Dear Friends of Lorine,

We write you at the start of 2024 nestled next to the Rock River, immersed in the winter sights and sounds Lorine celebrated in her poems.

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker have big plans for the coming year, including a redesigned website, continued publication of the Solitary Plover, and more great readings in our new North Central (virtual) poetry series!

We've also established a new email list where we'll be sending occasional updates about Niedecker and FoLN-related news and events.

Sign up at tinyurl.com/niedecker

We hope to hear from you.

"Glee glow as we go. . ."

Support the Friends of Lorine Niedecker

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker is funded primarily through donations and contributions, as well as sales of materials and grants. We use funds to maintain the lorineniedecker.org website, produce the Solitary Plover and fund events and activities. There are no paid staff, just dedicated volunteers.

You can make a donation online through our Paypal account here: lorineniedecker.org/friends-lorine-niedecker/support

You can also mail your contributions to:

Friends of Lorine Niedecker

Hoard Historical Museum
401 Whitewater Avenue
Fort Atkinson, WI 53538

Your contribution to the Friends is fully tax deductible. We appreciate your support



FRIENDS OF
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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.

To support the Friends of Lorine Niedecker go to
lorineniedecker.org/friends-lorine-niedecker/support

