



I was the solitary plover

FRIENDS OF
Lorine Niedecker

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Fort Atkinson Niedecker Archive Consolidated

Fort Atkinson is fortunate to be the home of the largest Niedecker archive of papers, photos and ephemera. As her hometown, it is a source of pride that most of her materials are housed in that community. Since her death in 1970, items in this archive have been housed in two locations: the Dwight Foster Public Library and the Hoard Historical Museum. In early 2024 the two collections became one, housed in the archives of the Hoard Museum.

After a review of the access and preservation needs of these materials, and their reference and research uses, the library and museum staff agreed to house all materials at the museum. The Hoard has specialized archive space designed for the long-term preservation of its holdings. Researchers will no longer have to travel between the two locations. They now have access to the entire archive in a location with sufficient research space and specialized archivists.



History of the archive

The library's part of the holdings include books that belonged to Niedecker, a few handmade books that she produced for friends, and some photos and watercolor paintings. The Dwight Foster Public Library received the books in two donations, the first from Albert Millen, Niedecker's husband, shortly after her death in 1970. The second gift was given to the library by Bonita Roub after the death of her husband Gail in 1998. Gail and Bonita received these books from Millen after Niedecker's death. The handmade books and papers were collected by early Niedecker archivist Marilla Fuge, who obtained them from members of the community.

The Hoard Museum archive included a large Niedecker family photo collection, photos of Blackhawk Island, some notes that were found in the Niedecker books, a collection of books by Niedecker's contemporaries, and a collection of periodicals, pamphlets and ephemera. The museum also has a few of Niedecker's personal belongings. These items were donated to the museum by Al Millen, Julie (Millen) Schoessow, the Roub family and Marilla Fuge. The Hoard also possesses Margot Peters' research notes for her biography Lorine Niedecker: A Poet's Life.

Access to the Niedecker archive at the Hoard Museum is by appointment. Their contact information is info@hoardmuseum.org or (920) 397-9914. They are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 am to 4:30 pm. The Dwight Foster Public Library will continue to welcome visitors who wish to spend time in the library where Niedecker was employed. They are open 8 am to 8 pm Monday through Thursday, 8 am to 6 pm Friday and 9 am to 2 pm Saturday.

A New Look

for the Friends of Lorine Niedecker Website by Steel Wagstaff

Dear Friends and Supporters,

We are thrilled to announce the launch of the newly redesigned website for the Friends of Lorine Niedecker (FoLN) at <https://lorineniedecker.org>. Our goal with the new design was to create a user-friendly browsing experience for all visitors, while providing a modern, attractive, and easy to navigate site that honors the legacy of Lorine Niedecker's life and work.

A New Theme

The most noticeable changes are a re-envisioned homepage along with a refreshed theme for the site itself. We have applied a contemporary WordPress theme that we hope is both visually appealing and easier for our volunteer staff to maintain and improve going forward. The home page has been restructured to serve two primary objectives:

Introduction to Lorine Niedecker: Visitors are welcomed with a compelling overview of Niedecker's life and writing, encouraging them to explore further. We've also consolidated in a more concentrated location a lot of disparate information designed to assist researchers who want to dig deeper into Niedecker's life and work.

Mission of FoLN: We aim to clearly communicate who the Friends of Lorine Niedecker are, and provide visitors with a call-to-action inviting visitors to support our mission by volunteering or making a tax-deductible donation.

Simplified Navigation

Another big change has been a reorganization of the site's taxonomy. These changes were the result of a comprehensive audit of our previous site. For example, when analyzing web traffic over the past three years, we found that roughly two-thirds of all site traffic took place on the 6 most visited pages, with well over 90% of all site traffic being concentrated on our top 20 most visited pages.

In response, we have streamlined the site's content, reducing the number of published pages and combining several into a simpler, more intuitive taxonomy. We hope that this restructuring will help visitors more quickly access the most important and popular pages, making their journey through Lorine Niedecker's life and work more straightforward and enjoyable.

Highlighting News & Events

We understand the importance of keeping our community informed and engaged. The new design now features FoLN news and upcoming events more prominently. Differentiating more clearly between static resources and time-sensitive content will help us ensure that our audience can easily stay updated on the latest happenings and opportunities to get involved. If you'd like to subscribe to our new mailing list for upcoming news & events, you can do so on the website or by visiting <https://mailchi.mp/lorineniedecker/news>.

Help us improve the new site

We invite you to explore the new website and experience these enhancements firsthand. Your feedback is invaluable to us, and we look forward to hearing your thoughts on the new design and restructured content. If you have corrections or suggestions for improving the site, we would love to hear them.

We are also looking for volunteers to help us post occasional updates (like news & events) and make minor updates to the website. Training will be provided; no prior web development experience is needed. If this sounds of interest to you, please contact our current webmaster Steel Wagstaff at swagstaff@lorineniedecker.org.

We are excited about the possibilities that this redesign opens up for us. We hope that our refreshed website will help us better serve our community, share Lorine Niedecker's work with a wider audience, and strengthen the connection between supporters and the mission of FoLN.

Girlfriend

Three for *The Solitary Plover* by Barbara Henning

Note: When my longtime yoga teacher, Genny Kapuler, read what I had written about her, she said, “I feel honored to be one of the beads in your mala, one of your sisters.” I like to think of this book like that, as a poetic prose meditation on my friendships with girls and women. I started the project in 1990s, writing some notes about childhood friends, and then I put it aside. This is a book that couldn’t be written until later in life. A few years ago, I went back to the project, expanding it to include mentors, authors and characters; books have always been my friends.

H.D.

You were almost six feet tall and very elegant. Your first boyfriend, Ezra Pound, named you H.D., but sometimes he also called you Saint Hilda. You travelled to Vienna for analysis with Freud, and he helped you recover from a nervous breakdown, war terrors, writer’s block and discomfort with your bi-sexuality. You called him Papa. In ‘81, my professor, Charlie Baxter, suggested I read your epic poem, *Trilogy*. At the time, I was a bit skeptical about the religious figures. Even though I was raised Christian, and my mother had visions of Jesus calling her when she was ill, I regarded religion as an illusion, maybe necessary for some, but not for me. But your figures were not exactly religious; instead, they were part of your personal mythology, along with the Greeks and Egyptians. The poet, Barbara Guest explains in your biography that the angels and religious figures, “were always present in an unconscious nourished from childhood on Moravian history and doctrines.” The Moravians were a small pacifist protestant sect who had settled in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania where you grew up. I can’t help but wonder if these figures wandering around in your unconscious also may have contributed to your nervous breakdowns.

After living through two horrifying wars, in *Trilogy* you make a plea for peace and for the scribes, the poets, to be recognized, to prophesize, to learn from the ancients. After all, destruction from war wasn’t new, it had happened before. And it will happen again. The lady comes, carrying a blank book. Isn’t that your book? Isn’t that you? The lines of the poem slowly emerge on the pages—like a palimpsest—gods, goddesses, angels, wisemen and the women around Jesus, meld one into another, like a dream, as you call

forth with your word-alchemy, the feminine principle, to create anew with wisdom and love, the creation continual, and this knowledge is passed along through the ages, by scribes, artists, magicians and by you, to all of us, the poet’s dharma—a half-burnt-out apple-tree / blossoming



Hilda Doolittle, 1900-1922 n.d., Courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library

Mina

A beautiful and flamboyant woman, writing experimental feminist poems, passionate free verse, a poetry of ideas, purposely tripping up the reader with a complex vocabulary. A mother, a poet and a visual artist. An artist-entrepreneur, designing and selling lampshades, hats and clothing in Paris and New York City. An eccentric old woman living on the Bowery, making poems and art with and about the homeless men who wandered the streets. Throughout your life, whatever you saw as unfair, you actively resisted. In an agreed upon marriage of convenience with Stephen Haweis, you escaped parental control. Sometimes under his thumb, sometimes free. After a brief collaboration with the Futurists—“Marinetti influenced me,” you said, “merely by waking me up”—you moved to NYC, got a divorce and followed Arthur Craven, a poet-boxer to Mexico. You lived there, rough, like hippies in the ‘60s and ‘70s. After he disappeared at sea and after three years away from your children, you returned to Europe, pregnant and grief-stricken,

only to discover that Stephen had taken your son, Giles, to live with him in the Caribbean. Over and over, you left your children with this nurse or that school. When Giles came down with a rare form of cancer, he died, wondering why you refused to answer his letters and why your dislike for his father had affected your love for him. At night while reading your biography, I wept for Giles. Surely I was collapsing his situation with my own—for the long ago loss of my young mother. Maybe you thought your children



were better off with the nurse. Back then, we didn't think about childhood like we do now. If only you had left behind letters and journals, then I might understand. After you moved to Colorado, a young writer, Martie Sterling, came to visit

and you told her you were lonely, but your daughters (who had always supported you) were busy. Then you added, "But why should I expect them to spend so much time with me when I spent so little time with them?"

Mina Loy with daughter Oda (c. 1904, d. 1905) Courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library

Lorine

When I was a child, we used to camp on the Keweenaw Peninsula, the uppermost peak of Michigan jutting out into Lake Superior. As an adult, I spent months at my sister's place writing a novel that took place near the lake, and many times I've taught your poem, *Lake Superior*, as an objectivist project; in the poem you pay tribute to the minerals in our bodies, in the rocks, the bed of the lake and the surrounding shore. As the only woman identified with the Objectivist poets, you had a lifelong correspondence and friendship with Louis Zukofsky, and when you were in your thirties, you and he were intimates. Reading your biography, I felt protective of you and upset with him (even though I had dedicated a book to him) for insisting you throw out all letters revealing your personal relationship, a decade of correspondence. And he insisted you have an abortion when you didn't want one, even though you were willing to raise the child on your

own. Everything into the flood. Zukofsky was a New Yorker. Most of your life you lived on a watery island in rural Wisconsin. You also worked in a library, for the Federal Writer's Project, then proofreading, but because of your declining eyesight, that too, came to an end. Your last job was working in a hospital, as a cleaning woman. At sixty, your marriage to Albert Millen allowed you to write fulltime and let loose with your own hybrid poetics, objective, subjective and sometimes surreal. What I love most about your poetry, especially the later poems, is the way you engage the reader in a narrative or in particulars and then a rupture, a splinter, and another, and you take us elsewhere, sometimes into a spiritual awareness of our relational mortality, akin to Emerson or Whitman—"Museum // Having met the protozoic / Vorticellae / here is man / Leafing toward you / in this dark / deciduous hall."

You once explained to a friend, "I looked back of our buildings to the lake and said, 'I am what I am because of all this—I am what is around me—those woods have made me.'" According to Margot Peters, Charles Olson admired your work, but you were not so hot about his. Both of your poetics were rooted in place. Living on an island, for you, water was everywhere. "O my floating life / Do not save love / for things // throw things / to the flood". When I revisited my copy of *The Granite Pail*, I found a penciled note in the margin: "In my poem!" I searched through my books. "Aren't These Lillies Lovely" was written in '93 when I was staying with a friend in Provincetown. I must have written "Throw things to the flood" in the corner of a journal and then collaged it into my own work, forgetting where



it had come from. Now and forever, a line from your poem is intertwined with mine.

Lorine Niedecker. Courtesy of the Hoard Historical Museum and Fort Atkinson Historical Society (Wisconsin)

Barbara Henning is a poet, novelist and a writer of poetic prose with four novels and eight collections of poetry. Her most recent book, *Ferne, a Detroit Story*, received a Notable Book Award from the Library of Michigan. Born in Detroit, she has lived in New York City since 1984, with interim years in Tucson, Arizona and Mysore India.

Coral

In florid keys
to the south
swaying corals
once fluorescent

have changed
their song as if
baton to stand
has called for

in gray unison
the first slow
measured exhale
of the Sanctus.

Unable to graze
the new wild
parrot fish, sea
turtles, urchins

stars all hear
the ocean's grave
new hymn—
O motherless child.

thunder moon
explosions of purple sage
how the mind flowers

Kelly Houle is an Arizona-based writer, educator, and visual artist whose poetry has been published in *Calyx*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Radar Poetry*, *Red*

Cranes

gurgling matchsticks

origami in flight

paint mandalas in the sky

hope primordial

Margaret Schroeder is a Nature lover who lives in Fort Atkinson. She is devoted to supporting pollinators, upon whom we rely for food. She participates in a local study group dedicated to bringing Lorine Niedecker's works to life. Margaret is retired from a career in mental health.

Cold Snap

Before the storm, before I shoot,
mist rises off the creek in our backyard,
ice dams crackling.

Chickadees swoop limb to limb
like socks wheeled out on clothesline
hung slack between hemlocks.

The temperature drops,
ice crystals grow a skin, link
the stream banks. My body chills,

lens focuses, sensor gathers rays.
The photograph writes with light—
shutter quick as wings.

Rhett Watts lives by a brook in Massachusetts with her husband and Siberian cat. She is author of the poetry books *Willing Suspension* and *The Braiding*, and coming in 2025, *The Double Nest*. Her chapbook *No Innocent Eye* won the Rane Arroyo Chapbook Award. Rhett facilitates writing workshops.

a mur
mur
ation

of star
lings

drift
shift
slip
li
qu
id
into the
slow
flow
night
sky
and

dry

swapping
what-happened-to-the-farm stories
old free-range kids

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), *What Was Here* (Folded Word Press) and *Still Growing Wings* (forthcoming from Backbone Press).

Hepatica Stars

on the backs of hummocky hills
folding over and into each other
we push through yesterday's dry leaves
to seek our time in the sun, cast our
yellow-centered stars across a palette
of brown as we open our centers
to warmth, stretch skyward, propagate
our creativity in shades of lavender,
violet, plum, galaxy blue... our time
to bloom long as an April day before
the rush of spring is over and we are
consumed by tomorrow's green tide

Katrina Serwe loves poems of place. Her current project is foraging poems on Wisconsin's Ice Age Trail. Her poetry has been featured in publications such as *Bramble*, *Portage Magazine*, *Scrawl Place*, *Moss Piglet*, and *The Blue Heron Review*. You can follow her journey at katrinaserwe.com.

On Days When Writing Time is Limited

I should remember this feeling—
the smallest daub against
blank surface—how it can be
start and middle and finish
by itself—bee-buzz motor
idling at the big world's curb—
rough sketch, tower of sand
at water's edge, the step-in
and launch on the mere surface
of morning—goodbye for now.

Scott Lowery recent chapbook, *Mutual Life*, spotlights everyday life against the backdrop of our tumultuous times. Recent poems are in *Bramble*, *Oakwood*, *Canary*, and *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*. After thirty years in rural southeastern Minnesota, Lowery and his wife now live near their young grandchildren in Milwaukee. Find more: www.scottlowery.org

sparse

margarine, a few slices of bologna,
a small pitcher of milk in the fridge
tape measure, safety pins, ruler,
one pair of scissors in the drawer

an ashtray, plastic drink coasters,
newspaper on the coffee table
worn white towel in the bathroom
another in the laundry basket

Sears plaid cotton bedspread,
thin sheets and blanket on the bed
oil can, lawn mower, step ladder,
shovel and rake in the garage

single tulips spaced far apart
line the concrete driveway

I might be exaggerating
but not by much
I was there



Elizabeth Harmatys Park is the Racine Poet Laureate who writes with Authors Echo in Burlington, Wisconsin. Elizabeth received the Jade Ring First Place Prize in Poetry and the New Feathers 2020 Award. Her poetry is found in journals, anthologies, three chapbooks, and the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*.

Stolpersteine (Stumbling Stones)*

Measured for memory
two small cement slabs
with brass plaques
inserted into Berlin's
cobblestoned streets –

her name, his –
constants in history,
what happened to them

inscribed

The neighborhood not the same –
most houses, synagogues bombed,

gone now, here now

modern apartment complexes
new high school along the Spree River
where perhaps he fished
and she cooked
what he brought
home

**Stolpersteine are concrete blocks laid in front of the last voluntarily chosen places of residence of victims of Nazi persecution (1933-1945). The stones are the project of artist Gunter Demnig.*



Ronnie Hess is a poet and essayist, the author of seven poetry collections including her most recent, *Eggphrasis* (Word Poetry, 2023), about raising hens in her backyard. She lives in Madison. Her grandparents were deported to Treblinka in 1942. She and her sister laid stolpersteine for them in March, 2024.



home
 what the wind leaves
 behind



new snow
 footprints taking
 over



Gary Hotham currently lives in Maryland. He has had a number of chapbooks of haiku published since his first, *Without the Mountains*, in 1976. *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. His most recent chapbook, *Soft Serve: Haiku Remains*, was published in 2023 by Pinyon Publishing.

Restless Motion and Ceaseless Change



Everything ebbs and everything
 [ice] floes like glaciers here in the
 drift less
 prairie, gray-gold grass flat like
 flood[ed] marshland. They say
 someone saw a coyote this morning
 they say painted turtles live
 in the garden they say
 there's a bald eagle in the enclosure
 and maybe all this together is
 a time machine. May be
 we can go [back]
 to when all this land was covered in
 ice
 and nothing ever changed except the
 un ending
 c r e e p
 of greenwater glass, frozen marsh
 land
 that grinds the boulders into sand.



Daphne Daugherty is a Milwaukee-based poet and a PhD candidate at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Her poetry is heavily influenced by the landscapes and people of the Midwest.



LN

Deciduous trees lose leaves
while
decisions Lorine Niedecker made

about
which words to save
in poems

continue to hold
on, monogamous

all up

No Fooling Around

In an up-or-down vote
rain chose down
no fooling around

no feats of gymnastics
delay tactics
adolescent theatrics

A mature sort of rain
boon to the grass
ground, roots

Rain-needers are pleased
nothing is wasted
no one drowned

Now everything gleams
with the sheen
of precipitate sun

Georgia Ressmeyer, a three-time Pushcart Prize 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.

and down their length

John Levy most recent book is 54 poems: selected & new (Shearsman Books, 2024). His most recent chapbook of poems is *Guest Book for People in My Dreams* (Proper Tales Press, 2024). He lives in Tucson.

Mid-May

On tree-lined blocks
there's an outline
for every absent car. Every space at the curb
is stenciled in pollen.

When the throb between my eyes
makes me yield to almost everything
I sit in the chair
with torn cup-holder mesh, on the porch

we failed to stain,
and watch sparrows gleaning seeds
under the empty feeder.

Sue Blaustein retired from the Milwaukee Health Department in 2016. She published her first book, *In the Field, Autobiography of an Inspector*, in 2018 and a chapbook, *The Beer Line*, in 2022. She blogs for Milwaukee's *Ex Fabula* and serves as an interviewer/writer for the Veteran's Administration's *My Life My Story* program.



Honestly

How other trees
gossip about
the rain comes
to nothing.
Trees made honest
by the breeze
have less malice
to confess.
Be here lightly,
even kindly.
There is mud, too,
in your nest.

Down the Road

a smooth hardness
is also the shore
of my life by water
this full & stony correspondence
of winter stars

Dan Schwerin 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.




Submerge this mouth
brimming with dog rose
dirt in the trap
becoming fossilized cave
hymning teeth wet
piled deer bones
country pines half-sliced
fisting what's left of muscle
watching someone's own iris
grow kissing the membrane's cheeks
bound on
on the backs
between knees
flora fields
doing laundry underneath the
shed at the edge of the
swing set but the dryer stands static
coming down
the tree
and when all is said and done
earth's mouth opens
still around
mosquitos gathering down

Daisy Clar Rosenstock lives in Boise, Idaho where she completed her MFA in creative writing. When not writing hazy and macabre poetry, she can be found exploring abandoned houses or chatting with the local dying pine tree.

Nocturne

JULY

I wonder if the cool
and distant moon
closed its eyes
as the flash lit
up New Mexico,
searing it incandescent
with a million suns,
and the mushroom cloud
roiled into the sky.
These images disturb me,
but I am calmed
by a summer breeze
and fireflies blinking
as they will.



Jeffrey Johannes co-edited the 2012 *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar* and the 2019 winter issue of *Bramble*. He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, won the Hal Prize from *Peninsula Pulse*, and won and placed in Triad contests from the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets. He lives in Port Edwards, Wisconsin.

Directions

How could I lose my way
in this summer meadow
while compass plants stand tall,
blaze sunny yellow
amid mountain mint, bergamot,
and rattlesnake master,
pointing directions
to butterflies skipping about,
and to the fawn
at the edge of the distant wood?



Christel Maass lives in southeastern Wisconsin. She enjoys gardening, hiking, and exploring her beautiful home state—which last summer included pedaling her old bicycle on many of Wisconsin’s rail trails. Her nature-inspired poetry appears in numerous publications.

To Find Food

Is it love then that
answers best, if one
could feel, receive

i.e., not interrupt
the signal, the look
not to fight fear but
see love change
the view



Donna Fleischer is the author of seven poetry books, two newly released titles among these—25 haibun called *Flaneur* and 40 haiku titled *Every Day Earth*, from Longhouse Publishers in Vermont. Her poems are in over 70 journals and anthologies worldwide, including *A Vast Sky*, *EOAGH*, *Kō*, *The Fortnightly Review*, and *The Solitary Plover*.

Hunger

solo rengay by Michael Dylan Welch

funeral day—
yet another
overcast sky

my shirt too tight
at the collar

rain at the window—
eulogy notes
folded in my pocket

daffodils on the dais—
I join my siblings
in the front row

the pastor’s singing
a little offkey

hunger pangs—
the benediction
doesn’t mention mother



Michael Dylan Welch has enjoyed short poetry since his childhood, soon discovering Lorine Niedecker’s poetry. He directs the Seabeck Haiku Getaway and Haiku North America conferences and founded National Haiku Writing Month (www.nahaiwrimo.com) and the Tanka Society of America. Michael’s website, www.graceguts.com, documents his poetry life.

I Want to Remember

I want to remember
the two lone tulips
with their pink folds so soft,
leaning into each other
cheek to cheek.
When I looked
this morning,
they were gone,
nibbled down to the ground.



With her retirement from teaching and the pandemic coinciding, **Angela Hoffman** took to writing poetry. Her poetry has been widely published. Angela's collections include *Hold the Contraries*, *Olly Olly Oxen Free* (nominated for the Eric Hoffer Book Award), and *Resurrection Lily* (Kelsay Books). She lives in Wisconsin.

EXTINCT CORNERS

spare time as a way to
pass counting decoys
before carrying them
in a canvas duffel and
dumping them into the
boat what is that note
of wooden ducks
dropping into a skiff
under heavy cloth
what marsh sound as
dogs and guns to
reason a stand in
murky water not to
watch birds but to
move oneself thru
coldass morning



Paul Klinger studied poetry in the MFA Program at the University of Arizona, where he first encountered Lorine Niedecker's work. His books include *Mouth Piece* (LRL Textile Series, 2015) and *Rubble Paper, Paper Rubble* (Further Other Book Works, 2013). Klinger lives in Houston, Texas, and works at the University of Houston Law Center.

The Chinese Would Say This Is the Beginning of an Auspicious Day

The fish splashing disturbs
the surface of the pond
and distorts reflections
of trees I cannot name.
I could call them *beech* or *oak*,
but detail is not as important
as truth when the new sun
illuminates water lilies
and each yellow bud pushes
against a cage of rigid leaves.
A large bird purposefully
flies toward me.
When it is almost overhead,
I see its coloration
and recognize an osprey.
With steadiness
of wingbeat and glide,
it disappears behind the trees
and enters this new day.
I was born at dawn.



Joan Wiese Johannes's fifth poetry collection, *Lamenting My Failure to Learn How to Tap Dance*, was released in 2023 by Water's Edge Press. She has won contests sponsored by the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets and the Midwest Writing Center and co-edited the 2012 *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar* with her poet husband Jeffrey.

Kindertransport

She clawed the garden bed,
seeded rows of glory,
covered them with chapped hands
and forearms that were only marked
with mud, not numbers.
She prayed her knees
would lift as they had
for 98 years.

As she posed the wild bouquet
in a crystal Czech vase,
the hark of a nearby train
sent heat to her ancient limbs,
provoking memories
locked in her cells.

Mama made the smock she wore
on the transport to a temporary,
then permanent family.
Remembering the curdled air
from so many children
packed with fear,
still made her gasp.

There was the promise of reunion
in the eyes of her father
standing on the platform.
She stretched for him
at the window's edge,
but her arms would never be
long enough.

Welcomed back to her farm
by the whistle of tea
on the warm summer day,
she looked down at her fists,
and conceded silent victory.

(in honor of Sir Nicolas Winton)



Timeless Tree

long linear
storm scarred

stubborn, deep-rooted
& tough

weighty trunk
gnarled in stories

decades of birdsong
& wild leaf chatter

old budding mentor
bows to my shaky eye

as I too slowly bend & stretch
my bony fingers

down the calendar
marking this windy spring day



Mary Wehner is a painter and poet who lives on the waters of Lake Winnebago in Fond du Lac and cherishes the company of birds and nature in her environment.

Carrie Voigt Schonhoff, poet and author of *The Liminal Space* and *The End of the Beginning*, captures the spirit of her native Wisconsin while encapsulating the growth of her life's journey and exciting next chapter. Her work will pull at the heartstrings of those that continue to face challenges but never stop dreaming. Carrie is currently working on her third poetry book and looks forward to sharing her poems with the world through upcoming residency programs, book signing events and festivals.

Simple acts

The party is tomorrow
and my slacks need ironing.
The crease has gone soft
like the body that will wear them.

I could wear them as they are.
I could have sent them out.
I chose to iron them myself.
Ironing them not out of vanity,
but out of respect for them
as a symbol of “mine.”

My fingers fixed the crease
then felt the singe of the iron’s all ready.
There is a calming rhythm,
pressing back and forth,
watching wrinkles melt away.
There is a pleasurable scent of hot on cotton
in the air, the slacks, my fingers.

There is a satisfaction
in the simplicity of this act,
in accomplishment from repetition.
In the awareness
that important things
are made of things less so.



Ex-finance director **Stan Winarski** of Germantown, Wisconsin, finally escaped the world of formulas and cash flow projections in 2022, trading them for the deepening joy of writing poetry. His greatest sources of inspiration are nature, late-night worrying, and simple acts of living. When not reading or writing, Stan and wife Mary Kay enjoy their newfound freedom camping and traveling.

Mesmerized

kayaking shallows by first light of dawn
a dragonfly hovers over the bow
metallic green darner dazzles in sunlight,
a Bambi born in the night lies hidden
from inland reach on shoreline ledge
camouflaged in the dappled light
of the overhanging pine boughs,
in still water kayak slips along shore;
turtle head pokes through surface
forming rings of an echoing breath,
in mesmerizing magic the dawn breaks

a soft breeze mixes night into fullness of day



Patricia Carney Cudahy, Wisconsin, lives and writes along the shores of Lake Michigan, taking mystic cues from the muse of the lake. Her poems are published throughout the Midwest, including her latest chapbook, *A Kayak is My Church Pew*, Kelsay Press, 2021. Memberships include WFOP and South Shore Poets.



News & Events

Friends of Lorine Niedecker extend an invitation to explore.

Events

North Central

This biannual series, spring and fall, provides a space to gather and hear living poets who connect in various ways to the poetry of Lorine Niedecker. Past readings can be heard at <https://lorineniedecker.org/events/category/poetry-readings/north-central-reading-series/> click on the title to find the link.

Hear the Solitary Plover

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker will host a reading by the poets published in the Summer 2024 Solitary Plover. Poets will read their work that was published and share a favorite poem of Niedecker's.

Topic: The Solitary Plover / FoLN Reading

Time: Aug 8, 2024 06:30 PM

Central Time (US and Canada)

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81761798711>

Meeting ID: 817 6179 8711

Lorine Niedecker Lecture

This is a new opportunity to hear invited researchers and scholars speak to aspects of Lorine Niedecker's poetry.

Dates for these events and news will be posted on our website and emailed to a new mailing list. Occasional emails only! Sign up at <http://tinyurl.com/niedecker>

News

Post 45 Contemporaries

This online journal publishes high quality, field-shaping work on any aspect of American literature and culture since the mid-twentieth century.

This link will take you to a group of essays on Lorine Niedecker and a set of poems inflected by her work. Enjoy!

<https://post45.org/sections/contemporaries-essays/niedecker/>

We have established a new email list to send occasional updates about Niedecker and FoLN-related news and events. Sign up at tinyurl.com/niedecker We hope to hear from you.

Requests

If you are receiving a paper copy of the Solitary Plover please consider sharing this with another reader when you are finished.

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.

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Editor: Amy Lutzke

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Editorial Assistant: Peggy Turnbull

contact@lorineniedecker.org | lorineniedecker.org

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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

