



Friends of  
Lorine Niedecker

Issue #33  
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*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”*

*I was the solitary plover...*



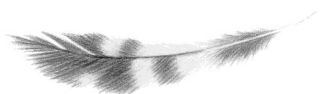
Haiku titles from Lorine's personal library.

### Lorine Niedecker's Haiku Library

The text of Peter Pavelich's talk from the 2017 Lorine Niedecker Poetry Festival, "Niedecker's Library," published in *Solitary Plover* #32, Summer 2020, made passing references to haiku that intrigued me. Most significantly, Pavelich quotes a letter to Cid Corman dated February 18, 1962 referring to a Corman book, in which she says it's a "lovely little book," and that "I've had nothing affect me quite so much since I discovered haiku." She then lists books that have found their way into her "special cupboard" for revered books, mentioning haiku as being among those books.

This got me wondering which other haiku-related books Niedecker had in her library. In response to my query, Amy

Lutzke (assistant director of the Dwight Foster Public Library in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin) sent me to the "Printable list of books from Lorine's library," a bibliography of Niedecker's library compiled by Margot Peters. As Peters notes in the document, "This Bibliography is corrected, expanded, and revised from original Dwight Foster Library entries made upon receiving Lorine Niedecker's personal library after her death in 1970. —Margot Peters, June 2013." Given the year that Niedecker died, it is perhaps surprising that she did not have at least some of the other prominent haiku books of the time, such as R. H. Blyth's seminal four-volume *Haiku* (Hokuseido Press, 1949–1952), Kenneth Yasuda's *The Japanese Haiku*



(Tuttle, 1957), or Harold G. Henderson's *Haiku in English* (Japan Society, 1965; Tuttle, 1967). In addition, she seemingly had no knowledge of *American Haiku*, edited by James Bull and Donald Eulert, the first English-language journal of haiku that was published from 1963 to 1968 in Platteville, Wisconsin, just a hundred miles away from her home near Fort Atkinson. Perhaps I am simply not aware of her knowledge of this publication, and other haiku books, and thus my thoughts that follow are at best preliminary.

Indeed, for the moment I am leaving out most research I might do in Niedecker's biographies and her letters with Cid Corman and Louis Zukofsky, such as when Corman is quoted in R. Virgil Ellis's foreword to John Lehman's tribute book, saying "Her haiku-like brief poems are as fine as any short poems of our or any time" (12–13) or when, in the same book, Niedecker says "Japanese influence, of course. Ever felt it? I am perhaps ending with that influence. Perhaps everyone should begin with it" (13). So, there is much more to be said about the role of haiku in Niedecker's life and writing.

We also cannot be certain that Niedecker read all the books in her library, but surely she read her beloved haiku books. It is possible that additional haiku books may be lost or unrecorded, but the following is an extract of all the haiku books listed in the Peters bibliography, together with my commentary. Though somewhat few in number, the haiku books in Lorine Niedecker's personal library can be seen to contribute to the image-driven impulses in her own poetry, perhaps even replacing their earlier abstractions, each haiku also being a poem of place. Here are Niedecker's known haiku books, as listed in the Peters bibliography:

Bashō. *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*, trans. Nobuyuki Yuasa. Baltimore: Penguin, 1966.

Henderson, Harold G., trans. *An Introduction to Haiku*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1958.

*Japanese Haiku, Series III: Cherry Blossoms*. Mount Vernon, New York: Peter Pauper Press, 1960.

Rexroth, Kenneth. *One Hundred Poems from the Japanese*. New York: Charles E. Tuttle, n.d. [actually, 1955]

Stewart, Harold, trans. *A Net of Fireflies: Anthology of 320 Japanese Haiku*. Rutland, Vermont and Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle, 1960.

These publications, in the late 1960s, would give any burgeoning haiku student useful basics for haiku. Yuasa's translations presented haiku in four lines, and Harold Stewart's versions present haiku in rhyming couplets, with titles, so Niedecker would have seen a fundamental uncertainty at the time for how haiku should be presented, though she wrote her brand of haiku in the late 1950s before most of these books were published. Henderson's *An Introduction to Haiku* also used rhyme and titles, but in three-line offerings. While Henderson's book focuses on Japanese haiku, it provides a useful sweep of the genre's history, but it's a shame that Niedecker seemingly didn't also have Henderson's *Haiku in English* booklet of either 1965 or 1967 (two different publishers) to extend her knowledge and connect her with early haiku activity in the United States (the Haiku Society of America, for example, was founded in New York City in 1968). It's also interesting that she had one of the Peter Pauper Press haiku collections, but apparently none of the other three (all four with translations by Peter Beilenson and Harry Behn, but uncredited until the fourth volume). These collections were exceedingly popular in the 1960s, in the wake of Beat poetry and its embrace of haiku. They served more as gift books, with Japoneseque illustrations, presenting all the poems in four lines, and in all capitals, which may not have served the genre well. Rexroth's collection consists almost entirely of waka poems (now called tanka), a precursor to haiku that hewed in Japanese to a 5-7-5-7-7 pattern of sounds, not to be confused with syllables (thus giving Niedecker a larger context for Japanese poetry than just haiku), but the book ends with a selection of twelve haiku in free-form translation that are closer to what is standard for haiku in English (and in translation)

# for a wing-bone

today. Rexroth's versions, though far fewer in number, are at most times more effective than those in Stewart's collection and in the Peter Pauper Press collection.

The following books from Niedecker's library may also be relevant to her appreciation of haiku, at least tangentially:

- Brooks, Van Wyck. *Fenollosa and His Circle*. New York: Dutton, 1962.
- Cage, John. *Silence*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press, 1961.
- Corman, Cid. *All in All*. Kyoto, Japan: Origin Press, 1964.
- . *Plight*. New Rochelle, New York: Elizabeth Press, 1968.
- Eigner, Larry. *Another Time in Fragments*. London: Fulcrum Press, 1967.
- Lao-Tzu. *The Book of Tao*, trans. Frank J. MacHovec. Mount Vernon, New York: Peter Piper [sic; should be "Pauper"] Press, 1962.
- Lao-Tzu. *The Way of Life: Wisdom of Ancient China*, trans. R. B. Blakney. New York: New American Library, 1955.
- Lin Yu-T'ang, ed. *The Wisdom of China and India*. New York: Random House, 1942.
- Merton, Thomas. *Raids on the Unspeakable*. New York: New Directions, 1964.
- . *The Way of Chuang Tzu*. New York: New Directions, 1965.
- Sappho. *The Love Songs*, trans. Paul Roche. New York: New American Library, 1966.
- . *Lyrics in the Original Greek*, with translations by William Barnstone. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1965.
- . *Sappho: A New Translation* by Mary Barnard. Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 1958.
- Snyder, Gary. *A Range of Poems*. London: Fulcrum Press, 1966.

Waley, Arthur. *Madly Singing in the Mountains*, ed. Ivan Morris. New York: Walker & Co., 1970.

Watts, Alan W. *The Way of Zen*. New York: New American Library, 1959.

Fenollosa, of course, influenced Pound and the early development of Imagism, which itself was heavily influenced by haiku. John Cage had read Blyth and wrote various compositions titled "Haiku," "Renga" (a linked poetic form from which haiku derived), and other pieces influenced by Japanese poetry and aesthetics. And of course, the "silence" that Cage promoted (especially in his completely silent 4'33" composition of 1952) is an important part of the unsaid aspect of haiku—its spirit of suggestion and implication. As Romanian Nobel prizewinner Herta Müller has said, "Silence is also a form of speaking." Indeed, Phyllis Walsh noted in the last paragraph of her brief tribute to Niedecker, *Lorine Niedecker: Solitary Plover* (La Crosse, Wisconsin: Juniper Press, 1992), "To the end she values the silence she sought throughout her life" (46).

It is surprising that the Niedecker bibliography lists only two Corman books. Corman's own translation of Bashō's *Oku no Hoshomichi* (*Back Roads to Far Towns*, a version of which Niedecker had in Yuasa's translation) would come out from Grossman in 1968, and Corman would also publish other books relating directly to haiku, although mostly after Niedecker died in 1970. Yet Niedecker did write about Corman's poetry, even mentioning haiku and silence in relation to his work, such as in a short 1965 essay of hers, "The Poetry of Cid Corman," at <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/niedecker/essay2.html>, published in *Arts in Society* in 1965.

I have not had a chance to read the Eigner book, but the "fragments" in its title hint at haiku, and he wrote many short haiku-like poems, a characteristic that finds echoes in the three Sappho books. From ancient Greece the books swing to ancient China with the two Lao-Tzu books and the philosophy they espouse, as do the Lin Yu-T'ang and Thomas Merton books. Gary Snyder represents Beat poets with his first best-of collection, which

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also included translations of the Japanese novelist and poet Kenji Miyazawa (though not haiku). Snyder's focus on nature would find sympathies with Niedecker. As Niedecker wrote in a letter to Gail Roub on June 20, 1967, quoted in Phyllis Walsh's book on Niedecker, "I am what is around me—these woods have made me" (27). And to conclude, Waley was a prominent early translator of Asian literature, and this book celebrates him and his writings, and Watts too was a promotor of Asian philosophy, briefly mentioning haiku in *The Way of Zen*. Watts was also the final judge of the 1964 Japan Air Lines English-language haiku contest that received 41,000 entries, helping to promote haiku in the United States while Niedecker was still alive. Other books from Niedecker's library might also speak to Japanese cultural, aesthetic, and philosophical influences.

As Lorine Niedecker admirers will know, she left behind a poem titled "Bashō," about Japan's greatest haiku poet, in her 1969 unpublished manuscript, "The Very Veery." The poem appeared in [Lorine Niedecker: Collected Works, edited by Jenny Penberthy \(Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002, 270\)](#):

Bashō

beholds the moon  
in the water

He is full

at the port  
of Tsuruga

Perhaps Niedecker was equally filled, and fulfilled, by haiku poetry. We know, of course (the subject of a separate essay), that she wrote her own five-line haiku, with an indented rhyming line, as indicated by the "In Exchange for Haiku" sections of *T&G: The Collected Poems* (The Jargon Society, 1969) and again in her *The Earth and Its Atmosphere* manuscript of June 1969, which present haiku-like poems, acknowledged by Niedecker

herself. In addition, she may not have read widely about haiku, but haiku held a place in her special cupboard and in her poetics. In the aforementioned critical study of Niedecker, *Lorine Niedecker: Solitary Plover*, Phyllis Walsh quoted a 1968 letter Niedecker wrote to Corman, saying: "I think this is it—the ultimate in poetry. The hard and clear with the mystery of poetry and it's done largely by the words omitted" (8). On the next page Walsh wrote that "Although her life was as lean as her verse, she comes across chiefly as its celebrant," adding that "She was able to find sustenance in the common things around her" (9). These attitudes echo with the here-and-now emphasis of haiku, which Billy Collins has called an "existential gratitude." And of course, Niedecker readers all know her "poet's work" of "condensery," which is the fundamental essence of haiku poetry.

Speaking of Phyllis Walsh, she was a fellow Wisconsin resident also living near Fort Atkinson. In 1990 she would start *Hummingbird* (with the encouragement of Cid Corman), a quarterly journal for short poetry that largely featured haiku in its first two decades, and occasionally featured Niedecker's work. Walsh published her journal out of Richland Center, within a hundred miles of Fort Atkinson. And since 2009, nearby Mineral Point has been home to the annual "Cradle of American Haiku" conferences celebrating haiku—its name also a reference to the *American Haiku* journal that began in 1963 in Platteville, the first haiku journal in English. Wisconsin has indeed been a cradle for American haiku. And while Lorine Niedecker may not have participated prominently in the writing of haiku in English, nor corresponded (to my knowledge) with active haiku poets near where she lived, she was certainly influenced by haiku, and is returning her influence on haiku in English even today. The haiku books in Lorine Niedecker's library are a testament to her appreciation for haiku and its influence upon her.

**Michael Dylan Welch**



# *I must tilt*

## POETRY

### A Start

Six to one: the snow  
falls into  
    its shadow  
all night  
as if light might  
sow a proper ratio

Elizabeth Savage



His gaze level  
like a  
horizon  
blue as  
the harebells  
on the  
mountain

Hanne Bramness

Translated from the Norwegian with Anna  
Reckin



### [by day, by night]

with years un-  
raveling, how

well we mirror  
purple night-

shade bending  
toward the moon

so some warn  
her berries

eaten in day-  
light are

poison, but I say  
either way,

by day, by night,  
scarlet or black

they'll have you  
in a hush too,

down & bending  
to the moon.

Terry Savoie



### *June sketch*

first cool breeze of summer  
too much gin  
too much gin  
open the cellar door  
mulberries under bare feet

down the too-steep stairs

Jacob Riyeff

# upon the pressure

## Daffodil

The new year tips  
its tender cup.

Take slender sips.

## Orion

The silent hero moves through  
a sky filled with stars.

Your heart is the vanishing point.

Kortney Garrison



a sip colder  
waiting room  
coffee

\*

night isn't any darker  
letting old age change the color  
of my hair

\*

signs  
keeping us out  
wildflowers

Gary Hotham



## Feeding in Winter

Under the tractor  
herringbone stitches  
wheeze and crack

boney silhouettes:  
paperdoll cattle,  
moon

Karen Butler



## Root River Bike Ride, Early Spring

Dusk falls the slouching grass  
slight breeze lowers with sunlight  
near the old plank road.

Make river years long ago  
with flood plains and glaciers  
arrowheads and copper tools  
carving the water's path.  
Silence beneath the river bed  
and a glimpse of the new  
mud ground life for the first time  
in months. There is a snow  
pile and a wild turkey drinking  
from the pool it creates. Last  
night I dreamt of flat stones  
and trees trembling suns in  
darkness. Today my ride like  
a flag in the wind and four  
white tailed deer looking for food  
after the water unfrozen and the  
breeze once again upon them.  
One looks up at me as I pass  
waits in stare a clearing with  
sweet assurance. Bare trees  
sing a new song and a blessing  
we feed together, connections  
with spring dawn always veiled.

Tyler Farrell

# *execute and adjust*

## **No Respite**

A fog snuck in,  
as quickly turned  
and left

Too many prickly plants  
raised pins  
to pierce  
its dewy chest—

rose, raspberry,  
thistle, indignant  
cactuses

Fog cowers now  
a block away and  
will not cross  
the fence

It knows we stand  
for Sun and  
Truth,  
disdain the vaporous

Georgia Ressmeyer



## **From Cocodrie Elegy**

take the boards from the attic  
the kiddie pool flushes with leaves  
put sandbags at the threshold  
our clothes rain-heavy  
the sopped boards need putting up  
we match square to square  
ascend descend to from attic  
shutters in position  
just nail them down

\*

canned goods in the pantry  
tarp in the pantry  
shrunk storm shrunken storm  
door with center knob  
sandbags at the doors  
tiny seepages  
the couch propped  
with canned goods  
we hid we prepared by hiding  
out of the sight  
away from windows

Nick Molbert



## **A Slim Shelf of Poetry**

in the library in my town  
it was preschoolers' day  
so the place was noisy  
with cries and coughs  
and shushing mothers

the smiling reference librarian  
bright in blue dress pink glasses  
told me that the poetry was  
at the far end of the long room  
out of sight nearly to the wall

old friends Frost and Longfellow  
looked worn, torn, and yellowed  
new friends Collins and Oliver  
seemed hopeful and waiting  
for the rest of us to join them

Elizabeth Harmatys Park

# *In us sea-air rhythm*

## **In the Condensery**

Lorine Neidecker wrote about water,  
How it buckled the wooden floor  
Of their cottage in Wisconsin--  
On Blackhawk Island, to be  
Precise, as she was, her father  
A carp fisherman, her mother going  
Deaf, presumably inattentive,  
Providing the girl with many  
Silent hours to condense the  
Things she saw into "milk,"  
"Fish," broad generic words  
Which could suffice for the  
Watery green of her girlhood,  
No names necessary. As she grew  
She saw her trade as working  
In a "condensery," which was  
Her word for where she would  
Silently boil and sweeten  
Her given pint of language  
And condense her father's catch.

David M. Katz



## **Prelude**

when the sky herself  
reaches for darkness  
and the river's roar  
begs silence  
silent I lay this burden down  
blow out the last small flame  
remember heavens lit  
songs of irreverent angels  
dream of the coming storm

## **Mystery**

at the library  
flowers pressed  
between yellowed pages  
a note scrawled in faded ink  
Wednesday river 2 pm  
I know they met  
but was the answer  
yes?

## **Note**

what color are the peppers this week  
the avocado you gave me last Friday  
was delicious, just right, I ate it  
with my lunch and do you  
think you could find  
me another one  
just that ripe  
and you remind me of my daughter  
except you're taller and how do you  
stay so slim your mother was as  
well I remember and do you  
work tomorrow? no? then  
I will stop by today  
for another  
avocado  
just  
that  
ripe

Khadijah Lacina





# "We live by the urgent wave"

## Trilogy for My Brother

August  
(Sunday Morning E-Mail)

I heard the knock of my heart when I read your email this morning. Heard it as the words *jaundice* and *bilirubin*, as the phrases *teaching hospital*, *palpable mass*, *special MRI* registered in my brain. Heard it when full sentences began to come clear – *They've scheduled more tests tomorrow. We'll know more then.* I heard the knock of my heart at all the things you left unsaid as well. How you've always hated hospitals – the sharp antiseptic smells, the squeak of equipment carts in fluorescent lit hallways, cheerful aids with trays of food that no one seems to eat. And everything white – walls and bedsheets and white-coated strangers poking at frightened bodies. I heard the knock of my heart this morning. I hear it still. It keeps getting louder.

September  
(Visit)

Somehow I knew what not to say – anything about the coming holidays, about next summer, about even next week. Talking about tomorrow was probably ok – maybe even the day after. I knew what *not* to say, but not what *to* say. You were so calm. Your Buddha sitting on the table next to you, your favorite books nearby, the hospice bed positioned so you could see the day break, follow flocks of birds riding the wind, watch the Cincinnati skyline glow in the night. You led our conversation, your sense of humor intact, your love for wife, children, grandchildren, all the family, your deep connection to the bigger human family, your unfailing kindness, there for me to see. For anyone to see. We sat quietly most of the time. Watched the flocks of birds in flight. Watched the city skyline come to life after dark.

October  
(Covid Funeral)

We walk into my brother's funeral at 9:30 a.m., properly attired in black slacks, dark sweaters, dress shoes. We walk into the funeral through Facebook and Zoom and try to determine which one has better video, which one has better sound. The sound sucks on both platforms – the service held in a cavernous chapel in Cincinnati – the mask-muted voices of loved ones lost to hard surfaces and its high ceiling. Facebook has better video, so we settle into that virtual world, sink into our couch at home in Wisconsin in the real one. The music can be heard, and it is good – the family blessed with accomplished guitarists and sweet strong voices sharing songs my brother loved – *Let It Be* and a classical rendition of *House of the Rising Sun*. We can't hear the eulogy given by my brother's brave wife, the tributes of the few family and friends scattered throughout the chapel, standing one by one to tell the stories of my brother's life, to honor his quiet impact on everyone he met. We can't hear all those beautiful words. All we can do is watch.

Jean Preston



# The Solitary Plover

## Always Stop To Fill Your Pockets With Stones

You've been walked on,  
passed over,  
kicked about,  
thrown.  
Yet there are those of us who stop and notice.  
Some rough around the edges,  
others worn and smooth,  
or multifaceted,  
even those that have become a heart.  
We pick you up, pocket you,  
take you to our homes,  
put you on a proud display.  
What is it for us?  
Your solidness fits in our hand.  
Unbreakable,  
you show up in all places.  
You break through the dark earth,  
you offer delight, and-  
you make us stop and pay attention!

Angela Hoffman



## Press Before Eating

*Gyo Taku – fish rubbing*

Slippery body  
holds sumi ink

released

when pressed  
to rice paper,

detail of scale and fin preserved  
- eye an unseeing marble.

Then washed  
and cooked.

Mary Rowin

## Nigeria

I check my spam filter  
at least once a day  
looking for that errant email  
I actually want  
amid the Viagra discounts  
and untold riches promised me  
from Nigeria  
Not even there do I find a message from you,  
as if you could write from the grave.  
But I keep catching myself, looking.

Michael Dylan Welch



## Aquarium Head

to stand by the poem — flightjoy of being,  
despite acute anxiety, I will, I just must.

Lost among open mic props, blinding lights,  
wrestle with long-legged stool how did I end up with

my back to the audience? swing into an about face &  
embouchure air into poem to microphone, it's

all wrong. Ok to fumble but *Just Read* the poem —  
you're its only voice.

Barely begun, the host bellows "Speak into the Microphone."  
Didn't know I hadn't, and so I descend, gurgle-gurgling

aquarium head. Underwater, slow motion, contorted vowels,  
c o n – sontatas the minnows that dart away too quickly and

poem over. Breughel's Icarus flailing upside down  
while the rest of the world goes about its commerce.

Donna Fleischer

# The Solitary Plover

## Contributors

**Hanne Bramness** (b. 1959) is a Norwegian poet and children's book writer, translator and editor. She published her first poetry in English in the early eighties, and has since written seventeen books of poetry in Norwegian including six for children and young people. Her latest poetry collections are *Fra håpets historie* (From the History of Hope, 2017) and *Håpet bygger huset* (Hope Builds the House, 2018) which will soon appear in English as *On Hope*, translated by Anna Reckin who has also translated her latest book of poems for young people *Winter Kitchens, 2020*.

**K.E. Butler** milked cows for fourteen years and has been a beef producer for ten. She lives on a farm in Carroll County, Maryland, and teaches in Baltimore County.

**Tyler Farrell** has published three books with Salmon Poetry: *Tethered to the Earth* (2008), *The Land of Give and Take* (2012), and *Stichomythia* (2018); and has contributed a biographical essay on James Liddy for Liddy's *Selected Poems* (Arlen House, 2011). Farrell has also published essays, reviews, and poems in many periodicals and anthologies and is currently a Visiting Assistant Professor at Marquette University where he teaches poetry, drama, film, writing, and literature. Farrell also travels to Black Hawk Island twice a year to write poems in the presence of the ghost of Lorine Niedecker.

**Donna Fleischer's** fourth chapbook is *< Periodic Earth >*. Her poems are in literary journals and anthologies worldwide, including *A Vast Sky*, *Autumn Moon*, *Blōō Outlier Journal*, *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Kō*, *Modern Haiku*, *otata*, *Otoliths*, *Poets for Living Waters*, *Presence*, *Spiral Orb*, *Marsh Hawk Press Review*, and *The End of the World Project*. Donna lives with her spouse and dog friend on a spiny trap rock mountain ridge in northern Connecticut.

**Kortney Garrison** lives with her family in the Pacific Northwest. Her poems have appeared in *Creative Countryside*, *Hummingbird*, and *Warming Station Poems*.

**Angela Hoffman** retired in 2019 after 25 years in teaching and was not quite through her first year when the pandemic hit. Time at home offered the perfect breeding ground for self-reflection and journaling. She was inspired to write her first poems after taking an online poetry workshop. Poetry offered a way for her to anchor her thoughts and feelings. She set a goal to write a poem every day for one year and will soon meet that goal. She grew up in Jefferson, WI where she continues to live.

**Gary Hotham** currently lives in Maryland. He has had a number of chapbooks published since his first: *Without the Mountains* in 1976 with his most recent, *23*, in 2019. Also larger collections of his haiku: *Breath Marks: Haiku to Read in the Dark* (1999); *Spilled Milk: Haiku Destinies* (2010); *Nothing More Happens in the 20th Century* (2011); and *Stone's Throw: Promises of Mere Words* (2016). Two of last year's chapbooks received awards: *23* published by Longhouse received an honorable mention in the Haiku Canada Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards for 2020 and *Rightsizing the Universe: Haiku Theory* published by Yiqralo Press received an honorable mention in the The Touchstone Distinguished Books Awards for 2019. His latest chapbook is: *Park Bench Memories: Haiku Tailwinds*.

**David Katz** is the author of four books of poetry, this year's *In Praise of Manhattan, Stanzas on Oz* (2015), and *Claims of Home* (2011), all published by Dos Madres Press, and *The Warrior in the Forest*, published by House of Keys Press in 1982. Poems of mine have appeared in *Poetry*, *The Paris Review*, *The Hudson Review*, *PN Review* (UK), *The Cortland Review*, and elsewhere. I'm the founder and editor of *The David M. Katz Poetry Blog* ([davidmkatzpoet.com](http://davidmkatzpoet.com)).

**Khadijah Lacina** grew up in Wisconsin's Kickapoo Valley. She and her family lived in Yemen for ten years, until stirrings of war brought them back to the US. Now, with her children and various animals, she lives on a homestead in the Driftless. Her poems have appeared in *Otata*, *Solitary Plover*, *SWIMM*, *Three Drops in a Cauldron*, *Nixes Mate*, *Sunflower Collective*, and others. *A Slice of Sunshine: The Poetry of Colors* was published in 2012, and her chapbooks *Nightrunning* and *Under the Sky* were both published by Facqueesol Books in 2018. Her book *Go Wolf Hunter* is forthcoming from Pork Belly Press.

Originally from Louisiana's Gulf Coast, **Nicholas Molbert** now lives and writes in Cincinnati. His chapbook, *Goodness Gracious*, won Foundlings Press's 2018 Wallace Award. His work has been supported by the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign and the University of Cincinnati. You can find his work in *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *DIAGRAM*, *Mississippi Review*, *Missouri Review*, *Ninth Letter*, and *Pleiades* among others.

# The Solitary Plover

**Elizabeth Harmatys Park** writes with Authors Echo in Burlington, WI. She has received the Wisconsin Writers Association Jade Ring First Prize in poetry and the 2020 NEW Feathers Award; her poems have been published in journals and anthologies.

**Jean Preston** holds a B.A. from Carthage College and an M.F.A. in creative writing/poetry from the University of Southern Maine's Stonecoast Writing Program. Jean was the 2014-2015 Poet Laureate of Kenosha, Wisconsin, and is the author of two poetry collections, *All the Queen's Horses* and *Like a Small Bird Soaring*, a chapbook, *Sixteen Mothers*, a photo journal, *Tete's Story*, and a children's book, *Banner and the Butterfly*.

**Anna Reckin** is a writer, editor and translator based in Norwich, England. See [www.annareckin.com](http://www.annareckin.com)

**Georgia Ressimeyer**, twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize in poetry, has published three books, the most recent of which is *Home/Body*. Her poetry has received awards from the Council for Wisconsin Writers, Wisconsin People & Ideas, the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, The Washington Island Literary Festival, Peninsula Pulse and others. Please see [georgiaressmeyer.com](http://georgiaressmeyer.com) for more information

**Jacob Rieff** is a translator, teacher, and poet. His work focuses on the western contemplative tradition and the natural world. Jacob lives in Milwaukee, WI with his wife and three children, not far from the statue of Robert Burns that Lorine Niedecker wrote of in "The park 'a darling walk for the mind."

**Mary C. Rowin's** poetry has appeared in a variety of publications. Nominated for a Pushcart, Mary's poetry awards include prizes from The Nebraska Writers Guild, and *Journal from the Heartland*.

**Elizabeth Savage** is poetry editor for *Kestrel: A Journal of Literature & Art*. Other poems appear most recently in *Court Green*, *Hotel Amerika*, and *Shenandoah*.

As well as having poems in a previous *Solitary Plover*, **Terry Savoie** had more than four hundred others published over the past four decades. These include ones in *APR*, *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *North American Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *American Journal of Poetry* and *The Iowa Review* as well as in recent or forthcoming issues of *North Dakota Quarterly*, *One, America*, *Chiron Review* and *Tar River Poetry*. A selection, "Reading Sunday," won the Bright Hill Chapbook Competition published in 2018.

**Michael Dylan Welch** has had his poetry performed for the Empress of Japan and at the Baseball Hall of Fame, printed on balloons and chiseled into stone. He is president of the Redmond Association of Spokenword, curates Soul-Food Poetry Night, and is founder of National Haiku Writing Month ([www.nahaiwrimo.com](http://www.nahaiwrimo.com)). You can learn about his many books, and read his poems, essays, and reviews (published in hundreds of journals and anthologies in at least twenty languages) at his website, [www.graceguts.com](http://www.graceguts.com).

## NOTES

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker maintain the website [lorineniedecker.org](http://lorineniedecker.org).

This site exists to share information about Lorine, to share events and programs about her, and to provide researchers with a starting place for their research.

There are a variety of types of information in the Searchable Database. These include:

- Books from Lorine's library including marginalia
- Citations for articles and dissertations about Lorine
- Reviews of Lorine's work
- Direct links to the small, handmade books from the digitized archive.

Under the Research menu there is also a fabulous finding aid called "What Is Available." This document was developed by Steel Wagstaff of the Friends and lists the various archives and research locations that hold materials related to Lorine.

For assistance in using this database or finding any other information on the website contact:

Amy Lutzke

Assistant Director

Dwight Foster Public Library

[alutzke@fortlibrary.org](mailto:alutzke@fortlibrary.org)

(920) 563-779

# The Solitary Plover

AND FINALLY...



Thanks to Dan Bellini, for visiting the Lorine Niedecker cabin this summer and created this sketch. We think it captures the spirit of Blackhawk Island and Lorine's place in it. Thank you to Ken and Cathy Gans for forwarding it to us.

*The Solitary Plover*

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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.

Donations are always welcome and are fully tax-deductible.

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

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