

These Ways We Practice *Minobimaadiziwin*

Here, too, we study the palest sketches of beauty:  
trace each toe of animal tracks, touch water marks  
on ancient ledge rock,

watch pollen color June lakes golden, then sepia,  
whisper to each helicopter seed pod that lifts  
on Minnesota winds.

Kimberly Blaeser

Buffalo mirage—  
The limestone bluffs get up and  
Shake their shaggy manes!

Michael William Doyle

Cast with grace  
And etched in silence,  
Each moment harbors  
An eternal glance,  
As imagination  
Encircles the world.

Dan Eastman

Sky defines flat land  
except in corn fields  
where towering stalks  
guzzle water and leave  
cracked cement earth.  
Wave your way out between  
cutting-edged leaves,  
snagging thistles,  
stumbling stones,  
to return to safe prairie.  
Only sky surrounds you.

Nancy Kay Peterson

Petrichor memories pull me in  
reminding me what it's like to begin again  
and I let the falling rain envelop me.  
I am free.  
So beautiful.  
So serene.  
Neverland was a dream.

Sabrina Schlichting

mwmf haiku

drums guitars vocals  
reverberate off brick walls  
downtown comes alive

Lucas Stangl

it's like we found  
the beginning again  
lying there  
in the dew grass  
two kids  
out beyond themselves  
making no excuses  
for what we'd become

Parker Forsell

Mother

Rhythm of rocker,  
wicker chair,  
comforting creak  
on hardwood floor,  
bygone yawn of  
sleeping babe  
who need cry in the night  
no more.

Steve Schild

it's morning in Winona  
and somewhere east of here  
a baker drops a donut  
into hot lard  
and somewhere west of here  
an eagle dips  
over the spillway  
looking for breakfast  
and here you are—  
right here, bravely moving  
into the day

Marcia Ratliff

Botany 101

For an hour  
I sat  
beside a plant.  
It soaked up photons.  
Spit out oxygen.  
All so indifferent  
to my watching.

Jerome Christenson