

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