

PHOTO COURTESY OF RODNEY NELSON

Rodney Nelson's work began appearing in mainstream journals long ago. See his page in the Poets & Writers directory at http://www.pw.org/content/rodney_nelson. He has lived in various parts of the country, working as a licensed psychiatric technician and copy editor, and now resides in the northern Great Plains. Recently published chapbook and book titles are Canyon, Late & Later, Metacowboy (<https://cowboypoetrypress.com/2012/07/06/metacowboy-poems-by-rodney-nelson>), The Western Wide (<https://threwlinebooks.wordpress.com>), Mogollon Picnic and Ahead of Evening, (both from Red Dashboard Press, <http://cms.reddashboard.com>), Hill of Better Sleep (<https://www.red-birdchapbooks.com/content/rodney-nelson>), In Wait (Mind Bomb Press; <https://www.amazon.com/Wait-Rodney-Nelson/dp/0984084274>), as well as Felton Prairie, Cross Point Road, Billy Boy, Winter in Fargo, Hjemkomst, Time Tacit, and Minded Places (all from Middle Island Press; <https://poeticaplace.wordpress.com/middle-island-press/rodney-nelson>).

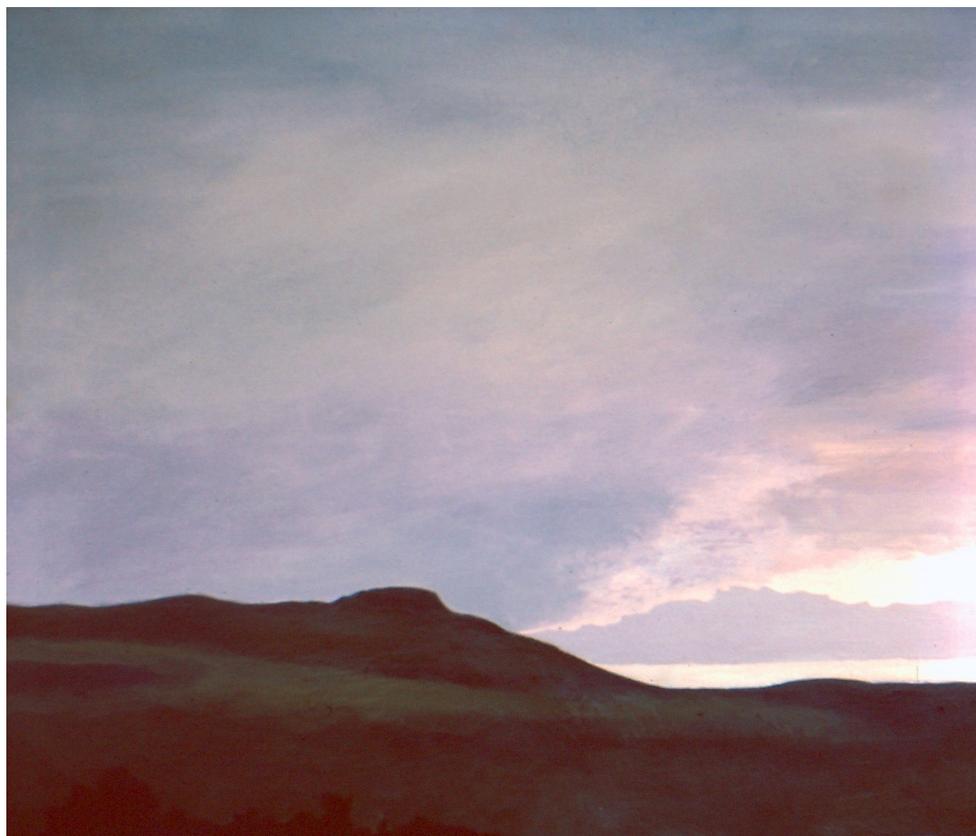
Two poems

BY RODNEY NELSON

MAPLE CREEK CROSSING

in winter the horizon would take and hold the eye
but now in June the fore and middle ground are focal
and it is not so much the look of the woods around
the creek as the turning at siesta time to look
that would have the mind dismounting and reclining on
the rich kept lawn and open to the recital of
a mockingbird near the marker

beyond are white smoke
of ditch fire and brown and tan dust from fieldwork and
the road but here in immediate heat we read of
American cavalrymen and trappers that crossed
and rode on to one more important site or other
where they would rally to find a pose in history



“STORM IN THE FLINT HILLS,” ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 24” X 30,” BY JANE PRONKO, 1975

A JUNE WEATHER

in the darkening a straight wind out of southwest got violent on the prairie, nothing to hinder it but a town or grove, and younger trees bent deep, not cracking, losing no leaf, seemed to be joining in, bearing guidons for it, and at the window I read lines in an old book

Men med vildare Stød

falder Stormen paa

Frithiofs Saga by Esaias Tegnér, the Danish translation, a copy someone had brought along to read and reread during settlement of a Dakota of tornado and blizzard, the language could not go on however, would not have done where weather broke into columbarian serenity and did not arise from unquiet sea movement, now the book was mine along with a memory of one that had read aloud, of a voice wanting Frithiof’s northern gods to have been, to ignore the others or none directing the wind in this broad wilder place

But with wilder Thrusts
the Storm comes down