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Paeon to place. August, 1969

Niedecker, Lorine

[s.l.]: [s.n.], August, 1969

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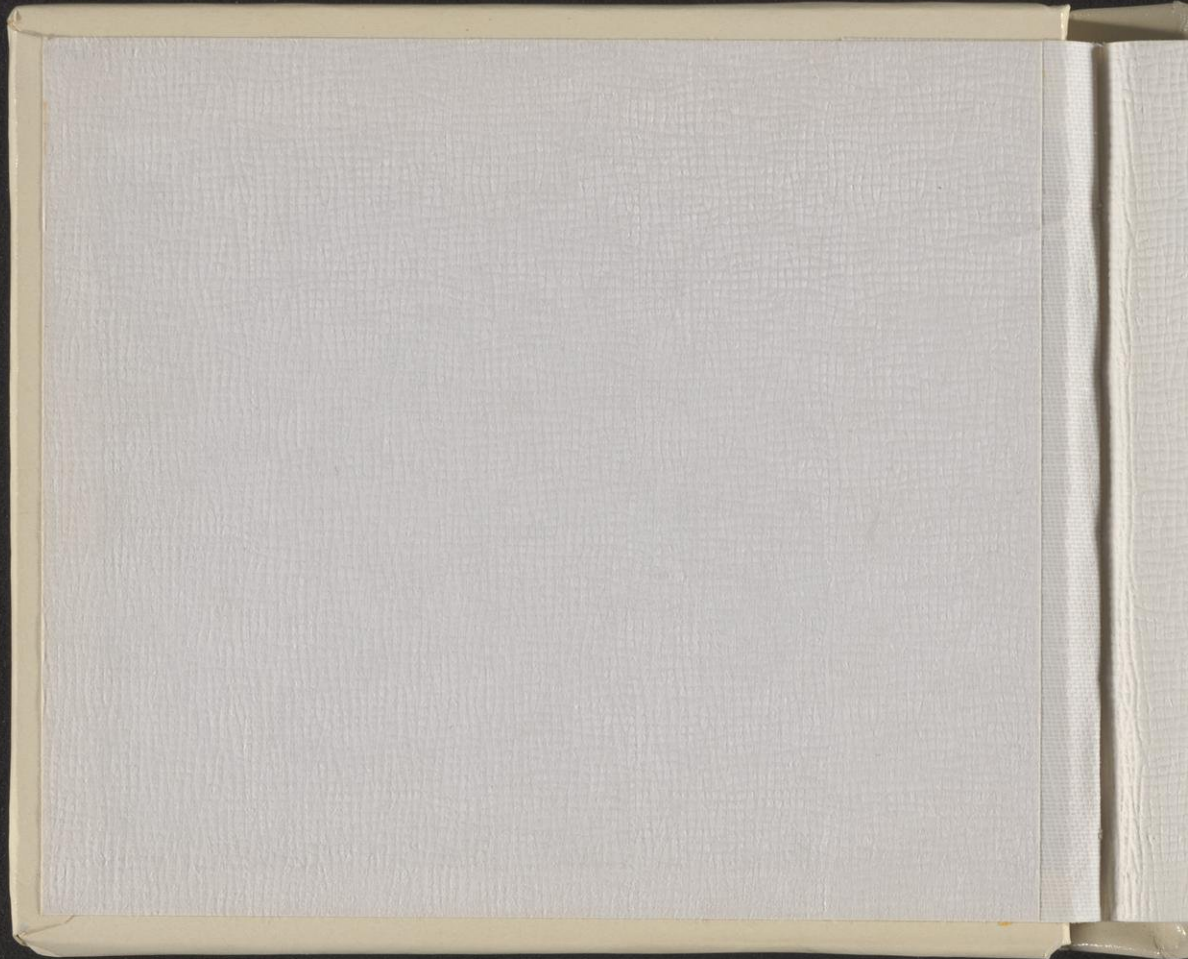
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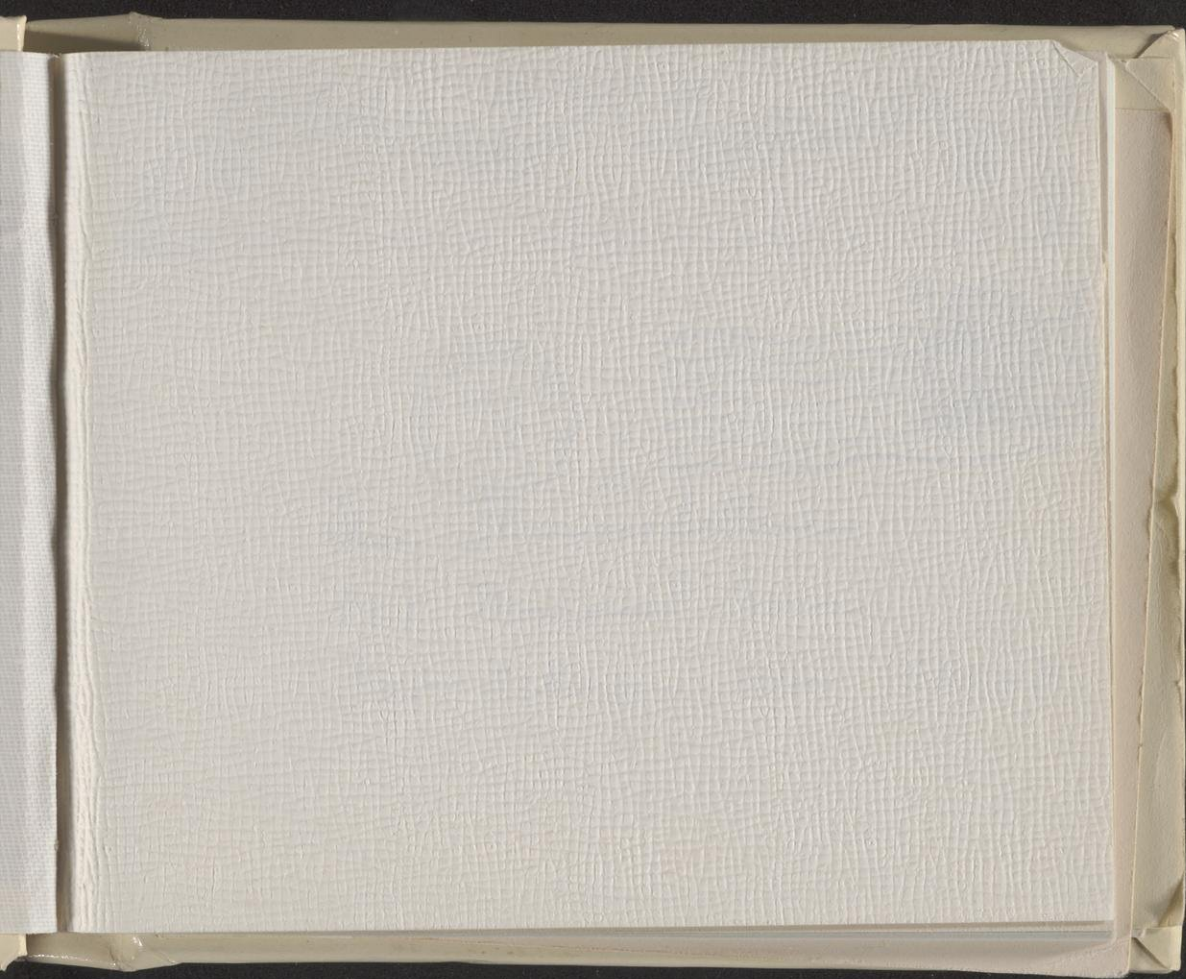
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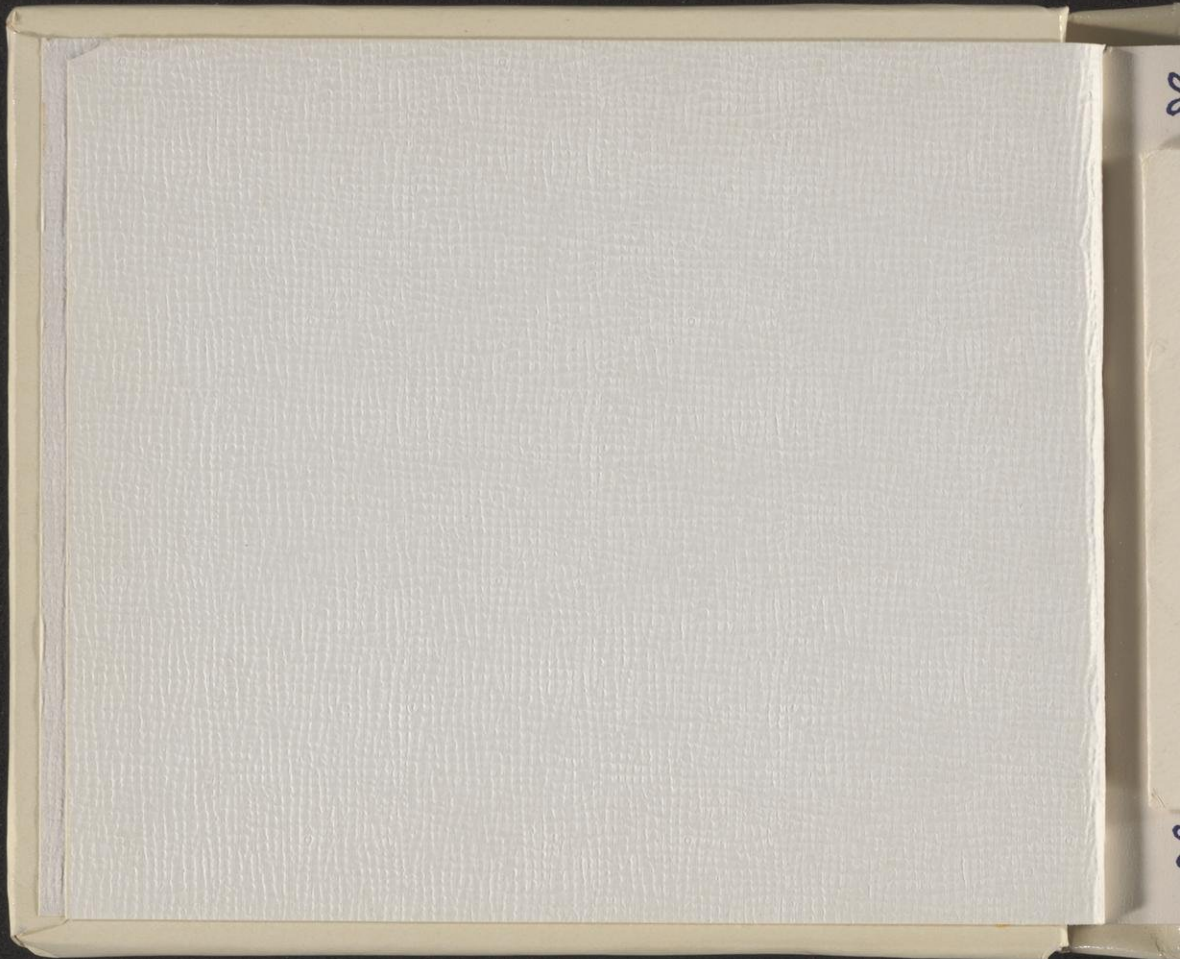
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Autographs-









Miss Florence Dollase
421 Memorial Drive
Fort Atkinson, Wis. 53538

Florence: Where is Memorial
Drive ??

Dear Florence :

Wonderful to get your
card — I didn't see the Union
story but I take it it was
the same that had appeared in
the Milwaukee Journal. I thank
you so much. I'm so sorry I
haven't any more copies ^{of the book} at
hand but mailing today a
hand-written longish poem which is
a kind of ^{In}Memoriam of my father
and mother and the place I've
never seemed to really get away
from. (Reviewers esp. in
England confuse Lake Superior

2/
with L. Koshkonoq - Rock River - but
I love both and all waters [ex-
cept when they come into my house]

Paean comes out in a
periodical connected with
New York State University -
two months or next. Also will be
the finishing poem in forth-
coming London book of Collected.

Wd. like to see it in print in a
little book all by itself - a Japanese
publisher wants to do it, but
it is "owned" by the London man.
All my poems are copyrighted
by me but I sometimes don't
know what good it does - the
publishers seem to be able to

"give permission" or refuse.

I wonder if Miss Lieberman who must have married is still alive and would want a copy of the book or whatever form I can furnish her with.

Funny how I think now of the old days — what influences in a person's life — not only the Place in time but somebody like Daisy Lieberman (two n's probably?). Before that in the early grades a teacher told me I'd be a "noted singer"! I suppose we're getting old — ~~these~~ thoughts of the past in your mind too? — but we're both had pretty good lives.

All my best to you — Louie

Mrs. Albert Miller

R. 3, Box 395

Ft. Atkinson, Wis. 53204

This book belongs to

Name Florence Dollase

Address from Lorraine Niedecker

Aug. 1969

with love

Made in U. S. A.

Paeon to Place

- And the place was water

Fish
fowl
flood

Water lily mud

My life

in the leaves and on water

My mother and I
born

in swale and swamp and sworn
to water

My father
thru marsh fog
sculled down
from high ground
saw her face

at the organ
bore the weight of late water
and the cold -
he seined for carp to be sold
that their daughter

might go high
on land
to learn
Saw his wife turn
deaf

and away
She
 who knew boats
 and ropes
no longer played

She helped him string out nets
for tarring

And she could shoot

He was cool

↳ the man

who stole his mirrors
by night and next day offered
to sell them back

He brought in a sack
of dandelion greens

if no flood
No oranges - none at hand
No marsh marigolds
where the water rose
He kept us afloat

I mourn her not hearing canvasbacks
their blast-off rise

From the water

Not hearing sora
rail's sweet

spoon - Tapped waterglass -
-descending scale-

tear-drop-tittle

Did she giggle
as a girl?

His skiff skinned
the coiled celery now gone
from these streams
due to carp
He knew duckweed

Fall-migrates
toward Mud Lake bottom

Knew what lay
under leaf-decay
and on plecterweeds

before summer burn

To be counted on:

new leaves

new dead

leaves

He could not
- like water bugs -
stride surface tension
He netted
loneliness

As to his bright new car
my mother — her house
next Lis — agreed:

A hummingbird
can't haul

Anchored here
in the rise and sent
of life —
middle years' nights
he sat

beside his shoes
rocking his chair

Roped not 'looped
in the loop
of her hair'

I grew in green
slide and slant

of shore and shade

child-time — wade

thru weeds

Maples to ewing from

Peerce - glissando

sublime

shiral-

song

Grew riding the river
Books

at home - pier

Shelley could steer
as he read

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'

Seven-year molt
for the solitary bird
and so young
Seven years the one
dress

for town once a week

One for home

Faded blue-striped

as she piped

her cry

Dancing grounds
my people had none -
woodcocks had -
backland -
air around

Solemnities
such as what flower
to take
to grandfather's grave
unless

water lilies —

he who'd bowed his head

to grass as he moved

Irish now grows

on fill

For the two
and for him
where they lie
How much less angst
in the dark than they?

Effort lay in us
before religions

at pond bottom

all things more toward
the light

Except those
that freely work down
to oceans' black depths
Do us an impulse tests
The unknown

River rising - flood

Now melt and leave home

Return - broom set

naturally wet

Under

soak - heavy rug
water bugs hatched -
no snake in the house
where were they? -

she

who knew how to clean up
after floods

he who bailed boats, houses

Water endows us
with buckled floors

You with sea-water running
in your veins sit down in water
Expect the long-stemmed blue
Speedwell to renew
itself

O my floating life
Do not save love

for things

Throw things

to the flood

ruined

by the flood

Leave the new unbought -

all one in the end -

water

I possessed
the high word:

The boy my friend
played his violin
in the great hall

On this stream
my moonlight memory
washed of hardships
maneuvers barges
thru the mouth

Of the river
They fished in beauty
It was not always so
In Fishes
red Mars

rising
rides the cloughs and sluices
of my mind
with the persons
on the edge



