Northfield Sidewalk Poems (2013)

Drifting, drifting through
just a song on its way home,
leaving wet footprints.

Brynn Artley

The glassy icicles hang
like cold fringe
from the cozy scarf
of our house.

Julia Braulick

oh, the geese,
the geese!

their vee formation
carets hallelujah
across the morning sky.

Sonya Christensen

The sun may shine
on these lines,
may cast a shadow
across them, or may
surrender them
to the silver moon.

D. E. Green
When they had milled the wheat
they turned to kneading the cement.
Patted into neat squares.
Salted and scraped in winter.
Baked in summer.
Lines conforming,
edges touching.
Stepping from one square to another,
this town passes you hand to hand
with a wave.

Pamela Farnsworth-Martin

Trees bear the storm’s weight well.
This air’s a hush to all our hurry.
And after all, it is enough
Just to watch the wild geese
Seize their shadows as they land
At dusk in the blue new fallen snow.

The Mohring - Rawson family

Words fly
like insects:
tiny, necessary.
Like living jewels,
they shimmer and journey,
incidentally encouraging
fruit from flowers,
igniting
the dusk, the stars.

Leslie Schultz
This morning, I bought a jar of honey.
I didn’t even need it. I just wanted it
because it was so beautiful. I place it
on my kitchen window next to the
warted gourds, puckered persimmons,
parched plum peppers, quince slices
uneaten because they are so beautiful,
rotting there on my windowsill,
transforming still life as I marvel at
honey of light spilling on my floor.

Lori Stoltz

They say it
The passing birds
The lonely leaves

The whispering stream
Calling to you
Be still
Still

Dan Wilharber