

# MINNESOTA PASTORAL, CIRCA 1901

Down East gone West Midwesterners, Miles  
Ole & Hans, angle the Blue Earth's bed,  
In snowglare gaze toward picket hill and plain,  
Yankee-proud, bundling backward through stumps  
That guffaw, swipe a Scandinavian grin.

Felled oak, plowed up prairie, changing wind  
Sounded the Mississippi upstream, fleet  
Cargo for river landings no one told  
A prairie crop about nor harmonica moved  
A millwheel grinding over in harvest hope.

Miles, Ole & Hans circle the moon homeward  
To prairie rouged women, sun spoiled berries,  
Bringing wintered seed in knotted bandannas.  
There is always black land to settle, sow  
Sweat into harvest, brindle for Cities.

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