

Nativity | A fronte praecipitium a tergo lupi

18

9

2

East

Grand

Forks

This wild settlement, groomed from the
scabrous west, the wild copiousness

Here

Minnesota straddles

The Territory Dakota

each state a leg

astride a glass of spilled
champagne

dyed Red

That northbound river, remnant
of the strange Agassiz basin
of iceberg of deep mothering time
deserves no more contemplation
than the tick you scald out an old hound's shank

Matilda and Johann, Johann und Lizzie

Bound to

A 7%

mortgage on a farm
Typisch, East Prussian immigrants

There

along the river south of town
sawmill wages, so like the drought before
The plot sold at auction on the courthouse steps
in Crookston

Ach du lieber Himmel, what a name for the county seat.

Crookston! Crookston!

This country is testing our faith.

Then

Holy Moses

another son
a fifth
and one girl

No runt tho!

Oho!

Aha!

Praise be to Gott!

Yet more hands

to do the will of the Lord

In no time

Father scrapes \$218.10

to redeem the farm

As the Boy howls

through Mother's dizzy spells,

to her Lutheran silt

down

down

down

And Father returns to work