

A WETLAND THROUGH SEASONS

By Liza Kanne

I now am sleeping, solid, cold as stone.
My bed's soft mud; my blanket is white snow.
Although I'm frozen, I'm not all alone:
Skaters, they're scraping my blanket of snow.
The sun grows warmer. I will start to melt.
Along the land the cranes have come again.
My joy in their return is most heartfelt.
The muskrat builds his shelter – where's he been?
Footsteps trot along my boardwalk.
The bees are busy building nests once more.
The frogs begin their croaky ribbit talk.
Mergansers build their nests along my shore.
Too soon my visitors have come and gone.
I'll sleep again soon; I've begun to yawn.

Winner: Poet's Choice, Grades 3-6



Poetry in the Prairie is funded in part, by a grant from Sauk County UW-Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.

HOW CAN IT BE MORNING WITHOUT THEIR CALLS?

Coralee Bodeker

How can it be morning without their calls?
When the red sky reflects on the water
and the dawn breeze flicks the tips of grass—
When these historic birds float down from the mist
to land in the present and past.
Their value is more than their bugling calls
that echo across the sky—
It is more than their numbers when they
land in the fields and fly.
The dances they do and the colors they wear
are not their only traits—
That give us a sense of their immense worth,
even to a hunter who waits.
More than a heron in look and in size
their past is more rich than an eagle's.
These birds are the past that still lives today
their presence is more than just regal.
A part of our legacy lives in these creatures,
that legacy is wilderness untamed—
They are important not only in look
but in many more values unnamed...
It cannot be morning without cranes.

Winner: Poet's Choice, Grades 7-9



Poetry in the Prairie is funded in part, by a grant from Sauk County UW-Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.

HAIKU

By Brynna Schindel

Cranes flying on home
Dispersing alone themselves
Coming together

Winner: Haiku, Grades 7-9



Poetry in the Prairie is funded in part, by a grant from Sauk County UW-Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.

MY PRAIRIE
By Dria Poulson

Your beauty is like no other,
Your grass our beds for our young and many others.
You are my home of many homes,
I love you as much as I dislike you.
My name is the Crain and you dear Prairie,
Are my home.
My Prairie.

Winner: Poet's Choice, Grades 10-12



Poetry in the Prairie is funded in part, by a grant from Sauk County UW-Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.

SPOTTED

(WETLANDS WALKING)

By Megan Schliesman

Yesterday three wild turkeys
two sunning turtles
one bright green spotted frog
and the small stings of
countless mosquitoes

Today the indecision
of an eastern tiger swallowtail
a suspicious killdeer
another misery of mosquitoes
and the sky the sky the sky

Winner: Poet's Choice, Adult



Poetry in the Prairie is funded in part, by a grant from Sauk County UW-Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.

HAIKU FOR THE CRANES

By Sharon Fisher

Cranes in ancient dance
Primitive calls haunt the soul
Setting sun ablaze

Winner: Haiku, Adult



Poetry in the Prairie is funded in part, by a grant from Sauk County UW-Extension, Arts & Culture Committee and the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.