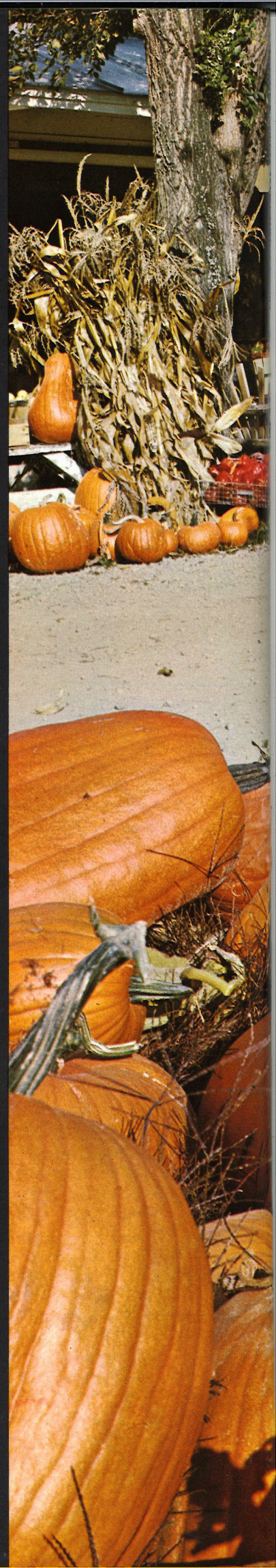


Autumn



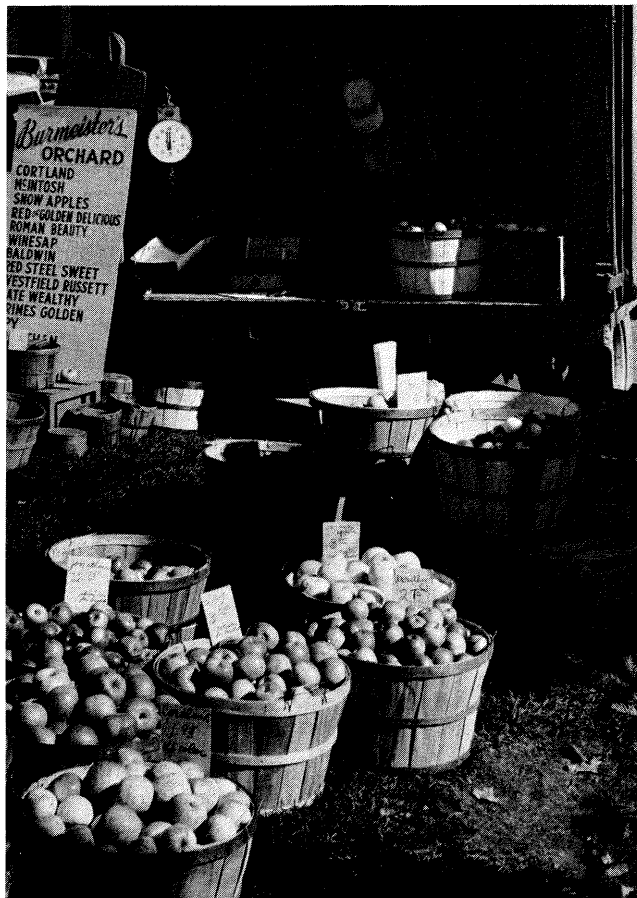
Robert J. Lauer

*The Old Man says this season is the reason
For all the others.
All the young things of our Springs are mature by the Fall.
Potatoes and pumpkins
Beans and corn
Geese and ducks and sure as we're born
There is some sadness in it.
We are one year closer to the end, but
The good old earth like a good old friend
Reminds us of good times to come.
Many more plantings and harvests ahead.*



Between Rural and King on Wisconsin Hwy. 22 — Ken Dequaine

*In the stand of birch, the north wind sniffs
 Not growling but prowling like a hunting dog
 Testing this one, touching that —
 Stalking like a mountain cat.
 Gliding over forgotten logs
 Sliding over forsaken bogs
 In his mouth, the breath of death
 In his eyes, the chill of death
 And yet
 There are those alive who will survive his touch.
 Partridge and quail
 Pipers and rail
 Birds and animals and fish and such
 Trees and plants
 Even ants
 And if it is not asking too much
 Hopefully, Man.*



Howard Mead

At Bailey Lake on County E near Waupaca, Wisconsin — Ken Dequaine



Vern Arendt

