



Jeanie Wilson's poetry and short stories have appeared in various literary journals and anthologies. She was awarded the Barbara Storck Creative Writing Award for her poetry in 1990.

The Kansas Library Association sponsored a statewide exhibit of her poetry and photography in 1986-87.

Her book, *Uncurling*, was published by Mid-America Press in 2000. Jeanie has presented her poems at numerous readings and other venues, including radio and television programs.

In 2006 Mid-America Press published a book of poetry—*The Door into the Dream*—co-authored by Jeanie and her husband, Thomas Zvi Wilson. She currently serves on the board of directors for The Writers Place.

In Lapland, Kansas

In Lapland, Kansas, in 1919
Gilbert Olson and son
built the general store and
a two-story house
near the gravel road.

You could buy Model-T tires,
overalls, kerosene and calico
alongside peanut butter
scooped from a bulk pail.
Rock candy came in a big box;
you bought it loose
and got it in a paper sack.

They came from miles,
bought staples and wares,
talked corn, alfalfa,
last night's hail storm.

One Friday in 1935,
Gilbert went to the bank.
A notice hung on the doorknob.

Now the bypass insinuates itself
around Lapland, Kansas.
A bull snake
slithers through the store slats.

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The Screen Porch

A wicker chair cradles me, rocks me to rhythms
of cicadas and crickets, bull frogs down at the pond.
Two whippoorwills cry around the house.
Night creeps in like a stain.

My great-great grandmother sat on this porch,
looked out across the fields, rested from the day's
heat.
She has passed away along with my grandmother,
grandfather, and my aunt.

I am caught, tangled around by their doings,
their lives--a weaving of threads in the air of this
house.
In the darkness, I listen to the sounds of their voices,
watch the parade of faces.

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Cadence

Tonight, not long before
the first hard frost,
we swing to raspy, dog day cicadas
seesawing a slow cadence.

Aunt Roma bequeaths me her secrets,
shows me how to spread
my apron in the light of October moon.
Her porch swing sways
to *chooga-chooga-chooga*,
the night song of gray squirrels.
She looks at something far away,
beyond the hills.

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