

In the windswept prairies of ND, the legend of Thornfoot tells of a creature born from the fusion of a restless prairie spirit and a punk rocker. Struck by lightning, they become one-



a wild being with thorny vines around their legs, unruly hair, and a patchwork jacket adorned with band patches and prairie flowers.

Thornfoot roams the plains, playing a battered guitar that mixes old folk tunes with raw punk energy. Thornfoot embodies the rebellious spirit of the prairie, a reminder that even in the vast openness, there is a place for those who don't quite fit in.

Syd Bowers '24



Epistle From Bone Town

Part One

*Lovin' Spoonful--Hums
of...
"Voodoo In My
Basement";
"Summer In The City"*

why not?
bone town, Magic tragic little chicago
100 some mature trees down to make room
for the zoo where the howling baboons
imitate the
first responder vehicles on Broadway

the stone ten big ones are down and in storage so when a couple gets married on July 5th in the park, it takes place beneath the statue of Teddy R on his horse, pistol and saber at his side
no dead bodies in the dumpsters yet, but some hair ball kids with too much money and time dive for fun

the mail man takes a nap in his little jeep in the shade of the alley
just off Main out behind the last of the independent book stores
meanwhile back at the park with fewer trees, a lady in a red corvette
honks at two families of
Canada Geese that refuse to let her through...

and like the mayor said in 1069, there will be more water to come

Part Two

*Al Stewart--Modern Times
"What's Going ON?"*

check the hot summer play lists
the super hip hop patriots
the single bottom plow
the small pox COVID blankets
the tainted Stock Market
the capons and the beef

the president is immune to
prosecution for crimes committed
while still in office
the citizens are guilty of the
ultimate sins of the nation
we buy it ALL
but it is never enough

the water rises one place
the drought in another
the storms grow strong
and yet it is too still

we weary the lord
our shoes are gold
our caps are red
our hair is dyed blond

the tanning booths heat up in hell
in these times of tedious intent
winter patriots keep the faith of Mary
the elders and the children sing

Read a book of life and truth
Bring the blood red monsters down
Bring the hungry home to supper
And a nice warm bed
Give the broken ones a decent
Place to die and rise again!!!

Part Three

Song Birds Of America-- Paul Simon--Surprise self titled

and behold I was sitting having a Lena-Americano
and some kind of sour dough and jelly
with goat cheese on it when the music came
into my soul

the ending and the beginning will be thus and so--
all these little DIY deals will come to pass and so shall we
and the songs as well

God's digital angels and genetic archangel specialists
will take all our freedom, all our fated fuck ups
and on splinter of holiness at a time

we will all rise up like happy first cousins
and the buffalo will return, all returns and all will be well
rise up means a big deal where I came from
and where I am going--

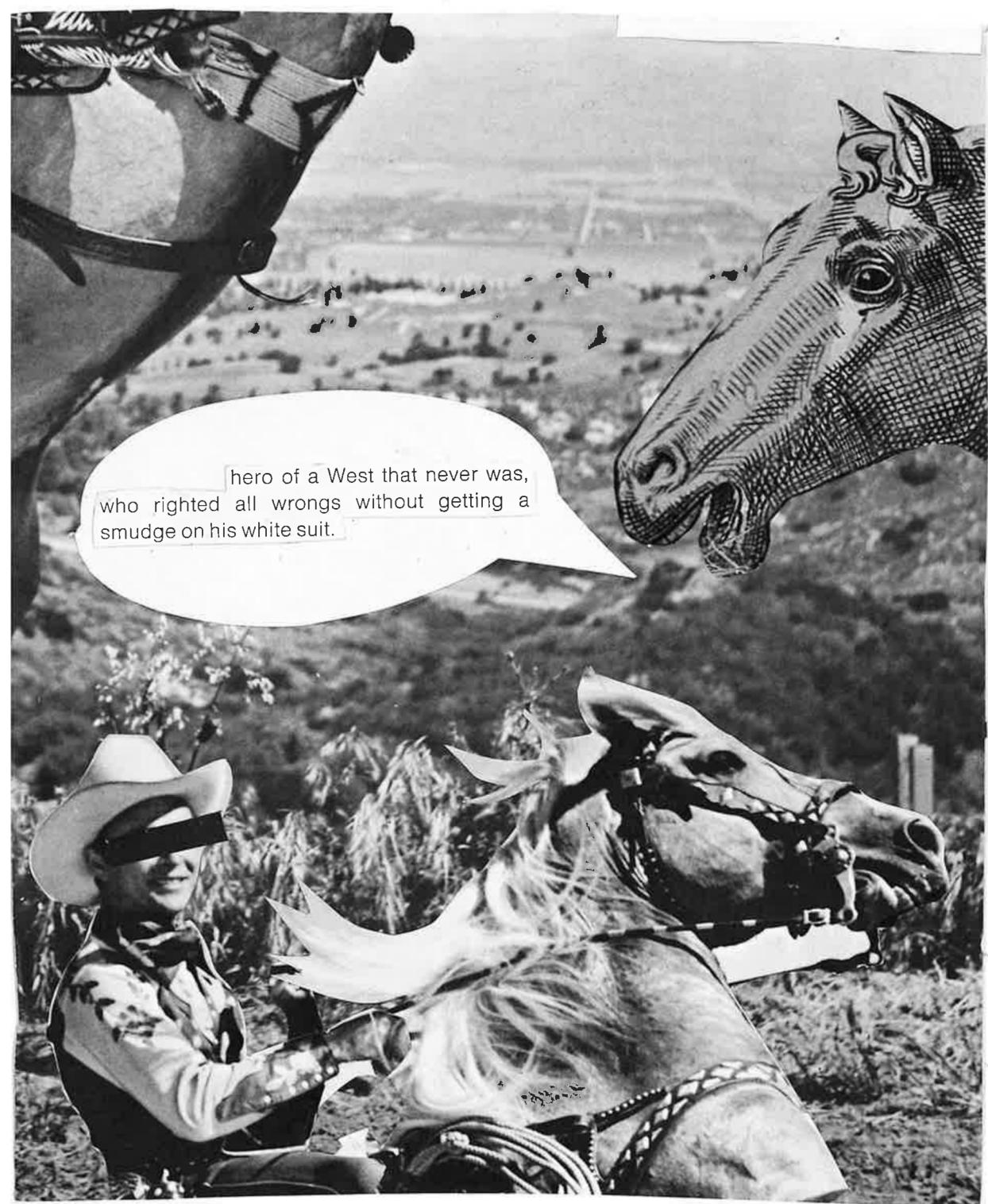
Whose gonna love you all
you and I will, you and me and me an you
in between beat-nick punk gospel and
high plains creole blues

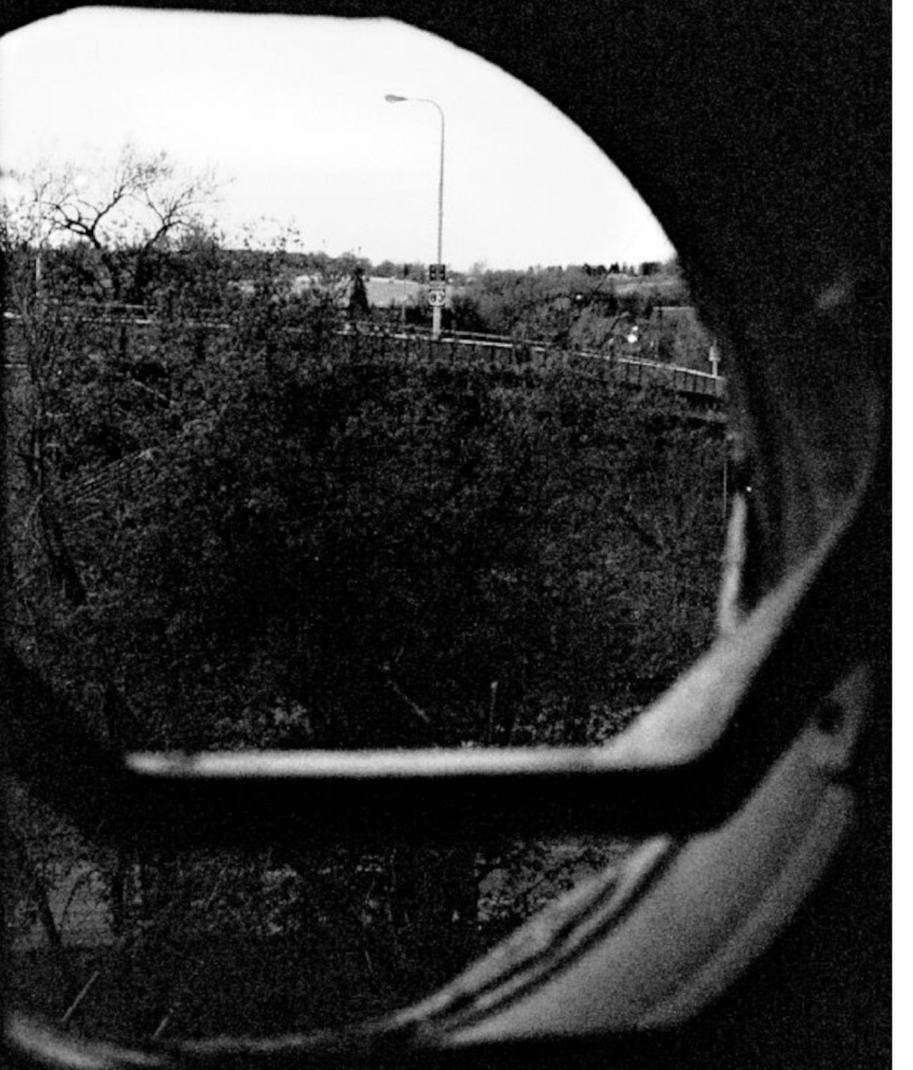
we will rise up I say, and we will know where
we are the pattern and pitter patter of God
will be clear as a bell on

St Leo's on perfect Autumn Sunday and guess what
Joy will be this party somewhere between
gold and orange and black
the silver of All Saints Day in Halloween joy!

Keep that guitar handy
get ready to sing children
we are gonna do it!

we are the ghosts of
some Christmas yet to be!!!





Bursting

stand

when the heaviness of these troubles
presses unbearably upon you,
pinning you against bed
quietly crushing you in the darkness of your bedroom –
though outside the summer sun blazes
and the grackles call for you to play

force yourself to stand

force yourself to stand as if your life depends on it
(of course it does)

and make haste
to the nearest dogwood
or pin oak
or prairie pothole

don't speak

(though words of child-awe may already bubble in your throat)
and spy the clear-white spider
hiding in the blossoms

or the vireo
calling from the shaking leaves
or the hen mallard with a trail of chicks
cautiously cutting through the cattails

a multitude in the multitude
life piled upon life

bursting

as are you, truly
a multitude in the multitude

and from this place,
return
clinging to what you have seen
clinging to the child-awe
clinging to the spider and the vireo song and the mother duck
as a sacred balm for the wounds of these troubles