

Darwin Twine Ball Museum
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MINNESOTA GOTHIC

Poems by Mark Vinz
Photographs by Wayne Gudmundson



ONCE UPON A TIME

May sweeps in
across the gentle hills,
over the locust husks of threshing rigs,
and workshirts flapping on a sagging line.
In every town a sign
for antiques and collectibles.

Somewhere near Dassel
an old man guards a 12-foot ball of string,
fretting over rain and vandals.
Someday he'll built a shed to cover it . . .

Storm clouds to the west.
Beyond the gingerbread houses,
glassed-in cases of barbed wire
and china dolls, rows of hubcaps
nailed to peeling walls,
the old man waits for rain and reporters.
Workshirts flapping on a sagging line.

*Poet Mark Vinz is a professor of English at Moorhead State University and editor of Dacotah Territory Press.
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