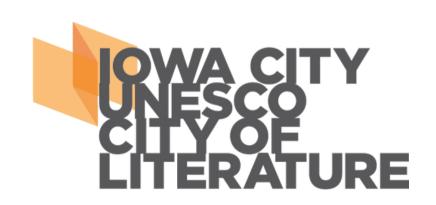
Relic

The Cooper's hawk, in dining on a smaller bird, was delicate. Perched on an ash tree limb, she delved respectfully and took each bit, one might say, sacramentally it almost seemed an act of love to bare the wishbone of the dove.



Dan Campion Poetry in Public

Alan

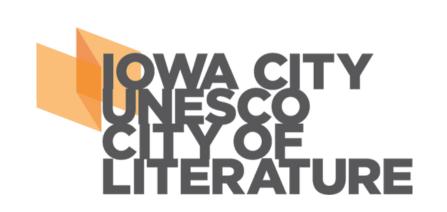
I did not want to come visit you, to sit in the darkening hospital room and try to make conversation with my silent older brother. But the morphine relaxed you enough that you actually spoke first, and I was glad that I was there.



Lisa M. Roberts

Broken Hearts

Seventy degrees rides in on February's back, kisses the forsythia bush with his warm mustache, and cagey promises, brazen with treachery and lies.



Nancy Lael Braun Poetry in Public

To the ash tree outside my window

Bare skin frosted with moss, red frostbitten fingers splayed towards the sun—the coming of spring suits you, my dear. Put on your coat of fresh green and follow me into the warmth.

Ting Gao



Field Hospital

To make a house a hospital
Doesn't take much: an open-air
Belligerent; an inhabitant made patient
By a different quotient of respiration
Or merely by waiting; yesterday's
Thin broth; a salve of adhering water to cloth;
A cure made just by closing off.



Micah Bateman Poetry in Public

WHAT TO DO WITH THE LENGTHS PANDEMIC HAS GROWN

Walk too close to strangers; analyze their up-dos Binge watch tutorials | young moms' messy buns Pull the grays that grew underneath to the surface Embrace static wisps, a wavy hair corona Take pleasure in tresses brushing bare shoulders

Laura Felleman



SUMMER WORMS AFTER A LONG RAIN

I remember summer worms after a long rain and even in the midst of the downpour we would run out to the road in our cul-de-sac with just a five gallon bucket and the hope of tomorrow's catch in our stomachs.

The air smelled wet with the earth spilling over like our laughter from our mouths.

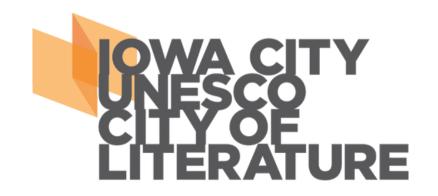
Morgan Louvar



Clock

Once the children leave the sound of the kitchen clock reaches out to touch me on the shoulder.

Larry Marsh



Listening Better

If you ever meet a bat in person

Afar at a bar that serves cowboys

Or astronauts or little green children

Or the Manager Of Managers of the Department Of Staircases

Do not question war technology

Nor debate flight patterns or radar.

You won't win an argument with a bat or his duck friend.

Jerry Renek



Winter Haiku for my Father

My stepmother died My father's winter began So cold and so brief

The moon seems silent though scientists suggest it rings like a bell

Janie Breggin Braverman



Apple Butter

These apples fallen from October sky & gleaned from the lawn of some business like love salvaged from the everyday after discarding all extraneous parts & in time, cooked down, cooked down, darkened with spices from far isles, & translated into simple goodness

David Duer



Time

I don't know where time has gone Perhaps across the meadow Frolicking among the daisies Unaware of shadow

Christina Zinkgraf



Intervention

Maybe every night is an intervention like those cranes we saw flying over Panera that we didn't know were cranes. Brother, truth is I don't want you to die. I don't want you to be too sick for rehab, for your lungs to fill up with fluid so you can't walk like those birds covered with oil on television when we understood we were helpless and let your parakeet fly away forever.



Michael Judge

Dearly Departed

If I sketch you on a dock
overlooking the marsh facing
the almost dark,
you never stay put
for long but slip into the shallows where
you swim lazily for a space
before going where I cannot.

Cecile Goding



At the Birth of Spring in Iowa City

Cardinals sing wet tweets to each other. A robin, like a windup toy, hops.

The fingertips of the sun warm my face. On the street, ice and snow rivulet.

Everything meets at the river—rising.



Mario Duarte Poetry in Public

Moving Day

Everyone asks, did it go smoothly?

Things will fall, down stairs, out doorways,

Away from where they had been.

Your life follows.

It is uprooted, but gains space.

The world wants you back.

Take its offer: move.

Philip Beck



Leaf Journey

leaf lazily glides on water's surface flows with current over river's path dances, twirls, bobs into the eddy finally catches, clings to root adding to habitat's sustenance

Rosalea Ragland



Saltwater Eyes

Give me your oceans and I will give you me and mine.
Clean the salt from my face or let it trickle down and mingle with yours and with you and I will too.

Charlotte Brookins



Winter Joy

Snowflakes fall like cashmere quilts As we lay asleep Curled and tapping warm ceramic, Winter joy we keep.

Stella Shipman



Untitled

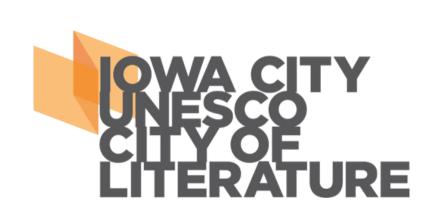
on this city street
where sap never rises
and songbirds never heard
a prairie remembering
grasses bent by the breeze

Tim Happel



For Water

Water flows
Quite and clear
Across a rippled space
Holding light
To throw it back
In fractured
And streaming rays



Johnny Brian Poetry in Public

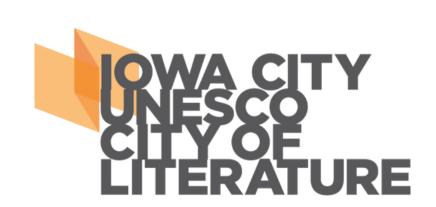
I ask not that

I ask only that the sandhill cranes have extended their legs and walked you safely across the tide pools

That the buoyant breath of wonder has held you in a suspension

For you(r) child to gaze upon and see(n)

I ask not that you have learned I ask not that you have laid and loved. I ask not that.



Dylan Nicole Martin Poetry in Public

Agenda

I woke up with my list of things to do.

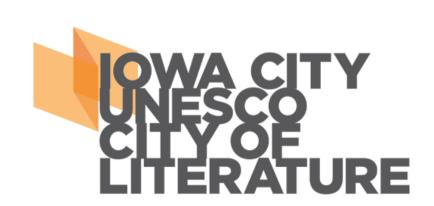
Pay the car insurance, get laundry detergent, complete the form.

1:53 p.m. had other plans, other news, a different agenda.

All across this fragile world someone falls in love while someone else says farewell.

We brush our teeth, slip into cozy beds, while others run from the rubble of their homes.

Nothing and everything can make sense at the same time. Change is the only word we can write in permanent ink.



Kathryn Howe Poetry in Public

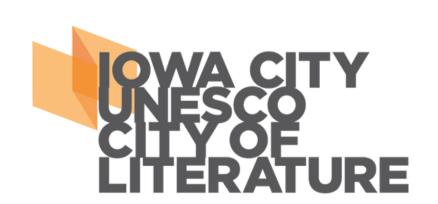
The Night Sky

Every evening, as bright blue becomes deep purple, the sky is brought to life.

The Moon reflects the Sun's light to ease the pitch black darkness.

Shooting stars bounce across constellations like skipping stones.

Then, the Night Sky grows weary and the Sun returns to its throne, until once again, blue becomes purple.



Evelyn Ingersoll Poetry in Public

Our Journey Home

Windy, cold air brushing against my face
My brother's untied laces clicking on the cement
The sound of arguing kids exiting the bus
Run run run and you might get home sooner
But no one wants to do that
So for now
Brave the walk home



Annabelle Pedersen Poetry in Public

2021

"Soon" feels like a broken promise Hope requires that we look reality in the face For all her flaws, she is ours

Valerie Decker



It's Time

As I consider hibernation's slow hold from beneath warm covers, a south February wind pushes the rumble of the early morning train past the window and down my winter street, a heavy string of hopper cars. I picture the exchange:

deliveries from the south of young spring green piled at each neighbor's curb, exchanged for our dirty white winter, mounded high and rolled away to be spread across wide spaces, returned to the earth.

Jennifer Horn-Frasier



Rain Day

When it is a rainy
Day Do not stay in
side if people ask you
why won't you get
Dry Just say getting
wet is fun.

Noella



A Rainbow Thief

Can make us think of rain
They can fly without making a sound
They exert us with a pound
Of all of their crowned
Beautiful color mounded
We watch in disbelief as they fly all around us looking like a rainbow thief.



Sofia Lucas
Poetry in Public

As The World Burns

As the world burns around us,

They tell me to make a better tomorrow

Though tomorrow never comes

As the moon climbs up to the sky replacing the sun

Tomorrow turns to today

And we do nothing but sit and watch

As the world burns around us; and slowly turns to ash.



Lu Morales

Night in the Classroom

Have you ever wondered, What happens in classrooms at night? When you are gone, But your stuff sits tight? This is a story, About all the things they do. Maybe today you will learn something new. When the teacher closes the door, And leaves for the day, A whole new world Makes its way. The computers light up the room, The chairs hum a tune. The desks dance, While the erasers prance. The books walk, as the pens talk. All around the room they go, Laughing and chatting, Until bright and early in the morning, When the door gives a warning.



Erin Chen Poetry in Public

That Piece of Dirt

I stare at the dirt on the table, how did it get indoors?
I might never know yet I honor the journey it has made
That piece of dirt could give life to a plant could sustain a family of ants, that piece of dirt is stronger than me



Aila Hamann Poetry in Public

Winter By the Willow Tree

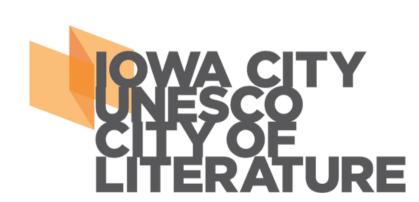
The willow tree is in the deep snowit can feel the wind blow.

As the small creatures are in the willow tree they sleep by crackling fire and let it be.

They almost hear the hackling wind.

Glowing icicles shimmer and shine- 'tis a very cold time. They are home and not alone- for they are sleeping by

the willow tree.



Jack Piper
Poetry in Public

Dogs

Doggos,
Bubbers, Sausage,
Emotional Helper,
Family Member, Fluff Boi,
Happy.

William Pearl



The Truth

Wednesday night
Mom wasn't around when I needed her
Maybe it is better that way
because underneath
under the surface
I had no idea
what would happen that night



Evy Meeks Poetry in Public

Teal is...

As warm as the glistening ocean it sounds like the birds chirping and smells like the tropical fruit it moves like the waves slashing onto the beach. it looks like the beautiful sunset and feels like a full day of adventure has just ended



Olivia Schafer Poetry in Public

I Reside Outside

Bright days
Roller blades
Trampoline, bike rides, and swimming
Summer scents
Laughter with friends
Itchy grass
Hot pavement



Clara Frank Poetry in Public

Snowflake

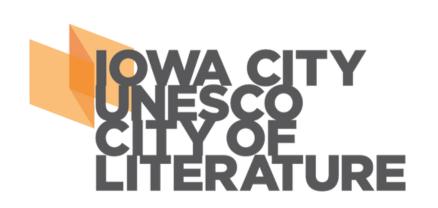
I wish I could be like a snowflake effortlessly unique. and people would be enthralled just to watch me fall from the sky undisturbed by the cold. just drifting in the bitter December breeze.



Ashley Niemiec Poetry in Public

Volleyball

The digger the trigger
The kill the explosion
The setter is the shredder
The libaro is the hero
The blocker is the rocker
That is volleyball



Ryan Shileny Poetry in Public

Thalasophobia

The sharp cutoff of a cliff underwater
Out in the abyss
Shining as if made of diamonds
Slowly moving with the current
It looks me in the eyes
Fear strikes me in the chest like a sharpened knife
Nowhere to go but down

Izzy Brown



Bog Frog

Frog in a bog, on a log and the Frog has a tea party and he makes the cakes.

Frog's home is a log, and Frog's log is in a bog.

When Frog has a tea party, he invites all his friends.

When they come to the bog to see Frogs log.

The bog has many bugs that are perfect for frog's bug pie He bakes in his log, in the bog.

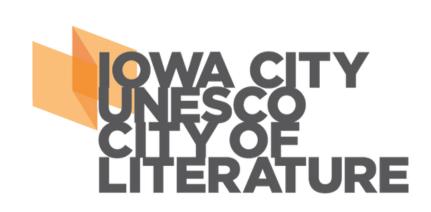
Frog is happy in the bog, with his log and bug pies.



Sophie May Stutsman Poetry in Public

Lovely Sounds

There are many different sounds, like when someone hits the ground or when you have something to pound or the sound of your laughter when you found your lost hound!



Payton Nunnally
Poetry in Public

Poisonous Dart Frog

I am treacherous.

My colorful skin can kill you.

I'm the size of a paper clip, but I can jump

really high.

Watch out!

Jae B. Jones



Life

Life is like a carpet; millions of strands weaved together to make harmony

Alia W. Sabha



The Color of Crimson

The color of crimson may seem very hot.

But if you look closely, it really is not.

Crimson represents berries that shine in the sun.

And it looks like a flower, that represents love.

So if you look closely, crimson is not bad.

But maybe you won't.

That would be sad.



Charlotte Harvey Poetry in Public

Ebay AirPods

I bought airpods off ebay
I waited months
never got them
texted the guy
for refund
never got one
Don't buy airpods off ebay



Charles Nicknish Poetry in Public

Hero

A word that is thrown around in so many different ways Knights, supermen, heroic Italian plumbers, all just examples of the idea of a hero

A true hero is a real person that has faced the worst That has had everything important to them ripped away from them making it seem hopeless

Somebody who has lost all reason to keep going, but didn't stop That didn't give up That's what hero is to me.

Dedicated to my hero, my dad <3





Yellow Sun

Blazing as the sun sounds like spring
Smells like daises swaying in the wind has the taste of lemonade
Feels like the sun setting against the trees

Jessica Wellington



Tiny Spider

His eyes like glitter
He was no killer
He was a thriller
But he had to retire
He was the critter

Olive Miller



The Day I Looked

I saw the looks of the people who judge just with their eyes
Looking and staring
Examining, scrutinizing and when they stopped they thought instead.



Endrit Ramku
Poetry in Public

Dentist

Oh, I dread the dentist.

They yank, they pull,
they twist your tooth around.
Oh, how I dread...
the DENTIST!



Aria Whalen
Poetry in Public

Baseball Season

Smack of the Brown leathery glove. The pop of the oak smelling tan wooden bat. The fresh smell of new clean jerseys. The clicking of the plastic spiked cleats on the rough smooth dirt. The sound of coaches yelling at the umpires. The happiness of the players after the game winning hit. This is what baseball is all about.

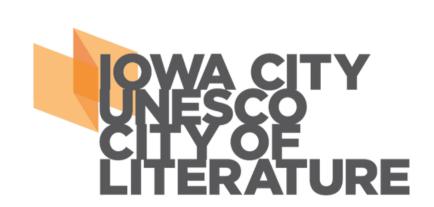
Hunter Bray



Bottles

a bottle of sunshine, a bottle of pain, a bottle of clouds, and a bottle of rain

each bottle has a purpose, each bottle has a role maybe if I try more I'll get a bottle of my own



Claire Jones Poetry in Public

Atelophobia: The Fear of Imperfection

The Paper.

The Test.

You didn't study for.

At night. The dreams,

They haunt you.

In the morning, you feel an inch from death.

As you sluggishly slip away.



Alex Bowman

My Beliefs

I believe in creativity, ideas spilling out of my head
I believe in music, notes cascading across a page creating a masterpiece
I believe in determination, not giving up and working for what you want
I believe in family, greeting you with a warm smile in the morning
I believe in love, people there for you when you need it most
I believe in tradition, again and again family together
I believe in hope, a tiny light inside everyone

Vivian Kahler



Fun

Fun is a funny thing, can you agree?
Fun is up to you; it's your choice.
Fun's a heart's desire.
One can ruin another's fun
by being the rain cloud
in their perfect sunny day.
Are you that rain cloud?



Izzy Coreas
Poetry in Public

Earth

Earth is our home.

Home is a place where you are loved.

Love is love and you can't break it.

Promises should be kept too.

People you care for are ones you need.

People are your home like the Earth is our home.







music in my ear

Relief, happiness, greatness, and confidence are what I feel when the music hits my ears.

My feet don't move but words escape my mouth Which sometimes feels like a curse.

A curse that causes people to question what I am singing but instead I stay quiet and shy.



Jaime Poetry in Public

Panic

Symmetry. even. order. noisy. busy. bright Time extends, the world spins Here, there, gone Shaking, rocking shivering In, out, in Smooth rock, and spiky ring Safe, but shook



Lily Bonner
Poetry in Public

Anyways

We're here.
Even though you may not feel it
Help comes from many,
Or from little with many,
Love, support, fear,
The will to scare,
You aren't alone.

Neala Gillespie



Two Minutes, Thirty Seconds

A sport.

Injuries, bruises.

Exciting.

Competition.

Nerves crawling up your back.

Teamwork, power.

Give it your all.

Abby Klaes





Empty Gifts

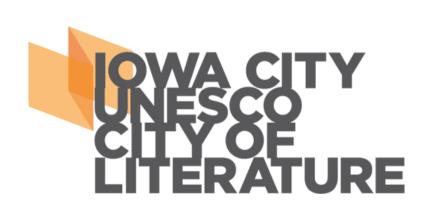
Far, far away,
Screams and shouts,
Crashes and begging,
It all went away.
The city is a barren wasteland.
I open an empty present,
and the jaws lock on my skull.



Keely Bloeser Poetry in Public

Basketball Fun

Loud, crazy, orange basketballs
Fun, chaotic, game
Scoring, fast breaking, three point hitting
Oh how I love this hectic game
Passing, talking, connecting
Come back half court shot, BUZZER BEATER
Now that's some basketball fun!



Morgan Bennett Poetry in Public

The Office

A simple room sits in a normal house. It's a green office.

A typical limeskin chair

A cube-like table

There it seems the owner has his interesting name on a wooden sign.

Floyd

Floyd Patton



The Mystery of Love

Everybody runs, but love manages to find them.

Love is a maze with many paths,

some successful, some not.

Every human experiences love (whether it lasts or not),

Make up, break up, do it all over again.

No one has found out the meaning.

It's the mystery of love.

Anjali Strand



My Perfect Moment

My perfect moment would be on a nice fall day
On a small beach in Oregon with my family
We would be taking a long walk on the beach
With the wind swiping our hair across our faces
The smell of salt and fish running through my lungs
Waves crashing down on my feet
That would be my perfect moment.



Alison Dill

Falling Leaves

I love when leaves fall
They do that when they are tall
They just might be small
When pumpkins love to grow
Is it okay to say Woah
When a leaf falls from a tree
It is adored by me



Sam Piper Poetry in Public