

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

Clock

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

Larry Marsh



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

Time

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

Christina Zinkgraf



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

Winter Joy

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

Stella Shipman



Poetry in Public

Untitled

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

Tim Happel



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

A Rainbow Thief

Butterflies all around
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



Poetry in Public

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 snow-
it 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



Poetry in Public

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 libero 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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

Life

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

Alia W. Sabha



Poetry in Public

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

Rowan Iannone



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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.

Sylvia and Anna Stone



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

Two Minutes, Thirty Seconds

A sport.

Injuries, bruises.

Exciting.

Competition.

Nerves crawling up your back.

Teamwork, power.

Give it your all.

Abby Klaes



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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



Poetry in Public

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