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
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
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
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

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
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
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
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.
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
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
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

Poetry in Public
Rain Day

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

Noella
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
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 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
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
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
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
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.

Moss 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
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

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
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
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 daisies 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

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
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

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
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
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
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
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