Hooding

She wasn't a familiar campus sight Don't recall the degree, its color, or department I do remember her small smile in profile The men arranging the fabric over her head around her shoulders

down her back

Arising in myself, "I want that"

LAURA FELLEMAN





On my counter

In a small ceramic dish a carved stone turtle and two pewter worry stones one love and one forever cradle the ghosts of my father's hearing aids

JANIE BRAVERMAN



My Way

A gentle turn from path to prairie. No distractions. No commands. My way, what I love.

KATHY DURBAND Poetry in Public 2023



Detasseling For Douglas Airmet

Detasseling, Doug parses lines of Keats and Coleridge and Blake. Past noon, as summer sun inclines, the words get rearranged. They take new shapes their husbandman refines on evening walks, fresh verses spun along Clear Creek by Lily's Run.

> DAN CAMPION Poetry in Public 2023



We Crave Megaphones

I'm sitting with feelings until they go. Only honey for air, I stop to breathe. Does anyone know the secrets we keep? As women we're told anger is not

Still, sipping silence and forgoing stone. Undoing resentment just like disease. Injustice is simply living for free. Incredible strangers you'll never know.

But why is it these creatures go unnamed? Buried deep in nonsense and careless lies. They make us believe we should be ashamed. Convinced they could just make a compromise

If only they knew words spread like flame. We deserve to live with our peace of mind.

JESSALYN ELDER

Poetry in Public 2023



ie. not shown

Sentinel of the Nighttide

Place faced creator of contradictions

Tracing patterns of gentle curves among snow-laden trees Flinging herself across the rough frozen facade, Highlighting the blanketed tundra between.

While illuminating contrasts bright Amid secrets of her night,

An unbroken veil of impartial light.

LISA PIPER Poetry in Public 2023



Avocado

Every avocado looks wrong--lopsided, too small. Hold one between your fingers, Find if it's ready for choosing.

- The one you really want is always left behind, Bottom of the bin,
- Green as a grasshopper in the sun Inside its pitted, midnight skin.

PHILIP BECK Poetry in Public 2023



Luminary

Certainty, like a firefly, darts and hides in the dusk. Under a leaf it blinks once and I palm it into a loose fist. I peek between my fingers it lights and unlights.

> NANCY LAEL BRAUN Poetry in Public 2023



Haiku

Lowly wee acorn Dressed in her best brown hat Promising an oak

DANIELLE ZIMMERMAN Poetry in Public 2023



In My 80's

I don't know if I am living on borrowed time or skating on thin ice.

Skating sounds like more fun.

This time I will not fall backwards and crack my head. I will be stretching my legs and striding forward at full speed toward the open water.

BETSY FISCHER Poetry in Public 2023



Ruby-throated

I wished my sadness were a single still moment: fleeting, thoughtless, swift as a hummingbird's stillness; resting on a twig, then zipping along. And happiness! My joy would be thick, slow

as nectar, without which, not the smallest wing could beat; as sweet liquid rolls down the needling tongue; I'd drink, and drink; I'd come back for more as much as I pleased.

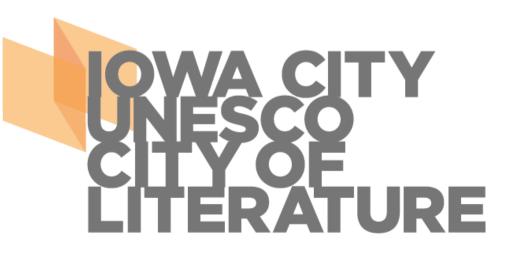
> EMMA HODGES Poetry in Public 2023



Bird Calls

When the bird that sings outside my window grows too wise to warble I will let my own voice break in its stead and think of you again.

CHARLOTTE BROOKINS Poetry in Public 2023



holding

i've been holding onto the edge of Heartbreak for a long many years and yet here i am letting go and falling into an endless slippery milky pool of light

> LOLO Poetry in Public 2023



Fossilize

Heavy limbs, concrete bones; Blanket statue, turned to stone. Molasses thoughts, dimmest glow. Ask me anything; I don't know.

> AMY FORD Poetry in Public 2023



Who Me? Remember Details?

No need for strain or unnecessary pain. Allow me to explain my new refrain:

"Sorry, but my brain simply doesn't retain."

MARY JEDLICKA HUMSTON



burrow

burrow through

the furrowed brow

to mine

untouched

a fallowed ore

PARK G. COE



The City of Dreams

Will you walk with me along the paved path? Our hands held tight amid the bustle Watching the streets trampled on by feet And puddles formed by the dances of water, Waiting for tomorrow to come. If I could be with you forever, Any city is the city of dreams.

MI TRINH



Protect Us

we live in hallowed places lined up neatly on shelves our pages are yellowed our words are quoted we make room for the new we lean on each other beckoning to open minds

ROSALEA RAGLAND

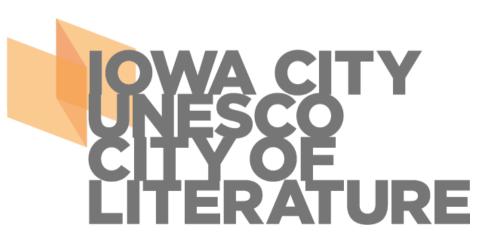


Earthsong

From the climate-controlled side of the window glass, whether the low roar of wind rushing through midwestern woods or the thunder of waves throwing themselves onto the seaboard sand, the voices are indistinguishable,

the singular song of the earth, full-throated, unstoppable. Eyes closed in the dark, I begrudge the window, the roof, shelter. My skin craves feeling drenched in this song.

JENNIFER HORN-FRASIER



Spring

Solid as a wave of starlings the snow's hold on that heat-hungry earth beneath already holding the wildflowers and the willows in its soiled hands

RENÉ PAINE



Not Anymore

I asked you a question. You handed me a distraction. Sparkly and shiny, it did its job for a while.

> LISA M. ROBERTS Poetry in Public 2023



Arabic at the Co-op

In the narrow aisles of this bazaar, I hear my mother tongue words that sailed across the ocean long ago. Why, every shelf holds Arabic, reminding me - of you. Apricots and oranges, sugar in a jar, golden saffron strands . . . Coffee, don't forget! As if I could forget. Caravanning to the checkout, I scan the magazines. Somewhere, a lute? No a guitar. I hear you raining softly, a warm embrace

EMAN MOHAMED & CECILE GODING



من مضائق المتَاجرِ العتيقةُ هاتفتني لغتي الأصيلةُ. عربيةً محمّلةً عبر المحيطِ بالزمنِ الطويلِ. عربيةَ فصيحةً تُطِلُّ في رفوفِ هذهِ المتاجرْ. مثلما تَدَلت مِنْ البرقوق و اللارنج الثمِارْ وأَبْرَقَ في الزعفران العَسْجَد. وَحارَ في القَهوةِ السَّكاكِرْ. لاتَنْسِها فإنّني لَنْ أَنْسَهَا. قافلة الكلماتِ تَهْدِرُ فِي المجلاتِ. اهى صوت عودٌ؟ لا-هى قِيثَارَة تِلكَ العربيةَ الفصيحةَ أمطرتنا بدفئها الحنين.

> EMAN MOHAMED & CECILE GODING Poetry in Public 2023



العربية في المتجر

Zooming With My Sisters

There's our host. "Hi Ann! Can you see me?" "Now I can. Hi Al!" Ross' face pops onto the screen. Her lips move, but we can't hear her. "Turn off your mute!" we shout. "Turn off your mute!" Now Liz joins us. "Nice haircut!" I say. She reaches for her hair, starting to explain, but her arm stops midair, her mouth agape. "You're frozen, Liz!" "Liz, you're frozen!" Meredith appears, pixilated, her voice distorted. "Hi guys! What's going on?"

> ALISON MCGOFF Poetry in Public 2023



To Apollo

Under an auburn, crescent sword moon, we cross an empty field, and I gaze up at holes in the dark construction paper of night, starlight drizzling down on the listless earth. While you pant, the off switch in my head clicks. I rub my eyes, early fall gusts whistle to us, emissaries of time calling us to dream.

> MARIO DUARTE Poetry in Public 2023

