Echo

Julie Claus

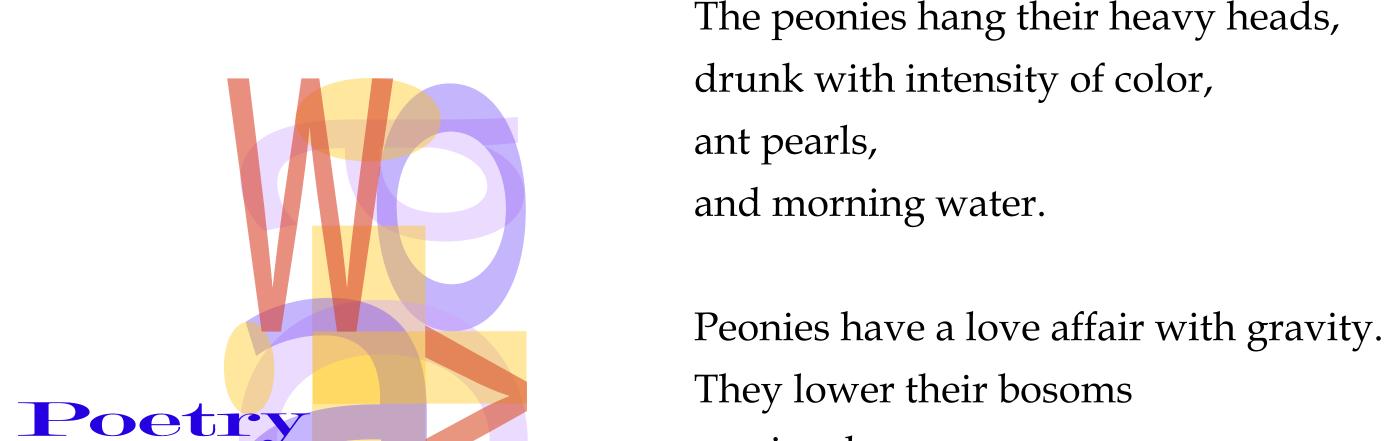


Out of the blue, the blue stray kept coming back. back to my doorstep every evening at twilight. Why? Did some star shoot across her black map of instinct? Or was it my voice, thin, quavering, indistinct, questioning above the kitchen sink? Who am I to repeat why? When she echoed my hymn, I took her in.

Peonies

graciously.

Ginny Paulson



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Fe

Ashton Duncan



We were magnetic.

Spinning, reinforcing.

Our transitions were almost Austenite (like the Brit)

At three million Kelvin we burned like stars. And then burnt out.

What is Poetry?

Marvin Bell

A shovel with which to move skeleton bones. Fingerprints on a sickle.



The Bay Leaf

Dan Campion



You, faithful chef who never leaves
The bay leaf in the dish, but weaves
A suite of flavors delicate
Without a threat of mortal cut,
What spared you being careless cook?
Belief? Apprenticeship? A book?
Or sharp-tongued sweet bay leaf itself?

Above Me

David Duer



The Well

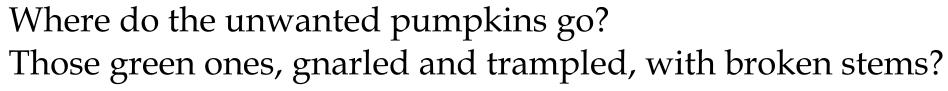
Christopher Merrill



For warmth in the dank pit the garter snake
Coiled round the purring motor of the pump
And was emblazoned to the switch by lighting—
A black ring scraped and lifted from the metal
And then deposited in the arroyo
By the thin man who dreamed of centipedes
And Punji sticks. He never left the tunnel.

"Untitled (Autumn 2012)"

Kelly Scott Franklin



When the leaves fall, and the last apple withers, And the world closes up shop for winter, Where do the last unwanted pumpkins go?

Do we leave them to seed?
Will they slowly cave in under the weight of the earliest frost?



Coffee Shop Magician

Líly Allen-Duenas



I watched him cast a spell on his computer
he waved his hands over the shallow screen
as a conductor would fling a symphony -his coat was heavy fur that haunted his slouched trousers
he watched black and white boxes
on his screen as he chewed his cheek
I saw his face in every square.

"Drift"

Paul Shumake



I remember January like the collapse in your stare

the gasp behind each settled toss of your hair

as you moved to ease the tension compacting as particles soon to avalanche

the slighted air

Monday Morning Gift Carol Tyx

Someone is singing in the copy room across from my office, a joyful noise rising above the hum of the dehumidifier that keeps the notes from sticking together.



In Sink

Mario Duarte



One sleep-hazy sunrise,
I found Baby Boy, the cat,
curled in the dry sink bowl:
nose and toes unified,
tail wrapped around his back,
until the faucet dripped,
and he leaped in my arms.

Fidelis

Barbara Kalm

Fifty cedar waxwings

crown the maple tree nearby,

all facing east into the sun

to greet the morning sky.

In quiet and serenity they face the day as one,

the sun has never failed them yet...

and so the sun comes!



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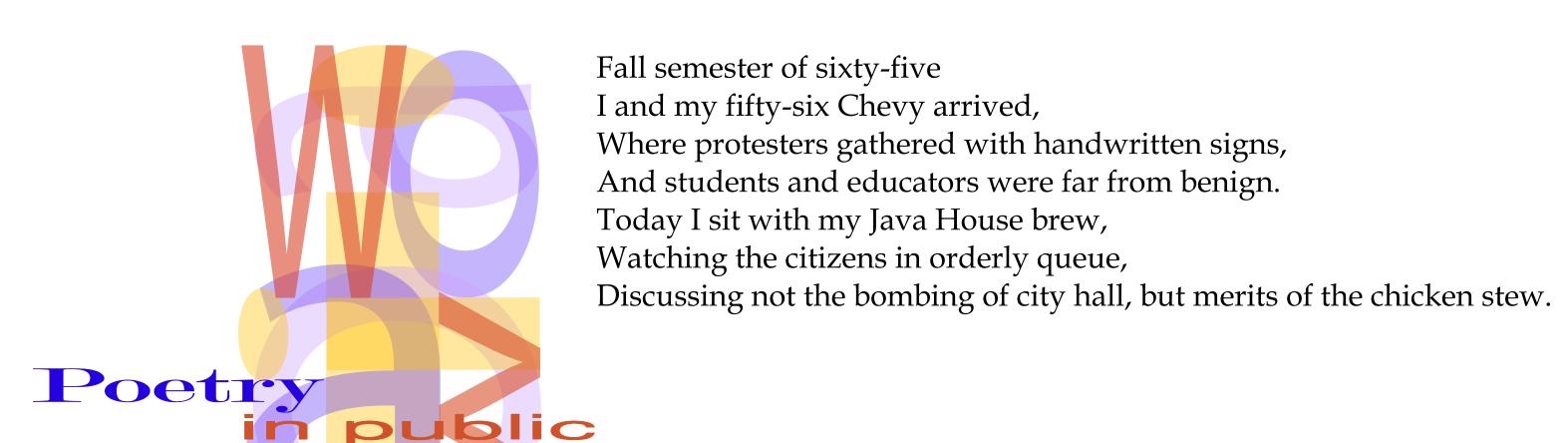
September

Claudine Harris

Rain on the river, Geese and ducks fly overhead. Summer's not forever.

Captivated in Iowa City

James Schoenfelder



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Winter Blend

Maxine Bulechek

Snow on the ground Sun through bare trees Sadness for some Solace for me.



Rejuvenation

Usha R. Balakrishnan



My worn clothes Rinsed cold, spun warm

Dewed layers of homey bonds In laundered youthfulness

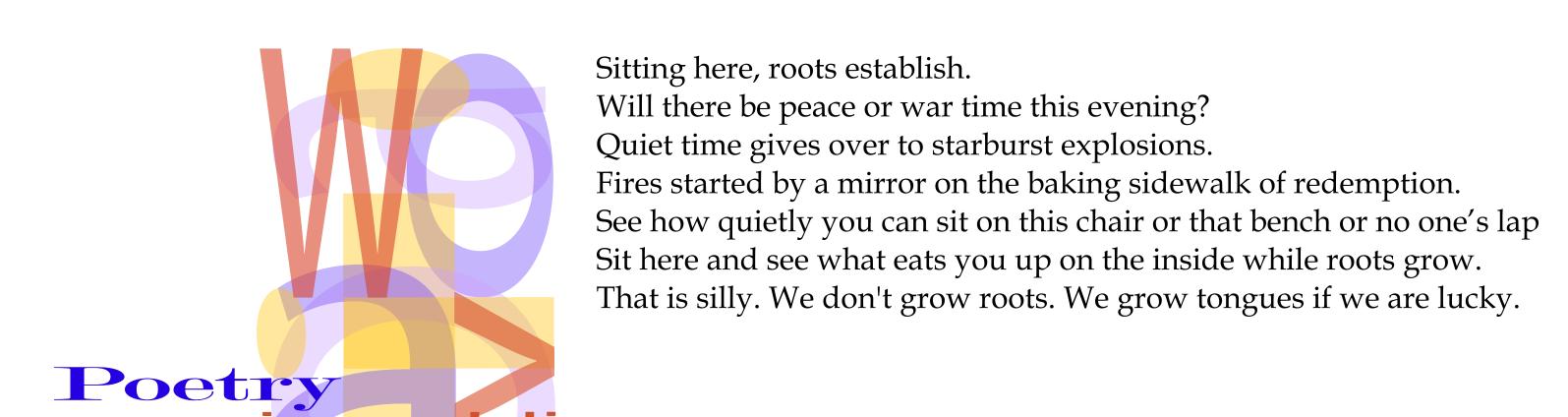
Life's attires Shed in timed cycles

Dawn the hues of another day

Still #2

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Jennifer MacBain-Stephens



Poem Without Symbols

Paul Diehl

I slide my grandfather's slate from his leather school bag.

The slate is dusty but unbroken, a dark almost purple sky from the depths of Wales.

The frame is oak, rich gold, straight grain, the pieces joined invisibly.

The chalk is blinding white, each piece unused.

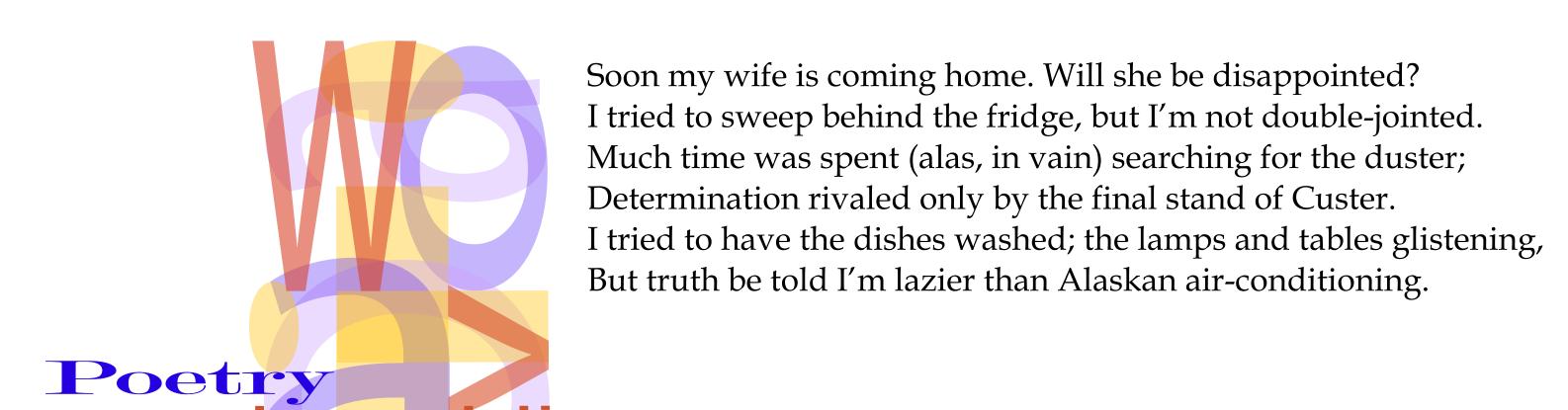
This is no longer slate to shape letters or calculate the angle of the sun.

With my hand I clear the surface one last time, wipe seashell dust from the harder seashell plane. It's all literal now. The realm of words has passed away.



"Excuses of the Well-meaning But Indolent Househusband"

Lucas Shepherd



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4 PM Your Time 5 PM Mine

Ruth Manna

Anthony's voice is clear:

"Look at my new grammar book, Grandma!" Lucas, three, shares a tortilla chip through the screen. Our Sunday skype proceeds.



One-Year Diary

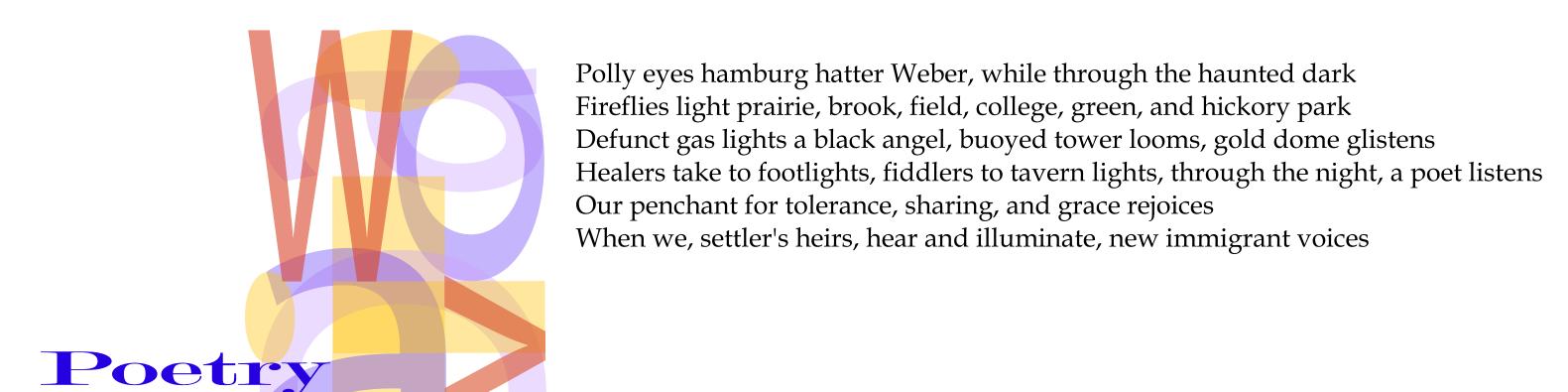
Kathryn Hall



"At 3 p.m. Mama left us. Fed the blower. Sold eggs 3 ½ doz. .41 c. Pulled beans at eve." Those endless but nameless Neighbors (W, L, R, etc.) bringing pies, A pint of cucumbers, elliptical. "Beets put up. Carried flowers to the cemetery. Paid Liberty Tax." All verb, 1943.

lowa City Ditty

Daniel Daly



public

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The Shock of Prairie Grass outside Coralville Public Library after Three Months of Not Writing

Lisa K. Roberts



Green fire. Potted star. Dirt in translation. One shape.
Tail feather of an arrow shot toward earth. This is the spot. Dig. Here.

David Danced

Scott Lindgren

His hand guided the wheelchair into a smooth arc until the room became a blur – spinning, dancing, melting into streams of color and light.

He hovered, weightless, suspended in air, touching heaven without touching ground.

And he danced until the world disappeared and joy filled the empty spaces.



Dinosaurs

David Hamilton



The boy brings another book. This time I adlib *Pooh* while paging through his *Big Book of Dinosaurs*. "No," he starts, suppresses that, then giggles, "Read *Pooh* again, Grandad."

pirouette

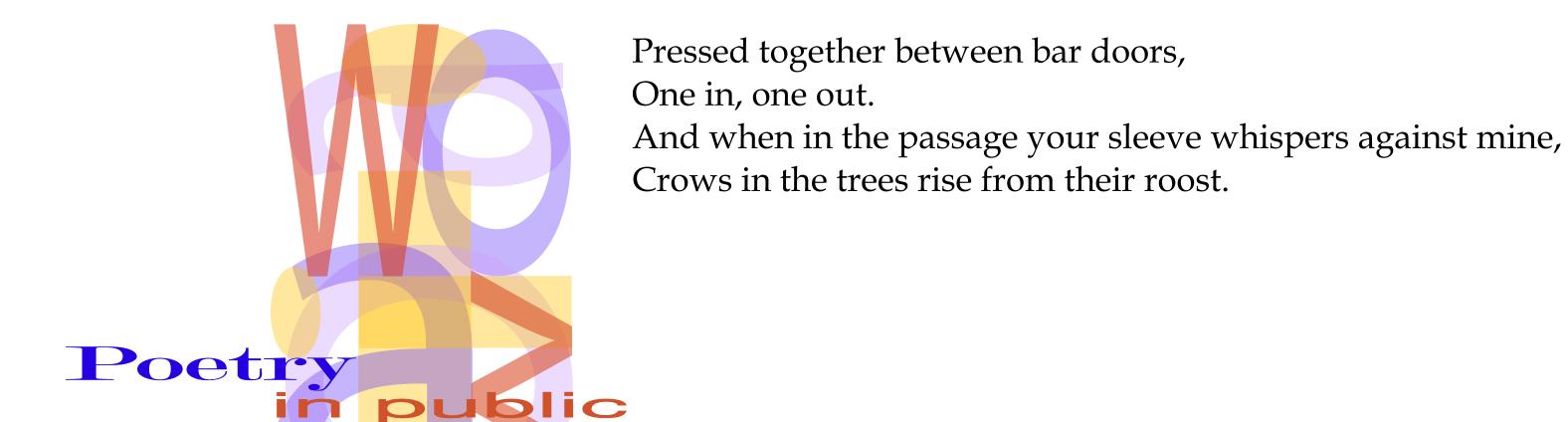
Mary Jedlicka Humston

sailing in crisp air on smooth glaciating pond a leaf twirls alone



Passing

Rachael Carlson



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For All

Becky Soglin



A bus needs a poem

As much as lovers, grievers, sinners, believers, As much as children, thinkers, teachers, tinkers,

As much as players, leaders, loners, seekers, As much as the fighters and the peacemakers,

As much as us, them, me, you

And more than anyone can know.

Hope Springs Eternal

Patrick Nefzger

We walked and walked and talked and then we walked some more.

I suggested, but she deflected and then we walked some more.

I asked out rightly, she shied politely and then we walked some more.

I kissed her bright head, she was delighted and then we walked no more!



Lincoln

Lisa Roberts



When he told a story,
laughter "whistled off sadness,"
and his smile warmed the crowd.
Happiness reformed the creases of his face, and
Melancholy relinquished her hold on him
for a moment

Winter Troika

Jeff Nesheim



From two days weighted with fog came the snow And the crows. They revel in the mood when Other birds go quiet. Three claim the yard As theirs, cracking the peaceful gray quiet With slow conversation from a streetlight Perch. Smug in cleverness they spend the day Waiting for snow plows to stir up some action.

Snow Serpents

Janet Skiff

At 8 am at a stoplight I watch

dozens of dusty white serpents shift weight, switch lanes, swiftly glide with the cars along the Coralville Strip-

Soon to blow away altogether with the wind or vanish meltingly when the sun appears with more resolve.

