

# UNTITLED

*Laurie Scott Cummins*

Like my dad's hair  
Summer grass is thinning.  
Seasons change.

Poetry  
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# SHANGRI-LA

Christopher Merrill

Of *Lost Horizon* I remember the plane crash,  
A lush green mountain valley, and contemplatives  
Who do not seem to age or die... The grade school teacher  
Who made me trade the Hardy Boys for an adventure  
Story set in Tibet, inspired this hankering  
For ideal places. How I need you now to see  
Through my bravado, and train me in the ways of God.

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# SWEET IOWA CORN

*David Duer*

Stopped at a farm stand this morning  
to get a sack of sweet Iowa corn,  
that delicious butter-and-cream variety.

Five boys sat in the shade—  
the ones who just picked it?—  
swapping lies and shucking corn  
and eating it fresh off the cob.

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# NEWBORN

*Julie Claus*

I stood in the garden uncertain what to do with him.  
So in the hushed tones of grasses, I began  
introducing him to life. Bough by bough, leaf by leaf,  
I named every name that would name him.  
Petal by petal, we opened to each other.  
I kept to him, he kept to me  
even as we flew from tree to tree.

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# MISCALCULATION

*Dan Campion*

These trading cards of dreams will never sell.  
Their grainy pictures fade. Their film noir spell  
Disperses in a smog of bubble gum.  
They don't pack even quiet house's hum  
Or subtle glow of clock-face radium  
Or pillowcase caress of tousled hair.  
We're stuck with cardboard decks of solitaire.

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# CODA

*Marvin Bell*

Listen to my song.

Listen when my song has ended.

It will be my way of taking you in my arms.

It will be the way I come to where you are.

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# GRACE

*Nina Lohman Cílek*

Grace, my grandmother-great,  
taught me to pray when I was six or five  
in her kitchen white The Lord's Prayer white  
by the sink where water steamed and scalded  
by the oven that warmed, at the table where she sat  
line by line, again one more time  
while we wait for the yeast to proof

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# BUTTERCUP

Karol Krotz

the window her prisoner from the goings-on outside  
scents of air and sounds of life through the tiny crack

not deterred she readies herself for the encounter she awaits  
those that taunt her instinctive longing

self-composedness, alertness, poise, precision necessary  
to escape and conquer her elusive desire

not today, she abandons her post, the bird flies away

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# OPTIMIST, TEMPTED

*Leslea Haravon Collins*

It looks better than it tastes  
But there it lies, nestled amongst its sweet companions  
Sticky and chewy  
Beckoning to my mouth.

Maybe the next one  
Will taste better.

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# INSPIRATION

*Ruth Manna*

Senior tech lab time  
Need to create cool haikus  
C'mon c'mon muse

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"A NOSE IS A NOSE IS A NOSE!"

PATRICK NEFZGER, WIGGLESHAFT

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NOSE, WOULD SMELL THE SAME!

A NOSE BY ANY OTHER ROSE, WOULD SMELL THE SAME!

INSPIRED BY GERTRUDE STEIN, SHAKESPEARE AND HEMINGWAY.

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# CHANGE OF VENUE

*Carol Tyx*

It's good to move out of your room  
at least once a year, to sleep in the spare bedroom  
or if that's full, on the living room floor  
maybe even the backyard  
to see who you might be  
waking up somewhere else.

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# GATE

*Tony Craine*

Windblown gate, banging late at night  
Surrogate noisy neighbor  
While the noisy neighbors sleep  
By day you contain the annoying little dog  
No wind moves you then  
Only now, irregular, you open and...  
Slam. Open and...

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# THE BOOK OF NO PAGES

*Dave Morice*

I bought a book with all my wages.  
Between its covers were no pages.

No one wrote it very well  
With perfect grammar. I could tell.

All the words were clear as air  
About a truth that wasn't there.

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# IN THE GRASS

*Nancy Lael Braun*

small boy reaches out  
for the grasshopper, reaches  
out for the hopper...

reaches out again  
and again and again and  
both hopping, hopping

Poetry  
in public

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# JUST A MERE FARM

*Randy Beckman*

It's just a mere farm built from the sweat of DAD'S brow  
It sustained his large family through the Depression somehow  
Wherever we've gone in pursuit of our goals  
The farm is within us – its part of our soul  
And Dad would smile to know we'll always call  
This mere farm on the prairie home to us all

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# IN THE MORNING

*Mary Pogge*

I stretch awake  
and discover which of my joints  
fingers, knees, whatever  
has joined the lemmings' march  
towards the cliff of age  
today

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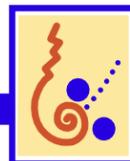
# SPRING

Brown oak leaves dancing  
Over frozen sheets of white  
Promise warmer days

Tim Terry

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# JANUARY THAW

*Jan Down*

A wisp of wind  
Tree branches bend  
Snow plops down  
Upon my head

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# HAPPY FOURTH!

*Tom Snee*

I live in my own little world, but it's well kept.  
Mow the lawn, shovel the snow, paint the fence when needed.  
I'd invite the neighbors to a Fourth of July picnic,  
but I don't have any.

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# DQ HAIKU

*David Leshtz*

Soft serve krunch kote queen  
Summertime butterscotch gal  
Melt my blizzard heart

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## *HAIKU*

evening smoulders  
midsummer June bug boogie  
cool lightening hot dance

*Javier Abramowitz*

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# HALF SONNET

*Paul Diehl*

Through fog the bridge throws  
lights across the river, parallel lines of  
dark, dim, dark, dim, like fingers through  
a hand's spaces. The wind deepens,  
this way, that way.

Tonight I'd do anything at all  
but break your heart.

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# THE UMBRELLA'S DREAM

*Madi Genz*

My umbrella has a dream  
to fly away.

When storms brew I open its canopy.

It tries and perseveres, but has yet to take flight.

I feel sorry for the poor thing.

For I am the one  
with the strong grip.

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# TWILIGHT DANCE IN AUTUMN

*Janet Skiff*

Dozens of small onyx dots with  
thread-like wings  
rise from large, dark, lacy trees  
  
and together create a pointellistic cloud  
  
that glides up and down and soars  
with collected grace  
across a low fuchsia sky.

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# LESS THAN ONE CENTIMETER ACROSS

*Lisa M. Roberts*

You know what got me?  
After the ultrasound and after pointing out  
what were and were not  
the healthy bits of my breast,  
the radiologist, as he got up to walk away,  
leaned down to pat my leg and said,  
"Good luck."

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# BETRAYAL

staring unblinking  
as if I were a stranger  
turncoat computer

*Denise Tiffany*

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# IN READINESS

*Rene Paine*

The moon, three days waning  
graciously introduces the purple and pink of a February sunrise  
Sunrise to sun risen, the Iowa earth readies to exhale that breath of thaw  
while life below the ice perches  
like the swimmer on her block  
ready to heed the whistle of change  
and send us into the churn and thrust of renewal

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# BIG BROTHER

*Dick Hakes*

You did not know I watched  
but I bore witness to your deed  
when Niko's skates betrayed him and  
he sat there on the ice  
discouraged and alone  
until your hand came through the crowd.  
I could have cheered out loud.

Poetry  
in public

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