

Scoria

The primal flare
and lava cone
of galaxies declare
we're slag, in
whole and part,
from porous bone
to chambered heart.

Dan Champion

Poetry
in public

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this morning I mistook
my streetlight shining through
the Summer leaves
for the full moon
and for a few seconds
I believed she was off her track

Mark Stevenson

Poetry
in public

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What We All Want

When it was uncertain, when the suspense stretched beyond her six-year-old limits, when the characters she had come to count as friends might be caught, she told her mother to read ahead and find out what happened so she could prepare herself for what was to come.

Carol Tyx

Poetry
in public

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BEDTIME PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
A bag of mushrooms at my feet.
If I should die before I wake,
I ate a toadstool by mistake.

Dave Morice

Poetry
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Morning

winter sky
a hawk's circle
gathers the sun

Jeffrey Hanson

Poetry
in public

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At the symphony with Joan

Suns may set
And roads may end
But I will always love
The way you say
Dvorak, Dvorak....

Jay Semel

Poetry
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Not Guilty

The slug made his way so slowly I didn't see him draw his slimy mark on a white stone in the moist shade of the Hosta, the spineless legless creature has been wreaking mayhem in the garden. All this time, I blamed the rabbit.

Martha Schut

Poetry
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Midwestern Midwinter Highways

stationed on fence posts
every five miles or so
the red-tailed hawks
survey the harvested fields
scanning their domain
precise poised positing
their moral imperative

David Duer

Poetry
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Humming Bones

I love tulips the way they
pirouette in pastel
turbans and take a
bow,
all winter, humming in my bones,
waiting to awaken
and unfold.

Julie Nelson

Poetry
in public

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In Morocco

In *Window at Tangier*, Matisse discovered
That plants and flowers grow in human souls.
The Hotel Grand de Villa France preserved
His room for guests to gauge what he could see,
And so discover in themselves green shoots
And light and mist suspended in the air.

Christopher Merrill

Poetry
in public

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Intersections

Summit and Kirkwood'll make you lose your mind.
Stopping and starting then eye contact and wave.
Pay attention. TRAIN!
And Muscatine and First will lead you astray.
Crosswalks are for suckers, didn't you hear? And that middle lane is for passing.
Pay attention. DEER!

Rachael Carlson

Poetry
in public

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Heron

I stand in the water
motionless, strung tight, all eyes
until a poem swims near.
Cock my head from side
to side, calculate
for refraction, dart
and spear it.

Nancy Lael Braun

Poetry
in public

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Witness

Late summer storms churn
cool breezes through cracked windows;
Come, witness with me.

Samantha Ferm

Poetry
in public

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Natural Selection

When we are all dead and gone
Cockroaches and
Glitter
Will linger on

Janvier Abramowitz

Poetry
in public

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Not Working From Home

All you need is a backpack and maybe a photo of your dog as you plunk down your pass and lurch into your day reading page 47 of someone's sci-fi novel over your shoulder, turning to the window as the bus turns, glowing a soft outline of itself in flashing red lights. Dawn cracks through tree branches weaving into power lines, through the thin line of silhouettes, next stop, bus passes in hand, waiting.

Diane Blyler

Poetry
in public

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Heavy Lifting

The porch was softly cool, shaded from the noon sun
by a burr oak with twin trunks.

The creaking of the old rocker rose in rhythm with the bending
of grandpa's back, bowed from so much heavy lifting.

The boy sitting at his feet, humming, with bare legs dangling off the porch,
could not know how hard it is to lift a youth from boy to man
or how, too often, a good strong back is hard to find.

Scott Lindgren

Poetry
in public

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Snow Angel

I can see it now, as I saw
it then. That swoop of
wings, etched into snow.

The snow stippled as well
with blood. All around
a blizzard of feathers, and
this, this terrible silence.

Dónal Kevin Gordon

Poetry
in public

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Confidence

Darling,
your confidence is not harnessed
in one night.
Even the tallest of trees
take years
before they caress the sky.

Bethanny Sudibyo

Poetry
in public

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You Might Want to Leave a Forwarding Address

Not everyone likes fruitcake; some of us love it. In fact, some of us love it so much that, hypothetically, we might eat the whole thing if it arrived unexpectedly at our new front door.

Lisa M. Roberts

Poetry
in public

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yellow + purple

warm, canary yellow illuminated the small kitchen of our one story home.
one periwinkle sock slid up past my knee,
while the other scrunched in a purple puddle near the top of my boney ankle.
the melodic hum of crickets roaming outside beyond the screen door,
orchestrated a succulent music that allowed my father and I to sway.
picking up my small frame, he placed me down, so my feet were stacked on top of his.
we moved in circles, gliding across the cool linoleum floor...

Isabella Skrbich

Poetry
in public

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Cozy

Sunlight slants through
the winter kitchen window

A yellow lemon glows
in a blue glazed bowl

Steam curls up from a tea cup
The clock ticks, the summer earth sleeps
tucked under snow

Debra Venzke

Poetry
in public

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from "The Landlocked Lighthouse"

And out there, calling, is the tower's swinging
light, calling clearly as a siren's singing.
I'd like to climb those tightly spiraled stairs
and find the one who tends to the affairs
of wanderers turned searchers in the dark,
present my map, and have him make the mark.

Chad Abushanab

Poetry
in public

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Missed

A cold predawn morning
The wind chime does a lonely dance
outside the window framed in February frost
A new log in the wood stove
A steamy cup of black coffee
Send smoke signals
Meant to reach you

Thia Rolfes

Poetry
in public

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Winter Solace

on a leafless oak
the lone red-tailed hawk screeches
an echo replies

Patricia E. Noeth

Poetry
in public

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