

February 14

Hearts are everywhere,
decorations on the wall,
red and pink mean love.
But Valentine's Day is not about hearts.
It's about sharing and caring for others.
Valentine's Day feels like love.
It makes our heart beat as fast as it can.

Bridget Greenwood
Age 5, Preucil Preschool

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



I am a Snake

I am a snake

I can smell with my tongue

I feel rocks

I smell dogs

I am feeling my tail with my head

I am a snake

**Lake Spak
Age 5, Willowwind
Kindergarten**

Poetry
in public

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Snowy Day

The snow is so soft,
It shines like the moon.
When the snow falls,
It glitters down-
Like sand falling
From the clouds.

Sam Piper
Age 7, Regina Elementary
1st Grade

Poetry
in public

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Bunny Moo

Bunny moo
Bunny to
Bunny to bunny you!

Ben Sauder
Age 9, Willowwind
3rd Grade

Poetry
in public

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Nat

I have a cat her name
Is Nat she likes gnats
She is not fat but she
Is flat and that was
The end of Nat.

Chelsea Northam
Age 9, Lucas Elementary
3rd Grade

Poetry
in public

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Farty Flabby Flamingos

The farty flabby flamingos
Smell like a super stinky sewer
That just ate plum pickled pig
And a silly sally salamander.

Eero Foliente
Age 8, Willowwind
3rd Grade

Poetry
in public

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Morning and Evening

The birds tweet their last song

The trees wave their last good bye and the flower closes for the day

The hummingbirds eat their supper then go to sleep

The mouse scuttles into the floor and eats its cheese

The sun sets, the fox begins to prowl, and the owl gets a rat for her babies

Night is full but the sun begins to rise, the flower blooms, the trees waves, the mouse eats breakfast, the humans wake up, and the birds sing their morning song.

Eliana McMurray
Age 9, Hoover Elementary
3rd Grade

Poetry
in public

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Sunrise

Each day I wake in a slow sleepy daze
As the sunny sun rises in the pretty purple sky
A loot lark sings a silky song
As a giggling grasshopper bounces through the meadow
I head down the slippery stairs
To begin the big beautiful day

Elizabeth Powers
Age 9, Willowwind
3rd Grade

Poetry
in public

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Wait, Whaa?

Wait, whaa??

I just lost my screen time, and I didn't even realize

And worst of all,

I'M GOING TO MY ROOM!

I've just woke up, and WOW

It was all just a dream

Wait, whaa??

Jord Gryzlak

Age 9, Willowwind

3rd Grade

Poetry
in public

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Fortune

Come and see me;
I'm fortune telling!
Things from the future: that's what I'm selling.
I see a mother, and with her another,
And the baby looks like you!
Oh, basic facts? Don't ask now,
It'll cost you a fortune!

Alexandra
Age 9, Alexander Elementary
4th Grade

Poetry
in public

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The Big Biting Bog

The dog bit the frog,
And the frog bit the hog,
And the hog bit the log,
And the log snapped his fingers,
And a bog swallowed them all.

Avi Jahangir
Age 9, Willowwind
4th Grade

Poetry
in public

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Turtle Bob

Turtle Bob is 999 trillion 999 billion 999 million
999 thousand and 999 years old
Turtle Bob is a quadrillion years old
Turtle Bob toots too toxic turds
Run for your lives!
Oops! Too late! You're dead!
BYE BYE!!!

Isaak Martin
Age 9, Willowwind
4th Grade

Poetry
in public

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The Cracker

I am a cracker.
I hate when people eat my friends right out of the box.
I love it when people are too full to eat me ... Wait is that?
A hand?
Help!
Don't eat meeeeeeeee.
CRUNCH.

Rial Shriver
Age 9, Willowwind
4th Grade

Poetry
in public

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Winter

Endless blue sky,
Needle sharp wind.
Cold yellow sun,
World touched
By diamonds.

Cora Sutton
Age 11, Solon Intermediate School
5th Grade

Poetry
in public

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Pencil

When Pencil came to town he thought he was wearing a crown
He always said, "I can draw maples, but Stapler just staples
I can draw mutts and coconuts, but Scissors just cuts 'n cuts 'n cuts
My drawings are perfect, I draw them with ease
And no one at all can get rid of it all"
Pencil did that for days like a racer on a track
He did that all until eraser came back

Sylvia Broffitt
Age 11, Horn Elementary
5th Grade

Poetry
in public

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The frogs land

The frogs land is a scared place
no one is brave enough to step foot there
because King frog will say hippity hoppety get off my property

Christopher Holderness
Age 12, Penn Elementary
6th Grade

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Summer Fun

SUNSHINE
IS THE
Light TO
SUMMER

Ellie Evans
Age 11, Penn Elementary
6th Grade



Grandpa and Grandma's Forest

The light through the leaves,
Surrounded by many trees.
Plucking cherries to put in a basket.
I know nobody else has it,
like me.

Hannah Michalec
Age 12, Penn Elementary
6th Grade

Poetry
in public

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Better.

Lifting big.
Squatting low.
Getting better
Is the flow.

**Gavin Benton
Age 13, North Central Junior High
7th Grade**

Poetry
in public

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Garden Gnome

sitting, silently, under the sky,
unmoving, watchful, he lets out a sigh.
if only he were free,
to do as he please,
he's stuck, in place.
he can't even sneeze.

Anna Kalnins
Age 13, Regina
8th Grade

Poetry
in public

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