

# The Apple

*Ferguson Ward*

*Age: 9, Longfellow Elementary, Grade: 4*

I bit and bit

With all my might,

But only left a tiny bite.

Poetry  
in public

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# A Walk

*Zayetzy Luna*

*Age: 14, West High School, Grade: 9*

Summer is in the air; me with my flowy hair

As I walk along the sea; with you right next to me

The bright sun starts to set; waves with constant unrest

We soon stop to stare; something is in the air

Poetry  
in public

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# A Peacock!

*Lillian Moninger*

*Age: 7, Shimek Elementary, Grade: 1*

A peacock sounds quiet

I wish I could stand by it

It feels soft and furry

I don't know if it worries

Poetry  
in public

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# ON MOVING

*Ruby Gerard*

*Age: 10, Penn Elementary, Grade: 5*

I'll miss my friends

Won't see Grandma and Grandpa as much

Will the pets be okay in the moving truck? Will my fish survive?

Will I have any friends when it's my birthday?

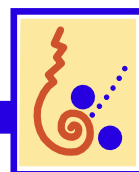
Hard to believe it's happening

My parents are making me go

But I kind of want to so I can feed foxes from my hand

Poetry  
in public

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# A Different Survival

*Luke Gallagher*

*Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11*

In class, that clock ticks and  
Nothing in my brain clicks.  
The teacher speaks, I don't comprehend  
When she calls on me, I just pretend.  
I act like I was paying attention.  
If I don't, I will receive detention.

Poetry  
in public

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# Love

*Claire Kleinmeyer*

*Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11*

Look up at the stars

They are afar

But many say

I love you to the moon

And back

But the love here

Does not lack

Poetry  
in public

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# Frozen Fairy Wings

*Sena Graham*

*Age: 12, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7*

Tiny, Frozen, Fairy Wings.

Fluttering, a bare whisper in my ear:

All alone, nowhere to go.

Nowhere except up, to meet the stars.

Up in the indigo smeared canvas sky.

Where the limits are unbearably impossible.

Where my Frozen Fairy Wings carry me.

Poetry  
in public

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# Ode to My Baseball Glove

*Brett Graff*

*Age: 12, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7*

You've been with me since I was four.

That way you fit my hand,

we're meant to be.

You've never failed me.

You will never fail me.

You will always be the baseball glove that I will never forget.

Poetry  
in public

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# A Different Kind of Beautiful

*Audra*

*Age: 13, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7*

The missing handle of the laundry basket

The squeaky middle drawer in the kitchen

The famous, "Panda Corner," spilling with pandas

The porkchop my little sister hid in the closet

The laundry hole that leads to another dimension

The line of rocks on the railing of the porch

The little things in life, that are a different kind of beautiful

Poetry  
in public

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# Ode to the Smelly Sock

*Dalton Lewis*

*Age: 12, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7*

Oh yes, so, so fragrant. You smell like the roses that have died,  
but you are fantastic. You are what keeps the  
world spinning. You are the thing that makes my duffle bag smell  
great if you are a fly. You are the thing I think about in my sleep.  
I wonder where you are, but you hide because if I wash you then the  
world will break in half.

Poetry  
in public

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# Knock, Knock

*Rudy Moncallo*

*Age: 18, City High School, Grade: 12*

As I shut one door to open up another to be blinded by the same thing I am seeing, knock knock. To see someone die my age but I'm still breathing, knock knock. I'm brown, he's black, and he's white but we're all named Mark, if you cut us open we all have hearts. So what's the difference, knock knock. Saggy pants, black hoodie with some candy, am I suspicious, knock knock. Can this world be any weirder than the land of the free became the land of the lost filled with colors to be a blank America, KNOCK KNOCK.

KNOCK KNOCK. Who's there? WE ARE.

Poetry  
in public

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# May's Café

*Kemonte Brown*

*Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12*

Coffee stains to coffee scent, linger on my clothes.  
Comparing bitter sweet espresso blends to fruits,  
conversations with customers about being a barista.

John Mayer playing in the background, college  
students flock like birds. Tribal designs on her shirt,  
splashes of paint on his paints. We serve Ice Cream  
and Pastries. Talk about unique. Coffee is Love.

Poetry  
in public

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# Whineter

*Elijah Jones*

*Age: 18, City High School, Grade: 12*

When the world gets cold  
and the flavor gets old  
you can feel your reality freeze.

But within your mind  
(happens all the time)  
You should enjoy the setting with ease  
'Cause your life is not like Scorsese

Poetry  
in public

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# Scars

*Debany Jarrin*

*Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12*

Wounded hearts inside burning chests  
that are thirsty of love but afraid to forgive,  
to shatter completely our emotions' nests,  
to rebuild our broken dreams and believe.  
Though we know memories are scars  
we decide to feel and learn to heal  
because hurting memories imprison our hearts.

Poetry  
in public

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# When the Night is

*Wongyun Park*

*Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 11*

When the night is lightless

Memory of the days

That are now meaningless

Rise from my heart, and gather to the eyes

When the night is soundless

You rise from my memory, that is now meaningless,

When the night is sleepless

Poetry  
in public

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# Normal

*Evie Rozendaal*

*Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11*

The nature of being normal is nothing to commend.

What kind of normal person breaks records?

What kind of normal person makes history?

Why would anyone choose to be normal?

But consider our world, and the judgments we live by...

Why would anyone choose to be different?

Poetry  
in public

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# What is Yellow?

*Alexa*

*Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4*

YELLOW IS THE SUN IN SUMMER

YELLOW IS FLAMES IN A CRACKLING FIRE

YELLOW IS THE STARS ON A CLEAR NIGHT

YELLOW FEELS LIKE A BEACH'S SAND

AND YELLOW SMELLS LIKE FRESH HONEY

IT CAN TAKE YOU ON A RIDE INTO THE  
SUNSET

Poetry  
in public

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# What is Green?

*Aden Hageman*

*Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4*

Life filling the lands

Pan flutes, peaceful noises

Hard crunchy pickles

Ooey, gooey slime

Seaweed growing from the bottom of the sea

It sprouts the world

Poetry  
in public

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# Jack

*Madeline Santos*

*Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4*

There once was a horse named Jack,

He was quiet and very laid back.

Except for one day,

He ran far away,

'Cause he wanted to gallop the track.

Poetry  
in public

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# If I Were A Superhero

*Garion Opiola*

*Age: 13, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 7*

If I were a Superhero, what kind would I be?

Would I be Marvel or would I be DC?

I could fly fast at supersonic speed

Or I could use my super strength to help those in need.

I could travel to space in my iron suit.

Or use a mighty shield to give bad guys the boot.

I could shapeshift or wear a masked hood but mostly, do all that is good.

Poetry  
in public

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# Fire

*Hans von Rabenau*

*Age: 14, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 8*

Gives life and takes it away in an instant

Catches everything trying to love it

But only destroys all it touches

Warms us in the coldest hours

And dances in the ashes of chaos

Moves as if telling a story

Is it good or evil?

Poetry  
in public

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# The hunger is real

*Jayla N. Williams*

*Age: 12, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 7*

Some people say life is what you make it

I say life is trying not to fake it

Millions of people are living on the street

No place to eat no place to sleep

Not by choice by force

Robbing Peter to pay Paul

They thought they had it all

Poetry  
in public

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# Whispers to the Wind

*Samantha Deatsch*

*Age: 14, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 8*

He was gone too soon, ripped away too fast  
The things I never got to say, never got to do  
Are now stuck in my mind as just a mere thought  
I don't know if he can hear me or not  
Still every night on the verge of sleep  
Hoping the wind will find my words to carry to him  
I whisper, "I love you grandpa"

Poetry  
in public

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# Needs

*Lauren Schuchard*

*Age: 13, North Central Jr. High, Grade: 8*

Kids grow up without parents,

People grow up without homes,

Children grow up without television,

Teens grow up without phones.

Some live on the streets in the rough side of town,

Some are raised tough not to show a frown.

What we think we need we don't, what we really need is a reality check.

Poetry  
in public

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# Rambo Dog

*Gabe Bergeon*

*Age: 12, South East Jr. High, Grade: 7*

The pitter patter on the kitchen floor  
The constant stare while I'm eating  
Being pinned to the couch when you're tired  
Your company while dinner is heating  
You're perfect ball of fur and slobber  
And as my lap warmer you are hired.

Poetry  
in public

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# King of Oblivion

*Isabel Rushton*

*Age: 14, South East Jr. High, Grade: 8*

That mountain which spirals into endless nights

I wanted to stand upon, to rule the world.

So now, that mountain is a stone throne

And I am the king who sits upon it.

But when I look down for my subjects, I cannot see.

This mountain also spirals above blinding clouds

And when I look up, I'm lost in an endless night.

Poetry  
in public

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# Migrating

*Tula Bloom Brickel*

*Age: 9, Longfellow Elementary, Grade: 4*

Soaring far past the clouds past the trees and mountaintops.

Flying far never stop until we reach our migrating spot.

Past the wind, past the rain, past the hail and snow.

Here we go, here we go, and back again we go.

Poetry  
in public

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# Snowy Owl

*Ava Smithey*

*Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3*

White, spotted

Soaring, flying, darting

Florida, California, Texas, Iowa

Fluttering, flapping, wandering

Wide eyed, pretty

Snowy owl

Poetry  
in public

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# Arctic Fox

*Zoe Scott*

*Age: 9, Weber Elementary Grade: 3*

Lovely, fierce

Hunting, running, devouring

Arctic, lemming, snow, survive

Sneaking, spying, sleeping

Small, proud

Arctic Fox

Poetry  
in public

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# Gray Wolf

*Arun Dixit*

*Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3*

Thoughtful, colossal,

Scurrying, dashing, watching,

Predator, carnivore, fur, pointy ears,

Hearing, catching, chasing,

Blissful, benevolent,

Gray Wolf

Poetry  
in public

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# Winter

*Cooper*

*Age: 5, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K*

I smell salty snow.

I taste snowflakes on my tongue.

I touch the soft snow.

I see shoveling snow.

I hear crunching snow under my feet.

Poetry  
in public

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# I Am

*Margaret Moon*

*Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2*

I am funny and nice

I understand that I can't get my way

I say the world is great

I dream of a monster

I try to do a handstand

I hope there will be no war

I am funny and nice

Poetry  
in public

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# I love me

*Romy*

*Age: 6.5, Willowwind Elem, Grade: 1*

Romy

Fun and kind

Helping, loving, caring

A Kind girl helper

Bologna

Poetry  
in public

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# Untitled

*Kieran Moore*

*Age: 10, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 4*

You know that place on the side of the road?

Some call it a sidewalk?

We call it a simple road with no dotted line where nothing grows.

So you think it's small? Not us.

We think it's huge, but that's because we are smaller than your nose,  
smaller than a leaf, and about the size of your teeth.

That's because we are BUGS!

Poetry  
in public

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# Poe-Tree

*Melissa Uc*

*Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 3*

“Poe-tree” is a seed growing in your brain

And when it grows there is no telling how big it can be.

It may be trash or world famous,

But when it grows you can feel it.

So do not let that big idea go or you will be sorry.

Beware of the dangers of losing the “poe-tree” growing in your brain.

Get it down on paper right away.

Poetry  
in public

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# Night Mare

*Mira Kumar*

*Age: 11, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 6*

Rearing, bucking, tossing like a turbulent sea—the Night Mare!  
Long its search, finds an innocent creature dreaming peaceful in the nightly gloom  
Eyes closed, smile painted on its face in the ghostly shade of moon, the divine painter looks up, dips and swerves  
around the Night Mare, painting it in the day  
It shines, the Sun Steed now, shies and falls to the east  
Titian mane, streak of yellow rising from the horizon  
Fears the night, revels in the light.

Poetry  
in public

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# Lonely Log

*Krishna Kapoor*

*Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3*

I saw a lonely log near a lonely street,  
I felt lonely myself with my mom in the front seat,  
Poor log I thought without a family,  
Poor poor log on the lonely street.

Poetry  
in public

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# The Gymnasts

*Andrea Belding*

*Age: 10, Van Allen Elementary, Grade: 4*

On the bar they do their tricks  
Round and Round, Flippity-flip  
First they mount and then they twist  
Round and Round, Flippity-flip  
Then they jump and tuck and spin  
Round and Round, flippity-  
LAND!

Poetry  
in public

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# Purple

*Caroline Vander Weg*

*Age: 5, Kate Wickham Elementary, Grade: K*

Purple flowers and purple stripes,  
Purple zebras and purple knives.  
I can name more rhymes, can you?  
So flake a snake,  
Or make a shake!

Poetry  
in public

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# I Really Want a Pet

*Molly Riepe*

*Age: 8, Horace Mann Elementary, Grade: 3*

I really want a pet, but I haven't got one yet.

My dad says only a fish, but that isn't what I wish.

I really want a cat, but he says no to all of that.

I might get a cat when I'm in college.

But I think I'll need some more cat knowledge.

Poetry  
in public

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# Shutter Aperture

*Madi Genz*

*Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12*

Forgetting someone's face is a spooky thing.

First their haircut is fizzled, the style not quite right and the color not as vibrant.

Then the freckles, wrinkles, the mole on their jaw, the perfect imperfections

Smear as their nose molds into their cheekbones. The smile shines less, the eyes aren't as bright.

The lenses of your memory can't seem to focus.

Until you're sitting there, brows furrowed, eyes squinting into the past,

Wishing you had taken a picture.

Poetry  
in public

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# Potato

*Jacob Ají*

*Age: 8, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2*

If I were a potato I would bury myself  
six inches and grow underground.

When I grew older, I would get moldy,  
and as I grew moldy, the ground would get older  
and colder and older and colder until  
new potatoes show.

Poetry  
in public

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# Live

*Tempest Wisdom*

*Age: 17, City High School, Grade: 12*

LIVE! TONIGHT

the fluttering sheets proclaim,  
weathered by months of rain

A telephone pole,

glittering with staples,

keeps time better

than any calendar could.

Poetry  
in public

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# My Sushi Addiction

*Claudia Chia*

*Age: 12, Horn Elementary, Grade: 6*

I eat sushi.

Just thinking about sushi makes me woozy.

If I don't get sushi I get moody.

If I get sushi I get groovy.

Too much sushi makes me looney.

I love sushi.....absolutely.

Poetry  
in public

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# Fire Girl

*McKinley Quinn Barbour Roske*

*Age: 16, City High School, Grade: 10*

The girl of fire in a world of grey

She stands alone, alone and proud

A warming spark seen through the ashen haze

She sings her song to the monochrome crowd

A boy looks up with golden eyes now alight

Poetry  
in public

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# Cats

*Ella Gilbert*

*Age: 8, Lincoln Elementary, Grade: 2*

White cats, bite cats, look like snow fright cats

Purr cats, fur cats, cold winter burr cats

Hairy cats, wary cats, look out for scary cats

Small cats, tall cats, chasing ball cats

Shy cats, sly cats, Snowy my cat

Poetry  
in public

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# **A condensed pantoum for the lost**

*Ella Ostedgaard*

*Age: 16, City High School, Grade: 10*

waiting in line / no one knows for what.  
but still we stay / endless, infinite, forever.  
no one knows for what / we are waiting on.  
endless, infinite, forever.  
no one seems to mind.  
we are waiting on / a dream, a song, a love.  
no one seems to mind / waiting in line.

Poetry  
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# Man's Pride

*Ted Park*

*Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 11*

In his empty heart, there is a little glass  
There are many scars on the glass from other's insults and ignorance  
Spears and Hammer, hitting it, and trying to break it  
It might break but it doesn't  
A man, keeping his glass in his heart, takes it as responsibility and it becomes heavier  
It seems to never break, however  
When he meets her whom he loves, the glass slowly changes into ashes

Poetry  
in public

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# Dragonia

*Kellen Warren*

*Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4*

Extirpating foes

Pernicious creature

Magical colors

Poetry  
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# Persephone

*Calliope*

*Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K*

My sister, Persephone

Playing

Outside

When dinner is getting fixed

It is going to be a long time until dinner is ready.

Poetry  
in public

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# Spain

*Ginger McCartney*

*Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2*

The first day you arrive, you go to the beach

Then, its time for lunch.

You go to an Italian restaurant.

You either get noodles or pizza.

Then you go back to the beach.

Later, its time to go.

Poetry  
in public

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# Butterfly

*Kirin Yamada*

*Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1*

I saw a butterfly.

I sat down to look for another butterfly.

There was no more,

so I ate the first butterfly!

# Winter

*Theo Prineas*

*Age: 14, North West Jr. High, Grade: 8*

It is cold enough to freeze even the warmest of hearts,  
And the wind bites more heartlessly than the cold,  
Blowing up a cloud of snow, writhing like a nest of serpents.

But an owl still calls to another,  
And the other calls back, an echo.

A long forgotten song.

Or perhaps a song that is all around us.

Poetry  
in public

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