Love on the Floodplain



When I wonder if we could learn to love differently, I think about raising Dubuque Street: years of slowed traffic, single lanes, long lines, uneven pavement, rerouting, how many times the orange cones must be moved. Still, it could happen and we would not be cut off from each other when the water rises.

Carol Tyx

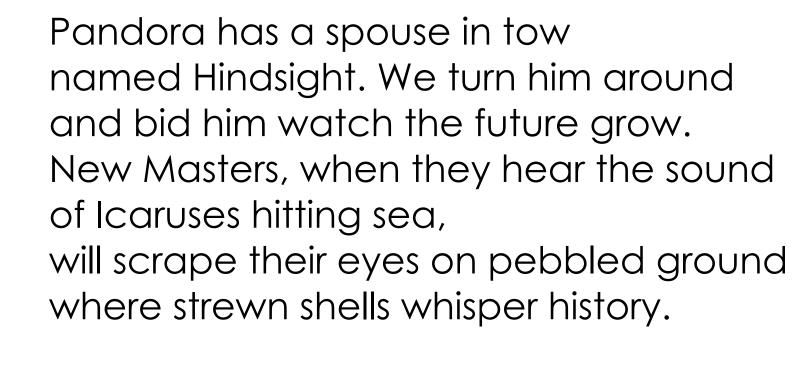
Memories of Mexico #3



Queuing up with the señoras –
then two kilos of hot tortillas
fresh from the rattling Rube
Goldberg contraption of a tortillería –
steamy aroma of maíz
wrapped in a white dish towel

David Duer

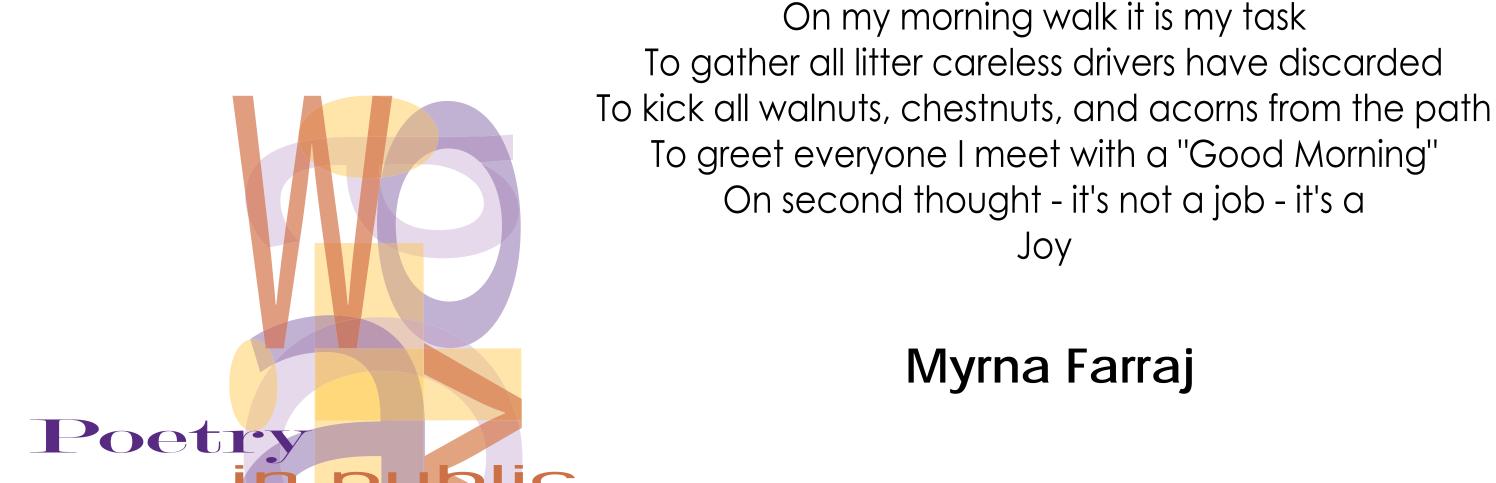
Epimetheus



Dan Campion

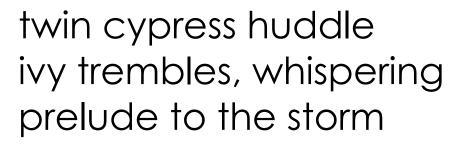


Job

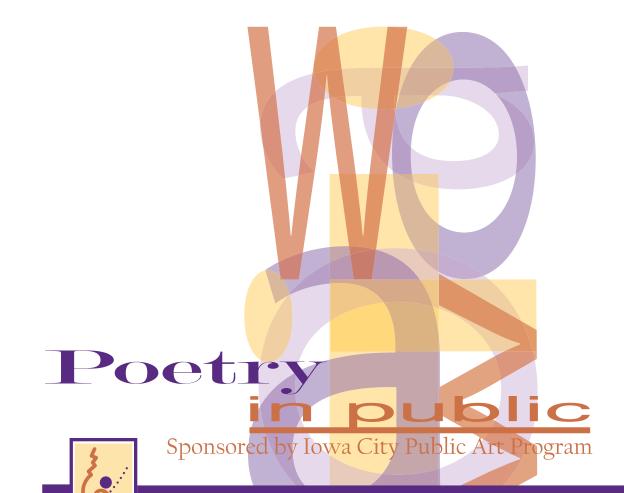


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Italian aria



Martha Schut



Cracked



Cracked water mains leak
Packed cotton balls and wrapped gauze
Cannot stem the flow

Karen Summers

Dog School



11:11. The back parking lot at Spot glows
January slick. Chalky ice dust blows —
every line now erased by what used to be snow.
My trusty Chevy's just grit and salt, back windows
fogged by the hot breath of Dash's dogged
enthusiasm, never tempered, even by eleven below.

Julie Claus

Windfall



Next door a sycamore grows tall and true, We spent the morning raking up its leaves, The piles are polka dots across our lawn, Our neighbor, did you think to thank the wind, For blowing what were yours beyond your care, Until they found their rest against our fence? Now we are filling bags with your remains.

Laura Felleman

Anderson Cooper's Mother



Anderson Cooper's mom designed the jeans I bought in Coralville, named for the Devonian reefs described by Agassiz, the famous ichthyologist who came to Iowa four years after the railroad, the same year Cornelius, Anderson's great-great-great-grandfather, traded the last of his ships for trains.

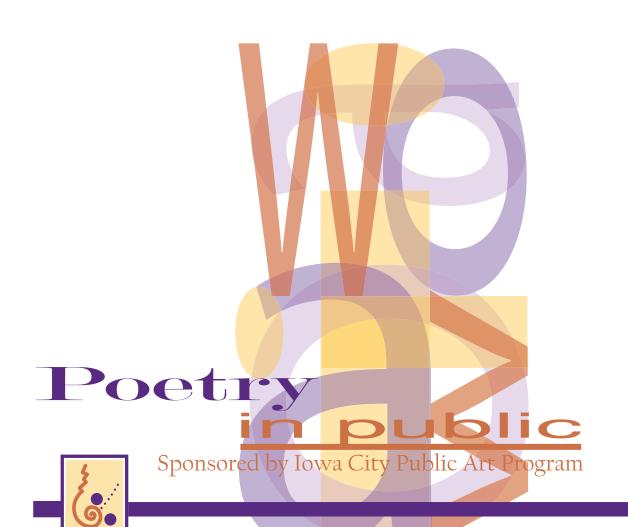
Rachael Carlson

evening guide



as sure as the wind-gnarled branches s t r e t c h i n g their fingers toward the pink horizon, twinged with light and the birds, ceasing their cries I am the girl who whistles when she walks alone at night

Amanda Bartlett



Procrastination

There's nothing like a warm day in March to remind you it's time to take down the Christmas lights.

Alison McGoff

body of our Mother, our landscape



sails past at 65 mph, 70+++, bradbury-mobile. "Bye, Felicia."

What naiad poisons her own well?!?!!!
We do, we do: find us a mirror, not Narcissus',
so we can face our facts: the alternative to standing
up is death. Water is lif—SHHHHHHHHH.....

Allison Heady

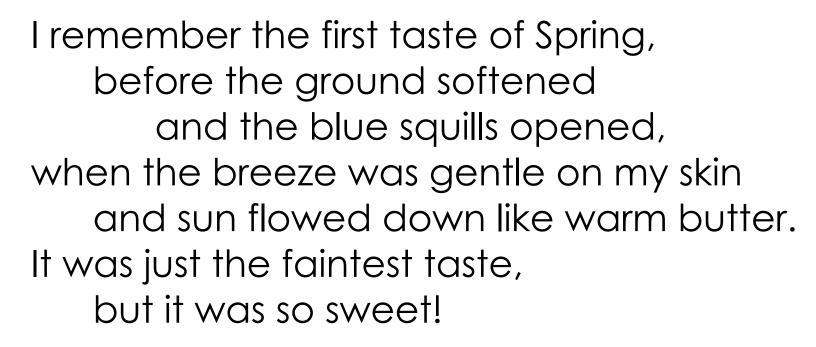
The Delinquent Raccoons of Iowa City



Large raccoon, smaller raccoon, climbing raccoon, stuck raccoon, raccoon in dumpster, raccoon in attic, raccoon came in through the screen door, weird-acting raccoon, cat-chasing raccoon, injured, rabid, sick raccoon, dead raccoon.

Christopher Patton

First Taste



Scott Lindgren



Poetry

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Stuck

you're gone time to move on yet the dog still drops toys where your old chair effervescence lingers

Maxine Carlson

Pietà

For Holli and Mark

He on a knee, one hand cradling hers, she all but

a ghost, his eyes red-rimmed with grief, hers at peace, and

death stalking breath, not stealing beauty.

Dónal Kevin Gordon



Poetry Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program

Something Fishy

Here's to the one that got away that day on Narragansett Bay silver, blue, and grey The line too much play the last I saw a rainbow spray It may be cliché to say, but I didn't want him anyway

Patricia E. Noeth

Super Moon

Low and large in the dusky western sky at 5 a.m. in early December

the moon, smooth and round, heavy in knowing shines shyly like a Japanese rice paper lantern.

Unlike the way he appears many nights as a distant crusty sliver or sphere in the black crystal sky,

He's a being now, meant to be known.

Janet Skiff



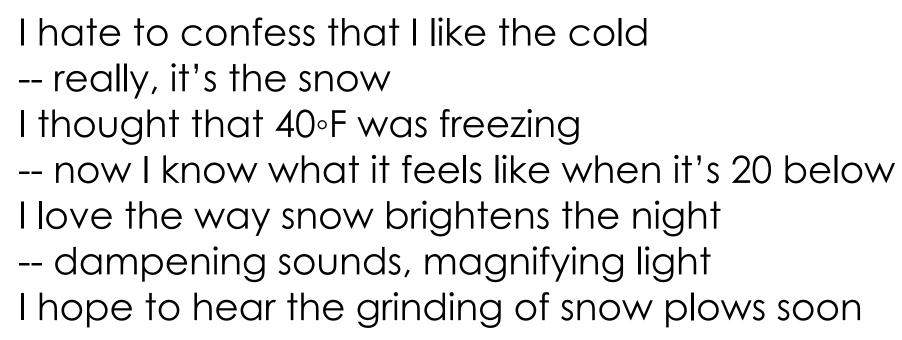
JUNEBUG

The old Junebug looked over its gnarled shoulder and said, "July, July is here (gasp!)"

Dave Morice



Iowa Transplant







Kindness



Although I appreciate the kindness of strangers, I also have a high regard for the relaxed affection of trusted friends, the seeming indifference (but hidden care) of brothers and sisters, and the gentle sweet wash of a lover's concern.

Lisa M. Roberts

My Dog Leia

Playing catch
Having fun with me
When I get home from school and the weekend
Fun and games, love and special

Seth Worby Age 21 Transition Services Center



Ode to the Hero of Winds

Link, the Hero of Winds
Has a heart both brave and bold
For he sailed across the sea
When he was only twelve years old.
But the best of all, beyond sword mastery,
No bad in him at all; pure good is he!

Jonny Thomas Emeron Transition Services Center Age 21



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Diablo

Daring
Intellectual
Awesome
Breathtaking
Loveable
One of a kind

Sarah Kline Transition Services Center Age 19

Poetry Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program

Boots the Cat

Bad cat - not so. More Ornery Observant Temperamental Strung too high

> Kyle Frei Transition Services Center Age 18

Toby My Dog

Toby is a small black poodle.

Toby makes me feel calm.

Toby is a service dog and I take him everywhere I go except work and school.

Toby teaches me to take care of myself because he cannot take care of himself.

I rely on Toby because he makes my anxiety go down.

Toby relies on me to buy him food and toys and take him to the vet.

Toby and I help each other.





Fenway

Funny, moving like the Flash
Excited like a roller coaster
Nervous like a broken record
Wacky like the inflatable arm man
Awesome like me, his owner
Yelling like a seal because he sounds like it

Jackson Francque Transition Services Center Age 20

