

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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Epimetheus

Pandora has a spouse in tow
named Hindsight. We turn him around
and bid him watch the future grow.
New Masters, when they hear the sound
of Icaruses hitting sea,
will scrape their eyes on pebbled ground
where strewn shells whisper history.

Dan Champion

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Job

On my morning walk it is my task
To gather all litter careless drivers have discarded
To kick all walnuts, chestnuts, and acorns from the path
To greet everyone I meet with a "Good Morning"
On second thought - it's not a job - it's a
Joy

Myrna Farraj

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Italian aria

twin cypress huddle
ivy trembles, whispering
prelude to the storm

Martha Schut

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Cracked

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

Karen Summers

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



evening guide

as sure as the wind-gnarled branches
stretching 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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Procrastination

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

Alison McGoff

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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— SHHHHHHHHHH.....

Allison Heady

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



First Taste

I remember the first taste of Spring,
before the ground softened
and the blue squills opened,
when the breeze was gentle on my skin
and sun flowed down like warm butter.
It was just the faintest taste,
but it was so sweet!

Scott Lindgren

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Stuck

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

Maxine Carlson

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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
in public

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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



JUNEBUG

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

Dave Morice

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Iowa Transplant

I hate to confess that I like the cold
-- really, it's the snow
I thought that 40°F was freezing
-- now I know what it feels like when it's 20 below
I love the way snow brightens the night
-- dampening sounds, magnifying light
I hope to hear the grinding of snow plows soon

Maureen Young

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



Diablo

Daring
Intellectual
Awesome
Breathtaking
Loveable
One of a kind

Sarah Kline
Transition Services Center
Age 19

Poetry
in public

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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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.

Amy DeCoster
Transition Services Center
Age 21

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



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

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program

