

SUMMER

Freddy Zahr

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

feels like rough tree bark

looks like white clouds

sounds like wind breezing

tastes like strawberries

smells like cut grass

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



FALL

Abdul Alokbi

Age: 5, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

Feels cool

Looks like apple picking

Sounds like buzzing

Tastes juicy

Smells yummy

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SUMMER

Keira Cromwell

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

Feels like fish

Looks beautiful

Sounds like birds tweeting

Tastes like fresh cookies

Smells like potato chips

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



POLAR BEARS

Colin Wallace

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

Bigger than black bears

Colder than ice

Fluffy as a pillow

I like polar bears

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



I AM...

DJ Stupak

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

I am responsible.

I see a crazy chicken.

I want a yo-yo.

I understand that I have to do math.

I dream about wolves.

I hope my mom will finish her math.

I am responsible.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



THE STELLAH POEM

Madison Verry

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

My sister scratches like a fox.

She is like a flower.

She is nicer than a flower.

She likes people more than a flower.

She is nicer than a fox.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



OH FOX! OH HARE!

Jocie Bozarth-Greteman

Age: 7, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2

I challenge thee to a race,
On clouds of mist and sparkly glade
Upon which fairies always played.
And Fox, you may have trickiness.
And Hare, you may have speed.
But what I will win with, and what you need,
Is wisdom.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



PENGUINS

Anjali Lodh

Age: 7, Wickham Elementary, Grade: 2

Penguins penguins dressed in white and black.
They take two steps forward and two steps back.

Penguins penguins dressed in black and white.
They take a step to the left and a step to the right.

Let's do the penguin boogie the penguin way.
Let's do the penguin boogie each and every day.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



LITTLE BALL

Lily Lumb

Age: 8, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2

Little ball so round and smooth
You're always in the mood
To jump or run
Or play in the sun
I love you!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



I AM...

Aubrey Ballantyne

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

I am as brave as a lion fighting.

I wonder if I'm wrong.

I pretend to be a dog.

I worry about monsters.

I cry because my dad's gone.

I dream of riding unicorns.

I am as brave as a lion fighting.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



FEAR IS...

Dexter Martin

Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

Dolls on my bed

My eyes open bigger than my head

Feel like I am going to barf

Frozen solid

Panicking

Help!!!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



I AM...

Kirin Yamada

Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

I am smart and a good character.

I wonder why I have to write this.

I want money.

I pretend to have a million bucks (I mean the animal).

I try to grow up.

I hope for a million bucks (the animal again).

I am smart and a good character.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



HENRY'S HAIKU

Henry Yoder

Age: 9, Kalona Elementary, Grade: 3

In a dark, dark room
that was in a dark, dark house
there lived a dark, dark cat.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



MY LIFE

Tate C. Williams

Age: 9, Lemme Elementary, Grade: 3

I came into the world on a bright and sunny day, when all the kids like to go out and play.
The cord was wrapped around my neck. Then my dad nearly hit the deck!
The doctor fixed it, and my mom cried with joy, because she had a healthy baby boy.
My first day of life a tornado hit my town. It really seemed to make everybody frown.
Soon, I got a baby brother, and I wouldn't trade him for any other.
My favorite sport is football, and I really dislike going to the mall.
When I grow up, I want to go to Florida State. I'm so glad my parents named me Tate!



Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



FIREFLIES

Athena Wu

Age: 8, Van Allen Elementary, Grade: 3

Little lanterns

Small and bright

From when the sun begins to yawn

To the dark begins to dawn

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



COME HOME SOON

Jacob Aji

Age: 9, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 3

Platypus-headed pigeon
with a nose like spaghetti
ears like a cauliflower with the flu
a face like a haddock, chicken-brained
moose-brained, highly preposterous
lumpy glumpy limpet, I love you.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



THE MOOSE TRACKS

Eric Shih Koh

Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 3

One day I was walking in the woods looking for moose tracks.
So I asked a businessman for a map to find moose tracks.
It was showing me to go to a local ice cream stand.
But I couldn't find moose tracks, so I asked the ice cream man,
"Where can I find moose tracks?"
"We have it right here," he said and offered me a taste.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



HOMework

Grace Miller

Age: 10, Coralville Central Elementary, Grade: 4

I haven't done homework in a week, my paper's white my pencil's pink
Two times two is sixty four. Wait, is it less, is it more?
I think I should give up and guess, maybe that would be the best.
I really dislike the color pink, I bet that's why I cannot think.
Maybe I will try red or blue; could that work? I have no clue.
Okay just focus on what to do and find the answer to two times two.
Oh I just got it; the answer is four. I am so excited I ran out the door!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



UNTITLED

Jack Lynch

Age: 9, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 4

If you ate a hat
You would become a bat
And if you ate a bat you will be a rat
But when you eat a rat you turn into a cat
I wonder what would happen after that?

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



WRITER'S BLOCK

Gillie Schmidt-Quee

Age: 10, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 4

Right now I have writer's block.

All I do is sit and watch the clock.

Oh Wait! Is that an idea? No just a thought.

When I stare back at the clock it seems to wink
and then I think—

I could use personification.

Now that's good inspiration!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



STITCHES

Tiegan Keel

Age: 10, Kirkwood Elementary, Grade: 4

Stitches

cool, stitches

sitting, learning, loving

stuffed with loads of love

Stuffed Animal

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SNOW DAY

Cal Henke

Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Snow thrown at your face
Never eat the yellow snow
Outdoor snowflakes
Winter memories

Days like these are great
Always amazing
Yes! More snow!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SCARY, SCARY, SCARY, BOO!

Kacie Earl

Age: 11, Lemme Elementary, Grade: 5

Ring the doorbell if you dare
Stop putting spiders in my hair

Candy, candy, yummy, yummy
I think that's enough in my tummy

Zombies, zombies ate my chin
Spiders crawling up my skin.

Scary, scary, scary boo!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



NATURE

Aayushma Aryal

Age: 11, Kirkwood Elementary, Grade: 5

Maybe one is watching a beautiful water fall
or looking up at the mighty tree,
Time spent in nature is time spent realizing
the experience of nature is one of awe.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



THE GHOSTS OF THE GROVE

Amelia Gibson

Age: 11, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 6

Among the shadows
Echoing through the night
Unspoken words and unsung hymns
Whispers of tales both young and old
A mournful wail
Memories and mist float through the air

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



RAMEN NOODLES

John Aschenbrenner

Age: 12, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

Ramen Noodles are the best,
just ready for you after your rest.
Birds can take them to their nest,
you can even spice them up with zest.
Ramen Noodles are the best.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



LOVE THAT DOG

Brittney Jones

Age: 13, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

Love that dog like a cat, love to jump,
I said I love that dog, like a cat loves to jump,
I call him at night, "Hey there, Boy."

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



NARWHALES

Izaiah Angel

Age: 11, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

Narwhales

Why so cool?

The Jedi of the sea,

Almost like unicorns,

Narwhales for me.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



LIFE

Quincy Ridgeway

Age: 12, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

LIFE

Life can be hard,

Life can be easy,

Life is sad,

Life is happy,

I LOVE LIFE!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



HOMELESS MAN

Abigail Caylor

Age: 13, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

There is a man with only one shoe.
He said "I wish I could be like you."
The man goes to the trash to get the news.
He loves to hear People Play the blues.
One time he went to the trash to get the news
,but instead he found a shoe.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



THE BEST FOOD IN THE WORLD

Ben Kruger

Age: 12, North Central Junior High , Grade: 7

Bacon is love, Bacon is life
Hopefully, Bacon will be my wife
It's not just food, it's heaven
I'll have 10 pieces, maybe even 11
It's breakfast, lunch, and dinner
And when I eat it, I'm a winner
Bacon is passion, Bacon is adoration

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



WARHEAD OF LOVE

Wylan Gao

Age: 12, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Love is like a warhead sweet and sour.
When you pop it in your mouth, you'll feel
a sudden experience of rejection, which
is very sorrow
You'll cry later, you'll get a subtle sweetness,
When you get the sweetness and its right,
She'll be right.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



PLAYFUL PUPPY

Haley D.

Age: 12, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

My dog is so playful

Joyful

Bright

But she can't seem to stop barking at night

She sounds like a bear,

And gives me a scare,

Then she continues to bite

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SUNFLOWER BREATH

Sarah Grace Stewart

Age: 13, Clear Creek Amana, Grade: 7

Petals swirl around me like snowflakes,
Each one soft and delicate,
Bringing with them the smell of flowers,
And a cool breeze that tingles my skin.
Yellow and vibrant against the moonlight they dance,
As bright as the stars behind them,
Like a midnight fleck of Sunflower Breath.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



THE SUSPECT

Abby Merrill

Age: 14, Homeschool, Grade: 8

Sensing danger, he evades our question
Only responding to our aggression
But unfortunately, despite his deception,
His private confession is already in our possession--
Something I neglected to mention.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



FORGOTTEN HEROES

Emily M.

Age: 14, South East Junior High, Grade: 8

They lay, silent. Waiting to be found.
Blood and breath gone away soon to be returned to the ground.
Faces unknown, faces unseen in the bunkers they lay,
Like a person missing in a crowd.
No way out. Stuck with uncertainty.
Forever eyes out of focus. Forever trapped in their uniforms.
These are the many missing faces that saved us all.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



TO RELAXATION

Charlie Maxwell

Age: 14, South East Junior High, Grade: 8

To the couch

To the bed

To the TV that plays my favorite Saturday shows

To the lovely dreams that I have In my head

To the plant outside my house that grows

To wearing my soft bed time clothes

To relaxation!

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



DIFFERENT

Alexia Stevens

Age: 13, North Central Junior High, Grade: 8

I look at them and I see me
I act like them, speak like them
But they still treat me differently
I thought that this was over
I thought that we could be friends
But they'll never let me in because
We are different, me and them

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SPARED

Adeline Bradley

Age: 14, Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

The roaring thunder in the black sky
The overhead light unseen
The raining hammers onto the cement ground
Birds and crickets hidden
The rain pounding onto my face as I freed myself
From the tv screens, the people, the world
I danced in the rain

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



OATH OF FRIENDSHIP

Reagan Hart

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

It hurt me to know you take a knife to yourself
To know you're in pain
I feel like there is nothing I can do
But all I want to do is help
So talk to me so I know what to do
Or at least I will listen with unjudging ears
I took an oath to be there, when I became your friend

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



STUDYING FOR THE SAT

Lauren Katz

Age: 14, West High School , Grade: 9

The serendipitous discovery of a wonderful new word sends me galloping with hope towards the apogee of the herd.
The night grows ever longer as I marinate in words, a soupcon of good old Webster, have I become absurd?
Parochial, parvenu, parsimonious, pastiche, I am now an alumna of the letter P.
Subito! Gone are my insouciant days of naiveté, augmenting my vocabulary incrementally.
These imbroglios of mass grandiloquence are miasmatic to my health,
But I shall suffer onwards to cultivate my intellectual wealth.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



GREAT BATMAN AND BIG BANE

Chirag Jain

Age: 14, School, Grade: 9

Once upon a time there was a big bad Bane,
To fight him, the great batman came.
He took his bat mobile in the rain,
and came from the mansion of Bruce Wayne,
from a field of an acre of lots of grain.
He beat Bane till Bane was insane,
read this poem because it's by Chirag Jain.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



GONE ASTRAY

Daniel Burgess

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

The streaks of moon gleam through icy trees
like chandeliers of shimmering, frozen raindrops
The soft silence pierced only by my thoughts
The frozen pines hiss in the frigid breeze
My hand feels empty, lost without hers
Gazing at our favorite view, now alone and cold
I sit, as the rising sun turns trees to shining gold

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



BACKPACK

Jocoa Kerschen

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

The pockets ripped off with ease,
All buckles cracked in half.
The zippers shall not be unzipped once more,
For they might never zip back.
Each rip is like a scar.
A token to keep in memory.
And oh, has it had many.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



MY LIFE, DANCE

Josey Gale

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

As the hair spray circles the room,
our hair pulled back, with donuts, hair nets, bobby pins
with every dance there are different shoes, tights, costumes, songs
on our face the thick eyeshadow and liner, fake lashes and rhinestones
but once the music starts and our hearts drop, our faces glow
it starts and ends in a matter of minutes
but with all this hassle, comes joy from our eyes and hearts to yours.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



LOVE IS...

Katrina Chambliss

Age: 14, Regina High School, Grade: 9

Love is...

Fully understood to none

A deep recurring thought in one's mind

Bewildering, Beautiful, and Brilliant

Love

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS

Zayetzy Luna

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 10

You are a mountain;

Tall, solid, majestic, unmovable.

To one side you give all the water they need, but I am on the other.

You even hoard the rain for yourself and let it freeze.

With time I have become a desert;

Arid, cruel, unforgiving.

But I still look up to you and hope for a single drop of rain.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



DO NOT BURN YOURSELF FOR HOPE

Maggie Terry

Age: 16, West High School, Grade: 10

a shooting star ends
itself to make the flash
that we wish upon
do not burn yourself
to light your hopes
for the stars

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



GONE

Gabriella Thomsen

Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

The roses are withered.

All of the newspapers pyramid outside.

My shoes lie untied in the hallway.

Those rustic curtains still rest masked in dust.

Cryptic fingerprints disguise the homely fridge.

You are gone.

And so I am gone.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



ILLUMINATION

Emma Hartwig

Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

And now I know that the best kind of beautiful is the kind I can feel
Not the kind I can see
Because the visible deceives
Because the visible crumbles
Because the visible blinds
But the feeling illuminates
Because the feeling is eternal

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



THOUGHTS

Zac Curtiss

Age: 17, West High School, Grade: 12

Sipping through my straw
As on my paper I draw
The things that go through my head
And things that I wished I had said.
I look up from my paper at the world
And my new ideas are unfurled.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



GONE IN THE WIND

Hank Hugen

Age: 18, West High School, Grade: 12

The stars light up the sky.
Smoke rolls off his tongue,
and is swallowed by a gust of wind.
A car passes by, filled with our young,
following a never ending road.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SNOW DRIFT

Matt Fisher

Age: 17, West High School, Grade: 12

As I stepped though the soft, shimmering snow,
I wondered where it was I stood.

Fall was just a month ago,

Yet I felt it was gone for good.

Soon spring would surely come,

And green grass would grow once more.

But all I heard today was winter's wretched underscore.

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



SUPERFICIALITY

Minseon Gim

Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 12

An apple is red outside, but yellow inside
A watermelon is green outside and red inside

Humans mask over reality

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program



RAIN

Ted Park

Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 12

Rain is coming
Watching it,
I wish you are coming, too
As the rain comes
My eyes are weeping
And my heart is seeping

Poetry
in public

Sponsored by Iowa City Public Art Program

