

A Purchase in India

This morning just inside

Ganesh's temple gate,

I bought a small, caged bird

just for the privilege
of freeing it to fly.

Jeanette Miller

Poetry
in public

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Antarctica

He loves reading about Antarctica, living at Palmer Station,
eating nothing but dried fruit and nuts when the power goes out,
studying skuas and shags and the Adele penguins
who build nests with stones.

When I'm seven, we can go there.

Of course I say yes, even though the pleasures of reading
about ninety below far exceed living that far under.

Carol Tyx

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One

Show your children
how to love
one another
the other is
none other
than the one.

Ruth Manna

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Cat Proof

Asleep he forms a perfect circle. A compass
arc of chalk turns down the corner of his dark left
isosceles triangle, a sign. Proof, Schroeder's the exact right
answer. For me. Awake now
my love stretches a long geometric line of contentment extending to infinity...

Julie Claus

Poetry
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Tasting Notes

a whiff of maidenhair ferns, unmade beds, and new snow

a trace of Pixie Stix dust, menthol cigarettes, and fresh-cut basil

a dash of old leather work boots and tobacco drying in a barn

a whisper of hickory bark, my grandmother's attic, and sassafras root

a hint of honeysuckle, baseball card gum, and day-old grass clippings

an inkling of blue amber, the nape of her neck, and spent firecrackers

a suggestion of cordovan shoe polish and Aretha Franklin's voice

David Duer

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Khaki

of Persian birth, turned
wartime camouflage, reborn
smart casual slacks

Martha Schut

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A Time to be Two

I missed the march

To babysit the twins

While mother/nana/aunts showed their pink hats

The tumbling two year olds tumults

Made it all the more clear

For how we need all of this to pass

And soon (before they know)

Jeff Murray

Poetry
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The Pin Oak in Autumn

The ragged twig the boy dragged home
now soars red-leafed, 25 autumns on.
And if in the final survey of my life,
there is any good to claim, may this be one:
that when the boy on Earth Day asked
to plant a stick in the yard beyond;
I said yes, of course we can.

Chuck Hauck

Poetry
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A WINTER'S POEM

Way up on a hill

The winds are blowing so strong

I wish I were gone

Kevin Kahler

Poetry
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Wellfleet

circles her blanket, over and over, as if waiting for a door to open. She's almost asleep in her final circle, led into oblivion by a warming sense of sun and food and being held. Each night without error she unfolds her incantation, going wherever cats go in their dreams. Whenever Maisy visits, she and Wellfleet touch noses, confirming their suspicion that a creature long loved has arrived. Even now they're touching noses.

Paul Diehl

Poetry
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earful

he couldn't find his headphones
anywhere, so there was nothing to
listen to. he sat on the bus –
forced to hear the engine flexing its muscles,
the tires lunging at the pavement,
and the rustle of other passengers.
there was nothing to listen to.

Isaac Hooley

Poetry
in public

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A Naming of Sons

Farsi, she says, not Arabic.

Like a stone, she's been robbed of her history.

This spells Sam, she says, through plum-shaped vowels.

On the hot-pink Post-it, she inks my son's name,
sticks it to my desk. His name, from the spoon
of her hand. We are mothers, all, together.

Joanna L. Thompson

Poetry
in public

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Of Cathedral Glass, a Monarch

A monarch, caught and killed in resin, trapped inside a glass convex within a bezel brass. I fresh believed its magic, as it lay upon my little palm -clothed luxe in starry, velvet black with opera gloves and dotted scarf with wings made of cathedral glass - the closest thing to fairy I had ever known, despite the hours hunched o'er flowers, shaking lilies of the valley.

Sofia Dibble

Poetry
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RIVER

I walk along the river,
Heading north. I came
From its waters,
One day shall return,
Leaving a smoothed stone
On the bank.

Phil Kemp

Poetry
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warm raindrops patter
springtime applause for winter's
final curtain call

Maxine Bulechek

Poetry
in public

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Last Swim of Summer, City Park Pool

Tomorrow, some lucky dogs will paddle
Where we swim now.

A worthy enough fundraiser,
But there's no joy in it for me.
Just envy, knowing dogs, not us
Will take that final plunge
And get the last lap of summer.

Alison McGoff

Poetry
in public

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Plains Haiku

three drops of syrup
trees on an open prairie
sweet shade full of birds

Barry G. Wick

Poetry
in public

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RETURN

is always where we've left
return, brackish with one more
night. evening the edges, it draws me
on. which is to say, to seek
to mend again a rend in the keeping
of a handy structure.
in turn, there is no turn.

Kelsi Vanada

Poetry
in public

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WHAT IT'S LIKE

The trout that twists free
Of the osprey's talons
And falls against all odds into water.
An alpine glacial lake with no other fish,
And no outlet through the moraine.

James Galvin

Poetry
in public

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Echinaceas

Greeted by a wafting floral bouquet.
The scent of well-being from such a garish gift.
I would not wear such colors.
Would not decorate my home in purple and orange-red.
Yet, I keep them close; feel grateful for them,
want to gather this feeling into a ball and toss it to others.
A gentle exchange extended, increased.

Laura Felleman

Poetry
in public

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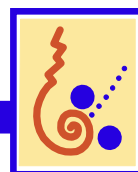
Hibernation

Our relationship was solid as spring ice
as supple as a December leaf
we communicated through a great ball of cotton
about things we were as sure of as the next moment
Still, I dug down, into the bear-cave of my mind,
and slept the winter away
unable to bear the unending plain of your absence

René Paine

Poetry
in public

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Jay Semel of Philadelphia

went to three colleges
and toiled for a fourth. He has been
a Temple Owl, a Delaware Bluehen,
a South Carolina Gamecock,
and today is an Iowa Hawkeye,
as well as – let us not overlook it –
a colorful Jay.

Marvin Bell

Poetry
in public

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from Lake Mascoma

Now a jade cathedral shadows
the far shore near the Shaker graveyard,

and I see the glow of torches – no,
it's just the mountain as it pierces the mist

and our neighbor's running lights. He hoists
the glimmering flag of his catch, *hello*,

a man heading home, neither symbol nor sign.

Susan Aizenberg

Quiet City, BkMk Press 2015

Poetry
in public

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Refraction

Scraped skin knit quickly, but rasped bone below,
Above left brow, though healed, stands swollen still,
So slightly, though, it takes long look to know,
Some forty years since midnight diving ill
Advised in unfamiliar pool. Just so,
Like sparrows fooled by pane of glass that spill
Toward earth, dive's moments flutter. Sinking's slow.

Dan Champion

Poetry
in public

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Misericordiae Vultus

A morning run under Orion's watch.
Mewling cries whisper through the predawn gloom
as a hunched figure flees the streetlight glow,
flourish of wings tumbling into stillness.
Abandoned, a broken clump watches with
one glittering eye, silent as I pass.

What was your sin, rabbit?

Melissa Serenda

Poetry
in public

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Jigsaw Waffles

Here in Iowa, the bunnies don't sting,
moths chase lightening bugs,
and we demand superhero toys from the stars.
But as everywhere, we watch out for minjas, and wear sunscreen.
Waffles are like jigsaw puzzles,
dandelions roar,
and even God has a butt.

The Andino Gleeson Family

Poetry
in public

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