## seasons ofpoetry on the buses



arts poetrymoves

Poetry Moves is a program of the nonprofit Arts of Clark County in partnership with C-Tran.

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## SEASON



January – June 2019

#### Untitled

Suzann M. Baldwin

La Center, WA

## Remember all those feelings you left twisting in the wind?

Here they come again.







#### **Old Memories**

an'ya Bartolović Florence, OR

old memories like tangled fish hooks impossible to pick up only one without all the others







#### Hole

D.H. Carol

Vancouver, WA

There was a hole put into me so very long ago. It will never fill with me.

No radiant self.

Part of me gone before I could say no.





#### Wildflowers

Laurie Cutter Ridgefield, WA

The quick delicious dropping away downhill Onrush of honey suckled air, mingled swirl of earth and sky, blurred leaves, buttercups, morning glory





#### I remember

Lauren Duquette

Vancouver, WA

hawk feather smoke cedar bough crackle heat red brick fireplace our home, our shell all cheeks ablaze atop precious sweatered bodies smiling and round





#### Soaked

David Hubka

Vancouver, WA

Circles scatter across curbside puddles

Dancing erratically to

The hidden pattern of the

Percussive falling rain.

Foolishly, we skip from street to curb

As if we can avoid getting wet;

Like we aren't already soaked.





#### **Historical disaster**

Holly Miller

Vancouver, WA

If I was with Aaron, I wouldn't feel so lame.

If I was with Elias, I might have a cool last name.

If I dated Ben, my trust issues would be worse.

But if I dated Bryan, I'd probably be in a hearse.





#### **Queen Anne's Lace**

Gay Garland Reed
Vancouver, WA

When Queen Anne's Lace, in all its delicate grace, appears along the roadside we know that we are sliding down the back of summer.





#### Untitled

Jacob Salzer

Vancouver, WA

## empty theater... the weight of trash









#### note to the letter carrier

Mark Sargent

Agia Eirini, Sparti, Greece

## If the intended is absent or dead please, forward to the void.



#### **Untitled**

Melissa Clarke Ward Sisters, OR

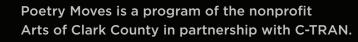
my uphill shadow

soft and composed

the edge, radiant



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## SEASON

July - December 2018

#### **Ode to Summer**

Annie S. — 3rd Grade, Eisenhower Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

Summer, I love you.

Touching the tulips that glow as the river gently flows.

Looking at the ocean as the waves crash as the sun comes out all the people play and shout.
Summer, I love you!



#### **How the Phoenix Flies**

Christina S. — 12th Grade, Vancouver School of Arts and Academics Poets in the Schools Program

Sometimes we forget that
the fire will not again burn
and kindling refuses flame
'Til the eyes dry their tears
and the hands steady their course so again
Hope may blaze from phoenix wings.



#### **Strangers**

Christina S. — 12th Grade, Vancouver School of Arts and Academics Poets in the Schools Program

When our televisions scream, wailing grief and the papers bleed tragedy from ever' leaf, When hope has seemed to run her course and our very touch it seems does shame endorse, It is the strangers, human neighbors Who in kindness of random labors That remind us that we are worth it.



#### **Across the River**

Ella J. — 4th Grade, Hough Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

## Feeling weary, afraid to jump Crossing the river gathering courage to take my flight.



#### To be a Book in 2068

Grace W. — 5th Grade, Union Ridge Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

I hold many pages of wonders and stories, Perhaps that is why I used to get so much glory.

But now I sit here on this dusty old shelf, and I have tried but I just can't open myself.

Oh, if only they knew all the things I could do, They would get off their phones and come down here too.



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#### The Butterfly that Stands Out

Hanna P. — 5th Grade, Union Ridge Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

Hi, hi butterfly
You love to sing and dance, oh my!

You may not always like the song but you always try and dance along.

I love that you like to try new things As you glide around with your colorful wings.



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#### **Land of Magic**

Lillianna K. — 5th Grade, Union Ridge Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

This is a place where no worries come out during the day

Where you can run around and just play

No parents to wave you hello or goodbye

No homework or books just the beautiful stars

in the black night sky

Here you have no bedtime at all

Here in this land of magic you will no longer be afraid to fall.



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#### The Beach

Margaret H. — 4th Grade, Hearthwood Elementary Poets in the Schools Program

To the west, to the beach Soft sand covers my feet Like a blanket, warm and relaxed Wind whistling, salt water crashing on the sand Seagulls sing Like a choir.



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#### **Spaceships**

Noah S. — 5th Grade, Union Ridge Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

#### Discovery

Helpful Fearless

Soaring Flying Falling

"One small step for man, one large step for mankind."

Blasting Shaking Flying

Large Important

Apollo



#### JULY 2018 | 006-10

#### **Snowy Mountains**

Nyomi S. — 4th Grade, Hough Elementary

Poets in the Schools Program

High and low the mountains go there up top with white blank snow When you look below there's not a home where you will feel all alone.



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# SEASON

January – June 2018

#### Reflections

April Bullard
Vancouver, WA

A bright reflection of my face shimmers on the window like a ghost, flickering a million emotions in disconnected frames of a living movie. What does that spectral image expose? What face do I show the world?







#### **Elevate the Floor**

Diane Cammer

Vancouver, WA

When our glass dreams range impossibly high we brush aside bruised clouds with open palms turn to our toes to lift us up fill our lungs with tempest air and everyone will watch us rise.







#### One Heart's Desire (an excerpt)

Denise L. Campbell Vancouver, WA

whatever song had fluttered there within the confine of my ribs still sings deep among the briar, the only bed that's fated for the gentle rose.







#### In A Pow Wow

Stella Jeng Guillory

Vancouver, WA

I am the drum.

A dozen drummers sit surrounding me.

They sing and howl, like coyotes.

I am the circle. The circle of dancers is forming.

Its tail curls up to its beginning.

Two dancers embrace each other.

The circle of loving continues.





#### At Home

Jennifer Pratt-Walter

Vancouver, WA

Here the mossless stone has settled.

Here where peace unstirs a restless mind, your primal home is waiting, door open.









#### **Time**

Pat Sciuchetti

Vancouver, WA

Scoop it up in your fist.

Squeeze it through your fingers.

Rip it. Shred it. Grate it on a cheese grater.

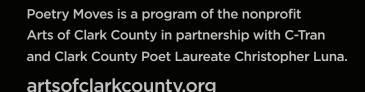
Breathe it. Taste it. Slurp its tangy juice.

Stare it in the eye.

Swirl in its fierce current.

Wring it dry!





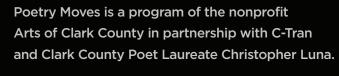


#### **Daybreak**

Gary F. Suda Battle Ground, WA

The lift of morning, caught between dense fog of coffee's kiss and first light.
The hydrangea lumbers up the red brick wall.







#### **Bus Stop**

Susan Williams

Vancouver, WA

Find a seat and sit a spell.

Close your eyes,

take a breath,

smile a smile.

Feel the motion as you move to the next stop in your life.

Open your eyes.



#### In-Between

Angela Winfield

Vancouver, WA

It's in the grey spaces
Between the yin and yang
Where fresh waters meet the sea
Brackish and sweet
The sonnets we sing







#### Who Rides?

Louise Wynn Camas, WA

You never know who you'll see on this bus. Not Shakespeare, for sure. But what if you did see him? Here's what I'd do: I'd ask for a rhyme, we'd rap, double time, then I'd say, "Thanks a lot, Bro, I flunked English because of you."







## SEASON

July - December 2017

### **North Carolina**

James B. — 4th Grade, Hearthwood Elementary School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

# In North Carolina

I see different types of birds, trees, and flowers.

I see different types of rocks.

North Carolina has buzzing bees and birds,

flowering dogwood, southern pine and

my Grandma and Grandpa, still watching.







### **Arizona**

Gavin B. — 4th Grade, Hearthwood Elementary School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Red rocks dancing

in dust devils.

Red Robins riding rain drops.

Wrecked nests dropping down

on dying red roses.

Running runners working hard.

The red Phoenix red hot.





### **Picture of Your Heart**

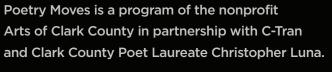
Brooklyn C. — 2nd Grade, Hough Elementary School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Picture of your heart.
Outrageously cool.
Everything is awesome!

Makes everything better. Special for everyone.









## Ellie G. — 8th Grade, Amboy Middle School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

If you ever got the chance to see yourself through someone else's eyes, you'd be surprised at how extraordinary you really are.







### The Way Earth Is

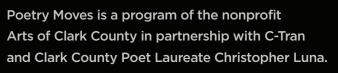
Allison K. — 5th Grade, Union Ridge Elementary School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

# Planet is turning, hued places circumvolving, revolving the sun.











## Lady of the Sea

Kaylee K. — 5th Grade, Union Ridge Elementary School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Laying in the sea

where she's longed to be.

Tiny sailboat

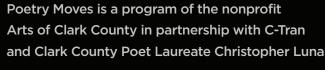
afloat in the water.

Lime green grass

after a morning's splash.

Lady of the sea.







## **My Loving Prince**

Berenice L. — 6th Grade, Discovery Middle School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

His warm, friendly smile welcomes me. It welcomes me like the way the night welcomes the moon and stars. His sweet light blue eyes sparkle, they sparkle like the ocean surface. I love him for the type of person he is and for his personality.







## The Right Way

Jacob R. — 8th Grade, Amboy Middle School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Look forward, up never look down and back the right way is the hard way, but the wrong way is the easy way.









### **Book**

Johanny S. — 6th Grade, Discovery Middle School
Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Closed, lonely.

Just sitting there waiting to be opened again like dead grass waiting for someone to play or a flower slowly dying.

It reminds me of a lonely old man, no grandchildren, no kids, alone wishing its pages were flipped again.







## We'll Remember These Days

Christina S. — 11th Grade, Vancouver School of Arts and Academics

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

We'll remember these days

Poised taut on the precipice of adventure

With the rain polishing our way

The future crooning beyond the next swooping gorge

For who can forget the home which taught us

The sun doesn't need to be shining

For a day to be ours for the taking?







# SEASON

January – June 2017

# from With Apologies to Andre Breton

Tod Marshall, Washington State Poet Laureate Spokane, WA

Line up to the left if you believe in magic.

Line up to the right if you're here for wisdom.

Line up in the middle if you live driven by the feeling that you've just fallen in love.

Go to the back of the line if you've never fallen in love.

Go to the front of the line if you believe love can save the world.

Go home if you think this is getting sappy.

Go to sleep if you're tired; it's okay. Here's a pillow; it's called a poem.







### pavement pastoral

Christopher Luna, Clark County Poet Laureate Vancouver, WA

there is a determined melancholy to the suicide dive of autumn leaves as they tear themselves from the limbs of trembling trees to spiral earthward like eels caught in zoetrope flicker







### Hope, embossed

Gwendolyn Morgan Vancouver, WA

Each one of us has an owl, sparrow, crow, an ordinary bird that follows us around our home. Kali, Ganesh, and a host of gods and goddesses, step over the hearth. We pick up maple seed pods, hope embossed in several languages, yellow swallowtail, butterfly wings ten thousand things.







## **A Long Ago Memory of Calmer Times**

Bruce D. Hall Vancouver, WA

Lightning flash, flash, and another flash walls shake, china rattles, chest vibrates in rhythm with kettledrum thunder wind howls, fire crackles, kettle bubbles buttery bread sizzles in skillet we savor our meal by fireglow listening to the music of the storm.







# **Calling**

Jennifer Pratt-Walter
Vancouver, WA

The Earth is calling, even if you don't listen.

Get lost in Nature, and you will find yourself.



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### **Camilla**

Alex Vigue Ridgefield, WA

She lets her son dress up in leftover pastels does not scorn him when he twirls in a dress only laughs and notes the skirt's shape as it swirls an opening flower, the pink of a cheek her own and his her father taught her how to garden so that she may cultivate a rare child







# Joy

Cherish DesRochers-Vafeados
Battle Ground, WA

The dawn has gone, the sun has risen I'm finally free of my temporary prison

my heart's at ease my mind is still and joy is real



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### **Just Breathe**

**Bridget Nutting** 

Vancouver, WA

Breathe in, deeply – exhale, slowly.

May the eternal spirit of all that was, all that is, and all that will ever be

Surround you and caress you with His healing touch, Bringing you unending comfort and peace.







## **Subsequent Layers of Existence**

Bill Lucking
Vancouver, WA

We exist in a present that is fleetingly fast swiftly moving our now towards a vanishing past. Too soon our new-present too swiftly arrives, replacing the place where our present-now lies. Subsequent presents come sliding on in and are quickly supplanted, again and again.







### from how to love

Desiree Wright

Battle Ground, WA

she's just a woman like me making her way in a world not meant for her to make it in







# from Why We Don't Belong Here

Livia Montana

Vancouver, WA

All day it was raining and you told me,

"That's just how it is in some parts of the world."

I prayed then, we wouldn't stay

on this planet for long.

You'll think me particular, but you can't blame me for desiring the dark of space, or how we've learned to make comets come to heel in our wake.







## **Eulogies Are for the Living**

Angeline Nguyen Vancouver, WA

Do not wait until the flower wilts to praise the gift of its aroma.

Celebrate
the buddings and bloomings
before Winter extends its pale hand.







# SEASON

July - December 2016

### A Candle, A Light Bulb, A Glowing Fire

Colwyn B. — 9th Grade, Fort Vancouver High School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Midnight black hair. Glowing, smiling, sending love wherever she goes. Eyes as wide and blue and deep as the ocean she lives across. Beautiful in mind, body, and spirit, wholly innocent as the sun. And she is mine, and I am hers.







### Still I Rise

Elora H. — 6th Grade, Discovery Middle School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Someday I will grow the rest of the way up I will do anything I set my mind to I will do anything people with full sight do But I do have full sight I see the world differently No one can stop me Still I rise







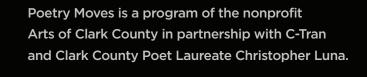
### Don't Be Afraid

Ashley S. — 10th Grade, Fort Vancouver High School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

# Don't be afraid of love love will find you when you're ready love will find you when you learn to love yourself







## From the Airplane

Jaden L. — 7th Grade, Vancouver School of Arts and Academics Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Blinking lights, midnight silhouette, wire of a river,

Tiny headlights of automobiles commuting.

My circuit board of a city at night

bears infinite intrigue.

I, spectator, sit transfixed.

Never has a simple town

been so significant to me.







### **Ego Poem**

Andrew H. — 9th Grade, Fort Vancouver High School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

My eyes are the ocean
My breath carries the wind
My palm holds the word
My essence is the light







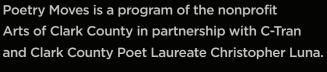
### **Space**

Marley J. — 4th Grade, Hearthwood Elementary

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

I am sitting on a star inside the milky way looking at the planets looking at them from far away they are very fascinating







## **Slowly Sinking**

Rheanna N. — 9th Grade, Fort Vancouver High School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Fear is quicksand it holds you captive, threatens to drag you down.

If you hold on to other people you can pull yourself out.







# **Stoney Surprise**

Emma L. — 10th Grade, Vancouver School of Arts and Academics

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

Hermit crabs in minuscule shells

snails leave slime trails

slick on the ragged stone.

Anemones wave hellos before returning to their dinner party.

The barrel chest bear says it's time to leave.

The small hands wave goodbye to new friends, and the tiny feet walk happily away.







### **Snow**

Breanna K. — 3rd Grade, Riverview Elementary

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

We are freezing cold and are very icy and light.

We make you feel way beyond jubilant.

We are millions of tiny balls of frozen rain with a white coat.

We cover the ground with a humongous white blanket.

We sound like a peaceful warning.

We are snow.





### Love

Jessica K. — 9th Grade, Fort Vancouver High School

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna's Poets in the Schools Program

I am my father's gentle goodnight kiss.

I am the aroma of pancakes with coffee in the morning.

I am the laughter of my childhood.

I am the sparkling stars in my father's loving eyes.

I am love.





# SEASON

January – June 2016

### **Excerpt from "Extern"**

Neil Aitken

Vancouver, WA

# Sometimes I dream of the ghost of a bird its eyes dark like mine asleep in the fold of a tree its shadow the shape of a harp.









## **Everything Settles**

Tiffany Burba-Schramm Vancouver, WA

The frost settles upon the ground.

Snow settles upon the limbs of trees.

The ceiling in my house settles; creates small cracks.

The floor creaks and settles the weight of dogs approaching.

We settle, let the weight of the world crack our ambitions.

We let others' harsh words and criticisms drape us

like settled winter fog.







# We could fly

Diane M. Cammer Vancouver, WA

yet we stand, feet bound to ground arms spread wide, wings in another world, another time waiting for wind, an updraft when all that's required is a single bold step into the unknown.







## Pilgrimage, 1988

Sherri H. Hoffman Vancouver, WA

Start at Dodger Stadium, Chavez Ravine, most perfect field. Onward to Candlestick, Wrigley, Three Rivers, Shea. Until Cooperstown, Holiest of Holies. Blessed with field grit rubbed into our salted skins, we'd say the sacred names. Koufax. Drysdale. Marichal. Campanella from the Brooklyn years. Jackie Robinson, born the same day as our Grandma Wildish. And Pee Wee Reese, who kept the faith, refusing to sign the petition to ban Robinson for being black. The game transcendent.







## **Excerpt from "Ours"**

Erin Iwata Ridgefield, WA

I have to believe that something of seventeen still lingers though she pains me with her adolescent optimism I return, hoping she wasn't wrong that there is beauty in the stacked stones along the path that there is a path indeed mountains to be scaled and conquered that the world is still ours







## **Counterpart**

Tim Klein Vancouver, WA

> At this very moment someone somewhere is doing the very same thing you are doing for the very same reason.



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### From Ghost Town, USA

Clark County Poet Laureate Christopher Luna Vancouver, WA

the dirt beneath Bonita's fingernails did not discourage him she was reading a bilingual edition of Dante's Inferno on the 37 and that was more than enough



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# **Honeycomb Prophecy**

Toni Partington
Vancouver, WA

In the residence of your heart I wish to be a cubicle made of beeswax translucent, unfiltered, bright with buzz.

Together we will construct a confluence of resin and lace; a suspension bridge across hedge thorns and conflict.







## **Journey**

Jennifer Pratt-Walter Vancouver, WA

We are the tide's twin, swimming with the faithful senses of salmon we smell fresh river from out of the salt, we are drawn home under moon-watch for as long as the journey takes.







### **Fourth Plain Boulevard**

Karen Read Vancouver, WA

A home for hundreds walking—yet to name the dreams that rise before they dare to speak.

Colorful signs that fly above—untamed wave low and high, press forward, reach, and peak.

So often you find only what you seek.

Your power lines of old are not here sown. They surge beneath this skin of place unknown.





