

PUBLIC ART SAINT PAUL

ART. SPIRIT & PRACTICE

SIDEWALK POETRY 2008- 2019

Organized by last name of author.

Their Lines Hung Down in Broody Swatches

of brown and green water.

The last of the night's rain drips
from branches. Fog

casts further and further from shore.

The hills have no opinion.

The dock, planked and grey as newspaper,
enters the lake without intention.

Wind ripples the water like erasures.

- Anonymous (2008)

RE: Yes, You

You are the manifestation of some ancestral prayer
hope that eased them from one burden through the next
now their prayers still cover you –

Live.

And don't forget.

- Tio Aiken (2015)

Bus Poem

A man loads his home-
two carts stuffed full of stuff –
on the bus.

Two of us move back.
A third helps with the carts.

A man's got a right to room and help when his whole home
in on the bus.

- Eleanor Arnason (2008)

the robins

we notice them in the yard
our first spring
a couple searching to build
mud and snarls of straw
over the back door
sacred blue eggs inside

next year they come back
and choose the front door
than the garage f
lattered
we never dismantle the safe places of
ten springs
- Sasha Aslanian (2008)

Untitled

HOPSCOTCH
WUZ
HERE
-David Bard (2019)

Dementia

I reach for a name, a song, a tune
and memories scatter,
minnows fleeing
a toothy pike.

I catch a few
laggards.
But know these are nothing
to the hundred fish that fled.
- Naomi Cohn (2008)

Lemniscata

¿te acuerdas cuando te empuje en ese carrito de compras en el
parque?

tus dientes deslumbrantes, risas melifluas, ojos iridiscentes.

El Tiempo se volvió singular. Simultáneamente empezó, acabó,
nunca paso, y sigue pasando.

Parte de mi sigue ahí, empujando ese carrito,

desenfrenadamente.

Leminscate

Do you remember when I pushed you through the park in that shopping cart?

Your dazzling teeth, mellifluous laughs, iridescent eyes.

Time became singular. It simultaneously began, finished, never happened, and is still happening.
Part of me remains there, pushing that cart,

unbridled.

- Roberto Sande Carmona (2019)

Untitled

I wanted to tell you the name of the street
where I crashed my bicycle, got my best scar
or how I went walking at sunrise, a treat
to see dawn's great evacuation of stars.
There must be some method, when two people meet,
to explain to each other who we really are.
- Anna Everett Beek (2009)

Interloper

On a delicate pappus you rose
Alighted on turf, seeming benign;
Locked into bedrock with pointed toes
Stretched lemon head to the sun.
Hyrda, you dodge the mower blade.
I whack you with a spade for fun.
Fine! Senseless to fret.
I'll transmute gold locks into wine
And eat your children with vinaigrette.
- Tirows Byrd (2008)

Evening Chores

When the door claps its frame
the goat runs as if I were
bringing the world instead
Of rotting squash. His
strong teeth search me
for more - gently
As if he couldn't bear to know
that one world is all
I have to feed him -
and one is not enough.
-Sarah Clark (2011)

Bad Day

The red lid unscrewed
from the jar of extra crunchy almost empty and the full, mounded
spoon half shoved in my mouth
says it all -
I don't want to talk.

-Caley J. Conney (2008)

Tadpoles

A boy, skinny legs pale
as peeled willow, pedals
to his favorite pond, pole
in hand. Years until he dates,
he desires only slime, slop,
the fish and frogs of his secret spot.
-Dallas Crow (2010)

Untitled

The cat danced across the noon-day sun
to a stutter of front porch boogie
hot feet playing the floor.
-Donna Damalfi (2012)

Untitled

Play me a song Trumpet Man
Sorrow sings deep in my bones
I ache to feel it out loud
Wail, Trumpet Man
Drown this city in brassy tears
Beat in my blood
Pump the anger and hurt out my heart
Wash it away in the slippery sewer
Swirl it down down in your long last note
Leave me standing alone, empty and free
-Mary Davini (2009)

Untitled

Life magazines for shin guards.
Skates too big, stick cracked and old,
jacket patched and tattered.
I ignored the smirks and winter's cold,
love of hockey was all that mattered.
-Louis Disanto (2011)

Untitled

It is not carelessness
to leave a poem
lying around
-Susan Downing (2013)

Untitled

Don't dismiss my neighborhood as
"Bad." Rich history exploited in the
Name of Progress. Here children laugh,
Groups of teenagers swagger, and families
Gather on porches. We live here, learn here,
Flourish here. Like generations before us,
This is our home.
-Lauren Dwyer (2019)

Untitled

A tourist
in the cathedral
of your silence
I am reverent
for all the wrong
reasons
- Esme Evans (2008)

Untitled

I still look
for your
footprints.

I tell
everybody
this is where
you're from.
-Ellen Fee (2019)

Street where

I blessed the frost on this city,
thinking it's all mine, grit
and light are mine, the people
and their hats are mine,
the coneflower stalks, chipping shutters,
cake crumbling in their mouths
mine. I once thought nothing
could move me to give it back.
-Brianna Flavin (2015)

Let's Talk

Said one young man to his young bride,
"I'm so sad my dad just died."
"Lets talk of it," she softly cried.
"Um, I just did," the man replied.
- Sean Fleming (2008)

Untitled

Dear heart,
Let go
It's too heavy
It was never yours to carry
- Lydia Girma (2008)

Tipping The Scales

I don't know enough
about balance to tell you
how to do it

I think, though,
it's in trying
and letting go

that the scales measuring
right and wrong - quiver
and stand still
- Georgia A. Greeley (2008)

Untitled

Don't buy me dinner on my birthday
and then tell me
you're too tired
to dance.
-Emily Gurnon (2012)

Untitled

There's no place I'd rather be
than here in this quite common place
where late morning sun
meets the scent of concrete and cut grass
stirring
- Pam Haas (2009)

Medowlark Mending Song

What hurt you today
was taken out of your heart
by the medowlark
who slipped the silver needle
of her song
in and out of the grey day
and mended what was torn.
-Margaret Hasse (2008)

Advice for Gardeners

Accept brevity.
Celebrate decay.
Emancipate failed growth, hope
it'll just keep living. Mulch
near odd places. Quit raking.
Sleep.
Tend unlimited variegated words. Xerox your zucchini.
- Kate Lynn Hibbard (2008)

refugee

when my footing feels unsteady unsure
I remember that you stepped across an
ocean
without knowing how to swim

- Denise Huynh (2015)

Untitled

Wet cement,
Opportunity.
It only takes a second
To change this spot forever.
- Zoe Jameson (2008)

Untitled

My mother
puts garlic salt
on everything
sprinkling it on
she says
garlic makes it better,
she even puts it on me.
streaming down
covering me
salt in my wounds
she tastes me
and says,
still, not quite right,
she pours it on again
I know with each each
new pouring on
I am not perfect,
bitter in her mouth
the garlic burns.
- Claudia Kane-Munson (2019)

Fishing Opener

Pine siskins and gold nches persist
at the feeder.
A loon unravels a tremulous call.
Boys who yesterday bagged groceries
in small towns
have been out in their boats since four,
- Patricia Kirkpatrick (2008)

Untitled

"You are not very
stable," said the frog
to the lily pad.
"And you," the lily pad
replied, "have very cold feet."
-Rachel Kowarski (2010)

Benny & Shrimp

Can a lady in the library
with butter on her tongue

Appreciate the farmer
Spending hours spreading dung?
-James Lachowsky (2012)

November

Autumn winds drag leaves from the trees,
clog the streets in dreary finale.
Bare branches crisscross the heavy sky.
Icy rain spatters, ink-blots the pavement.
I settle at the window, stare into the black flannel,
search the woolly lining of the night for winter.
- Marianne McNamara (2009)

Untitled

I can't remember
All the flowers she taught me.
Her pansies worry.
-Michael Murphy (2011)

Untitled

Hard candy of love -
what if I bite
down a little?
-Charles Matson Lume (2013)

Untitled

If your dog married my dog
we would be related
and I would bring you meals
when you were ailing and insist
that you come out with me to simply sniff the air.
-Susan Olsson(2013)

Untitled

She was steward
of the smallest things: pair of dead bees
in the windowsill, Santa ring,
cluster of elm seeds in their felted cells.
- Eileen O'toole (2008)

Untitled

A dog on a walk,
is like a person in love -
You can't tell them
it's the same old world.
-Pat Owen (2010)

Our Escape

Our barefeet slapped the jungle floor
red, raw
Baby swaddled on her back
Baby at her breast

Toddlers by her side
Niam muffled our cries
Rummaged for shoots
Fruits
Bamboo raft on the Mekong
Free
-By Polly Pampusch (2015)

The Sweater
My mom knitted it out of water,
We washed it in a fire for me,
And whenever I wear it I boil.
-Alma Palahniuk (2012)

Not like fire
Nothing flaming
or even
potentially
afame.
Nothing
caught up
with danger.
Nothing racing to take
control
or possessions or
no prisoners.

No, our love
was never
like that.
-Anne Piper (2008)

Round
Washing the muffin
trays feels good.
Each compartment
Is a perfect circle.
By Lauren Raheja (2015)

Cutout Sky
Cut the trees
out of the sky
with your silver
scissors.

Tear the rain
from the faint
shapes of bruised
clouds with your open
hands.

Weave the thin strands of rain through the branches like pearls
melting against dark
silhouettes.
-Anna Renken (2008)

Untitled
Tonight
in the dark kitchen
only the stainless steel sink
holds the moon.
-Jeri Reilly (2010)

Dragonfly
You are soul-weigher, tiny
devil's horse, doctor
of snakes. You are strength
of late summer, double-barred
cross of courage and speed,
rendered flightless with two pebbles
and a string of child's hair.
-Paige Riehl (2013)

Untitled
I suppose it would feel pretty good
To have a poem here,

A crew of people you've never met
Pressing it into cement with a stamp

But, you know,
There is always chalk

-Lydia Rosenberg (2015)

Steal It
Go.
Feel the rush.
Speed.
Take off.
The throw.
The catch.
The slide...
...Safe.
- Ryan Ross ()

Untitled
He's fat
My fault
No Walks
-Lillian Rupp (2011)

Untitled

Four feet tall and poised,
glove on, front row, third base line,
yearning for the foul.
- Michael Russelle (2011)

Untitled

But before the early
bird eats the earth worm,

the worm dreams
of swallowing the earth
whole
-Daniel Schauer (2019)

Untitled

Whippets love wombats and cheaters love rules,
like canaries love cats and truants love school.
Earthworms drink tea from fine china cups,
and ponies give birth to white lab pups.
You can see from your ears and smell from your eyes
and you'll always succeed if you never try.
-Kurt Schultz (2009)

Untitled

Origami Bird
You have great long wings to fly
Why do you sit still?
- Madeline K. Schuster (2008)

Haircut

Fool that I was with my scissors
I have nothing left to offer
The warm spring breeze
-Marcy Steinberg (2013)

Dẹp

An elder Vietnamese woman
brushes my cheeks with her fingers;
repeating in Vietnamese,
"beautiful, beautiful, beautiful."

But I don't know what she thinks is beautiful.
Is it me or what I represent?

The generation of opportunity.
That her generation's journey was worth it
and the hopes of the passed and left-behind
live on in my generation.

She looks through my eyes like windows
and I look into hers like mirrors.

-Amanda Tran (2019)

Second Love

He kissed the girl
in the ballerina skirt.
It was a long one-
like the kiss-
drenching her sneakers
in tulle.
- Carlee Tressel (2008)

Untitled

Remember how you ignored me
after I spent a recess stamping
your name in the snow?
Yet, after 30 years of marriage,
I notice how you smile
every time it snows-
every time.
-Karen Trudeau (2012)

Untitled

The sky
fell on
my
toes
and
I was
a fast
runner.
- Diego Vazquez Jr (2008)

Untitled

A puddle,
where a moth
can shake the sky.
-Kevin Walker (2010)

Uta*

Trust digital dust to last 5 years. Look, see a tree older than—
Maybe that oak you see—utahuçaa—
Was climbed by a Dakota child before—
Perched, reading the seasons as you read these lines
Feeling the same thrum of weather and wood
Now cast in concrete communion for another 5 or 50 years?

Uta - acorn
Utahuçaa - oak tree
-Zachary Wilson (2019)

Untitled

A little less war,
A little more peace,
A little less poor,
A little more eats.
- Eyang Wu (2008)