

The Muses' Gallery

Highland Park Poetry is very pleased to present the selected poems from our first ever Poetry That Moves Contest. First, a few thank yous are in order...

Thanks to PACE for agreeing to display the poems on their Highland Park and North Shore Line buses throughout 2010 and a special thanks to PACE representative, Tavares Williams, for answering all our questions.

Thanks to The First Bank of Highland Park for sponsoring our 2010 Poetry That Moves Contest.

Thanks to our contest Judges - Highland Park Poetry's core judges, Fred Gordon and Charles Schwartz, as well as our guest judge, Judith Tepfer. They read and evaluated all of the submissions and made the difficult decisions about which poems to select for display.

Thanks to our graphic designers from Highland Park High School - Nicole Garcia, Freddy Gibbons, Jake Mantagnelo, Alice Rhoades and Sebastian Zdarowski - for their designs. Thanks to Blake Novotny, their instructor, for his guidance.

Thanks to our poetry volunteers who have agreed to transport the poems to the PACE offices in Evanston each month.

Enjoy!

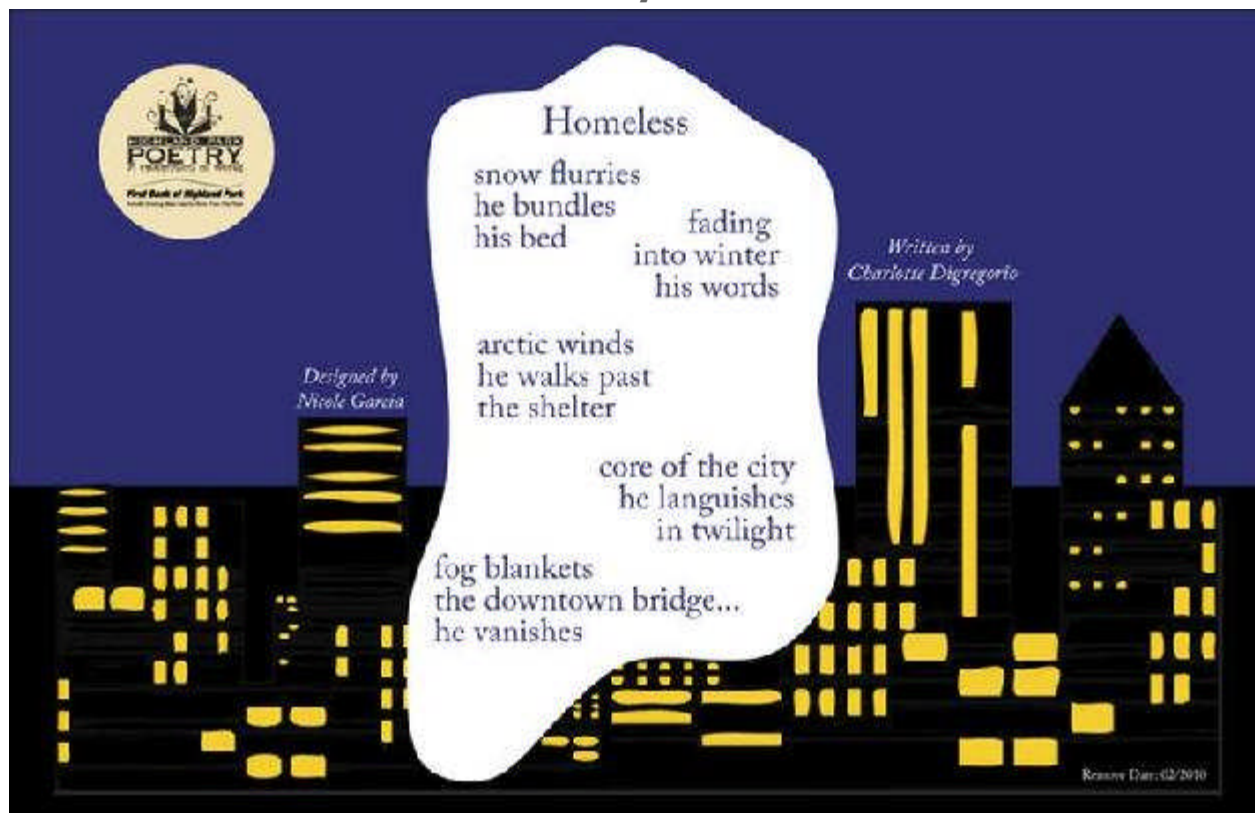
And to everyone - keep on writing!

Poetry That Moves Contest

First Bank of Highland Park

Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

January 2010



February 2010

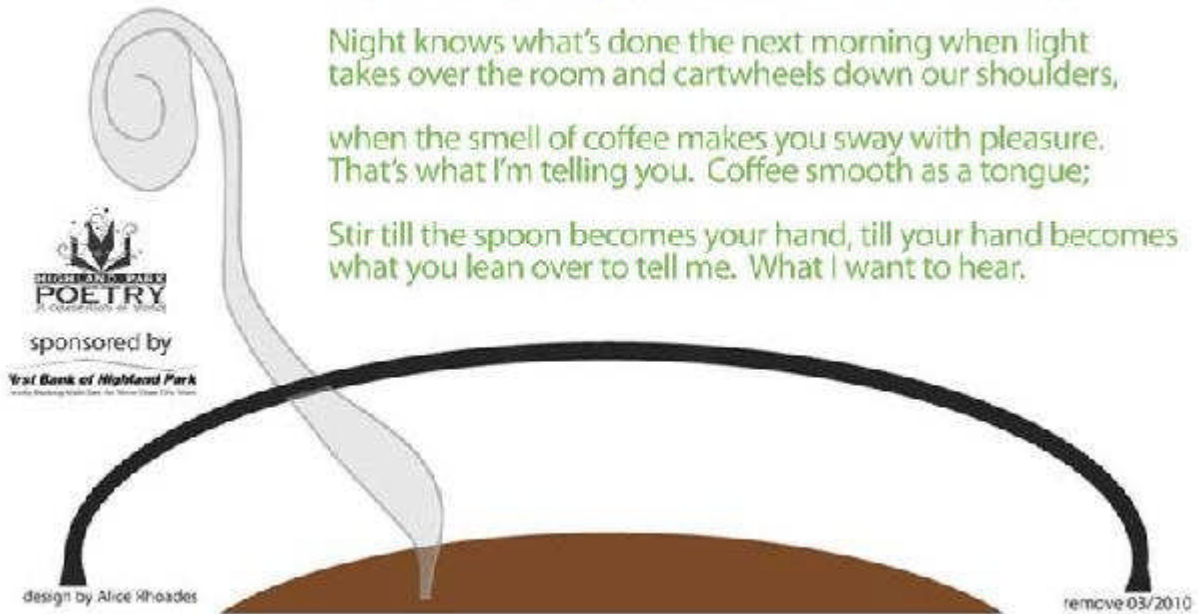
Café Cubano Valerie Wallace

The mouth opens its arms; the arms cry to be welcomed.
This is the way we speak when we drink Cuban coffee.

Night knows what's done the next morning when light
takes over the room and cartwheels down our shoulders,

when the smell of coffee makes you sway with pleasure.
That's what I'm telling you. Coffee smooth as a tongue;

Stir till the spoon becomes your hand, till your hand becomes
what you lean over to tell me. What I want to hear.

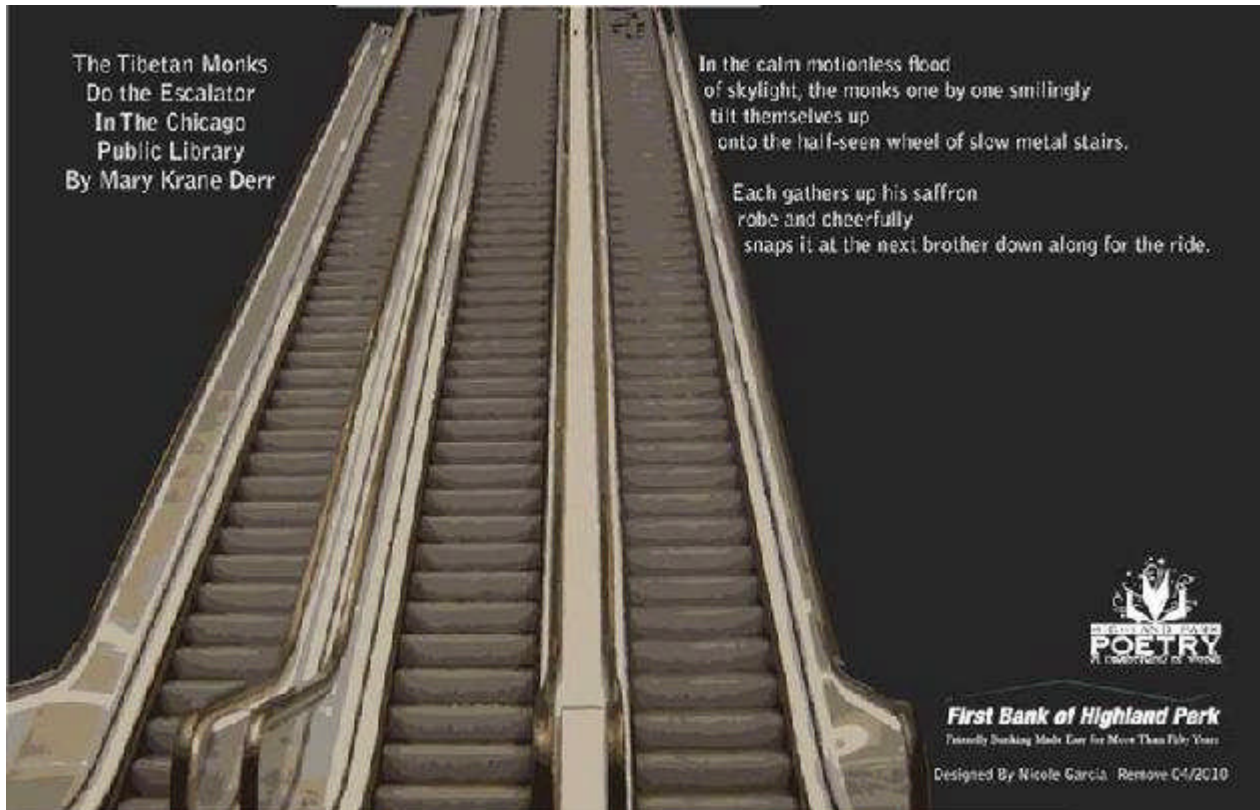


March 2010

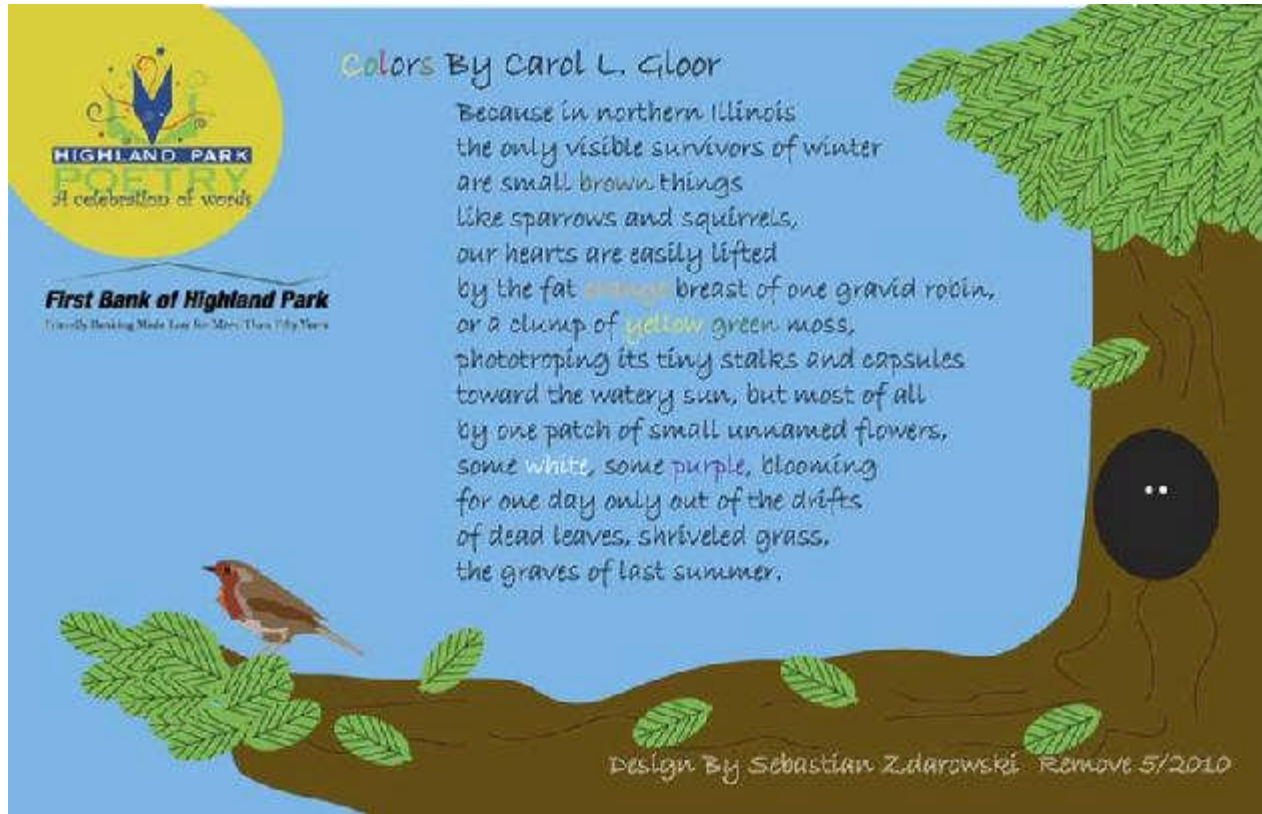
The Tibetan Monks
Do the Escalator
In The Chicago
Public Library
By Mary Krane Derr

In the calm motionless flood
of skylight, the monks one by one smilingly
tilt themselves up
onto the half-seen wheel of slow metal stairs.

Each gathers up his saffron
robe and cheerfully
snaps it at the next brother down along for the ride.



April 2010



HIGHLAND PARK POETRY
A celebration of words

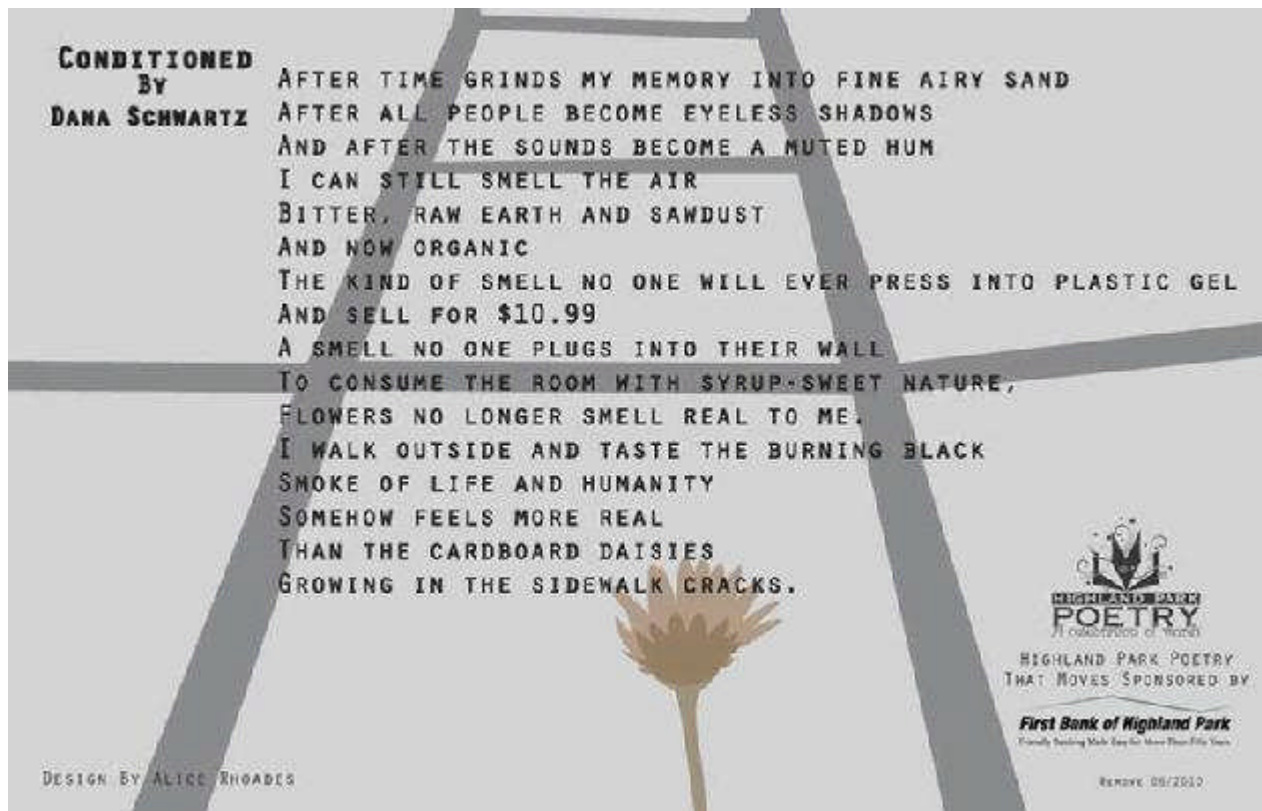
First Bank of Highland Park
Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

Colors By Carol L. Gloor

Because in northern Illinois
the only visible survivors of winter
are small brown things
like sparrows and squirrels,
our hearts are easily lifted
by the fat **orange** breast of one gravid robin,
or a clump of **yellow green** moss,
phototroping its tiny stalks and capsules
toward the watery sun, but most of all
by one patch of small unnamed flowers,
some white, some purple, blooming
for one day only out of the drifts
of dead leaves, shriveled grass,
the graves of last summer.

Design By Sebastian Zdarowski Remove 5/2010

May 2010



CONDITIONED
BY
DANA SCHWARTZ

AFTER TIME GRINDS MY MEMORY INTO FINE AIRY SAND
AFTER ALL PEOPLE BECOME EYELESS SHADOWS
AND AFTER THE SOUNDS BECOME A MUTED HUM
I CAN STILL SMELL THE AIR
BITTER, RAW EARTH AND SANDUST
AND NOW ORGANIC
THE KIND OF SMELL NO ONE WILL EVER PRESS INTO PLASTIC GEL
AND SELL FOR \$10.99
A SMELL NO ONE PLUGS INTO THEIR WALL
TO CONSUME THE ROOM WITH SYRUP-SWEET NATURE,
FLOWERS NO LONGER SMELL REAL TO ME.
I WALK OUTSIDE AND TASTE THE BURNING BLACK
SMOKE OF LIFE AND HUMANITY
SOMEHOW FEELS MORE REAL
THAN THE CARDBOARD DAISIES
GROWING IN THE SIDEWALK CRACKS.

HIGHLAND PARK POETRY
A celebration of words

HIGHLAND PARK POETRY
THAT MOVES SPONSORED BY

First Bank of Highland Park
Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

DESIGN BY ALICE RHODES

REMOVE 05/2010

June 2010

Fine Line By Ellen Savage

It isn't so much his beleaguered slope
a kind of longstanding surrender ---
but the matted hair, skin, clothes all of a color
and gone wild like the lawn of a foreclosure,
ill-fitting boots missing a lace
bags in each hand offer balance
like the pole of a tightrope walker
poised between identity and anonymity



First Bank of Highland Park
Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

We both arrived through the same portal
I walk my highwire and negotiate for balance
If we move forward, backward or not at all
Earth still winds clockwise and when we fall,
we exit the same door

Design By Sebastian Zdarowski Remove 07/2010

July 2010

Butterfly Dance

Poem by Annemarie Lenne

Butterflies flutter gracefully

In the tinted sky.

Dancing together playfully

Before they say goodbye.

One is called to flowers,

One is called to trees,

One is called to towers,

The other called to bees.

Each goes their own way,

Each does their own dance.

They all want to stay

But none have a chance.

The butterfly's life

So full of loss.

The inside strife

An unknown boss.



First Bank of Highland Park
Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

Design by Freddy Gibbons Remove 8/2012

August 2010



High school boys rest on the post
office stairs with their skateboards.
They cup their heads in their hands.
Their bodies are smooth wonders,
poised for earthly happiness.
Above them, a flock of gulls spins
and looks for something to scavenge.
See how wings cut the light to swirl
and swirl as if the sky opens a drain.

- *Domino Of Days* by Robert Klein Engler

- *Designed by Nicole Garcia*

Remove 09/2010

September 2010

AFTER YOU

POEM BY RUTH GORING

*Now that you are gone, I wipe
mango juice from my table,
fold up the crinkled stories*

*Three potatoes on the windowsill
begin to send out roots
from their sleeping eyes*

*I dream that I begin to travel
but the moon stops me, tossing
its bright coins against my mirror*

*Poems litter the path
where we walked, and all my clothes
are stained with your laughter*

First Bank of Highland Park
Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than 100 Years

Design By Freddy Gibbons Remove 10/2010

October 2010

Late

By: Susanna Lang

Only bee balm and milkweed and asters
bloom among the beaten down grasses
in the bird sanctuary -- all lavender,
colored with dusk. Not too far



above the trees, two hawks wheel
then go their separate ways, having reached
a private agreement about boundaries.
Small animals still rustle through the grass,

enough, for now, to satisfy both hawks;
but soon these gatherers will prefer
to dig down, store what they find, sleep.
I am tired, too. My bones are lighter

than they were, hollowing out like birds'
bones, but without their wings.

2010 Poetry That Moves Contest sponsored by

First Bank of Highland Park

Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

Design by /likestrawgels



REMOVE 11/2010

November 2010

ONE DAY I WILL BE FREE AGAIN TO TELL YOU
THE STORY OF MY LIFE,
TO INVENT THE DAY, THE HOUR, THE PLACE IT STARTED,
I WILL BE FREE TO SAY, SHE IS MY MOTHER, HE IS MY FATHER

MY FIRST DAY ON EARTH...
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME,
HOW GOD, WITH ONE OF MY HANDS, MIXED LIFE AND DEATH
IN A BUCKET, HOW SCARED I WAS AND ASKED
WHAT IF WE CAN'T PART THEM AGAIN?

FREE TO LOVE YOU, TO TOUCH YOU WITH THE OTHER HAND,
THE ONE I KEPT ONLY FOR LIFE,
I REMEMBER, MY FIRST DAY, I WAS FREE TO BE FREE,
TO DIE FREE

BEFORE SOMEONE KILLED A BLACKBIRD
AND THE NIGHT FELL UPON US AND COVERED THE EARTH
WITH A LONG SHRINE OF SADNESS.

AFTER KILLING A BLACKBIRD

STELLA RADULESCU



First Bank of Highland Park

Friendly Banking Made Easy for More Than Fifty Years

DESIGN BY SEBASTIAN ZDROUWIK

REMOVE 12/2010



December 2010

In Season
By
Jo Stewart

These winter days are bare
the sun too brief
to make a growing feast,
but in that time of year
when strawberries were in abundance --
elegant of shape and sweet
eager to spill their juices
you and I came
to eat with relish and abandon.

Now strawberries
flourish in a distant land
but here here in my garden
dry leaves and hard vines
betray presences
and without warning
I long for that sweet taste.

Design By Alico Rhoades



2010 Poetry That Moves
Contest Sponsored by
First Bank of Highland Park
Removes 0/2011



Poems displayed on an actual Highland Park PACE bus

