

**EVERYDAY POEMS FOR CITY SIDEWALK
2009 CONTEST WINNERS**

There's no place I'd rather be
than here
in this quiet common place
where late morning sun
meets the scent of concrete and cut grass
stirring

by Pam Haas

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
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.

by Anna Everett Beek

November

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

by Marianne McNamara

Success

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 black lab pups.
You can see from your ears and smell from your eyes
and you'll always succeed if you just never try.

by Kurt Schultz

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

by Mary Davini

A Gentleman's Invitation

*Meet me at six o'clock at the New French Café.
We will share, says he, a cup of consommé.
Handsome is he and debonair. His smile
is as wide as the English Channel.
But a hungry woman searching for substance
could drown in a cup of consommé
at six o'clock at the New French Café.*

FEATURED POEM (non-contest)
by Saint Paul Poet Laureate Carol Connolly