

2024 DASHing Words in Motion Poetry

DASHing Words in Motion Birthday

For ten years
We've written verse
About riding and moving
Dashing and grooving

The bus circulates
As we celebrate
Our community spirit—

Conclude with gratitude
That what's reflected
Is how much we're connected.

© Zeina Azzam

“Choose to Move as One”

If

We

Can't

Choose to move as one

Farther up each road and path,

Then knowing where we might arrive

Is nothing next to

Understanding

What first

Drove us

Apart.

© Nathan Brownback

Public Transportation

This bus is for all of us
There is no fee or qualification
We only need your participation.
Wherever you're from
Wherever you'll go
We're glad you're here
Welcome home.

© **Kacie Candela**

That Ringing Sound

A trolley bell rings
in my head every time
I pass the stop where you
said goodbye to me.

© **Alex Carrigan**

Upstream

The bus stops and kneels.
Like salmon swimming upstream
We file to the door.

My son takes my hand
And leaps to the street below.
This never grows old.

© **Meredith D'Amore**

The bus not taken

Scanning maps
red, blue, green
So enthralled - my bus not seen.

Two routes displayed before me, and I--
I took the bus less traveled by
And it's made me late.

© **Peter Heimberg**

The Loom

Like threads in a loom
The bus routes tie us together,
Binding our communities
Into a single urban cloth.

© **Stephen Lally**

Long Day

Legs are tired,
how nice to sit
and rest our feet
for a little bit.
What a day
we've had to roam.
We're on our way,
Bus, take us home.

© **Jonathan Lewis**

I Met Superman on the Bus

commuting with the rest of
us. In spandex and Brylcreem
he's frictionless, comic book
icon and fantasy. He's
forsaken flying to sit with
me. At five he rides
the express.

© **Jennifer Veech**