

Placement Index for Marquette Sidewalk Poetry Project

1. 811 Jenifer St.
owner: Christopher Berge
Poem 1: 'Runaway' by Oscar Mireles

2. 854 Jenifer St.
owner: Leslie Schroeder
Poem 2: 'Allegretto" by Sarah Sadie Busse

3. 902 Spaight St.
owner: James Wilson
Poem 3: 'Wisconsin, like water' by Wendy Vardaman

4. 922 Jenifer St.
owner: Lynn Lee
Poem 4: 'Running With My Daughter' by Wendy Vardaman

5. 953 Jenifer St.
director: Beatrice Hadidian
Poem 5: 'Promise' by Oscar Mireles

6. 1104 Jenifer St.
owner: Scott Thornton
Poem 6: 'Somewhere Piano, Again' by Sarah Sadie Busse

Poem 1

Runaway

butterfly

chased

a

like

away

fly

will

you

afraid

I am

Oscar Mireles

Poem 2

Allegretto

Sparrows hop for seeds as I learn *sweep*,
wipe, *stir*, a lighter leaning on things.
Say *compassion*--

and even that's too heavy. I mean how lemons
are picked with stems and leaves intact, to please
a child, and prove they came from trees.

Sarah Sadie Busse

Poem 3

Wisconsin, like water

freezes hard, so thick you can
cross it in winter
every inch

cracking, cries in spring--splintering
lakes don't quiet change
their states

rises from every mouth,
convergence of neighbors'
mingled breath.

Wendy Vardaman

Poem 4

Running With My Daughter

We're off together almost every day, passing
time talking over one thing and another
as we circle home and back circling
through the year of extremes: sweat pouring down our
red faces while we struggle with drawing each shallow
breath; breathing mouth to muffler so
as not to hurt the chest with raw air drawn
in too fast; feet striking thick snow, ice slick from thaw
and freeze; puddles half mixed with slush; sudden
storms that chase you; heart thundering, home.

Wendy Vardaman

Poem 5

Promise

do
not
empty
me
like
a
plastic
vase
whose
silent
red
rose
has
w
i
l
t
e
d

Oscar Mireles

Poem 6

Somewhere Piano, Again

These are the rehearsal rooms of the brain,
strangely echoed, some, and others,
strangely dead. Wander once more
the narrow, ill-lit halls.

Rehearsing and rehearsing
on the instrument of haunt, reversing again,
and overhead through walls, muffled,
a someone else, anonymous, not quite

in tune, remembered ever, trying
and trying (how much we want)
to get that passage right.

Sarah Sadie Busse