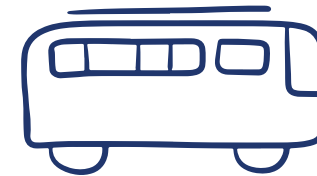


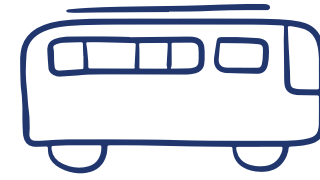


Lawrence Transit Poet Laureate Program

2024



Oh brown-headed cowbird



You've finally found your sister brown-eyed susan on the side of the road.
She is vibrant, earnest, and brief.

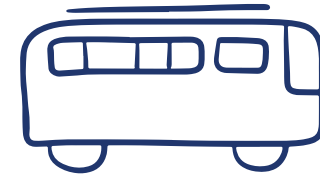
The Kansas sky in technicolor,
a motion picture moving throughout the bus's hull.

The bus! The bus!
Safely transports us back to the page,
our final stop.

Hilary Carter, Poet Laureate of Route 7



The Life of a Bus

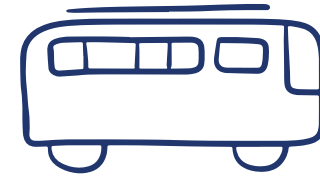


zooming by
picking up
dropping off
going around town

Julia L., Poet Laureate of Route 6



The Bus Ride



On the bus I ride,

Multi generations join me.

Lush scenery flows by of cornstalks with pink tassels and canna lillies that match.

The bus stops and a rider departs as a bicyclist and his dog pass by.

My mood is light and words appear on the smooth paper.

Yellow flashing lights and the bus slows, but does not stop.

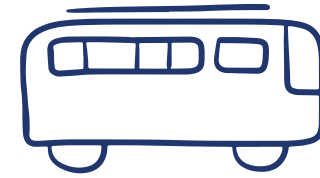
Oh, a new arrival and the look of chagrin at the full bus; but the next rider is happy to see so many.

It's a good bus riding day, with the prospect of a cool beverage at the end.

Margene Swarts, Poet Laureate of Route 1



Bus Ride

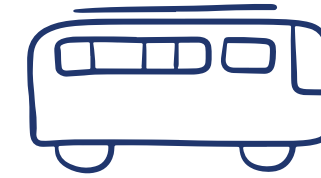


A break from the heat, though the AC relief
lasts only a few minutes before
I take it for granted. Feels like nothing now.
We pass a school I didn't attend, a life
I didn't live. We pass my friend's college dorm,
where I stayed sometimes, a guest or a ghost.
Even when I close my eyes, sunlight persists.
A guy comes on soaked in cologne
that doesn't remind me of anyone. We pass
the speed limit sign, 40, like all signs this year.

Melissa Fite Johnson, Poet Laureate of Route 10



From the Window Seat



The seams in the seat
Lead through the rows
As if the threads were
connected
I watch it move

Past the woman
Weighed down by produce
In a reusable tote

Past friends catching up
Their voices occasionally
slipping past my earbuds

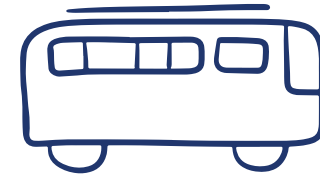
Past criers and liars
Past the flowers someone bought her
Past phone backgrounds of daughters
Different and together
along for the ride

Past my denim bag sinking
Into the contours of the seat
as if clutching this liminal space
And finding a moment of comfort
A breath within a necessity

Nikita Imafidon, Poet Laureate of Route 43



The Wait



As I watch the bus pull up
I am filled with glee
I have been waiting at this stop
but the lightning bolt bus has come around,
making me happy
The crisp fall air feels good on my face
as I board I think of my home, my happy place

Roman Osbern, Poet Laureate of Route 3

