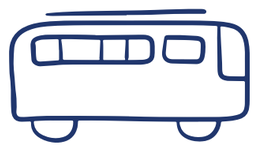
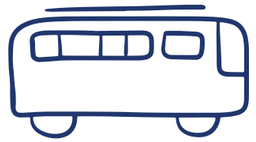
Lawrence Transit
Poet Laureate Program

2025



Note: Idiosyncrasies in format and grammar are intentional.

Sendero



Any trip can be sacrosanct
If we make sure we have the presence
To bless our departure
To direct our attention
To the sacred realms of the soul
That we hide in comfort.

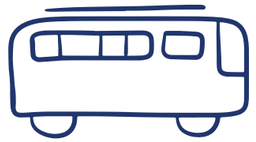
Every time we travel
There is opportunity to dance
With the beings we bring with us
And feel even more clearly
How what we find
Lands in the heart.

When the call to transformation
And the innate wisdom of the inner ground
Meet in our path
May you awaken anew.

With a lightness of spirit
Of our soft and animal selves
As we travel we slip into
The feeling of the wild
And we feel the whole earth
Breathing with us.

—**Alejandro Sabillón,** Poet Laureate of Route 5

Sendero



Cualquier viaje puede ser algo sacrosanto
Sin nos aseguramos de tener la presencia
Para bendecir nuestra partida
Para dirigir nuestra atención
A los dominios sagrados de la alma
Que ocultamos en comodidad.

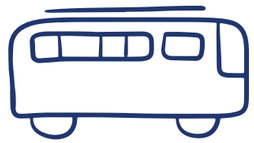
Cada vez que viajamos
Hay oportunidad de bailar
Con los seres que traemos con nosotros
Y sentir aún más claramente
Cómo lo que encontramos
Aterriza en el corazón.

Cuando la llamada a la transformación
Y la sabiduría innata del terreno interior
Se encuentren en nuestro camino
Que despiertes de nuevo.

Con una ligereza del espíritu
De nuestros seres suaves y animales
Al viajar nos deslizamos hacia
La sensación de lo salvaje
Y sentimos la tierra entera
Respirando con nosotros.

—**Alejandro Sabillón,** Poet Laureate of Route 5

New In Town



New in town, eager to trace the unfamiliar shapes
of what home means now,
I board a bus, then another, and I ride all day.

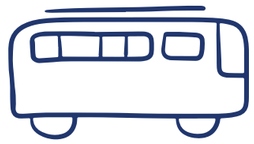
Parrying hawks glide along the Kaw,
sycamores share secret handshakes with sugar maples,
porches beckon with the genteel order of their shade.

Backpacks everywhere up on Mount Oread,
shopping bags and tattooed biceps dot the stops in the valley below.
“Hello!” I want to say to each new rider. “I’m new in town!”

When the woman seated across from me,
meets my gaze and smiles, I give it a shot.
She’s friendly, tells me who has the best barbecue.

I may not be home just yet,
but I know the bus will carry me there.
Somehow.

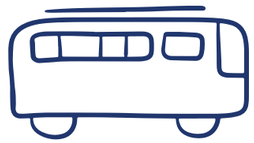
—Emily Rems, Poet Laureate of Route 4



You don't know where your going
until you stop.
You don't know when you get there
if it is where.,
You don't know when to turn
but watch it go buy.

Enjoy the ride.

—**Jim McCrary,** Poet Laureate of Route 1



How much will it take?

And as I wonder, by the carnival of colors above, my tired feet wish to rest.

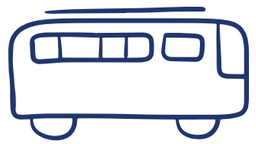
My eyes, however, can't stop enjoying the canvas filled with reds, oranges, and purples.

In this resting place, my body waits for an old friend.

Take your time, for I'll be here.

—**Miguel A. Castro,** Poet Laureate of Route 10

U-Turn



In the middle of the curve
while moving forward

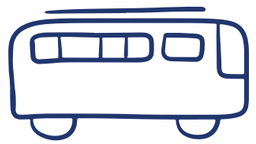
we have begun to turn home
leaving is beginning

to look like arriving
leaving is becoming

returning

—**Wyatt Townley,** Poet Laureate of Route 7

Bus Ride



Tied together by headphone cord-
Sitting close.
Shoes that bump with every turn.

Phone pressed to ear-
Voice low
to a hum.

Bouquet of flowers-
to the right
on empty seat.

Small backpack-
Straps pulled tight
Briefcase
Tilting
on floor.

Knee to knee-
Face to face.

Wind from stray
open window.

Knots in
Shoe laces
and
Stomach.

—**ZOya Nebesniak,** Poet Laureate of Route 12