

2021 DASHing Words in Motion

Winning Poets

The People's Bus

Our bus wends
through Alexandria's streets
like a trusted friend
carrying essential workers
in hoodies, suits,
flats, sneakers, and boots:
these riders, this bus
these historic routes
they're all of us.

- **Zeina Azzam**

The Web Masters

They move buses weighing tons
with delicacy
through narrow streets
and bad weather
to connect users
to our city sites.
They run
the Internet of our roads.

- **Susan Clark Behnke**

One Haiku

practicing my smile
with strangers: the summer train
rocking back and forth

- **James W. Colby**

GRANTED PRIVILEGE

O what a privilege it is to ride the bus
To sit with people smiling back at us
Whether masked or unmasked; it's been a while
Sure did miss this ride and the passing of smiles
O how we've taken for granted a simple bus ride
But are seated today with joy inside
Just to sit among a bus riding village
O how this is a bus riding privilege

- © **KaNikki Jakarta**
Poet Laureate of Alexandria, Virginia

the things they carry

a single glove
lost

bags of groceries
stuffed

used school books
stacked

a hospital shift
completed

an old friend
found

the winding route
traveled

- **May-Mei Lee**

King Street After Hours

Buses, trolleys, cars are parked
Boats are still beside the dock.
No planes punctuate
the silent sky.
None walk on the quiet street.
Only the river keeps moving.

- **Betty Jo Middleton**

Field Trip

I took myself on a field trip
I rode for an hour, staring out the window
Smiling at people I didn't know and
Dogs I've never met
Even though they couldn't see me,
And I felt better for smiling
And for sending them my
Imaginary greetings and making up stories
About who they were and where they were walking
As my journey was my destination
I just needed to leave home
And see the world from another window
My field trip was the cure to connect me
As the hour ended where it began and I
Became one of those unknown, unmet people
Walking home alone.

- **Charlene Murphy**

Pandemic Bus Refuge

Hushed streets,
mourning the bustle
of people spilling from shops.
Still, buses plodding,
crisscrossing the city,
passengers huddled at stops.
People without cars
wait masked and ready,
avoiding cold raindrops.

- **Devin A. Reese**

I'm Moving

Move
Groove

No one sees
me

Wear mask
they ask

Underneath be upbeat
no easy feat

We uptight
with COVID fight

Still smiling
Not riling

For I'm moving
and grooving

- **Veeteebee**