

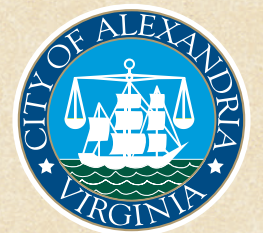
“DASHing Words in Motion” is a collaborative project between the Alexandria Transit Company (DASH) and the Alexandria Office of the Arts, in which local poets competed to display their poetry on the Alexandria DASH buses and King Street Trolleys, in honor of National Poetry Month.

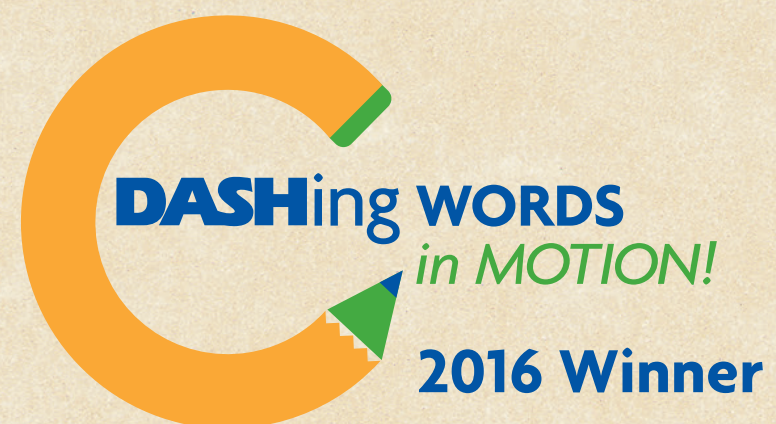
I Do

The first big test of trust in our relationship
was when I put on his extra helmet
and climbed on the back of his motorcycle
for a ride down Arlington hills
and onto the streets of Del Ray.

That same motorcycle now sleeps in our shed,
waiting for warmer days
and the first ride of the year.

**Tori Lane Kovarik, Poet Laureate
City of Alexandria**



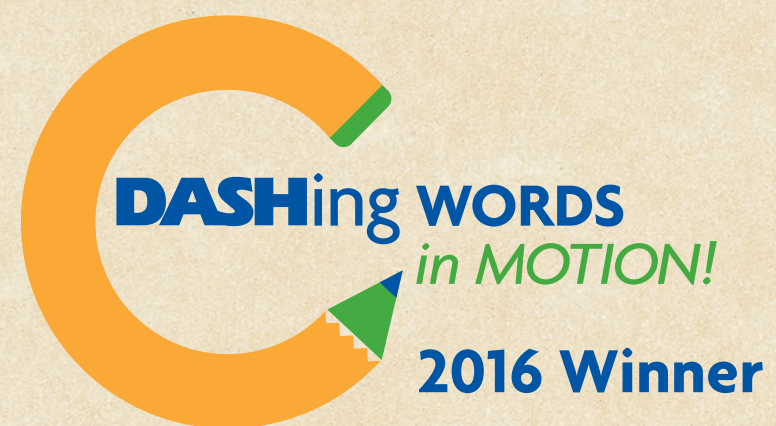


Green Scene

I am a queen
When I go green
And ride my bike machine
Caus' I'm using no gasoline
Which means less polyethylene
Less Ethylene or polypropylene
And I am becomin' lean and mean
That's a hip Alexandria scene

Veeteebee

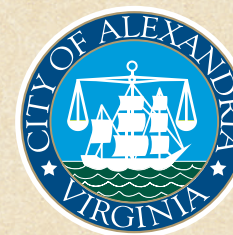


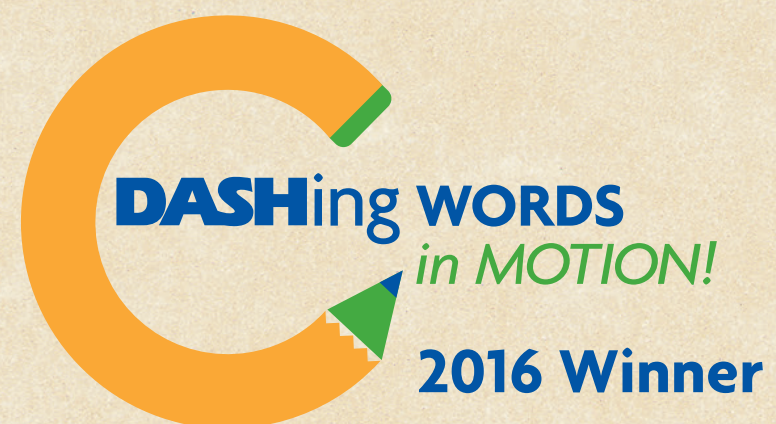


Return

horns honk beltway songs
jets roar overhead
blinking bike lights zoom
to the metro's tune
skid on rumbling tarmac
the cacophony cloaks my city
like a friend saying: welcome home

Sarah Paez





Baxter

He sleeps most of the day on the sofa.

At 4:00 he walks to the window facing the DASH bus stop

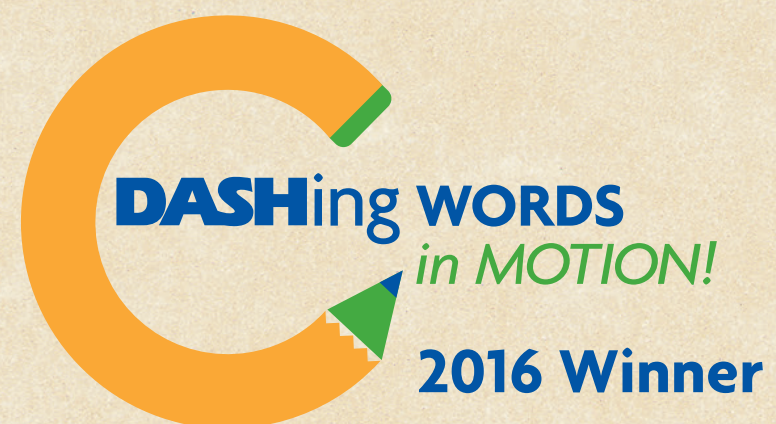
He knows

Without fail

Who will walk off.

Beverly C. Weaver



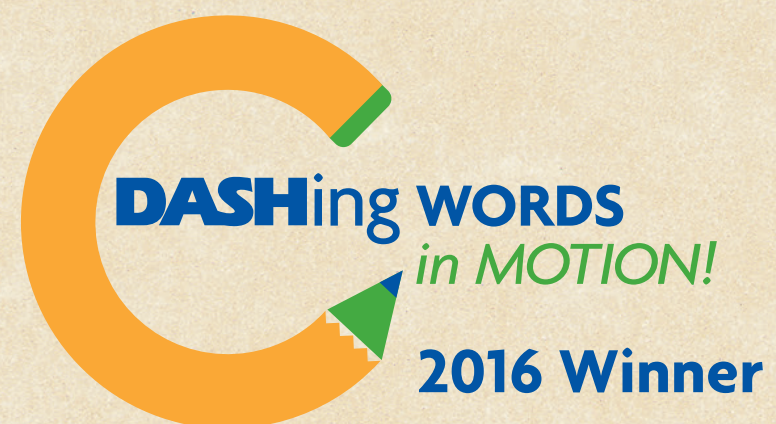


Window Seasons

Color unfolds
And gives way
To autumn's gray
And winter's cold.
The window view,
From the bus commute,
Changes.
Flower springs
And bursts of green
Appear on scene.
Summer waits ... in the wings.

Teddie Dyson



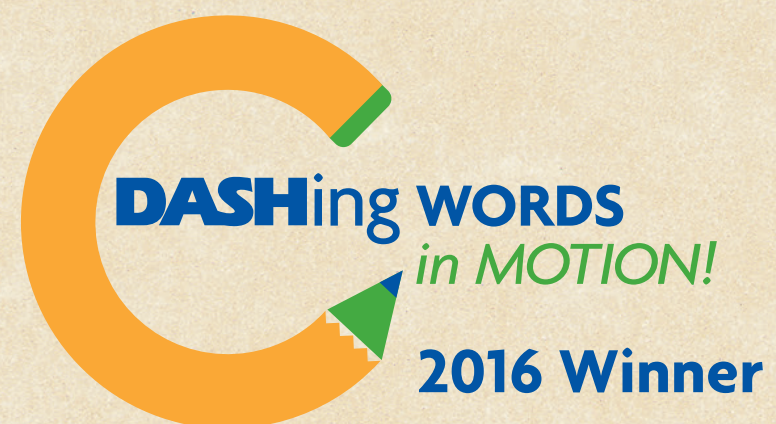


Stop Go Succeed

Stop for us
In more than one place
We're a family of one race
Different destinations
You have patience
To open doors
Keep Alexandria Moving
Grooving
to the same beat

KaNikki Jakarta





Today

Step up.

Step on.

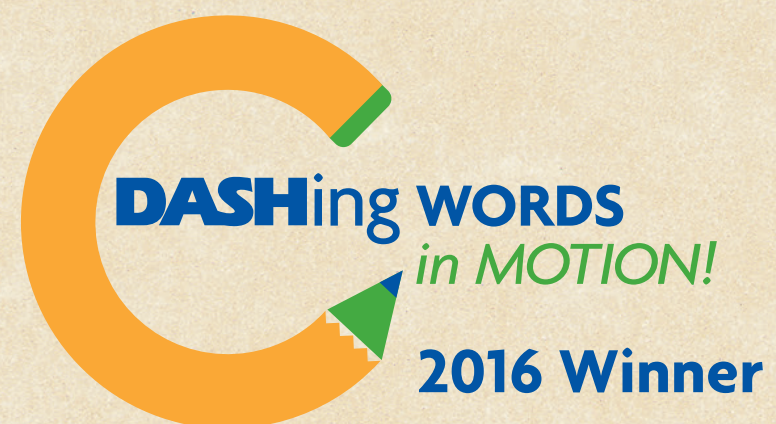
Allow yourself
to be taken by this bus,

on your journey.

And when the door opens
to enter
the world that awaits.

Wendi Kaplan





Home

How do I find my way home?

Go North,

South

West or East?

By bus or train?

Trolley or car?

Walk the cobble stones?

Run along the river?

Cut through wooded parks?

My heart knows

No compass,

Nor route other than

Our love is my home.

Home finds me.

Caitlin Fitzsimmons

