

# 2023 DASHing Words in Motion Poetry

## What We Hold Dear

People mover,  
circulator

Wheelchair and  
bicycle carrier

The bus holds near  
what we hold dear

It uplifts words  
of community—

reading, writing,  
admiring poetry  
is so inspiring!

© **Zeina Azzam**

## Dashing Thru Alexandria

Dashing around here we go  
Alexandria  
History on view today.

Riding the King Street hill down  
Potomac River  
Old Town square blocks unfolding.

We dash West End to river  
Rested and easy  
Smooth travels for work and play.

© **Christine Riccardi Coker**

## Boarding

Headlights train on the weary  
bleary-eyed  
waiting to be ferried to work.  
Zipper merge  
                    and file on  
find a seat  
                    or hold on  
*movement underway!*

© **Kacie Candela**

## 102 thrums in the rain

Soaked-shoes student  
sits beside bleary teacher.  
Take my umbrella? Tight smile.  
Wish he knew how often  
someone helped  
when I journeyed alone.  
102 departs—  
gathering up folks  
who need each other.

© **Rose Dallimore**

## Roadways Traveled

Life sets you on many paths  
Like a bus or train  
Directing you as you coast  
Stopping here, Stopping there!  
Until the plan is revealed  
And you!  
Find your way

© **Christa Edwards**

## Grateful For...

My free commute (there is no fare)  
While low emissions clear the air,  
An easy choice without the fuss,  
So glad we all can take the bus.

© **Jonathan Lewis**

## Together

In the shadow of King Street,  
Strangers gather  
Collecting their belongings  
And shuffle aboard.

A moment of unity,  
After years of separation,  
Find us together  
On our blue city bus.

© **Elizabeth Reese**

## The Bus

The Bus  
Reflections of friends  
Visible in the seats  
The Bus  
Strangers among me  
People I'll never meet  
The Bus  
I want to know them  
Our connections, incomplete  
The Bus

© **Anthony Smith**