

The 100-Foot Poem

*Collaboratively written by attendees of the The New York City Poetry Festival
July 13 and 14, 2024*

On Poetry Island I see . .

Sunshine in my imagination
Always just out of sight

Poetry in the air
Plants blooming from the earth like hair

. . . Canopies of leaves
Sheltering our reveries

Dancing letters making words
On blades of grass

Petrichor and lore—
Oh, all the wonder I want to explore!

An oasis beyond the sea of skyscrapers is a hidden gem
Where ideas and bountiful creativity will stem

A rainbow of artists displaying their work with flair,
A chorus of rhythm and rhyme—pause—and applause fills the air!

Each poet singing their words aloud,
Rising above the critical ground

Us, remembering to cast off shadows.
With words we color outside the lines.

Trapped songs escape like the morning dew.
The sweat on my brows reminds me I'm alive.

Is there a better answer than us?

Dreams lifted up in the dappled blue heaven
Hearts open wide, bringing us Love, Joy, Beauty

A frog above green leaves might soon jump past voices. Shhhh!
I'm wasting hours

Throngs of poets wander the island, mismatched
Gleeful like misfit toys, broken and childlike

This glistening tree covers my house:
Each season I pondered fences.

The children, doing their best to survive the brightness of light

Be the FIRST letter of the word!!

That glistening star awaits your desire with clouds.
This tune needs your verse!

Leaves of endangered forests fluttering down
To the earth's wounds to bloom what once left

A mole under blue days will not remember them:
Splendid wings and pools.

A stripped treasure, who only knows,
How to see itself—from where it lacks.

I thought I heard a willow weeping there
Amidst the throng of trees beside the lake.
Although I tried to run away from there,
The sound of sobbing followed me along.

Illuminating paths
Of minds that interact
Shadows of thoughts
That connect under the tents

Lives captured and shined in laughs,
In eyes high up, in time that bends and
Frays to the harbor breeze, in love
Not stuck, but rooted, nurtured, and deep.

A mole behind green leaves may not jump
Like apples look! More moles, hurry!

I run back and forth on the shore, dodging the oncoming tide
The satisfaction of the cool water enveloping my skin

Gluping grass and hundreds of strong legs
Rising from it and ears that are uncommonly open.

The rent is still too high . . .
The sun is still too hot . . .
I still am getting by
Doing the best with what I got!

Hope all wrapped up in Safiya's words. She reminds me that against the tide of cruelty, there is a little bird singing, "New land, new land," bringing the olive leaf to Noah's Arc.

New land,
Oh land of peace,
Oh land of poets together,
Oh land of hope.

Hope the color of smoke
Catches in your throat

On Poetry Island I see . . .

A quiet life. One where suburbia seems closer to reality than a dream. As I sit here, I wonder if the ancestors sat under the trees dreaming of the peace that we've only learned to take advantage of . . . I bet it's peaceful once the people are gone.

A doggy and a kitty cat bumping
Noses and licking toeses

Peeling paint on old homes,
Porch patterns like doilies,
Like history's still here

The staff here are the best
It's so good to be with them
I enjoy all of them
All the time

On Poetry Island I see love flowing in all directions,

Atom bombs explode and surrender to this warm embrace . . .

This glistening tree inspires my sleep.
That season we pondered turtles.

Peace, in a place where we speak our truths
And people listen.

I see dd, young, tall and short, I see every
Type of person and every type of art.
From music to painting, to books to prose, there's
Room for everything, even room for you.

Hearts open to explore yet not
With their eyes yet with their Soul
A mind ready for a challenge being set by its . . .
Mind and Soul

In Mid-July some
Tan leaves
And through a window
Another window

I see myself lost in vision . . . looking around for hope even if it's dull . . . people talking telling how to
be brave and LOUD . . . I hope I can see myself on stage one day . . . I want to be happy, but I must be
whole first . . . I see hope all around me.

People of all colors making and displaying their soul, manifested through paper, pen, and phone, this
curse of making pain look beautiful in various ways

The atmospheric ocean
Crashing in the distance

Trees with water dripping from the leaves
Clouds parting with summer ease

Friends who like poems,
And poems that feel like friends

Stars strewn across the grass, absorbing
The glow of the sun, and sharing their
Stardust to one another with every word,
Subtle rhyme, and sliver of courage to shine

On stage . . .

Hopeful dreams and eyes full of stars that will shine bright
Forever more, one with the cosmos eternally . . .

What makes us human, what connects us is the awareness of the transitions that make up our lives, and our reaction to those transitions that make us who we are. It is our job to continue to see . . .

All poetry has a beat,
There is no escaping the heat.

The child does not sleep for long
The summer hours fly by fast
The air conditioning's too weak a song
Grab tight, these years do not last

Waves of light
Out of Sight
Close with friends
Our bonds will never end

The burning playa
Sea whiff that no
One else can see and feel, but it's OK.

On Poetry Island I see . . .
My loneliness leaving me.

On Poetry Island I see a treasure
Trove stuck in time, a pocket of nature
Standing as a bastian against the concrete
Vines that attempt to block out the sun

It's only perception I see,
With no thought or emotion.
It's like another Dimension.
Bliss is what I Intend to Be.

Bubbles, spinning off the carousel
The fusion of the Holy Grave Chapel
And X from the Major Arcana

While dark and cold, people shy away.

However in the heat it's in the shade they stay.

Words, expression, creativity
Floating in the breeze

Human beings finding joy in community
And trying to make a living despite
The capitalist system that tells them
To be and do otherwise.

Gay people are
The best!

I see icy i. c. ! AHH!!!
c c
e r
e
a
m

Words in all shapes, sizes, colors, and ages,
And I feel at home.

The sun is a hammer.
My heart is its nail.

3 blue dogs that look like blueberries,
With pink tails and yellow ears!!!

Rays of Sun Light pouring thru
the trees . . .