

Poems from the Park

Volume 1



A collection from the
Little Free Poet Tree at Caponi Art Park

The trees whisper
The leaves shiver
The cars speed by
Like a tumbling river.
- GK

Tree

- Hope

You sit in silence
as the leaves rustle,
the birds coo.

Finding a breath
outside ~~the~~ of the
hustle.

~~Sit~~ Sit still. Sit
in silence.

Remember.



mom + me

Me + Tree

Crows + blue jays

Deer together wander

Spiritual guides

Stillness

Camouflage in color

Oak + fungi

protecting forest

rooted in love

Strength in unity

together we are home

in the forest

we rest.

Wander + find yourself

in the Spiral of

labyrinth path.

Home.

stay
curious

10/19/25

Lg (4)

You are Special.

The Forest loves you
and you love the
Forest.

The air loves you and
you love the Air.

You love everything.
You love everything.

Beorn

- a 3 year old

The forest, The tree
is all I see
It brings Peace
to Me

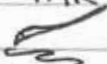


On mighty oak
reaching for the
sky.

You continue long
after I die.

Peace there will
be, peace you will
see. Please do remember
me.

Solutor Ambulance
It is sowed by walking

* Lent a new ink
full pen ☺ 
happy writing = 

let yourself be in
flow with wonder.

See the deer together
look closer.

Unravel yourself in
Slow motion. @
wander  Keri Smith
Soft universe

What happened to the heart?

@
Aurora music

10/19/25
L29

Poetry is not my
thing
yet this space ~~is~~
makes me sing.
Thank you for sharing
your land with
us!

2/10/10

SIRHAN

~~the sun~~
the sun
shines down
on me
a beautiful
light appears
in me.



- Josephine

$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$
Just Chillin'

Winter wind slashing
through the leafy trees
From whence do you
come, oh violent breeze?
To mangle, tangle, break
this branch
Nay, I sway, in stormy
I dance

9/6/25

Bridge Whiskey

Woods

leaves, blowing
with the trees.

wind in my hair,
I don't really
care.

joy and love
spread every-
where, with to
the wind blowing
it everywhere.

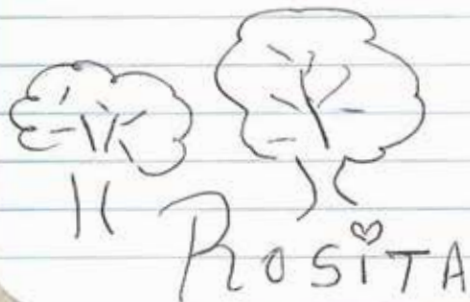


May 7, 2025
moments.

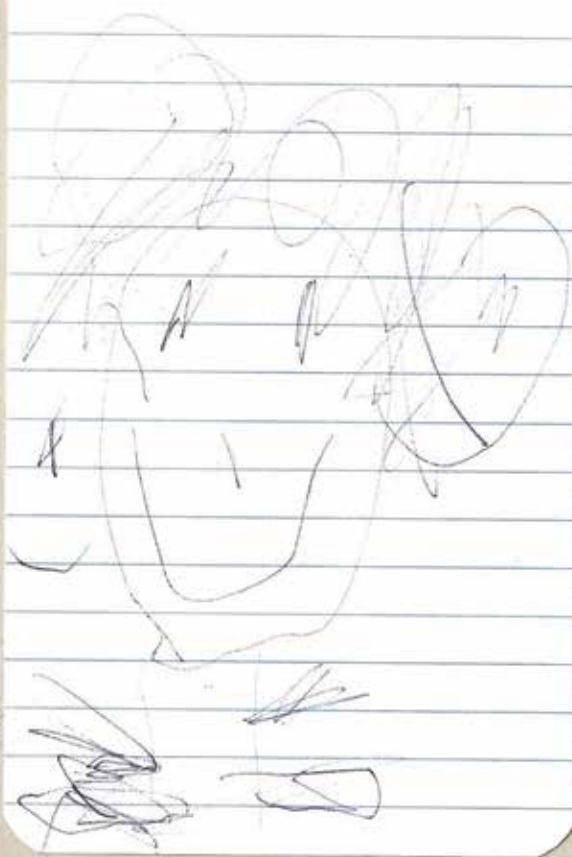
moments of tranquility
moments of anxiety
moments of bliss
moments of loneliness
moments of community
all make up the
moments of our day
our life;
because without one
we wouldn't have
to learn
to appreciate
the collective
fabric of life.

- written by me today ♡

Los arbolitos
son alegría
Para las paja-
ritos,
y aire para
nuestros pulmones

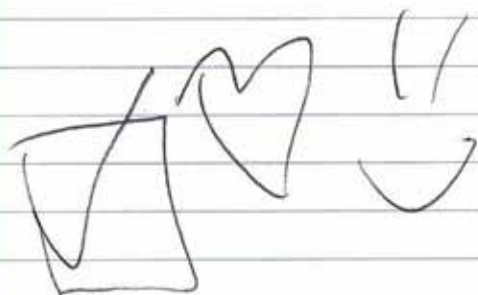


the circus
the snake
the trail
leads to the
center
unraveling
together
holding
us
all



I Love
this place!

A7/LA



* your daily dose
of smiles

Kindness is
caring

Be yourself

Be happy

Love yourself
and others

- Lucy Petols

11 years old
2025
Mother's
Day

I see A for Apple

Can I color with that?

Dad, can I color with?

-Yes-

~~He didn't~~
~~say that~~
BFB

-Jonah, Age 2

I observe the
birds that go
+ tweet,
while me and
my family find
a place to eat.
I look around,
the grass and
trees, that brings
me to my knees.



can!

Amelia

Black + yellow

Black + yellow

Black + yellow

I'mma Bee

imma Bee

I'mma Bee Bee Bee

~~thru~~

-Ethan

Nature is...

- where I start to breathe again
- where my mind feels free again
- where I can move and sit and sweat without a care

except for mosquitoes.

Nature's reminder that she is small and mighty and when you have stayed for as long as you need, it is time to say 'thank you' and move on.

kjh 7/25

WALK

FOR

THE

SOUL

BREATH

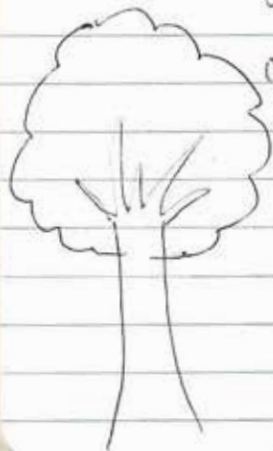
~~FOR~~ FOR MIND

REST

FOR BODY

LOVE FOR THE EARTH

Labyrinth winding
Winding in a square
Calming, going in
a circle
Crunchy pebbles
Quieting voices
Big Tree



07/06/2025

T.H.F.

Untitled

what can we say
it's a rainy cool day
our dogs will play
we'd like to stay
mittens and hats
more energy than cats
they'll go lie on their mats
Be nocturnal like bats

Jess n Jenn 10-25-25

Decay
Beauty
Breeze
Sunlight
Breath
Wandering

Soul healing wonder

mfB
10.17.25

A Labrynth

Very inefficient
tiresome
and still
we tread on
we forget
the meaning
for which we came
We lose ourselves
and find ourselves
again.

Awakening stone

Mysterious metal sings

Verdant land dance

- Haiku -
12LW - Idaho

7/11/25

Green Leaves gently
sway,
Sunlight warms the
forest floor,
Leaves gentle rhythm.

AI

I LOVE

thefores + ♡

welcome!

El Caminear en
Senderos

El oír el canto de
las Aves, trasán
Camminos insipidos
del buen senderista

Every other child
must be twelve
and then fourteen
for the rest of
time. Because
thirteen? That
one's mine.

the louse a golden
yellow, the sun a shining
grey, the grass a glowing
green, just looking
out that I can see
machr is the stant to
poutre. Suserle, ~~the~~

Eric
Power

I Love The
Woods



Experience Art in Nature