

St. Louis Park Sidewalk Poetry Program – Text Alternative

Softly blurred images of people walking towards the camera.

Speaker 1: Written word is such an unexpected thing to find when you're out walking around in the community.

Diane Pecoraro, Community Poet: It's when you're not even expecting them, you look down and you see this poem on the sidewalk. So it's rather delightful if people perceive those poems.

Someone lays a stencil of a poem on the sidewalk and removes the tape to reveal words. Another person wearing protective gear uses a pressurized tool to sandblast the words through the stencil onto the sidewalk. Someone sweeps away the dust to reveal the poem now inscribed into the sidewalk.

Speaker 2: It felt a little bit magical to walk up and see it on the ground here, it was it was kind of a marvel.

It's fall and the tree leaves are turning yellow and red next to street signs in St. Louis Park.

A woman wearing a green flowery dress walks towards us on a sidewalk covered with yellow leaves. She stops before a poem.

Mary McCreary shares her poem: "When these words are covered in snow and ice, remind me Spring will come again."

Mary continues: This is my first poem ever. I just tried it and then when I got the email that I had been selected, I was really excited. It felt really kind of validating as a new writer, to know that other people appreciated my work.

A poem is inscribed on the grey sidewalk.

Bob Kusnetz, wearing a navy plaid shirt: This is the third year that Friends of the Arts has done the Sidewalk Poetry Program. I think they had over 140 entries, it was the biggest we've had so far. My poem here is an acrostic poem, so the first letter of each line spells out sidewalk.

A woman walks towards us wearing a red sweater and black vest.

Stephanie Curry shares her poem: "Look at how the tree roots push out from beneath the surface That's the power of persistence, slow and steady and silent, yet strong enough to break through pavement."

She kneels down and touches her poem on the sidewalk, then smiles at the camera.

Stephanie continues: A poem being in concrete feels like, kind of, really permanent and especially being in the city that I live, is really cool.

Susanne Adler, wearing a woolen red vest, holds paper memorial keepsakes featuring her husband.

Susanne: My poem is based on my husband. One of the things that Todd and I had talked about before he died was that he didn't really want a place but he wanted a legacy, and having you know a poem about him inscribed on the sidewalk is something I think would make him smile and I think a poem about dandelions, those pesky dandelions, I'm positive would make him laugh out loud.

A woman walks into focus as she approaches the camera, wearing a red sweater and green jacket.

Mary Christine Kane shares her poem: "Quiet tree rising from earth, reaching toward sky. I lie under your canopy, listening to your dancing rustle, smelling your vanilla bark, feeling cool and safe."

A tree with a large canopy grows by the poem in the sidewalk.

Aimee Jackson, wearing a dark green sweater and a gold leaf pendant: I've always been a really big fan of you know, public art and especially community art. Because I think it helps build a sense of community and interconnectedness and a sense of community pride.

The camera moves along a sidewalk dotted with yellow fall leaves and comes upon a poem.
Aimee shares her poem: "I am You, You are me. We are We. There is freedom in this knowing."
End card: Sidewalk Poetry Program, St. Louis Park