

CC 07-21-20

#1

Cupertino Poet Laureate

Presentation

Cupertino Poet Laureate

Program and Response to COVID-19



CUPERTINO

Cupertino Poet Laureate Program



Honorary, volunteer position



Sponsored by the City and the Library Commission



Practicing poet with professional recognition



Provides the residents of Cupertino with programs, workshops, and events which introduce and reinforce poetry as an enriching cultural art-form open and accessible to all.



Programs Offered During Shelter-in-Place



Virtual Poetry Pen Pals Workshops




#CupertinoCares Poetry Slam




Poetry Windows Project

Cupertino Poet Laureate Presents





**SATURDAY
POETRY
PENPALS**

Join Cupertino Poet Laureate Jing Jing Yang in her second workshop celebrating diversity through poetry!



**SATURDAY, JULY 25
11:00 AM
JOIN ONLINE VIA ZOOM
SIGN UP AT [HTTPS://BIT.LY/CPL72520](https://bit.ly/cpl72520)**



Cupertino Rotary Student Poetry Contest

- Opportunity for self-expression during the pandemic
- 124 poems submitted by High School and Middle School Students
- Judged by current and previous Cupertino Poet Laureates

1st	Aashrita Natesan	Monta Vista High School
2nd	Alyssa Umino	Monta Vista High School
3rd	Chloe Kwon	Cupertino High School
HM	Tiffany Liu	Cupertino High School
HM	Seung Ah (Annabelle) Choi	Monta Vista High School
HM	Francheska Rosales	Fremont High School
1st	Grace Ker	Miller Middle School
2nd	Chelsea Guo	Miller Middle School
3rd	Caitlin Zhou	Miller Middle School
HM	Zain Haseeb	Hyde Middle School
HM	Taylor Baker	Lawson Middle School
HM	Mahati Ramakrishnan	Miller Middle School
HM	Anna Kwon	Cupertino Middle School
HM	Adithi Kadle	Kennedy Middle School

HM = Honorable Mention



The Sky is on Fire

Jing Jing Yang, Cupertino Poet Laureate

sky is on fire
air is a liar
we thought it was fresh oxygen
it blows wicked virus
the invisible true assassin
the ferocious night falls
lives are taken more and more
fears & tears
build a wailing wall
cities on lockdown
masks must be worn
social distanced hearts feel torn

...
sky is sobbing
its teardrops pouring down to the ocean
thunder crashing on top of the mountain
Man vs. Pandemic
four months later
shelter-in-place still in order
covid-19 vaccine is under development
poets Facebook-Zoom-Live to break silence & isolation
children's virtual classes have begun
when would the battle end
any silver lining?
one day soon
our borders will be reopened
to the world again
rainbows will reach out to all continents
let's meet for poetry
or coffee
in that
victorious morning



Story Made from Shadows

Grace Ker, Miller Middle School

Story Made from Shadows

I was born in a world of smoke.

They covered my eyes with gauze, swabbed my flesh clean.

I was a child then, and the shadows of men and women in white coats walking across my room became my best friends.

The red lines around my mouth and nose made my skin raw,

and my ears buzzed with the heaving of my own chest like musty whispers.

Every two hours, two nurses nudged me, positioning pillows behind my back and telling me to rest on the other side of my body.

I dreamed of a world with sunrises coloring the sky pink and orange.

I dreamed of standing by myself, feet buried in the sand,
crabs tickling the soles of my feet

while the waves came and hugged my splintered shins.

As years swung by, my lungs grew stronger.

I went to school in a wheelchair, but I loved learning

about how my white blood cells battled the barbaric bacteria.

I volunteered at my local hospital,

serving hot water and cuddling newborn babies.

2020 was the year where schools around the nation closed

and so did local shops. There were people dying
all around the world. We covered ourselves in masks and gloves,

scrubbed our hands with soap until the skin cracked.

My lungs had taught me to help heal my community.

I sewed masks for the nurses and doctors at my local hospitals,

cooked pots of stew and rice to serve to the people without homes.

Together with my mother, father, sister, and friends,

I decorated thank-you cards and cut flowers from my backyard.

I gave the coins I'd collected in my piggy bank to the local food bank,

Asking my friends and teachers if they could do the same.

We joined hands, clenching on to the warmth and love.

We were born into a year of smoke, and we smiled,

knowing that the flame ahead could not burn us.



Thank you!

CUPERTINO ROTARY
POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

The Greatest Common Factor

The hot sun beats down on his darkened back like a whip
with hair curling like an old hairpinning the strands.
The same universal force haunting his, quiet and persistent voice calling him
"hot!"
"you are weary" "grumpy"
but neither stops speaking
one babbles words by a sense of God
or another senses of purpose
for some reason the world of diversity called by the wind
and the tone of a trumpet under the the humidity of pollution or
and the sound of horns the steady music of freedom is heard because there is
an idea that can affect
and that
inspiration he feels that he can go on no longer
he lets his eyes close and imagines
the light that he sees and imagines
but brooded with concern of all and a mother's love rising to
ask him how he can be a scientist from his mother's a
question that she asks and from the answer to
become all in the first to get an education
and that he has the right to his education
he lets his eyes close and imagines
the feeling of the wind that he feels in his hands
and the ability to go outside and to feel the small tremors of three
lock chains he opens the door
to look out at the world
and back, the burden no longer
"oh, no"

The synthetic cool of the air conditioning who speaks to the office
sometimes is something a great other part.

—

some universal force haunting her, a quiet and persistent voice calling her
"you are weary"
"you're grumpy"
"who will never give up" she asks to keep the lines"
"I can't breathe"
one babbles words by a sense of God
or another senses of purpose
for some reason the world of diversity called by the wind
and the tone of a trumpet under the the humidity of pollution or
and the sound of horns the steady music of freedom is heard because there is
an idea that can affect
and that
inspiration he feels that he can go on no longer
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ask him how he can be a scientist from his mother's a
question that she asks and from the answer to
become all in the first to get an education
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the feeling of the wind that he feels in his hands
and the ability to go outside and to feel the small tremors of three
lock chains he opens the door
to look out at the world
and back, the burden no longer
"oh, no"

1ST PLACE
ANABHITA HATESAN
MONTA VISTA HIGH SCHOOL





CUPERTINO ROTARY
POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

Tragedy of Society

Connection did not spark,
from the industrial revolution,
though one of mankind's greatest evolutions,
it was not a world solution.

Connection sparked,
from World War II,
though a colossal devastation to thirty countries,
with severely five million casualties,
it pressured humanity to begin thinking rationally,

Connection did not spark,
from the creation of the telephone,
though what a literal connection milestone,
it did not make people feel any less alone.

Connection sparked,
from Covid-19,
though amidst disruption of routine,
and paranoia of the unknown,
it created the common goal to find a vaccine.

—

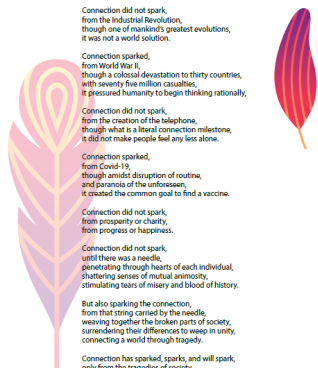

Connection did not spark,
from progress or charity,
from progress or happiness.

Connection did not spark,
until there was a need,
penetrating through hearts of each individual,
shattering senses of mutual animosity,
stimulating bases of misery and blood of history.

But also sparking the connection,
from that string carried by the needle,
weaving together the broken parts of society,
surrendering their differences to weep in unity,
connecting a world through tragedy.

Connection has sparked, sparks, and will spark,
only from the tragedies of society.

HONORABLE MENTION
TIFFANY LIU
CUPERTINO HIGH SCHOOL

CC 07-21-20

#23

Prohibition of Parking
along McClellan Road
Ordinance

Presentation

McClellan Separated Bike Lane Project

McClellan Road & Pacifica Drive
On-Street Parking Removal



CUPERTINO

July 21, 2020

Staff Recommendation

- Conduct the first reading of Ordinance No. 20-2210: "An Ordinance of the City Council of the City of Cupertino Amending Table 11.24.150 of the Cupertino Municipal Code Relating to Prohibition of Parking Along Certain Streets
 - McClellan Rd, Stelling to De Anza
 - Pacifica Dr, De Anza to Torre

McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

Installs separated bike lanes along both sides:

- McClellan between Stelling and De Anza
- Pacifica between De Anza and Torre

Currently, on-street parking exists along both sides of the street through these segments

To accommodate the bike lanes and provide increased safety for cyclists, parking must be prohibited

McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project



McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

Two letters mailed to 252 addresses

- June 10th
- June 29th

Two responses received noting

- Inconvenience for residents
- Difficulty backing out

McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

- Parking removal will not affect ability of residents to enter and exit driveway
- Similar conditions elsewhere:
 - McClellan Bike Lane, Ph 1
 - Stelling Road
 - Bubb Road

McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

- Parking prohibitions for bike lanes on collector streets not unusual



Bubb Rd



Stelling Rd



McClellan Rd

McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

- Driver's eye view backing out of Phase 1 driveways:



McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

- On-street parking currently not highly utilized



Mon, July 13, 11 pm



Fri, July 17, 11 pm

McClellan Rd Separated Bike Lane Project

- On-street parking currently not highly utilized



Mon, July 20, 12 pm

Recommended Actions

- Conduct the first reading of Ordinance No. 20-2210: "An Ordinance of the City Council of the City of Cupertino Amending Table 11.24.150 of the Cupertino Municipal Code Relating to Prohibition of Parking Along Certain Streets"



Questions?

END SLIDE

**McClellan Separated Bike Lane
Project**

McClellan Road & Pacifica Drive
On-Street Parking Removal



CUPERTINO

July 21, 2020