

THE  
PARKING  
SPACES

004

A SERIES OF SITE-SPECIFIC  
LISTENING EXPERIENCES TO  
INVITE REST, ACTIVATION,  
AND IMAGINATION AROUND  
DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

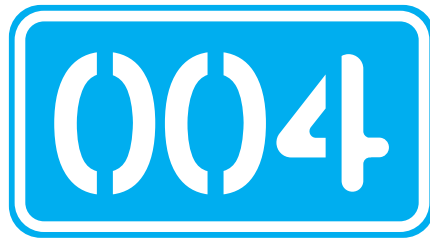
# AUDIO TRANSCRIPT



CREATED IN COLLABORATION BY  
STEVEN WILLIS, STEPHANIE MIRACLE, AND RAMIN ROSHANDEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAYURI SASAKI HEMANN

DAWSON  
DAVENPORT



BLACK HAWK  
MINI PARK

**SPACE 004.** This place is known as the Black Hawk Mini Park. Feel free to take a seat. Let me tell you about this place.

(MUSIC PLAYS. THE BANGING OF A LARGE DEER HIDE DRUM BY MANY HANDS STRIKING IN UNISON. VOICES RISE. THE SONGS SINGS OF A THUNDERCLOUD. THE VOICES ARE OF MESKWAKI NATION. THE SONG CONTINUES AS DAWSON'S VOICE COMES IN...)

## DAWSON DAVENPORT



## BLACK HAWK MINI PARK

Since the moment of  
crossing the Big River,  
Westward direction  
then the fog  
to make our escape,  
Women and children  
Eluding the rage,  
Crops planted and left,  
Destroyed to starve  
the village wept,  
Deep in the hearts  
a vision,  
bundles kept,  
Stashed in the grass  
Of the Black Soil,  
Birthed a new dream  
A Land to raise our  
Children  
And to plant our  
Crops,  
An earth  
with all we need  
To survive each day  
Until the sunsets,  
Stop

A place to host  
of lodges,  
and to hear  
our echoes,  
A place of the  
new river,  
A place to  
leave our shadows  
A place to dance free,  
and to sing the  
Songs that made  
The sun weep.  
Land for prayer,  
to keep alive,  
A dream  
A speech,  
so unique,  
that even  
plants could  
understand,  
And they'd talk  
back too.  
Share the stories  
of traveling,  
from times,

off the  
Sabretooth,  
A new hope born,  
a passing turmoil  
From the mining of lead,  
to the new river  
a homestead,  
A new crop,  
a new village  
NO more war,  
Passing of the torch,  
in a land,  
that possessed  
so much more,  
Comes a future  
for the children  
Of the yellow earth's  
and the red earths,  
something better  
  
(music continues and  
voices grow more  
powerful together).

004

