

Seattle City Council

Culture, Civil Rights, Health, and Personnel Committee Meeting

Wednesday, 2:00 PM, July 23rd, 2008

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **John Burgess**

Today's poet is **Marta Sanchez**

Marta Sanchez lives in the Queen Anne neighborhood and has read at the Albuquerque Poetry Festival and Bumbershoot. She's been on the Seattle Poetry Slam Team, recorded on a slam CD, portrayed a haiku butterfly, co-authored a play and currently advises a student poetry group. Her work can be found in *Conquests & Rebellions*, *Nobody's Orphan Child* and other anthologies. Marta's lyrical works involve real and imagined obstacles, politics, aging, sex, sensuality, death and racism.

Soothing the Stone

By Marta Sanchez

left foot lifts and moves forward
slide back to the side
my arms drift through the air
I need to sweat
pointed toes walk the tight rope
thighs widen with each step
arabesque
I need the wind
my hands trail my breasts
follow the beads
dripping from the tilted forehead
watcher free
I need to spin
turn and whirl
shift slow
slow shift
tableau
center point of balance
rise up

trace the skin
enjoy the heat
fingers intertwine overhead
release
each nail finds the bird
I need the lines
my feet planted
I bend at the waist
every neuron remembers.

Bess

By Marta Sanchez

fingers scratch the glass
more urgent with each gust
doors rattle to break free
prying hinges frames bust
back and forth forth and back

comfort in thrashing
limbs catch air
trees crack to their hearts
houses implode
she calls in the note

three streets away
a baby still sleeps
sucking its thumb
decorating a neighbor's garden
impaled on a crib post

the border collie's bark merges
with the short legged dachshund
new breed born
one body two heads

red, red, red
thick liquid yarn
knitting needle dangles from the eye
distraught mother chases her tail

skyward the elements argue
she glances down stretching
reaching for her calves
sheets surge

Goldie searches for the ocean
lidless garbage cans roll the street
grass now glass shine the way
a sonata of howls unleashed

shhh the rain comes
sheets wrap her
letting her curls return
drops soak til weighted

her body glistens
craving exhaustion
she inhales down low
each release putrid satisfaction

-- *end* --