

Seattle City Council

**Culture, Civil Rights, Health and Personnel Committee Meeting**

2:00 p.m. Wednesday, February 25<sup>th</sup>, 2009

**Words' Worth**

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Donna Miscolta**

Today's poet is **Donna Miscolta**

**Donna Miscolta** has been awarded an Artist Trust Fellowship and literary grants from 4Culture and Seattle City Artists. Her fiction has appeared in a number of journals including *Raven Chronicles*, *New Millennium Writings*, and *Calyx*, and has been aired on public radio. She was the 2008 recipient of the Bread Loaf/Rona Jaffe Foundation Scholarship in Fiction, and was recently nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She's been a resident at Hedgebrook, the writing retreat for women, and recently was selected as the 2009 curator for the Jack Straw Writers Program, which showcases the work of Pacific Northwest writers.

**On the Morning of the Summer Solstice**

by Donna Miscolta

Water seeps from the closet,  
making a small pond at the foot of the bed  
It's fed from a hole in the roof,  
invisible to the eye, scornful of the tar  
and sheets of plastic  
my husband has layered there  
against the rain. It comes in drips that  
change their cadence  
so we can't be lulled back to sleep,  
keeps us on edge as we anticipate  
the variations: *plop, plop, plip,*  
*plock*

From the sound, I know how the water travels, sliding  
down a beam, insinuating itself in the wood  
along the way, separating at cracks  
in the plaster to nose-dive in a bucket, or slink  
its way along a hanger to spread  
a Rorschach blot  
against the lining of my coat.

Then it reaches my shoes,  
floods the hiking boots, the cross-trainers,  
saturates the straps of my unused sandals, and in the corner  
surrounds  
a derelict umbrella.

There's a smell of mildew, of rotting wood,  
a dampness at the window sills. Soon  
I think we will sample mushrooms that will jut  
through the moldings, count the salmon  
spawning in the open dresser drawers, inflate a raft  
and trace patterns in the bedspread with our oars,  
while we wait for August.

-- *end* --