

Seattle City Council

Public Safety, Civil Rights, and Arts Committee Meeting

Tuesday, 2 PM, August, 17 2004

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Terrilynn Towns**

Today's Words' Worth poet is **Joan Weeks**

Joan was a young widow. She was raising four children, ranging in age from fifteen months to fourteen years when her husband of seventeen years was killed accidentally in 1974. In 1990, she returned to school. She volunteered for the Department of Corrections in Olympia and her first paying job was with the Washington State Legislature. She later managed a mediation firm and she is currently living in Ballard.

Acceptance

by Joan Weeks

Tonight in the rain

your death fits me

like a friendly cloak. The rain

falls, fast drops.

Its tune draws me in

to the softness

of death.

The black marble is soft, smooth

like velvet. The light on your name

is warm and inviting.

You are there

and so too

are many

others.

An officer's cap,

the tiny flags and flowers speak

of how many weep and then

smile.

The great oak tree shelters you

all and the freshly laid

green sod takes root,

enfolding and then,

rebirthing.

Somehow

your name engraved in stone

allows me to go on. And you watch

and move me along.

I can be proud now

and so can you.

- end -