

Seattle City Council

Public Safety, Civil Rights, and Arts Committee Meeting  
Friday, 2 P.M., September 9<sup>th</sup>, 2005

**Words' Worth**

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Anna Maria Hong**

Today's poet is **Amy Schrader**

Amy Schrader is a 2<sup>nd</sup> year student in the MFA program in poetry at the University of Washington. She is the Poetry Editor of *Cranky Literary Journal*, and was previously a co-editor of the journal *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*. She was the 2005 recipient of the Nelson Bentley Prize in Poetry and her poems have appeared in *Cranky*, *Pontoon*, *The Mid-America Poetry Review*, *Pedestal Magazine*, and the *Amherst Review*.

**Sonnet for The Moon**

by Amy Schrader

*Do not look through the pinhole at the sun,*  
you say, and hold the card, while I remark  
that you didn't use a pin to poke it. One  
plus eight is nine, but I would argue hard  
for two, or seven, purely out of spite.  
Our eclipse season's back again. Repeat  
after you: *penumbra*, *umbra*, and pearly-white  
curl, *solar corona*. But not me.  
I'm annular aura, negative shadow,  
a ring-around-the-rose at maximum  
phase. My pockets full of *why* and *how*,  
but all I really want to do is hum  
the soundtrack to my life. It's *Claire de Lune*.  
You think you're looking at the sun, but it's the moon.

**Habitat**

by Amy Schrader

Nip and gruff. This barking at the weather  
runs on and on. We pretend that we don't hear  
the howls, and say: zookeeping's a pleasure.

Let's watch the red ruffed lemurs preen, killdeer  
faking pretty broken wings. Gibbous moon  
or gibbous monkey? No matter. It's all  
the same from behind bars: tin cup, tin spoon,  
serrated file chipping bits from the wall.  
Watch me flex my legs and squat, wait for dawn  
while hyenas half-laugh agony. What's left  
except to jog these keys against my palm?  
The guards are acting funny; let's be deft  
and single-minded. The car's on idle,  
wall's for jumping. Tongues and pelts all bridle.

### **Lexicon**

by Amy Schrader

The rain eventually broke in August.  
By then the books were swollen, and I read  
dictionaries for new ways to call us:  
dry socket, foreclosure, or cryptorchid  
horses. Each term fit better than the last.  
It seemed imperative to get it right,  
though accuracy was never your best  
suit. So we played cards & tic-tac-toe each night,  
with its x's and o's, until my eyes  
were crossed. We didn't speak of those big books  
again, although I'd often patronize  
you by asking to play Scrabble. It looks  
as if we've scrapped our match, we've thrown our game  
like bridles from our faces, from our name.

- end -