

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Swept away by Carol Anderson Shaw

I've seen your new model,
Tall and trim,
Dressed in shiny red.
How you hold her with two hands
And whisk her across the hardwood floors,
Her silken, tapered lines
Swishing back and forth.

While I, consigned to the shed,
Color faded and
Slippers worn down to stubs,
Am no longer lithe and pliable.
I see you only
On the sidewalk,
And we don't dance anymore.

Dishwasher Diatribe
by Carol Anderson Shaw

My door
Swings down
Nearly to the floor.
I'm fitted with blue spokes in rows
And empty wells.

Here--I'll glide my arms out--
I'll hold all you give me.
You cram me full
With scummy cups and crusted plates
And greasy forks and knives and spoons.

Go ahead, relax and have a drink.
I'll take the remains of your day--
The stale backwash,
The scrapings and a smear of sauce--
No complaints.

Serve it up in a scalded pan,
A day-old mug,
Some tupperware coated in slime-mold.
Go ahead:
Load it in.

I'll carry out my cycles
If you give me perfumed soap--
Like granulated silk
You pour it oh-so-smoothly
into my allotted slots.

My door swings closed,
My handle clicks down--my dial spins around--
My water wheels whir--my jet nozzles spray--
You flip off the light
And go away.

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