

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

Windsong Breezes by Dobbie Norris

They sat naked unseen by neighbors
under the shade
of the awning
after climbing out of the cedar hot tub,

Pink and white apple blossoms
from the tree overhead
parachuted quietly onto
the jacuzzied liquid of the
wooden pool.

A breeze brushed across their legs
which were stretched out into the
sun light of the late afternoon.

They had aged together.
Their children gone.
Children of their own.

A tiny titmouse flew into a bush
rustling the leaves as it did.
Another followed.

A swallow of potent licorice Ouzo
heightened his senses
as he realized his powerful love for her.

Twenty five falls,
twenty five springs
and her eyes were still the same

She didn't like him to drink.
Never had.

Yet she sipped the chardonnay
and wondered about that which they had shared.
How long would it last?

A relationship is another child that
was to be nurtured, nourished, and had been.

His bypass had been the last of many crises
the long time various Sheilas and Colleens,
Bretts and Lesters, had been others.

How long would this thing last?

Until the breeze no longer brushes their naked legs.

The Coxswain by Dobbie Norris

Sitting, steering
The jockey-size young man
Barks coaxing commands
Into Jane's sunglassed face,
She responds with a measured
Quickening of the pace.
Not all out,
Half-a-length back.

Third is not good enough
In this race.
The oars lift and submerge
As the shell surges
Forward
Making up water
Churning up water
In "The Cut."
The eight-woman crew
Pull hard
In their charge,
In control
Knees to chest
Arms outstretched
Legs extended
Hands to breasts
Beautiful Clydesdolphins
They are.

The small man's dreams are being
Realized
As he speaks
Clearly to his Stroke.

"Jane, eight hundred meters to go
Keep heart.
Stay within yourself."
He watches her knees lock,
Then extend,
The sunvisor nods,
Sweat mixes with new rain
Streaking the opaque glasses.
The relationship is secured.
Synchronized oars push
Through pocked water.

"Five hundred meters
One moment in time,"
He screams.
Jane takes the cue,
These galley Amazons

Take the task.

Hearts, arms, chest, legs, blood

Row.

They bow in exhaustion

After crossing the line,

The little man throws

Up his arms

Then gently touches

Jane's arthroscopic knees

All had been given.

This page was last updated: May 27, 2003