

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

### **Breakfast Surprise** by Diana Brement

We had our breakfast on the beach-  
early morning waves slip-slapping  
sounds of baby nursing  
dog lapping-  
startled mountains blushed  
scarlet pink surprise.  
Blackberries, sourish and sweet,  
only a very few in reach.  
We separated fruit from seed  
with tongues that swept instinctively  
and teeth that knew  
to bite exploringly.

We paced a thorny buffet line,  
dodged sea jelly dinner plates  
clear or red, waiting for  
a rescue tide.  
There is always  
one big seed inside  
to spit  
into the bushes.

### **Ebey's Landing** by Diana Brement

This summer rain is a waste.  
The earth has lost  
its birth-soft sponginess of spring,  
has sucked down,  
locked up,  
drawn tight  
its hard shell.

This summer rain is a waste.  
For all its force it merely trickles  
in rivulets down the felted grass.  
No root, no plant gets the sippiest sip.

This summer rain is a waste.  
The only thing it benefits  
is the sea.

### **Evening News** by Diana Brement

Sunset,

crows are laughing  
orange  
like the sky.  
Flocking black  
on grey light  
home to homing  
like a bell calls.  
Call  
call.  
Tall trees talking  
loud  
up the ridge  
cawing black  
like lines typed,  
end-of-day news  
pinkly streaked, brushed light  
and blue.  
Crowns of thunder  
talking  
talking  
talking.

**Beach road walk** by Diana Brement

Startled by my own reflection  
in window glass across the street,  
the marching crunch of walking feet,  
houses sandwiched side by side,  
water rushing, rippling tide, low or high,  
and mud flat's sulphur stink.

Three herons take up their formation,  
arranged by lengths, to fish along  
the undulating water line  
retreating fast across their feet.  
Water trips them with moon dances-  
hurry! to marry the deeper sea.

Sun and wind and water bounce  
a beach ballet upon each pane.  
Houses crowd against the water  
pushing up along the beach,  
jostling for their line position  
and those shouldering across the street  
are jealously advancing.

This page was last updated: May 27, 2003