

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

### **The Dogwood** by Judy Skillman

I remember my father staring up at the dogwood  
as if it held some secret. Perhaps a face,  
or a star whose light would tell  
how the old universe was, whether  
this was the only universe, and if, beyond  
the discussions we had late at night  
about what existed outside the boundaries  
of the universe, there might be any other  
kind of talk. I remember  
wondering why the dogwood's blossoms  
were so precious. Spectacular and showy,  
even the magnolia couldn't compete.  
Each one opened up like a cup to the heavens,  
soaking up light so it could become more special  
Lines were strung  
above the dogwood  
from house to house  
so we could talk to our neighbors. Power coursed  
through the lines, sometimes making the staccato hiss the would tell  
the pink beings who lived in the radio  
where we were, how close it was  
to morning, and what we talked about.

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