

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

### **Sea Glass From Execution Rock** By Neile Graham

This is the gift my mother gives  
a hint of vision, chunk of glass  
tongued and ground by waves,

tossed onto the rock by  
winter tides. This  
my mother sees; having walked

across the mudflats to the remains  
of Ohiat village to Execution Rock,  
she finds this bit of green

with the taste of ocean, some white  
man's bottle turned into beauty  
by sand and time.

Another gift, the tale of her journey.  
she writes Last night was special dark,  
dark with al possible stars,

the milky way and quiet.  
we were out in a herring skiff  
admiring bioluminescence trailing

from paddles and dip netsÉ  
Stars above and below!  
I told her I'd steal those words

to trade for what I cannot see  
in the city except a hint that rides  
in with winds from the Sound, a rumour

that brings the ocean here.  
The cedars outside my door shake it for  
news, and I stand outside in dim winter  
rain

On my way to work, guess at the  
meaning of the weaving branches, the  
taste of salt air, touch the bit of glass

In my pocket to see the cloud-hidden  
stars, the falling rain catching sparks  
from street lights to scatter below.

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