

Seattle City Council

**SPECIAL JOINT MEETING OF THE
CULTURE, CIVIL RIGHTS, HEALTH and PERSONNEL
AND
PLANNING, LAND USE AND NEIGHBORHOODS COMMITTEES
Wednesday, September 24th, 2008
2:00 p.m.**

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **John Burgess**

Today's poet is **Mary Anne Moorman**

Mary Anne Moorman is a word artist and consultant who is currently writing "Ozya" a musical play on immigration under a Department of Neighborhood Youth Leadership grant. She teaches at Hugo House, The Rainier Valley Cultural Center and tells stories as Auntmama every Sunday morning on KBCS.FM.

Fantasy In Rain

by Mary Anne Moorman

All of us learn there are lines:
Between chaos or creation
Reckless or courageous
Life or death
These lines blur like Seattle street signs after
47 days of intrepid downpours
That drowns my last nerve during
Friday freeway traffic
I am late for a meeting I don't want
But must attend because I am sane and

Sane people get to their meetings
Lots of meetings
Inked on daytimer lines with Monte Blanc pens
Meetings to toe the line of
Healthcare, Retail, Transportation
Technology, technology that catalogues meetings in

My handy dandy phone with the gps system so I can navigate the best route through
traffic That gets worse by the day because so many people come here thanks to the
technology that could save the planet if The caffeine grande doesn't jangle us into
illusions of prosperity
Often confused by speed
I am gaining speed now
I'm an old timer and I know short cuts to
Blitz past the big Harley at the University exit
Cut in front of the stalled Costco rig

Slip between coeds glued to their cell phone
And the super sized SUV I
I Like speed
Like speed a lot-speed gets you outta the grandstands onto the track at Sunday raceway
Sunday Martinsville Virginia
Home of raceway Sunday
When moonshiners dragged stock cars
Around and around red dirt tracks

Horary for the hillbillies
Corn mash in a Dixie cup
Hip pockets bulging with Pabst Blue Ribbon
Chase the shine with a brew
And call it Sunday
Raceway Sunday
Gentlemen take your places

My childhood was peopled with Bigoted beautiful backwards folks
Cheering the gasoline power Gods—
God I couldn't wait to jump class lines

To the elegants the educated the important world
Of sane people
Counting the ticking minutes in Friday traffic
I turn onto a back street and slide behind a river of red taillights
Waiting for a bus
A bus Gasping through water grottos
A Six-foot bus sign stares at me and I make out
A woman. Her arm up over her head I
Can't make out the sign till I
Crawl closer and can read the thick black letters
You may be suffering from Bi Polar-it screams at me
May I may
She asks me if I suffer from

Headaches

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
DEPRESSION
MOOD SWINGS
MOOD Friday at five SWINGS

The gray woman on the wet gray sign invites
Me to call a toll free number but
I have no pen, we have technology not pens
My phone
Will not boot up in time for me to enter the number
Where I might get help
If I suffered
Maybe I, maybe I am suffer, yeah maybe
In every red dirt fiber of my hillbilly bones
I suffer from Sunday raceway Sunday and all I want is speed
Speed to crush my accelerator when
The flag drops, the engines roar
We peel from the start line in a red dirt dance
Heedless of all reason I dream of
Pedal to the meddle

I could do it

I could slice into that bus
Vivisect the articulated lizard
Speed like blind desire
Over the electric engine
Through the gigantic front window, beating all danger
And emerge in a perfect 2-point arch.

I stare at the gray woman in the gray sign and
Wonder if she knows the bipolar number by heart
Wonder if she's ever called, if she has the will to live beyond the next turn. I guard all
urges to tap the gas
And breathe
Calculate the odds
What is the likelihood I would land safely?
What if I hurt someone?
These are not the ones I would like to hurt some so I
Concentrate on solutions
So I
Breathe, wait so
I DO NOT CROSS THE FINE LINE TOO SOON.

-- end --