

Seattle City Council

Neighborhoods, Arts, & Civil Rights Committee Meeting

Tuesday, 2 PM, April 8th, 2003

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Christopher J. Jarmick**

Today's Words' Worth poet is **Katherine Grace Bond**

Katherine Grace Bond is the author of the best-selling children's books *Legend of the Valentine* and *Sleepy-Time Dance* (Zonderkidz) as well as two collections of poetry, *Yielding to Calliope*, and *The Sudden Drown of Knowing* (Brass Weight Press). She is a contributing editor for BEYOND MAGAZINE and her work can be found in literary and online journals such as Crux, The Cresset, Margin, Stories for the Family's Heart, and others. She is a 3-time winner of the Evangelical Press Association Higher Goals Award for fiction and a recipient of a Centrum fiction scholarship. She is secretary to PEN Washington, and serves on the Snohomish County Martin Luther King Jr. Celebration Committee and the Duvall Foundation for the Arts. Since 1995, she has mentored *The Inducers of Insanity* young writers cooperative. Katherine lives in Duval with her husband Andy, her 3 children, 2 Labradors, and assorted predatory cats of the Snoqualmie Valley who have adopted them.

Facing Armageddon

By Katherine Grace Bond

That night in our sleeping bags one girl says,
"That button would blow up the words
Quartz, fir, feather-duster,
Hammock, pillow, Winnie-the-Pooh,
Poof! They'd all fall down
When the bomb blew. It's
Top Secret,
Down under the ground somewhere
Like Nevada and if one soldier says,
'Let me off this damn rock
Blast it to driveway gravel so I can walk a path to Orion and

Disappear,' —
Then the other soldier has orders to shoot to kill.
I know, I saw it on TV.”

After they are all asleep
I lie on the mountain ground
Cold as the end of the world
And I am the last one left
Staring into tent-dark
My body an alien thing
Trembling me hot, cold,
Dark, light
I hold my arms
With my hands
Tight, tight —
The shaking will not stop.

Near dawn I must create the world again.
I sing down each shade from star huts,
Though my mouth cannot form words,
And people a village square with ghosts
To dance against the void
And hold me here a minute more.

One breath remaining,
It is morning.
I shield my eyes against the harsh light.

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