

Seattle City Council

Neighborhoods, Arts, & Civil Rights Committee Meeting

Friday, 2 PM, May 30TH, 2003

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Christopher J. Jarmick**

Today's Words' Worth poet is **Don Kentop**

Don Kentop was born in Brooklyn, New York, graduated from New York University, and then got his Masters Degree from Columbia University. He composed over 30 popular song lyrics and has been a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers for 40 years. He holds a certificate in addiction studies from Seattle University and worked as a certified chemical dependency counselor and Program manager for Swedish Medical. He has won several Washington Poets Association prizes. He also earned a certificate from the University of Washington Extension Writers Program in poetry. Rose Alley Press will be publishing a collection of his poetry next year. Don is a stone sculptor, is married, has two sons and lives in Seattle with his wife Carol.

Adam's Awe

By Don Kentop

With the rupture of its side the
once undifferentiated
soul is rended from its union
brought to face a separate beauty.

Awakened by a second-born,
reality triangulates,
consciousness is atomized
and love is scattered in the world

lost between multiplicities,
only found by inferences
and circumstantial evidence
like planets do bending starlight.

You and I, made up more by space
than substance, what chance do we have
next to Adam's stunned awareness?

The wonder is we love at all.

- 5/14/03

Parallax

By Don Kentop

My father's blue-eyed parallax of view
would slip its axis when he had a few.
The binocular precision of his eyes
unlinked and disconnected. Unsynchronized,
his line of sight would lightly graze
my cheek and shoulder and his gaze
would pass through me like I was made of glass,
to search for something shining in the grass
beyond. I would believe, but not know why
that somehow I had slipped and gone awry.

- 8/10/02

Silent Dawn

By Don Kentop

In a universe of infinite potential,
it's against the odds but,

not mathematically impossible
for things to happen all at once; and so

it may, by chance that independently
of one another all the people of the

world could stay in bed one morning and the
rising sun would ripple west across the

sleeping faces of attorneys, babies
thieves and soldiers carried on a crest of peace.

Until that blessed day, while we wait for
mercy, chance or fate, let us act!

and so subtract our voices from the din,
be still and stay in bed and there await

another voice within: *if there be peace,*

by peacefulness it must begin.

- 2/18/02

A Letter from Seattle

By Don Kentop

The winters here are temperate and we find
that spring lies long and shallow in the ground.
The solstice past, the holidays behind,
the winters here are temperate and we find
the jabbing daffodils have made us blind
with hope to when the summer comes around.
The winters here are temperate and we find
that spring lies long and shallow in the ground.

- 7/4/02

Dancing With Gaia

By Don Kentop

Someday this dance we do with her will end.
The way we spend her tolerance and grace,
Our steps, like deeds regret cannot amend,
Will stumble amplified through time and space
And trample up the yet unborn. Embrace
Her lightly then but, don't predict her doom.
It's we who may not be the hardy race
That we supposed, while she a ready womb
For better ones than we, will rise and loom
Above our perturbations; will survive
Our clumsy feet and she will purge and groom
Herself and she will prosper, preen and thrive
And cast us off her opal breast instead,
To wait - and take a gentler lover to her bed.

- August, 2000 May, 2002

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