

Seattle City Council

**Public Safety, Government Relations, and Arts Committee Meeting**

Tuesday, 2:00 PM, February 7, 2006

**Words' Worth**

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Jeannette Allée**

Today's poet is **Jeannette Allée**

**Jeannette Allée** is a recipient of a 2005 Artist Trust GAP Award, finalist for the 2005 Iowa Review Award for poetry, and winner of the 2004 Richard Hugo House New Works competition. Currently, her poetry appears in *The Iowa Review*, *Fence*, *The Spoon River Poetry Review*, and *Pontoon: an anthology of Washington State poets*.

**Satch**

By Jeannette Allée

Sasquatch, please come out of hiding.  
Brooding in your dark forest is only heartbreaking, too revealing.  
Nobody ever said working for non-profits is automatically nicer –  
The fridges are smaller, leftovers older, and sometimes nobody talks in the offices,  
I mean, frankly. The art world *is* hard, still, you can't stop creating.

Sasquatch, please give up your fortress.  
Put those couch cushions back onto the sofa. Love isn't hopeless.  
I've seen the circulatory systems of many creatures.  
Sometimes what it takes remembering to clear off the passenger seat  
Before you pick a date up in the evening.  
(Hey, and don't talk about your ex-girlfriend all night either.)

Sasquatch, please come down from that tire swing, what, are you trying to break  
Something? Loads of us don't have perfect bodies. For example, I'm shortwaisted.  
I can't wear pants. Isn't that funny? Listen, everybody's teeth get a  
Little dingy. Try parting your hair on the other side. Experiment.  
Yes, that's it, a Whoopdeedoo forelock is quite becoming.

Sasquatch, blow out that candle — you know it's not safe under the covers.  
What do you mean, you're not comfortable in your own skin?  
You don't quite pass for anything? Sexuality *is* frightening,

All consuming, when what you crave is understanding.  
Satch, stop picking at your coattails, are you even listening to me?

Sasquatch, unlock the door and climb on out of there now.  
I know you once said you'd rather live in a car alone than be married.  
At least scotch over, you Big Goof. Don't you realize the world owes you a loving?

Over the years you've given and given,  
Led us at down pine-sweet paths at midnight's edge  
Where stars crushed against the roof of heaven.  
You made us pant with curiosity, giddy with mystery,  
Aching to slip our little feet into your slightest impression.  
You utter original. You taught us belief in what could be—  
Trust in what is felt not always seen. O Satch, darling.  
Don't you know things are coming back around for you a thousandfold?

Now come out from behind there —curtains don't wear wingtips —  
Especially that *magnificent*.

-- end --