

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

Bill And Sherry By J. Glenn Evans

As a timber cruiser
once I trod
a private Northwest wood
in the year of 1925

I chanced upon a tree
a douglas fir
that stood tall
among its friends
but no taller than they
Under its bough

picnicking alone
was a young woman
not more than 25
Not to disturb her
I quietly passed by

Later I came back
to cruise that spot
and on the trunk of this fir
were carved two names

Bill and Sherry
1917

This forest glen
was scheduled for clear-cut
I flagged that tree for no-cut
She might have been a young lass
that had been there with her soldier

Many years past
and on that same day
in April

I took my grandson
to view a new forest
in that area
where I had been
so long ago

There tallest of them all
stood that douglas fir
that I had spared and still for all to see
were the faint markings

Bill and Sherry

1917

Sixty-three winters had passed
It was now 1980
Under the bough
where once had picnicked
that young lady
rested a grave
where was carved
on a marble marker
an epitaph

Sherry Cochran
1900 - 1975
Buried with the spirit
of her Bill
who rests in a French field
with his comrades

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