

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

### **The Mad Librarian** By Sarah Singer

How tall is light that stretches to the sun  
Unwalled and free?  
Forgotten now in wherefores and in whys.  
This room makes finite all infinity,  
Squaring the circle of each day undone,  
And shutting out the pageant of the skies.  
Lost, forever lost to me  
The black-winged flight of clouds across the moon.  
Locked in the mind,  
The darkness merges with the afternoon,  
Today with yesterday, before with soon;  
Since walls are blind,  
I cannot know how broad horizons are,  
Or how the light is filtered from a star,  
How time is hung in space and days divide.  
My world is eight feet tall and eight feet wide.  
I am lovely, I am lovely,  
And my hair's the silken wing  
Of a blackbird fluttering.  
I am Lydia, Lydia Pritchett, I am lovely,  
And my name is like a bonnet  
Velvet crowned with feathers on it -  
I am lovely in my bonnet  
And my hair's a blackbird's wing.  
But who is that keeps muttering?  
Books? What books? There are no books here.  
"Yes, sir, B shelf to the right."  
(Your arms an engulfing hemisphere  
To cradle my delight!)  
And you, and you,  
And you, and you,  
Consult the file  
For love's clear cue,  
And dream hymeneal dreams the while  
Of unlearned lips and shaken hair  
Learned in a consummating night.  
"Yes, sir, B shelf to the right."  
(Within your arms I swoon and quiver,  
Then awaken with a shiver.)  
There are no books, there are no dreams;  
these crushing walls are bare.

### **The Tea Party** by Sarah Singer

(For R. - Age 6)

You spread the checkered cloth upon the grass,  
Persuade the dandelion and jewelweed

That live nearby to savor sassafras  
Or lemon tea, then scatter crumbs to feed  
The birds. For now, this Eden steeped in light,  
Your own, unmarred by guile or serpent, place  
And time yet rapt on your behalf with flight  
Of wing, all bloom, all promise set apace  
I watch and listen, am at once aware  
Of grace, of privilege, however brief,  
That nurture heart and mind, but do not dare  
To intercede lest I dispel belief  
Or mar pretense with sober truth and claim.  
As I look on, you tell the grass your name  
Thanks for everything. All the best.

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