

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

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

The Comics by Rodney Williams

It is that section
that my children fight over
like Kodiak bears
when the Sunday paper
is brought indoors
having landed somewhere
pretty near the front steps
(he's good, this carrier)
and I slit open the clear
plastic sack like a fish
to spill out its insides
on the kitchen table.

A hand, not the smallest,
reaches in
to seize a colored corner
then retreats to the grassy bank
to poke a wet nose among the panels
and taste a deliciousness not found
among the hard news and editorials

while I, fish-monger father,
finish the job
by stripping out the advertisements,
the odd-colored and useless guts,
and chuck them neatly
into a bin for recycle-
which I know works because
tomorrow they'll return, unbidden,
tucked among that day's news
like sucker fish
and I hear,
before I'm done with that task,
"Aren't you done with the comics yet?"
from the other bear
who missed the first catch.

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