

Seattle City Council

Finance and Culture Committee Meeting

2 p.m. Friday, March 14th, 2014

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Judith Roche**

Today's poet is **Raúl Sanchez**

Raúl comes from a place south where the sun shines fiercely, where Indigenous and European cultures collided. He is a translator a Bio-Tech technician, an avid collector of poetry books proclaimed himself "*thrift store junkie*" who occasionally volunteers as a DJ for KBCS 91.3 FM. His inaugural collection "All Our Brown-Skinned Angels" was nominated for the Washington State Book Award in Poetry for 2013 published by MoonPath Press out of Kingston WA. His book is filled with poems of cultural identity, familial and personal, a civil protest, personal celebration, completely impassioned. He has read the book from Vancouver WA to Bellingham over the last 15 months.

From the Postcard Poetry Fest 2013

By Raúl Sanchez

1-

I am his panic
I am the terror in his eyes
he panics when he sees me
it is not my personality,
it is what I tell him
that makes him fearful
I tell him the truth—
but his ego keeps him
from being honest with himself.
Guess I will always be
his panic because
I am Hispanic, can't help
to be that way

2-

Every time I play Jimi Hendrix
on my old turntable
I'm able to get the full sound
of his guitar loudly screaming
to the sky!
Meaningful melody like bombs
dropping from the star spangled sky
of his guitar on fire!
Jimi, a true genius
alive in sound.

3-

Something has been bugging me
something under the sun rays
below the clouds
above the rocks
below the trees
above the flowers
below my roof
above my gut
below my skull
above my tongue
below my hypothalamus
certain energy stored
staged stagnant silent
don't know what it is
I can not see beyond
the bright lights
inside my head
outside my skin,
on the edge I stumble

4- For Brian Fairbrother

And we ride and pedal and pedal
and ride against the wind
gently touching our face
Our hands gripped to the handle
bars of life
on this sunny Seattle day
and you my friend
ain't riding with us

but watching us
above the clouds.

5-

We are a deck of cards
Someone else shuffled

We are thrown into the world
The gamble of life

We learn to walk to live
Each step is a story

And each story is a new star
In the heaven of our memory

6-

I believe in the power of words
for words are like the clothes we wear
we wear them on our tongues

--end--