

Poetry Club/Laws  
12/19/20

The Composing Process is up on the discussion table this weekend. Poetry Club meets Saturday, 10-noon, 12/19. We are discussing the personal process of composing poetry. Linda & Amory shared poems last weekend. This weekend I will share three poems and then we'll discuss my process for composing them.

In 2011 "Housekeeper" was one of six other poems selected in a local poetry contest, "Phrasings." The contest was sponsored by Bellingham Repertory Dance Company and Chuckanut Sandstone Writers Theater. The seven poems were interpreted in dance in a theatre performance. The poem was published in the second edition of my first poetry book "Madrona Grove, 2014, by Village Books Espresso publishing.

a living experience

## **Housekeeper** *(written 2010)*

People of all types  
Come and go to my hotel  
The same room will house  
Many different lives

Some stay for less than eight hours  
Others for days  
Each time I reset the room  
Removing the evidence of a life

I know them now when they walk in  
Not by name or by hometown  
I know them by their stains  
The marks left behind, that I clean

For you, I'll find wine rings  
Dried on the tables  
Some spills on the sheets  
Bottles in the garbage

For you, I'll find diapers  
Filling both wastebaskets  
Spit-up on the bed cover  
A travel crib I'll have to take down

For you, I'll find almost nothing  
You made your bed before leaving  
Your shower was too quick to dirty  
Changing the sheets I'll find a sock

I clean the room  
The same room  
Over and over  
I clean you away

Washing the tub  
Scrubbing off the ring  
Removing the hair  
Wiping down the mirror

Dusting the room  
Making the bed  
Vacuuming it all away  
You are gone

an experience

## **River Ink**

*(written 2012)*

Went to the river looking for a poem  
I found my familiar trail  
winding woods that hug the bank

Whatcom Creek in August:  
bushes high and  
full of berries,  
birds and spider's webs

Grass sways underwater  
moving in sync with the river  
This is what peace looks like,  
melted into movement

Tree branch dips over the drink  
desiring more of plenty  
is water from the root not good enough  
or do you cool your leaves in the noon sun

Down by the edge two dead trees have  
slumped across making a place to sit

I dip a stick into the stream  
like pen into ink  
to write my name on  
the sun-bleached wood

The sun grabs my letters  
throws them in the air  
birds ride the upward current  
Did I just disappear?

a vision

## **Her Hands**

*(written 2016)*

The door squeaks hello as I enter her sanctuary  
The leather garden glove still holds the hand  
I see it  
It is the first thing I see  
History molded into each finger strip  
crooked right pointer finger  
bump on the left where a ring sat  
blacken ends that dipped in fresh soil  
over and over  
The pair rests near a dirt encrusted terra cotta pot,  
shears in a sleeve, the handle still shinning.  
Hedge trimmer hangs on a bent brown nail  
frozen, half open  
But, the bulbs,  
the bulbs below the counter  
hidden in a beat-up cardboard box  
the to-be-planted promises  
carry the weight of the room  
She was ready for the early spring.

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