

Seattle City Council

Neighborhoods, Arts, & Civil Rights Committee Meeting

Tuesday, 2 PM, January 28, 2003

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Dobbie Norris**

Today's Words' Worth poet is **Sandra Larkman Heindsmann**

Sandra Larkman Heindsmann lives in a rural setting within the Seattle city limits, beside Thornton Creek. With her husband, David Larkman Clark, she publishes the newsletter for Thornton Creek Alliance, which works to restore and nurture the watershed of the Thornton Creek basin.

Sandra is a graduate of Fairhaven College, and attended Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, Canada. She also studied theater in Bellingham, Washington; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; and Wroclaw, Poland. She has been performing poetry live since 1970, in Bellingham, Seattle, and Vancouver. Her poems have been published in Seattle, San Francisco, Eugene, and Vancouver. A collection, *To the Goddess*, published by Moonstone Press, Seattle, is in its second edition.

She performs poetry regularly in Seattle, at venues such as Barnes and Noble's Love of Life series, the Seattle Art Museum, Wit's End and Brooklyn Avenue Books Bookstores, and Home Listening Parties, a salon series. Sandra has won awards from the Washington Association of Poets, the Chester H. Jones Foundation, and the National Council of Teachers of English. Installations and forms of art with her poems have appeared in the Wing Luke Asian Museum, Home Movies, and the University Friends gallery. Poetry and Art on Buses, a King County Public Art program, chose a poem for its year-long 2000 book and moving exhibit.

The Trees Drink the River

by Sandra Larkman Heindsmann

The trees drink the river;

The river drinks the trees.
Looking down in Summer
You can see, what looking up, the river sees.

The trees drink the river;
The river drinks the trees.
In Summer swallows swoop
And rise from river-run to trees, and in between.

The trees drink the river;
The river drinks the trees.
In Fall, waters rise and leap
To capture Autumn's fallen, floating leaves.

The trees drink the river;
The river drinks the trees.
In Winter water washes stones
And trees' roots wait, like river's arbor bones.

The trees drink the river;
The river drinks the trees.
Looking down in Summer
You can see, what looking up, the river sees.

Mallard

by Sandra Larkman Heindsmann

Mallard mallard in the stream,
Through new green grass your green head gleams,
While feathered fair, your wife wears brown;
None ever could improve
Your helmet and her gown.

Wending waters swelled with rain,
Whose silvered currents are your train,
You make your progress king and queen,
Afloat,
Brown madam, mallard green

At the Ponds, Dusk

by Sandra Larkman Heindsmann

Like a little water monster
Undulating over, under water,
Pausing in a plane where
No other creature could be stopping,
Was an otter.

There, like the line of thread
The needle pushes up
And out of the cloth,
Silvered in its water fabric,
Liquid sewing with its spine

There – again – its swimming stopping,
There again its bright eye eyes,
There in pause from water weaving,
Circles from its stillness ride.

Circle after circle out scouts.
Breath in breath we three hold soft.
Only us, the water, otter.
Only water, only sky.

In the ocean of our city,
In the circle of the pond,
In the warp of once-only
Rode an otter,
Litter wonder monger,
Shuttle,
Water winder,
Otter.

-- *END* --