

Seattle City Council

Neighborhoods, Arts, & Civil Rights Committee Meeting

Tuesday, 2 PM, February 11, 2003

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Dobbie Norris**

Today's Words' Worth poet is **J. Glenn Evans**

J. Glenn Evans has written two books of poetry *Window in the Sky* and *Seattle Poems* and a novel, *Broker Jim*, soon to be released by 1st Books Library. He has written seven histories under the name Jack R. Evans, *Pike Place Market, North Bend-Snoqualmie, Renton, Gig Harbor, Bothell; a history of Sweden, Swedes-From Whence They Came* and two biographies, *Chasing His Dreams – Life of Entrepreneur Richard Shannon Thorp* and *Levant Thompson*. A former stockbroker-investment banker, he has engaged in mining and co-produced a movie, *Christmas Mountain* featuring Slim Pickens. Mr. Evans is poetry editor and publisher of Poets West Literary Journal and managing director of the Poets West Reading Series conducted at the Frye Art Museum four times a year. Mr. Evans' work has been published in Vintage Northwest, 4th Street Umbrella, Writers in Performance Anthology, Poet's Ink, Poets West, The Open Door, Chrysanthemum, Raven Chronicles, Roar Shock, Square Lake and others. J. Glenn Evans and Barbara Evans were jointly awarded the 1999 Faith Beamer Cooke Award by Washington Poets Association in recognition of service to the poetry community of Washington State.

Memories

by J. Glenn Evans

Snow began to fall
The north wind
Made it cold
I just stepped off
The Greyhound Bus
In the mining town
Of Wallace Idaho

A half a block
To the north
I saw the depot
Of Burlington Northern
All closed and dark
I walked the opposite way
The lights of Sweet's Cafe

Came into view
Through the falling flakes
Slightly sheltered
Standing in front
Was a strange man
Who looked like Morford Mann
He stood there in the cold

Old shriveled and gray
Three days growth of beard
Stained by juice
Of tobacco leaves
Thirty years
Since last I met
This Morford Mann

What was
Morford Mann
Doing way out West

We both grew up in the East
Mortal enemies then
He terrorized my childhood
Bloodied my nose on school ground

Chased me home from school
And bullied me so
This Morford Mann
He stood
In direct line
Of my approach
I stopped in front of Sweet's Cafe

And looked him in the eye
I said nothing
Just looked at him

With a glare
He looked back
And I expected a poke
Or to even be

Put to the touch
I could see his mind
Transcend the years
His eyes brightened
Like he had seen
A long lost friend
Tears came to his eyes

His voice choked
Then I heard him say
Jack
He gave me
A bear like hug
His body throbbed
As I heard his cries

My Father's Hands
by J. Glenn Evans

Were large and equal to the task
Held the plow handles, chopped corn with the hoe
Fed his family and the stock all year long
Planted peanuts and picked the cotton
That bought the schoolbooks and the clothes
They chopped the wood that warmed us all winter
Never spanked, but those large hands kept the rules

When war came they made artillery boom
Bludgeons in Batter A boxing ring
North Africa, they set Hitler straight
South Pacific, sent the Japanese home
His brother's hands stayed home, made a fortune

After the war my father's hands were set
To the task of pitching uintaite
Worked on the Colorado high plains
Rarely were they ever folded in prayer
But like God's they were there when needed
Now they lay at his side, wait the next task

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