

Seattle City Council

Housing, Human Services, Health and Culture Committee Meeting

2 p.m. Wednesday, February 9th, 2011

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **A K Mimi Allin**

Today's poet is **Meredith Clark**

Meredith Clark is the author of *Residence*—a chapbook built of postcards—and of a forthcoming chapbook about heirloom apples, both published as a part of the *Dusie Kollektiv*. Before moving to Seattle in 2009, she spent two months at Art Farm, a residency in the cornfields of Nebraska, letter-pressing a series of poems onto leaves from local trees. As the proprietor of Seattle's only mobile Poem Store, she has spent Sunday mornings in all kinds of weather, crafting typewritten poetry-on-demand for Ballard market-goers. She has been a reader and exhibitor at Pilot Books' small press festival, and is a participant in this year's EDGE program through Artist Trust. She holds a BA in writing from Oberlin College and an MFA in writing from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Land i.

by Meredith Clark

Seven bolts in the wide
 white door. At no point is this
yours to open.
 Take, in stead, the passenger
decks, one thru three,
hands on the wet rail,
the frank and upturned
 face of the sea.
After wave upon wave,
 a continent.
Wrench from your mind the thought of it.
It remains.

Land ii.

by Meredith Clark

New pile of storm
I do not know, you
like the form of everything

so well. The surge,
the foam, the coast of stones.
You wash back out,
you rock the bell.
The net thrown
across your face
is built of wave and light,
it throws the navigator
into circles. Turn,
again, turn right.

-- end --