



# Library podcast

## Writers In The Schools Year-End Reading & Celebration Day 2

[00:00:05] Welcome to The Seattle Public Library's podcasts of author readings and library events. Library podcasts are brought to you by The Seattle Public Library and Foundation. To learn more about our programs and podcasts, visit our web site at [www.spl.org](http://www.spl.org). To learn how you can help the library foundation support The Seattle Public Library go to [foundation.spl.org](http://foundation.spl.org)

[00:00:31] Good evening. Welcome to Seattle Public Library. My name is Summer.

[00:00:41] I'm a librarian here at the central branch. And as somebody who works with youth it's so exciting for me to see how talented this group of. Youth are every single year. I think I cry every year when it comes to John and I'm sure that tonight's event will be no different. I know y'all are anxious to get started so I'm going to go ahead and introduce introduce Alicia cravin the program director.

[00:01:20] Good evening everyone. How are you.

[00:01:23] Thank you all for coming in here and being with us today. My name is Alicia cravin and I have the immense honor to serve as the director of the writers in the schools program at Seattle Arts Lectures. This is the second night of two year and readings and celebration. All of you the students and writers and teachers and families who have made up the Witts program this year. It's one of my favorite nights. It's a tradition of the program and were states all the way back to 1994 where we have poets and story writers and essayists and even comics artists all coming together to share their work and being published in a chapbook which this year is titled bried the truth back in which is also the theme of this evening to give you a sense of the legacy that you're part of today. Since its inception Witt's has taught over 100000 students and in the 2017 18 school year we worked with 27 public schools throughout the Puget Sound region and Seattle Children's bringing creative writers directly to over 6000 K12 students. During the school day so tonight you are simultaneously part of something very vast and also specific. You notice there aren't 6000 people listed in the program for this evening. The library closes at 8:00 o'clock after all but your writer a professional at their craft saw and read and chose you particularly students to come here this evening.

[00:02:43] Yes you're representing your school and your family and your community. But importantly to honor you as an individual to help you breathe the truth back into this collective era that we're sharing this evening. And I want all the people who are reading this evening to just kind of look around at the room like actually look and see this audience who's here to see you. These are all people who are here to listen to you. They're here to give you their attention undivided and in a

distraction rich world attention is a form of praise and love. So I hope you guys feel that this evening before we get the treat to hear these writers. I'd just like to thank some of the key players who've made our work throughout the entire year. Possible are many partners and generous funders are listed in the program and particularly those who have given over ten thousand dollars or more to support Witts this year including arts fund the Boeing Corporation Candace toucher and Dawn Guthrie. Expedia glossy baby White Light Foundation the harvest's foundation Medina Manics can be Foundation the Medina Foundation the National Endowment for the Arts the Northcliffe Foundation the Petunia charitable foundation and Virginia cyber and Peter Byers and thanks to to the cell a public library for the use of the auditorium this evening and to Cupcake Royale who has provided delicious baby cakes to enjoy after and please take more than one even you'll be doing us a favor on stage this evening too.

[00:04:09] We have a display of stunning letterpress broadsides. All these poems here were written by students at Seattle Children's with Wits writers and Teluk and Sierra Nelson. And the images were designed and hand printed by 20 different letterpress artists at the School of Visual Concepts. The latest collection was unveiled just this past Friday and the frame broadsides will travel throughout the city to library and shop chapters and community galleries throughout the year. So please take a look. When we're done the program is often made possible by Seattle Arts and Lectures immensely supportive Board of Directors and an entire staff of South specially Nicole coats my beyond extraordinary wits colleague who I'd like to give a hand. You're right. She worked so tirelessly in the communication in preparation for this evening. And she makes everybody feel like family. And thanks to our interns too Lucas will never get home. Brianna why did and Carolyn Craighead and to artist Tessa holes who art whose art inspired the design for today's book cover and poster and Antonie Ong who designed the book layout and program for the evening.

[00:05:20] And of course to our wits writers. The writers are accomplished published poets novelists comics artists and spoken word performers were practicing daily what they teach. They're going to the same skills of drafting and revising and publishing and practicing being vulnerable and generous with their work and the Cumi in the community. Each writer has prepared a custom intro for their students tonight to give you an insight into the story behind the writer and what they saw specifically in their work. And finally a huge thanks to all of our school partners teachers principals librarians PTA members and parents in the audience who have generously championed and supported creative writing by recognizing the value of students being able to express themselves and advocate for themselves and share who they are. Through reading you're helping us to make a more connected and vocal and curious and creative world. So without further ado the moment we've all been waiting for it's time for the magic and to start the evening. I would like to welcome Witts writers seer and Nelson and her writers cast of the huff and Nick Nicco Tobias to state and I would also like to mention that Nico is the author of one of the broadsides that you see posted here. Ode to ICU bed with Jenny Wilkinson as the artist. So you nice

[00:06:52] Fellow. Good evening. So you've probably already heard of Cassidy Huff. You may have seen her perform at Benaroya Hall backed by a full orchestra 120 instruments singing her original composition titled It's music. You may follow her regular column Cassidy's column and the Syrians

Beantown blog. Or if you don't you should look it up. You might have enjoyed her letterpress broadside poem from last year's batch for her poem deadly night sheet and one time I saw a professional football player who was visiting the hospital. Tell Cassedy said You are stronger than I am and she said I know.

[00:07:38] And then she. Leonard Cohen Hallelujah to him. So on top of all of these many talents she's also an incredible poet.

[00:07:49] She writes lyrically beautiful poem Thabi poem serious poems. All across the board but tonight she's going to share with you a poem called super inspiring.

[00:08:03] So she's ready to take down your ablest attitude. Here's Cassedy

[00:08:19] Ok. This is a poem called super inspiring

[00:08:24] The surgeries just seem normal to me. I've been having them every six months since I was six months old.

[00:08:33] I don't want to be inspirational because I wake up every day and put on my makeup and go to school.

[00:08:39] I want to inspire you through the music that I write. I want my music to inspire you to be your best self.

[00:08:48] I don't want to be inspiring because of the things I have to go through in order to survive. I don't want to be inspiring because of all the scars that I bear.

[00:08:57] I want to create music that you can relate to. I want to be inspiring because of what's in my heart not by what's in my bag. Don't feel sorry for me feel proud instead. I want to inspire you because I'm singing at Benaroya Hall at the age of 15. I want to inspire you because of the things I can do not the things that I can't get.

[00:09:40] So this is Nico Tobias working with Nico is always a delight. Even when he's having a rough day even in a hospital setting conversations with Nico are full of curiosity and humor with the love of science and how things work with great stories with maybe just a touch of hyperbole. Careful observation and genuine tenderness. And those same qualities come through in his poems too which is actually really difficult to be as charming in your writing as you are in person. But Nico was able to achieve that. The subject of sleep is often a theme and Nikko's work. For example in the throes of insomnia he wrote a charm for sleep trying to entice it closer. He also wrote an amazing well articulated cathartic rant about why getting sleep in the hospital is so hard. So when you hear tonight's poll you're especially appreciate the subject.

[00:10:36] His poem is my ode to an ICU bed.

[00:10:42] I really like the ICU beds. They remind me of my pillow. They are always unpredictable. When you turned the head down the back will inflate when someone sits on the edge it will deflate when someone stands up it will inflate. If you set something on the bed that shouldn't be there it will cave in. Very deep but it's great for sleeping when you lie in the bed. You go into it and it is just you and your body. And I'm out like a flash at night and it makes these sounds when it changes. It sounds like a computer turning on or the air conditioner turning on like a suction sound or releasing air there it goes again. I'm used to the sound. It's not a problem. Because everything else that it has makes up for it. All the gadgets the TV room you can turn on the lights and it's softer so much softer than all the other hospital beds. It's the most comfortable bed I have ever slept in. It's even better than my bed at home

[00:12:02] Here at capacity and need. Next I would like to welcome with writer and tech book and her writer Conor staked out of Seattle Children's in and will also be reading the piece of fur on Todd.

[00:12:17] It's so great to see you all here. Thank you for coming out. Thank you for supporting your young writers your friends or writers.

[00:12:25] And so I am honored to introduce you to Connor CEDO. We've been writing together for about six months. He is an eighth grader at Yolandi K12 in Hawaii in a WAHO no matter how Connor is feeling he comes to class with three things a smile his sense of humor and an anecdote about his life and the one in Ohio. He's written many poems with us he's written a poem about his cousin Andrew who's a paramedic. A poem in the voice of a janitor and a traveler's cart a poem about finding peace at night. BLAESING poem a rant about being in the hospital which we wrote last week and had pretty much the whole floor. Laughing and he's written poems not photographs from photographs and music. Today he will be reading his poem letters to the road. So thank you for welcoming Cotner Saido

[00:13:37] Letters to the road. Letter from the tire to the road you may hurt me with your potholes. But you make me feel useful because if I weren't there you'd be getting hurt by my cousins. The Rams you give me a purpose but I get up as bored as the actor Dwayne The Rock Johnson your rock damage right other causes the hubcaps your puddles get college students at the bus stop wet but you get filled with asphalt and make me feel as happy as my driver. There are many accidents happen on you. You will be there forever. That from the. Pothos to the road. You give me a home. He let me damage cars but when you get Figgs I have no purpose. I have no motivation. When I return as a bigger part whole I feel as happy as a tulip blooming. But then you get it fixed again and I'm as angry as the person's car I do and I will come and go and I will wait to return bigger and stronger.

[00:15:02] So my Stourton far far higher Hassan is not just unable to be with us but I want to honor him here today. I had the pleasure of meeting Farhan in February we wrote about three or four poems together in his poem. Who am I. He says he loves his family. He loves basketball macaroni and cheese go kart racing snakes hamsters and summer. In his poem letter to a basketball he says. You

make it seem like I'm on the dance floor. I love that line so much I've appreciated this thoughtfulness and the pause he gives himself to formulate a response.

[00:15:41] He's a deep thinker. I'd like to know him. I hope I get to write with him again and I'm going to read his poem. Why I love basketball. It's so fast. The players are as fast as cheetahs. I like the crossovers and the skills I like to hear them when the players miss a shot. It sounds like a vibration. Swish of a net when they make the shot the sound of trembling like a beat. I like when the opponents are really hard to guard. It's challenging and exciting. I don't like when you get injured. My favorite player is Kyrie Irving who plays point guard for the Boston Celtics and LeBron James who plays small forward for the Cleveland Cavaliers. I like watching the game on TV. I watch my favorite teams the rockets the Warriors the Celtics but sometimes I just want to be there. So that's

[00:16:49] Thank you and Connor and fire.

[00:16:53] Next please welcome Witts writer Samar Hassan and her writer Angelina Torres Hernando's from the school.

[00:17:09] Good evening everyone.

[00:17:12] Today though I'd have had the honor of writing alongside Angie and Margaret fastnesses high school classroom for the past five months at the Hutch school. I felt like Angie's kind deeply alert presence quietly electrified everyone's writing process inviting all powerful loving wind into the classroom. Her poems have a lightness of being a momentum that revives language freeing your mind. She writes quote I imagined the world turning around me and feel gravity tug on my hand. It whispers faster and quote in another poem which begins with the question where can I find the fountain of youth. She slyly offers. It's true. I'm no longer a puppet on strings. You'll hear her elusive acrobatic turns in the APSA Darrion poem she is about to read and an Austrian poem is a form of poetry that travels the staircase of the alphabet. Please Angie Torres Hernandez.

[00:18:29] This is my absolute Darien sky of onesie apple seeds bring summer to life. Cabin fever wears off as you pick daisies and tulips. The earth is away and so are you bird feathers are yellow and bright. Gardens produce the tastiest herbs and vegetables fresh ideas are new and on the rise. June bugs begin to buzz and kites are soaring. Like birds who carry a message Neopolitan ice cream for this special occasion. Parks are filled with jubilant children. With each step they take reaching their arms to the sky almost touching the sun. It's their utopia various songs with a whimsical tune xylophones chime in the distance yearned for the zany Taste of Summer. Thank you

[00:19:42] Thank you Samarian and Angelena. Next stop I'd like to welcome with Trahar Gary Copeland Lily with his writers Joseph Gilbert. I guess the third and keygen Nordstrom all the way from Port Townsend High School on the Olympic Peninsula

[00:20:04] I'm here to introduce two important writers Joe la else is a junior at port in high school. He's been attending for three years. Born and raised in Boise County Idaho he uses his hometown

experience as an inspiration for his writing and hopes to shed light on the reality of rural living to the mainstream audiences. Welcome to Joe.

[00:20:39] Just before I start. For those of you who might not know just now Dean is a mainstream countryman's.

[00:20:48] We are not big trucks and beer cans. We are now whiskey dreams and yes we are not a fake country Sareen we are not Jason Aldeen we are gun shots and dark nights. We are Nyes pulled in bar fights. We are scarred knuckles broken on loud mouths because we are not folks who bowed down. We don't sing as we see the boot prints burnt with gasoline as they tried to flee the scene. The worst thing I have ever seen and I am not keen on this ring of liquor that could end your life with a liquor. We are moonshine deals gone wrong. We are trailer parks with meth and throngs. We are praying it don't go off like a bomb so sing our song. Not Dixie not Alabama singing the song the guard whistles as he locks your door on the slammer. We are not Jason eldeeN we are boys with missing teeth and boobs or feet that we used to walk through the creek. We are moonshine stills we used to pay the bills and shotguns with rock salt. If you're lucky and buckshot if you're not we are red deer blueprint's red by the teeth of some kid who thought he could win and ended up with a broken Chin. Chin jaw cheek ribs so learned from this. We are not Jason Aldean. We are not Sareen we are just friends from the same

[00:22:15] Keygen delayed Nordstrom expert and rambling out stories blending casual language the articulate vocabulary a connoisseur in the absurd and comedic his piece hands covers somber and strange subject matter focusing on the worrisome life of both a woman and the comfort of her own home.

[00:22:39] And a faint memory of a person without such calm.

[00:22:47] The oldest hands I know. Rest in a glossy Island a perpetual red light cloaking her small frail frame Doel yellow pen resting on the bottom of a brassy lamp. I've survived damn near everything which was once a sentiment of superiority. Now it yelped for help a faint cloud of doctors hands surrounded and cut scarred body in and out of procedures her hands show the lasting damage her own body has sent her own way. Hands are draped soaked wet of stale age a medical sacrifice of a recently removed thumb stands as a proverbial Purple Heart and that heart weighs are down with insecurity and worry as a shackle of her past portraits of innocent young hands marching through the depths of Vietnam foreign lands guns brandish and their grip decorate the surrounding malls Toms and Jonny's of the past Serang Toms and Jonny's of the past frozen in place behind thin glass barrier gazing into the deep velvet home of a woman who's afraid of the bustling rush of time to the bloated bruised and scarred hands of a man sitting on the end of a pier. He called himself a river and discussed his life to a group of young unsuspecting hands as he tuned his guitar on the end of an aged whittled down here. A faint tale of him shattering his hand against a brick wall daily in hopes of forming an iron fist aggravated by the idea of being a white set of hands in him among a majority black candidates school that of course as high schools go was grounds to weaponize and demonize these hands over senseless and petty differences such as race.

[00:24:21] His iron fist served him well as a tool to fit in when he was around rounded peg forcing his way into a square hole he pursued with violence and hazy aggression. A teary eyed screech for acceptance. Now Tote's that iron fists while he rests in a depressing slippery pit of poverty raising going high against his body which is now silent time bomb eating at itself. The cellular warfare going on and is cracked and spoiled guts. He told these listening hands what he does for fun disregard for the aimless lives of flocking Segal's as he fed them raw noodles of the childish impression that the food was bloating and their stomach slowly killing them much like his own biological and pediment this fist which was once made for fighting has now gone limp with acceptance. His end was near but he was accepting as if the iron had been melted and reformed into a long discarded dog tag of a soldier in a war that cannot be won a war against Buyology gone rampant eating himself to the bone until a withered branch of a man. These sore broken hands still play melodies and purity and acceptance no doubt a direct facet of this somber realization of mortality. He would laugh at twisted and mangled stories in his younger years. Tales of writing a letter to a local bully and his own hands blood as if words weren't threatening enough he needed to punctuate his phrasing at the expense of his pain. Perhaps even back then before the hellish internal war he was feeling hopeless like he had nothing to lose from the start. The group of undamaged unexperienced palms left him without words but instead of excuses a simple goodbye and shuffling away as rivers sat alone melting and his own blissful dread

[00:26:09] Thank you Gary Joseph and Keegan next please welcome Witt's rider Jamaica Baldwin and her writer Jo Haley from Ballard High School and Jamaica will also be energy scene writers.

[00:26:20] Hannah Bolton of Cascade cake Community School and Hamlin the dean of Renaissance School of Art and Nene who worked with Jordan Keith Joe Haley is not just a storyteller though that would be enough. He is an artist in the deepest sense undeniably and unapologetically present in each and every moment. His poems don't shy away from the darkness but even in these unlit spaces we are held by his delight. Joe knows who he is and tells it like it is and every time I read his work I am inspired to become more honest more fearless and more human. I am comforted to know there is someone like Joe writing creating becoming every day more himself. Please welcome Joe.

[00:27:19] My name is what you can call me crazy running around with a smile playing in the dirt and crooked teeth. My grandma says too much compassion for such a small body.

[00:27:33] My name is moving but you can call me in the city. A new territory brimming with pride. Love cruelty and the smell of herbs my mother regards as a gateway.

[00:27:45] My name is No. But you can call me that when expelled. Or the one all the moms hate or that one beat up one. My name is held back but you can call me a freshman annoyance ignored in the halls as irrelevant. Cast aside like an old newspaper across the sidewalk.

[00:28:05] My name is changing but you can call me the youngest. The mistake. The lesser of all and greater than none. My name is cold but you can call me funny or always there a person who won't

leave until you smile or when you ask me to. My name is complicated. You can call me a talented boy. Writing music for hours on my mind never stopping with the relentless notes and chords that come and go. The morning tides. My name is no one but you can call me lonely. Ready to dive into a pit of hurt and betrayal at the drop of a hat. If the man smiled and that smile. Curved above the lip and crinkle in the eye

[00:28:48] Was because of me.

[00:28:52] My name is not kape so please call me Joe. So I'm honored to introduce to you first Jordan Keith

[00:29:16] Hamilton is a creator. There is nothing more delightful than a storyteller who steps into the waters of tradition to gather the molecules of a story. But a master storyteller knows they must mix their story with the evidence of what is as well as what could be La Luna and Lessel keep us alive. And so do stories about them and our world. Please welcome Hannibal and a young writer who quieted herself enough to hear the stories of this guy.

[00:29:58] I'm reading an excerpt from Luna and soul a story I wrote. Back when the stars and planets were jobless. Luna and soul were friends and roommates one day since it was bound to happen eventually. A few planets got together and decided that something needed to be done. They set up a job registry and told the stars planets and moons that they needed to get jobs. Solan Luna sent a letter requesting to work by Terra the solar system's youngest celebrity. They got a response four hours later saying that they could have the jobs and then no one else had applied for those jobs. Both Solan Luno were excited about getting a job near Tara. The two jobs were a night shift and on day shift with the dayshift getting more attention from Tara the night shift was the job of being Taro's moon and the dayshift was the job of being teraz son. The job registry was four light years away and it would take four days for lunar and soul to get there. Solan then spent the night talking excitedly about who should get the dayshift eventually deciding to flip a coin to decide. Sol thought it would land with the headset and Luneau said it would land with the tail side up. They both agreed that the winner got to pick which which shift they got first. They got a friend to flip the coin and it landed tails up

[00:31:31] Pumla Nadhim is the student you want in your class. She is eager listening thinking critically and making connections. As my lesson plans unveiled the different elements of what it takes to write a heroine's journey tale which is one that starts with loss. I saw Hannah transform the day to day perils of grief and senseless tragedy that have become a hallmark of the evening news into a story of survival and determination. We'd like to live in a world where the unthinkable does not happen but fairy tales from long ago and the present teach us otherwise. Hannah is a teacher from the Grimm's fairytale tradition where actions have consequences welcome her and listen.

[00:32:27] So this is my intro. This is a story about a 16 year old girl who lost her father and sister as the older sibling she believes she needs to support her mother who is left behind to lead the family.



But after a terrible accident she wonders about her and her family's future. She also wanted to find the murderer but. For now she. But for now the ill fated girl was stuck in a wheelchair.

[00:32:53] This is the script I wrote.

[00:32:56] I lived in a nice house in Manhattan with my mom dad my sister and my brother. My father was very close and loved me the most until that one night when I lost my father and sister. I went into depression my remaining family lost most of our money. Every Sunday my mom went shopping with the remaining money aftershave saving for the month's rent. I helped her carry the bags up to the second floor and as the last thing I remember when I woke up I was confused. I tried to kick off the sheets but the pain in my waist kept me from doing that. I sit up I pull off the sheets I pull off the sheets with my hand. I scream. I stop myself across the face making sure I wasn't dreaming. I wasn't all of a sudden. It was hard to believe. Breece. I couldn't believe my eyes. My legs. They were gone. The doctors said I fell off the stairs and had a major concussion. He said I banged my legs multiple times on the metal stairs and the damage was far more than bruises. While I was out an infection had started to build up and if the doctor had not cut off my legs I would have never woken up. The look in my mom's eyes when she came to see me reminded of her memory. I admit I've been trying to forget for six months. The memory I had dreaded the most the night they left me forever. To be continued. Thank you Jamaica. And Joe. And Hannah and Hongta

[00:34:26] Next please welcome with writer Karen Finney FROC and her writer Charles Thomas from Ballard High School.

[00:34:39] What struck me about the poem Charlie Thomas will read this evening is his ability his ability to focus on one small moment a moment most people would pass over perhaps notice but quickly forget. Charlie makes that moment feel important worthy of closer inspection. Here a flock of black birds swoop down on a white hot dog bun fighting over it. Listen for the rich description especially when one bird gets the bun and then a scaly weathered wings slaps it away. Here's Charlie

[00:35:22] This is called a blanket of Black a blanket of black sweeps over the park scouring the group for prey. One of the members quickly notices the bright white bun of a hot dog bounced off a trash can. The others dive down all wanting some of the new treasure. One sharp Crow rips a single piece off of the bone but before it can get more scaly weathered wings slaps the rest of the hotdog away. A dozen eggs all poke at the food and it is gone within the blink of an eye. The rest of the claws lift off of the ground without getting a single by it. The group is disappointed but not surprised and hastily moves on to the next thing.

[00:36:10] Next we have with Fredricka and Cody Frigo and his writers Dempsey turny and Heidi CLIFE back from Nathan Hale High School. Dempsey Carney is one of those rare and precious people who defy the Seattle Freeze

[00:36:28] In class as an extroverted and energizing sociability brought much warrant to group discussions. It's the raw material of community building. Is careful to study every word and nuance in

writing prompts and his work and brings a playful and witty voice to the page. Dempsey's devotion and versatility is that of a writer who is in it for the long haul. Like a solar power truck with plenty of room for fellow passengers Stanzi

[00:37:04] Remember when things were easy. When I didn't know what stress was he remember being bored. I remember rainy days I remember very little. I remember things that never happened. I remember food I've eaten Amber when I didn't care. I remember bubbly excitement. I remember crushing defeat. I remember watching Alien I remember being scared. I remember being in awe. I remember things I don't need to know and I remember I didn't need to remember where I left my keys remember things that never happened. I remember usually I forget.

[00:38:01] I eagerly pack first performed on stage in kindergarten typing at a typewriter which I would say was a serendipitous prequel to her life as a poet. Today she's been reading poems ever since and the first book of poetry she received as a gift was by Rupi corps which changed everything. Opening her mind to the boundless nature of writing the sounds and rhythms in Heidi's writing are truly those of a slam poet and like a singer her words will dance a few feet above your head suspending you like a puppet until a final verse. You're citing

[00:38:46] Flying past my head buzzing around like bees taking all the space I need. Hungry for work can't be filled by food. I won't be consumed by this collective mood. The looks the size trying to cause someone else's demise. Talking just to hear their voice pushing opinions on others is coming from your friends your sisters your brothers. The notion they tried to pass the judgment that they breathe. As soon as you stop listening all they do is leave the power Wielangta is elusive. But we have the ability to make it conducive so everything we touch doesn't become corrupt. This change will be beautiful if not a bit abrupt. Get the spit out your ears. I'll get you CUSIP. Won't be long. And so something good slips of freshly peeled open eyes. We have to become our own allies or at least the tension they built into your shoulders. Remember you don't have to be a noise shareholder. It's something we can all do individually. But this change has to be used habitually in the minds that we control. We cannot continue to sink into this black hole. It's easy to merely talk. It's harder to start rebuilding the good blocks rather than letting our eyes roll back and continuing with all our flak opened our mouths to spread peace. Your art is hey you know it's worth a shot

[00:40:10] Thank you. Danny. It's. Next. Please welcome Witts Friday Danny Sharara and his writers Hassan Moossa from Middle College and Danny will also be reading the piece of Sarah McGlenn from Nathan Hale High School

[00:40:35] Something you might dread as a guest teacher is receiving the news that a new student will be joining you halfway through your course. Hassan was that student Hassan showed me there is literally nothing to dread and that in fact he was going to be just the opposite of dread. After he began churning out one miracle on the page after another. I remember that on the last day of class Hassan told me that he had never thought of himself as a writer until that point. I was floored. He was someone who hadn't even been in the first month of our class and who had finished a complete and brilliant short story about 2.5 days after arriving. Most people who consider themselves writers can't

do that. He tackled every free write in writing assignment with courage and with enthusiasm. He always added to and invoked more class dialogue and has been a joy to get to know. Now he's published. There is no doubt in my mind he will be published again if he wants to be. Please welcome Haasan to the mike

[00:41:46] Quick thing I want to say though as I appreciate all your guys his poems that are spoken so far are amazing. I want to hear the rest of us. So my poem is a mixture between Arabic and English speaking Arabic and then I'll translate it into English. Give me some slack right. I snuck a look at them and Kellevie fees to Nicea. If you connect with your heart we succeed.

[00:42:14] I'm an engineer. Me and so far yes so he'd do a when you succeed. Who are you. Hope Sahih and doom. So far Aska and when you hope where were you. What do you think you receive. 1 not to talk Laucke talk talk. No matter what the Tarar and when you receive we give back and repeat.

[00:42:56] I have the very special honor of being able to read a poem by my students Sarah McGlinn from Nathan Hale. She couldn't be with us this evening. But what I would really like to say is that the neat thing about getting to read a poem you love is that you sort of get to pretend you wrote it. And I am going to try and do this justice. I also want to mention that she was an utter joy to have in class and that she made me feel extremely welcome. Every day that I was there and just totally lit up the room for me. So this is called I Am the fabric. I am the fabric on flying carpet. I don't always get to choose my path. The wind guides me the Tigers watching me from below. Hungry but happy. Each part of me a thread woven in the tiger's claw at me but can't reach. Sometimes I get ripped but there's more thread. There's a place I'm going but I don't know where yet.

[00:44:03] People sometimes join me and help guide where I go. The Tigers sometimes veer me off path I'm blind but content. I'm colorful but misunderstood. Each thread has power. You are blind to my pattern but not the masterpiece My pattern makes. You're only on one side so you never truly seen me. I can show you a new side but then the Tigers will green. You don't know what it's like to see what I see. You don't see the opaque wall blocking my wandering. Hope you don't know what it's like to have your tassels soaring through the wind. You don't know what my Tigers are. The higher I fly the more unique perspective I notice things my Tigers can't and won't. You don't know what path I've left. Damn when the claws drained. Hope you don't know what my stitching means or understand the detailed story in my thread speaks unaware you help me reveal my destiny. The Tigers silent over the winds roar. Tigers claws weak to the fabrics cradle a new design each time I'm stitched I give the Tigers and wins a purpose.

[00:45:14] The Tigers and winds in turn give me a purpose. Thank you Danny

[00:45:24] And Sarah. And next you have with Stryder Damon Arundo with his writers Amy Ming Chen from Nathan Hale High School in Israel Joiner and Batel Hadassa from West Seattle high school and Damon will be sharing the works of Laura Díaz and hazes zwarte day from Southlake High School that evening Amy is that student in the class whose presence is seen and felt but rarely heard so quiet.

[00:45:53] Sometimes I thought Amy might be the hero in the story who makes a deal to protect somebody else's voice and the deal is that she is only allotted but so many words per day and she saves those most meticulously meticulously picked words for her writing such as the line I am from the ancient legend and the process of revolution. Amy digs into the complexity of history and identity sifting through the murky muddy sands of time and pulls up treasures for us to gaze at and wonder please welcome Amy

[00:46:31] I am from. I'm from the ancient legend and the process of revolution surrounded by me the Noisettes calling for the Chinese who are having a delicate relationship with Japan for the arrogant Americans were invading the Indian reservation for the people who cried for mercy. The police were met with abuse and laughter under the magnificent sky. Well you know Churchill becomes useless. And unknown. I'm searching now. Which path should I follow. Stop for Stoesz vanity dreams how you couldn't accomplish on to me that depth of human nature is a laughing stock with apps or words. The master actually even talking jibberish in its dreams to my unpredictable future. Within that rowdy Modern's street I lost myself as a dropping a soul that could hardly fly control by gravity and I'm the little Shoshan who's hiding at the corner of the world but still wanting to hug on their mothers day to see that tiny Stayman inside a pavilion that lasts only briefly before the dawn. Then I will tell you that was me

[00:47:50] Lying from Israel's poem The Love of my July wonderland heals the wounds that dig deep like tapeworms to the stomach pulling them out to make me.

[00:48:03] Israel is an optimist but not in the sense of sunsets and lollipops around every corner. No in his writing Israel holds up broken glass to the light turning it over and over again till he can find the right angle where the light gets in. And we can see the resulting brilliance of the rainbow.

[00:48:22] You're welcome. Israel

[00:48:29] My name is as Xavier Joyner. I will be reading the poem. He said he wasn't creative inspired from my brother's diary.

[00:48:45] He called himself uncreative unsuccessful and altogether horrible every day.

[00:48:52] He struggled to wake up stuck sinking in a sand bed. He called reality not noticing how fast it consumed. Long nights of fixing mistakes and doing homework for classes he never showed up to fist pounding and breaking was mind splitting headaches on the vengeful whispers for loss of time time he could have used to work consuming himself from work as soon as he was able to step outside leaving his dreams and the claws of a house that burned down long ago from chasing dreams to grabbing opportunities. Somewhere deep inside his broken heart full of broken doors and families torn apart he screams for help. His beauty still fades into a psalm kill or be killed face but how how can this be when this notebook shows signatures lining pages on pages of the waiting for the day he signs them off to the ones who adore him. How can this be. When he wrote essays about skating in

the halls and showing who's right. Like a rebellious teen who wants to make a change. How can this be when he rewrites movie scripts. When he sticks up to teachers and fears how can he be so empty inside when he fears to lose the ones closest to him. How can he be now. On this day I swear he can not tell me he is empty because the voices scream out from him are so alive and so beautiful and give me a true definition of hope not the hope you find in those dumb books but the hope that changes your life forever. I want him to look me in the eyes and say he can't treat me again because his hands told stories of beautiful dreams. Udalls jumping out of pages of comic books the stories about me and dad altogether. You are as creative and deep down. One day the voices will break your heart and you'll know it too. Creative again we'll see. I want you to see who you can truly be and not with the written eyes told you the word belief begins with B. You were always being kind to others while tearing yourself apart. When will you realize you are loved.

[00:51:17] The word unsuccessful the guns with you. You decide where your wife falls so take the wheel and head there.

[00:51:26] So the one you love the place you cherish the bliss you missed. Thank you

[00:51:44] Patel has written. I guess I always find a way to break through. Her writing comes with the patients not often seen in adolescence willingness to look beyond the surface layers. It's as if she is a mediator or a therapist. She will acknowledge what our eyes show us. But then she challenges us to reach further with our understanding to see what we often don't have the words for. But thankfully she does. This is a pace of patients you typically earn with age or one you fight for tells reading shows us how much of a fighter she is. Please welcome Batel

[00:52:31] Beauty is breathing. Inhale exhale inhale exhale. It catches your attention. It chews you up and spits you out. Why don't I look like her. She doesn't need. So you stop eating. Inhale exhale inhale exhale. You fail. No surprise you throw up. You do it again after every single meal. Your heart slows down. You pump us oxygen inhale exhale exhale E.R. then in patient feeding tube and weights shoved in your shirt you're sick mentally ill you need help you try. You breathe. You run. Inhale exhale inhale exhale inhale exhale. You're getting better. You're beautiful. You're breathing.

[00:53:26] You don't need to try to look like her because you are her.

[00:53:38] And I have the work of two students from South High School could not be here Laura. I don't think I've ever seen Laura in class without a pen and notebook in hand. Laura does not have time for the drama. She's got work that needs to get done. But if you clear away the chaos of a loud classroom to have a one on one conversation she will school you in ways you didn't know you needed as she says in her poem you'd never be able to understand how beautiful we truly are. She won't force you to listen but if you give her moment of your time never want to stop Laura's palm Chipotles.

[00:54:20] My mouth spits out Chipotles words words York colonized ears aren't familiar with. You say you crave something spicy that you need me and the lust filled dance floor. You whisper. I'll go pick

Khanty with the bland accent that runs a chill down my spine. I've been telling you no for the past hour. You hold on as if your life depended on whether you'd get laid or not tonight. You want spicy yet you can't handle the whitewashed salsa verité the Mexican restaurants watered down for your macaroni and cheese. People I know you consider me a fetish for your Caucasian buddies but you'd never be able to understand how beautiful we truly are our women are women just aren't for your fetishisation. We are also mothers daughters granddaughters. I come from Trask a people we speak. Before the spiteful Spaniards came along to colonize just as your people did to the Choctaw our language may be fading but our people are only growing every day

[00:55:44] As sous Duarte is written.

[00:55:48] He is the hands of his father. The tears of his mother the change of his mother's words as Suruç is a visual artist and a master of observation. And while his drawings bring to life what is already in front of us his words bring to the forefront what we see but don't want to when we unconsciously and sometimes consciously ignore. He is sitting watching taking note. He is the Griot who will not let us remain blind.

[00:56:20] This is his Seuss's poem his mother's hope is the hands of his father. The tears of his mother the change of his mother's words they see a bad influence with baggy pants.

[00:56:34] They judge him. They see him as a darkness walking through the light causing chaos all because of his blue flannel is shadowy combed hair in truth he just wants others to understand him. He dresses his own way he does his hair as he likes but no one understands how he has lived. They don't understand his struggle. All he truly wants is to see his mother's smile. He wants to see the son that used to be there so the dark marks were left on her. He wants to make her proud even when others see him as chaos. His smile is as bright as his mother's used to be. He wants her to have everything he walks through the darkness alone came out with the light of hope he will show the work of his mother and the smile she used to have with the success.

[00:57:31] Bright as the sun thank you thank you so much Stayman Amy Lara Zeus Israel and Batel. Next please welcome wits writer arean true and her writers Jasmine Wallace and Joelle Rudel from Washington Middle School

[00:57:56] Jasmine Baret Wallace is in Dillon Garrity's sixth grade class and as a student I can remember from day one because at first she was pretty suspicious of me and the whole poetry class thing and that's totally fair. But she was also willing to engage and willing to ask questions and try to answer those questions herself. And the more you get to know her the more you see how much she's like that she's always bursting with ideas and questions wanting to explore so many different directions at once and for this poem Jasmine said you had to spend a lot of time with it before she could write it down and that's something one of my own teachers calls guarding a poem. And with this one she's trying to put the past and the present into the same space and she does that with an incredible musicality. Listen to the way sound weaves in and out of this poem. Please welcome Jasmine

[00:58:50] My poem is called Stop Black Lives Matter means to me the race of Black also matters and you have not been taking black guys seriously.

[00:59:00] We are human beings don't also have lives. We have sons and daughters and husbands and wives killing us and the men of their rage. We do not seek violence with peace.

[00:59:14] We've been saying this for at least 50 years or so black lives matter is standing up to even the thought of a blow white man as we called killer to the black. We will not be silenced. We were at it we will win back her hand. We will stand tall and most of all we will bring peace.

[00:59:31] Have you ever heard of he who had a gene that black people will be freed from racist things. Separations and segregation's or Ramdan nations. A movement is trying to change this to change rearrange them all what the white man is going to the gun range there is doing this road to oppression genocide depression and even suicide. I try to stay strong. Yes I tried but though I cried to the Lord I pray and say my glorious Lord releasees doubles off of us Mr.. No one knows the power of men or the Lord. No one knows where the time goes. I guess it was wasted and no one knows who or where a place that the struggles of our inventions the white man claimed did they throw everything even the ideas that are popped from the top of our brains that are forced to be rearranged to think that killing each other is not even a tiny bit strange. All I pray is for peace in every age and in every race. I get the first day of school. All different races Kickett in the same places. It's cool and they become the best of friends till the end. And like I said the Lord that defend the friendship is not returned.

[01:00:47] Our voices will not be kept in sight. You make movements back to back with pride so in the words of the late great James Brown I say Say it loud

[01:01:14] All right Joel Rudolph is in Jed reads a sixth grade class and also stood out from day one for her enthusiasm kindness and sincerity. Joel has a way of being that I ask you to be your best self too and can hold critical thinking in the same moment as a deep love for the world and its creatures. She is also incredibly brave. Her command of the mike tonight is something she decided to build. And I've gotten to see her grow so much as a performer and as a poet. This year when we were typing up this poem she was going back and forth between huge grins and her thinking face excited to make all the choices about how it would look and how that affects the religious experience right down to the spaces and the periods. Joel is also a pianist and a drummer. These Volcom Joël

[01:02:03] Every day. You want more. Every day you want righteousness no room for mistakes no room for failure this world would look perfect in your eyes.

[01:02:21] But look deeper.

[01:02:25] Deeper into the sparkling blue oceans and past the sunny skies deeper across the painted pink flowers and through the lush grass fields you remember how darkness brings light and flowers

bloom only in the pouring rain. You're reminded that muskeg spring learning which leads to success that Landen must be bare to be green. We must realize that nothing is perfect and everything has its imperfections. We must not linger on the thought of failure because this will only bring sorrow embrace your mistakes try your best and every day will bring sunshine. No one is perfect though we all desire to be everyone has their own unique imperfections that make them extraordinary. Thank

[01:03:38] You. An. Enticing.

[01:03:45] And next up we are green to have our student Edgar Rocky Lauren from Evergreen High School who worked with writer in residence row Sanchez on a Spanish language Whitsitt residency role could unfortunately not be here this evening but pre-recorded an introduction to Eker.

[01:04:06] Good evening I'm Raul Sanchez. It is my pleasure to present Eckhart Larin he's one of the students Professor Mary Lou will this class. The evergreen school honored under the dual language program had the honor to conduct a one month residency with Preston 6 period students reading forms in Spanish rooted in our place of origin language. Culture. Customs and social issues. That affect

[01:04:36] The Latino community.

[01:04:38] Please welcome Larry.

[01:04:50] My name is Edgar letting and read Martinez said. This and that's when I see mental Impis somebody knows that moment and someone says that I am an actual writer when deciding which school he'll leave it is murky. I shall know why she would just mumble Yemen. And I said it didn't. Them they will be they said Mahoro knows this better Espoo is made the nauseous bit louder. Well if he met him once so they know them. Yesterday most untellable Mune so that Alfi incompetent them was more real. And I said yes and I saw what they were. Thank you.

[01:05:37] Thank you so much.

[01:05:42] Next please welcome Witts writer Mani Sims with her writer. Akshaya Oggi Renaissance School of Art and reasoning.

[01:05:52] It is my absolute pleasure and delight to introduce Akshaya my seventh graders are magical little beings that I'm gonna miss. And they had the unique challenge of using a recorded and visual mentor text as a top performance poetry this year. Oxana was one of those students who always rose to the occasion and always had her hand raised to read. And as I asked her what she wanted to do with her writing she said to me I want to introduce something new. I want to shift thinking so please put your hands together Raksha

[01:06:38] This poem.



[01:06:39] It is called Imperfect a dark purple bruise unperfect skin hidden painful an accident but I know I am the eye opened watchful boy while the other is closed. I see it all.

[01:07:00] The perfect world that everyone sees now merely a curtain to hide the room and chaos behind. Hide the bruises. Don't let them know that you are the weak the weed amongst the flowers. Keep your disguise paint over the vibrant blue splattered against the clean white wall. Someday you will be tattooed in the minds of the next generation as you shine a light on the darkest corners where the secrets are hidden

[01:07:38] Make your mommy shine.

[01:07:42] Next please welcome with Frieder Menuhin and her writers Grace Chinen and Kenny Lee Franklin High School pleased me Grace.

[01:07:51] I had the pleasure of teaching Greyston senior humanities at Franklin High School whether it was fiction or group manifestos or cultural criticism. Grace's writing flows with the forwardness. She writes with an evocative precision lucid since oral transports you to memories that weren't even yours. Even her college admission essay a fundamentally uncreative form floored me.

[01:08:15] The piece she reads tonight soybeans dish towels and footsteps is a response to a prompt about the smell of home rice cakes sizzle on the big black cast iron skillet one that is too heavy for little hands and smooth fingers a bowl of fine brown delicate Kanako wait to coat the warm white moci the sweet smell of the roasted soybeans. Makes this kitchen feel familiar. The sweet smell of roasted soybeans makes this kitchen feel like home soybeans dish towels and footsteps hanging from three metal bars or a dry iron folded cotton towels towels that always smell like mothballs and lemons. Grandma makes clean folds in each cloth creating crisp corners in every colored piece hanging them by open windows to let them dry. Soy beans dish towels and footsteps wee little girls watch from the comfort of the sticky stool tops our sweaty thighs like velcro on the green vinyl cherry blossom house slippers move quickly and efficiently but years go by and we grow up pink flowers inherit brown stains and steps slow down years go by and we grow up exhausted by the fight of our world. And grandma still calls us home.

[01:09:47] Thanks.

[01:09:54] Next Friday I am excited to introduce this Kenealy. Kenny has such an open and versatile relationship with writing in a way that shows a contentment and openness with self. His words are straightforward and honest. In class we read an essay by ocean Vhong called letter to him from my mother that she'll never read to talk about the epistolary format. We talked about this format as both a confessional to settle something with somebody or if unsent to settle something with yourself. Kenny's letter Dear Blake demonstrates the ways that writing can serve you. Hope you contend with the past and regardless who hears it is fundamentally a relationship with yourself. Please welcome Kenny your.

[01:10:33] Hey there. Yes you want the warm smile and I know you're not listening that you never read this. For better or worse I just want to tell you some Our story begins two years ago. We peered out the blue in front of me. I didn't know you know I ever see you before. Yet there was something about you that made you stick out stick out and stay in my head for the next hour. The next day even of next week maybe it was that smile that raid's a comforting warmth to all those around you. Why did they put you right then and there I found you online a few days later because well this is the 21st century and I'm sending a message in hopes that maybe this curiosity was mutual. Our encounters with beef and awkward at most in person and online as well. I kept trying to overcome the awkwardness by talking to I ended up pushing you further and further away from long nights drawn out until 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning just passing the time while we wait for food restaurants after spending so much time thinking of you. It was hard to just move on. I knew that it was best if I did so as much as it pains me to admit I haven't accomplished that yet somehow still in my mind even if it's a very small part. While I tried to live with the knowledge that we would never be that you and I would never be friends share laughs together spend our time talking about life and that as we prepare to go off to college. I hope that someday we find it in yourself to change your mind about me. Forgive me for all the things that did and did not happen.

[01:12:09] Love thank you very much.

[01:12:18] And next please vote I'm Witt's writer Katherine Manning and her writers Lucy Dickinson and Jawahar Huey of Roosevelt High School and Lucy's piece actually gave us the title for our chapbook.

[01:12:31] Today you can listen for that as she reads.

[01:12:36] It's an honor to be here with all of you. And it's an honor to be here with Lucy and Yahara Lucy. There are those things that change you. Lucy writes Not because it is happy but because it just is. There is a truth she says that sags down on the faces of the people that hear it. But what happens to the writer after she finally shares it does sharing relieve the burden Lucy is a writer who is attuned to the mystery. Her eyes zeroes in on details of a face the image hiding under the emotion. Though Lucy has always wanted to be a writer has made up stories since the third grade. This memoir you'll hear today is one of the most personal she's ever written. Inspired by the work of Anastasiya Renee. It all came out at once. With that mysterious flurry of discovery that Lucy described as oh wow that's how I feel. All the writers in the room know this particular magic. This particular realization of one's own resilience. Her advice to those trying to write about difficult topics is to not push it to go by instinct. You'll know when to stop when to start and what to stay what to say. Maybe we all breathe the truth back in with Lucy today.

[01:14:03] This memoir exists at the moment when a counselor in her early 20s tells you about the time her friend died. You imagined that something like that could never happened to you. The thing that changes you. Not because it's happy but because it is. It's that moment when you're able to pull away the curtain of childhood and then immediately wish to close it back again and cover the sun. It's that moment when you get called out to the counselors office and you sit down and look into the big

eyes of the warm social worker but feel nothing but frost coat your skin and then you have to come back and eat lunch with your friends and pretend things are okay when they're really really not. When the truth acts like that word the tip of your tongue not because you can't remember it but because it won't come out of your lips but when it finally needs the gentle breeze of the world the air and the air becomes heavy and humid and you can't breathe because you're afraid you'll breathe the truth back in because finding out that an adult someone that you should trust did the unimaginable to someone you love burns for this one moment. He wants to feel pity for something that didn't happen to you. Then again you hate that idea and continue to crave it more secretly. And from now on you feel as tainted as it feels to be touched in the way that adult touched even though he never really touched you. And it's this endless cycle of worry and pity and resentment and emotion because the truth sags down on the faces of those who hear it. You can never hear it for them and you wish you could stop looking at you like that when it didn't even happen to you. But then you go home and find yourself speculating at your own face in the mirror and try to avoid the dips in your own face when you see them

[01:16:06] Jakarta is one of those writers who knows that language has the capacity for tenderness. It's all about the it's intent. The arrangement of the words and the vulnerable heart behind them the Buddhist teacher Scott Hahn has written that it's difficult for him to maintain mindfulness while writing but Yahara seems to know this sentence as she writes it knows the gift that language can be and how to bring everything startlingly to life. This power is accentuated in her memoir and unforgotten childhood as she slows down a moment where her father cooks her Yoogali a Molay. Born in Nairobi Kenya but raised in the US Yahara says her father doesn't always understand what it means to be an American teenager and they don't always understand each other. But I was told recently that food is one of our greatest love languages. Johore shared with me that her father's cooking is a love letter to her and this memoir is a love letter to him. Shahara thank you for this gift of mindfulness and for the chance for us all to be in love together. Her

[01:17:15] Growing up life was extremely difficult not for me because I was taken care of by my family but for my father who had to work hard for everything he has today. My fondest childhood memories were those chilly nights when he came home from work exhausted and in a lot of pain from all the big boxes he would carry. He always had a spot in his face and made me giggle to distract me from everything else. My father doesn't know how to say I love you but he shows it in his cooking. It was a late night I just got back from daycare and I had my pj's on and my favorite stuffed animal. I observed my father while he was cooking something about an intrigued me. He got out all his ingredients and began to do the basic steps of making new garlic boiling the water putting in the corn flour. He stirred until it had bubbles. He added a handful of suns and asked me princess. Do you know what I'm making her responded with an energetic nod. Ugali and Malé and he would smile as he stirred Yoogali. It was as if he was getting all his frustration from the day out with each gesture. The Garley began to roughened up. He turned the heat to low and took out the my lai also known as Fish. He would add all kinds of spices like to happiness though roaming the kitchen will make you smile. Stomach made noises because the food smelled so good. Finally when the meal was ready he took a spoonful of Yoogali and adding some fish and squeezed onto an unfettered to me. Something about

this dish feels like home. Nothing compares to the happiness of those very nights. Thank you thank you Karen and Leafie and Johore

[01:18:50] Next please welcome Witts writer Lorik Amash and her writer Eileen Eyles of Toptan Kate school.

[01:19:00] So I'm delighted to introduce Eileen Eileen alles is a deeply reflective poet. One of her pieces inspired by the March for Our Lives movement begins shackled by immature youth. Our voices will rise in Marianne's sixth grade L.A. class at tops. Eileen is soft voiced She often sits with a poem well into lunch. When I asked her advice for budding poets she looked dreamy you know that part of your mind were random stuff goes float in that sea until you bump into something you want listen for the music in tonight's a scar of sadness echoes in empty space irate Barb's and the risk taking way hate moves from a question into nightmare self incrimination please welcome Eileen

[01:20:19] Nightmare of dreams and AGIS of light or song knowledge is a dream in a sleep owing a winding road as I hope for us. I know scars sadness in my heart. Why sure Twisden hate finding echoes and open an empty space. Every place the irate BB sinkin I am the hate natural rattlesnake drowning in the waves

[01:20:53] Thank you so much Laura and Eileen. And finally draftings up this evening please welcome Witts writer Mangino and his writers Maya Blackman and Kiyoshi sarkari of the thunder school

[01:21:12] Really excited to introduce both these poets from the center school had an amazing journey this year between first and second semester.

[01:21:23] Maya knows the music of language she carries the rhythm with her with words as her instruments.

[01:21:33] Maya has found her home lyrically and complex rhyme and astounding wordplay layering multiplicity and meaning with a profound sense of sound to create landscapes in both the imagination and auditory realms.

[01:21:45] Often we forget to celebrate the beauty of rhyme and poetry the beauty of the music not Maya she brings it to life present. And happening now please help me welcome Maya.

[01:22:05] She was pink July and Firefly's she was ombre had tongues and half brain lungs and Dillaway anklets of summer breezes and Vishy that she was fingertips dipped in neon Flowers for Algernon and Cardie Eldan nostalgia bombs on the red checkered table she was guava and lava towers and power hag's butterfly legs and screams and walk Seleção seems somewhere along the lines. She turned to you like a sky from black to blue and I felt for you. Like dust on the porches cusp of the world's end quote. Would you be my girlfriend. But I wasn't ready for Infinity's before fifth period in sterling mirrors leering at me from jealousy and hopelessly stealthily conducted coils of oil and

dissect Emmies. I couldn't stand the pressure from six ton clouds of loud and proud and tersely burst from the yells and the telling turns and blood flow burns. I'm sorry darling for trusting this bustling city half baked people and see poles for believing in what I wrote and for ignoring control alter and delete imperfections like fondant confectioner's sugar lurking and turning towards opportunities to learn unfurling flags and jet lag I suppose 4000 miles is a shorter distance when you have the stars in your eyes.

[01:23:17] Find reality and fallacy to say. Call me baby I'll call you darling and will thrive the land half when normality your eyes shine like the Elliot babe of mine or the Hudson River on their brightest days so we can stop pondering pigments and can seize and be in many ways than shall we. It's my fault really. I'm scared of commitment like a man and scared of shipments. I'm apologetic like Poseidon's pathetic Clezio sources contentment. But the worlds colliding is a beginning not an end the starchy iodine liquifying sweater weather is magma breezes and the opportunity one CS's of night defiance trying and denying. Take me to your Orion. Rain and pain. Tried and true. These are the reasons that I love you. I'm just a juxtaposition of me but you are the thing that binds the Red Sea. I'm can enable you keep my heart rate stable because I'm EO's of the dawn and you're the place I went wrong. But you cannot be blamed for the colors of the sky or for me expecting grey November when you were in July.

[01:24:25] Kyoshi is a poet through and through.

[01:24:30] Even though poetry is a fairly new discovery for him in his own words he was initially reluctant to take the poetry elective at Senator school. But over the course of this year has grown into a strong emerging writer drawing light to powerful critiques on gender identity and social inequities while pinpointing imagery with sharp and surprising language a testament to just how much of a natural is Kyoshi was selected. Just last week as 2000 18 youth poet laureate Ambassador how do

[01:25:11] This is called I'm planting waterfalls a letter to AMERCO America where have your white stars flown.

[01:25:19] Why did the stripes on your flag look like Crossbones gravestones pass pathways. You say America why do I see my own blood river bathing in more badges run between my fingers. America I've grown with my hand on my heart. North arrow pointing your flag marked attention if I dared to say one nation under God. But America where is my Salou back America when will we write Japanese internment camps into our minds. I find that nothing else matters except Pearl Harbor because I was taught my only people's honor was suicide. The Hiroshima and Nagasaki were hallucinations make it a concentration to forget but not of ships hurling. So America when will my eyes show up in the number forty five. America why does the earth does feel like it isn't moving but only in homeless sanctuaries. America coat your shoulders and eyes don't let the sunshine don't think there's time. You know America.

[01:26:06] When will I see diversity like innocent eyes. I once thought when will Liberty rest in the palms of my hands never let go of me it tastes like lemons. Freedom acquired.

[01:26:16] America kiss every country make love to oceans hold hands with me once more. I will ask America will you kiss me.

[01:26:22] America asked me to dance to the sound of ink drips ask me to sing to the metronome of every heartbeat. Ask me to read my poetry to the audience of juries. America give me the contract signed to hourglasses my mother's future. Give me pencils to create word flows rather than gun shows to Delvan give me boys give me pride in the voice I hid in America let me paint your white stars your hands are earthquakes ought to drive me into manual small sea Grove.

[01:26:51] Mother sends to our countries sample my words into your anthem hold my hands like a baby's told me that America my words will coin flip with guaranteed change my own hiking trio plant waterfalls on the way home isn't the sweetest place but it's all I know so maybe anger isn't the medicine that fits my throat.

[01:27:10] My Japanese roots of Buddhist belief should show and grow out of my typewriter phone my friend.

[01:27:15] So are America and glass your eyes pool your mind. Curtain's pointed east and west from me maybe you shouldn't listen to my syllables because that's my only harpy listen to my line breaks because that's the only time I will stop. Listen to me because America a mother should listen to her child. Thank you.

[01:27:46] And to close things off we have the 2017 18 youth poet laureate Lily Baumgart of Garfield High School here with their new book admitted to the personal ads which was released last Saturday and I'm going to let Matt introduce her further.

[01:28:02] So I was just going to say congratulations on your successful year as you are it in class for that. So it's been a huge privilege and honor working with it. With Lily and with these amazing students it's interschool school this year.

[01:28:22] I'm excited for all of the things that you're going to be doing and for all the all to hear some of these poems so I'm just going to leave it at that.

[01:28:30] No. I'm going to read two sections of the personal ads.

[01:28:41] Look this is to the little boys playing baseball in a sandlot that will never be built on. Know how hard it is to say goodbye. They are not granted any transition from their childhoods. They will eventually forget when they threw away all of their baseball cards. We all will. We forget children we forget to be brave of ourselves we forget how to procrastinate a goodbye we forget to be scared of the dark we forget to be sad we forget when we became grown we did not remember having to part with our childhoods.

[01:29:28] Section 23 which is about 22 sections too long for about who I belong to.

[01:29:38] I'm the king of hypnosis. I have a child and the mother who lost her will to seduction. I have a seductress you've forgotten and pulped like orange juice faintly acidic on my tongue. I am a god right with perfection and ripe from partitioning my body underneath this sickly Sun staining everything with a slow and cumbersome humid air something I like to watch from the inside. I stopped short of greatness. I cut into the flesh of an appar caught and pressed the stone out of it. The crested breast I a minor animal. The minor animal that waits. I watched the coast. I like salt from the air and spit it out. I spared coin and ring bound metal.

[01:30:25] I a god of middle ground.

[01:30:38] This podcast was presented by The Seattle Public Library and Foundation and made possible by your contributions to The Seattle Public Library Foundation. Thanks for listening.