

POEMS BY AARTHI JOHN

Meat Market

To work, we eat
And the butcher
he feeds.

Wild cat, deer, bear
Yeah, tough indeed.

The game
the hunter
Mr.Rose, the market,
the wagon

Consumption and demand
To nourish
Muscle and brain.

Wonder if they
hung sausages inside?

Primitive frame
to more powerful aisles
My mind screams

Where have they gone?
The fresh, the raw
those smells
the wild wagon rides
some palaver
and few nods

I enter the bookstore
somehow lost.

Agnes and Anna

It's a long day!

The choppers, skidders
and sawyers gone
Agnes and Anna
Sit down to pose

Washtubs in row
Pleasures are few

and far between

Drapes drawn wide
Perhaps
this is the time
of little escape
from the demure mundane

Affection for community
Fervor for rights
Grange, library, quartet
Purposeful delight.

Salute this strength
Uncommon resolute

A simple life
Wrapped, treasured
To reaffirm posterity.

They did sit down to pose
O they did
Gentle, calm
Softly determined.

The beginning

A little frown
A little cheer
Our coats buttoned
We stand.

The beginning
A misty morn
Truant weather
Fir, Hemlock
Encompass

This small log cabin
Our school.

To gather
Ponder
Read, write, count

A score
northwest journals
between a few miles.

Some stories,
knowledge
Our lengths vary

Together, well defined
we grow
The beginning.

Derby Days Race

I will not think
about the truck
or the 26 miles ahead.

Nor Betty Buckley Anderson
her lovely eyes,
raffle tickets
or city lights.

Those white shoes
lined across
pump some
throbbing vigor

Do not distract
my teen high motive now
I need a good start
To finish well.

I'll be the hero
I'll be the man
The kids will shout
Folks will pat
my back
" Well done, boy"
My Dad will roar .

Betty might even dance
with me
tonight.

I'm sixteen
It's Derby
And I'm charged.
Don't hold me back

The race is on.

Emerge

A soiree inside
a chrysalis
From whence
men emerge
with butterfly wings

Those moments
when you think
you are
a king.

This potion
intoxicates
weaving magic

Lumber dust
in oblivion
Fairy land
beckons

Ornate, polished
shining order
all discarded -
I will be.

Look unto me
sweetest
A gentleman
among gentlemen

Look ye,
I am him,
emerged.

Sammamish Slough

An idle moment
The sun must've been high
Like their spirits
As they whistle, hoot
the racers
Eyes riveted
to the meandering aqua
the elixir of life

I imagine

the logs, and coal barges
floating, sometimes pausing
among the shallow draft steamers
on squak slough
the elixir of life

Chinook, coho, sockeye
Beaver, bald eagle, heron
Nest, bring forth lives
Soar, fly.

An enduring symbolic windmill
remembrance of what was
what is and will be

From Marymoor
to Dudley Carter
and McRedmond Landing

A weir, a new lock
Yet the slough flows on
the elixir of life

More bikers, runners, rafters
Children give
bunchberry, blackberry squeals
Stewards releaf with smiles

We make it, we care
As we always have
Our slough, our water
our nature
the blessings we share
Our elixir of life.

Bank

The pennies we save
go in here
every month.
It's nice.

No more
writing off
quarterly loans
to brat brothers
who take with glee
but pretend
money amnesia later.

Today, we are quaint
No one in sight
Wagons rest empty
Trees refuse to stir.

Just like the fancy
brick building
We adore.
The largeness of the door
And the small unquiet
at the stable
and bar.

This precise click
we own the space
Cavaliers on a
seamless dirt road.
Coy smile
nervously content
we stand
tight.

Tis done-
sprint little girls.
Can you hear
mama calling out?
the church bell goes
Hurry now.

Home

What do you see
From up there?

Beyond the giant logs
Corduroy roads
And the lumber mills.

Children run
Mothers with
mellowed eyes follow
A weary soled father
Trudging along

Amid devastation
and unknown
Not to be destitute
Not to conquer

For a meager platter
The extremes
we descend to
Unthinking,
Wary at the end.

Where the dog led
The rifle fired.

Fear quelled -
We found home.

Where is theirs?
Where is theirs?

Sammamish Summer

The clothesline stretches
Washed, pure

Like Venetian Contour
Raised high
Lullaby the breeze

Davis and wife
Fondly see
On ideal stage
Their little girls feat.

Tukwiye, Yaslibc
Moon, and the falls
Tranquil wild noons
On a Snoqualmie yard.

Round, long logs
Dog, fawn
Hazel's tale
For grandmother's notch.

Man and nature
Nature and man
Straggler soul fed
Allure

Summers in Sammamish
Play in my head.

Missiles

The bus and
the eager crowd
study
lonely poles
on
barren ground.

The trees are scared,
scarred
Removed far away
Chilled, stilled
mute spectators
to
angled, head high
missile farm.

First stage
solid rocket booster
Nike – goddess of victory

Emptiness of the land
Echoes a dangerous severe.

To encode, measure
transmit, track
Cold eyes, nerves
Of men,
snares
Subdued only
by launch pads.

A Hercules Site
For defense.

Fir and berries is all I know.
Sad but true
There've been stranger
times
here too.