

West Seattle Farmer's Market poem #1



the sounds of set up
fill the Sunday scene on California avenue
delicious yogurt waits nearby

love our community
Milly barks her way through
Bennie, beets, berries, barking, beauty

love to explore market and all it offers,
I haven't had coffee yet
farmer market fun

community o' friends, beautiful lettuce
it's our weekly tradition.
West Seattle Sunday fun!

drinking apple slurpees on a coldish day
the riches at our very doorstep
we love everyone

celebrate, the human epidemic
babies everywhere, laughter and growth
one voice to scarcely more ears
her half of the sun is demanding; mine lazy

Sunday fun day
where the coffee is always strong
and the baby is always happy

shroomin with the dogs
vroom, vroom, ruff
I like reading your stuff

words of wisdom spouted through
yogurt filled lips, screaming kids, sesame-coated lips, bee-tea-full people

our souls sing love
yummy berries and fish jackets
sun is still here; no need to fear

I'm a couple of standard deviations
from the clapper of the bell curve
looking at loaf-of-bread corgi

and so, with the wind at our face
and sun kissing our backs
we celebrate the unity of the collective

power poetry people
peaceful pen paper
Sunday sunshine breaking through

floral flowers fill the air
I love the market because
it's so fun that I like it

magic sunshine, with a West Seattle vibe
as pretty as sunshine
as blue as the ocean

this is nature
I wish I could live there
in the blue ocean

and then there was light
green veggies, dairy from real sheep
how deep do we go?

raspberries amid the yogurt, nasturtiums
with the pears, hazelnuts over all
delight the heart

delicious empanadas
brand new green house plants
kind folks with beautiful souls

*Written a line at a time by many folks
at the West Seattle Farmer's Market
June 4, 2017*

