

# Poetry, As I See It . . .

# . . . by Carol Bush

### Seattle: First Avenue

Music moves along this street  
on sodden slippery-slipped feet.  
Always sad and sometimes sweet  
does music go.

I find her at her worst and best  
down on skid-row's bawdy crest

among the poor and sorely prest,  
there follow her.

And as her shadow do I go  
walking slipper-foot and slow,  
humming with her, humming low  
of loneliness.

So does my heart in tortuous mime

walk on slow and slippery time  
tugging truth it cannot rhyme,  
nor give as alms.

The blind man tears his fiddle  
and his ragged consort sings,  
her blind eyes on the glitter of busy sea gulls' wings.

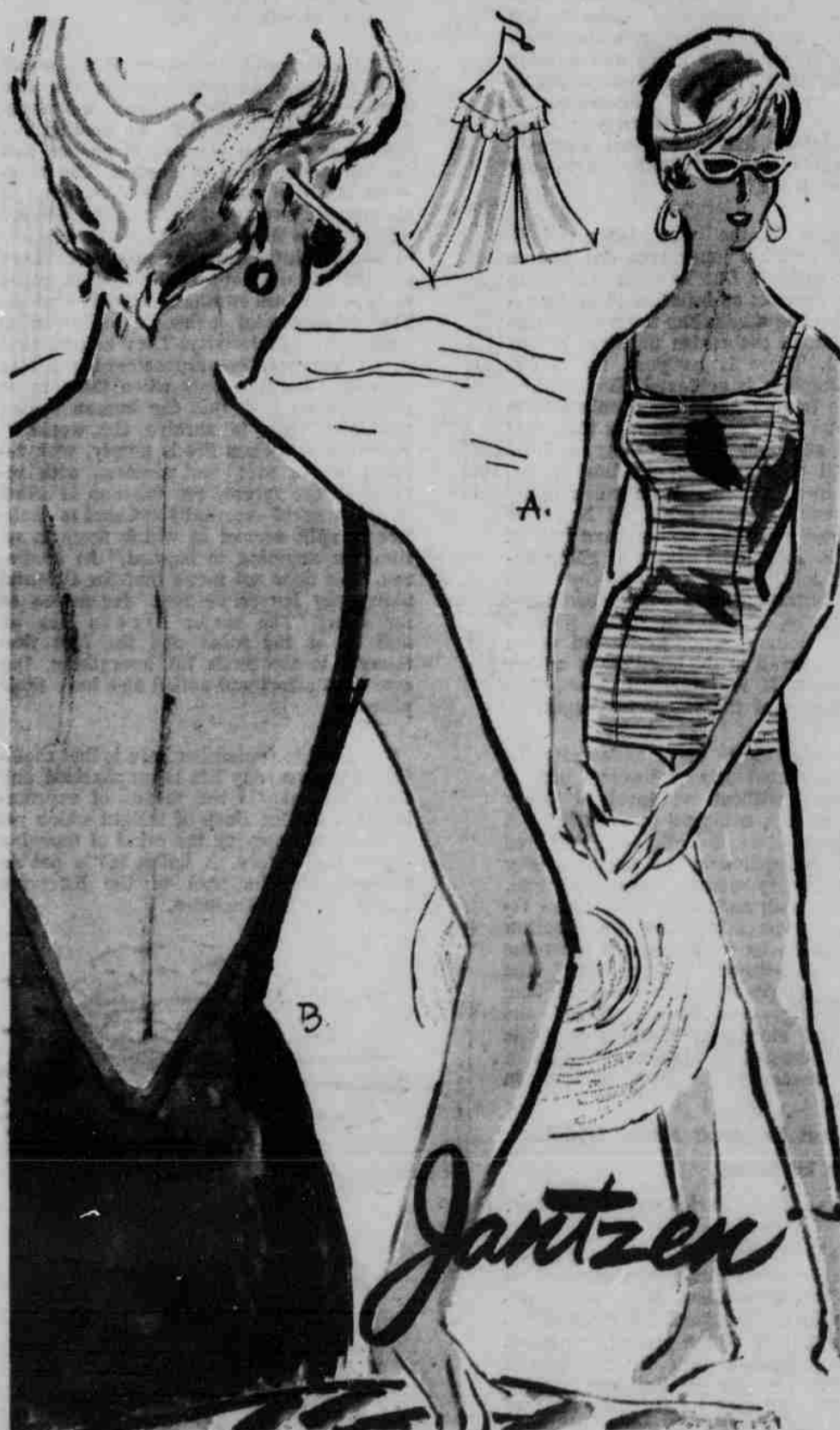
Carol Bush

### Love Library: May

The lilacs are singing on R street.  
The crab apple's searing my sight.  
I gasp to see in the morning the green that has grown in the night.  
The path of my streetsong to magic  
is mourning the telescoped May

and the sign on the street of my wonder  
that something has stolen away.  
A room where I laddered to worship  
is locked at the head of the stair,  
and the eyes of the idol are ghostships  
that sail the library's air.

Carol Bush



DAY AFTER DAY  
**Gold's**  
OF NEBRASKA  
HAS MORE OF EVERYTHING

A TOUCH OF GENIUS IN  
**Swimwear . . .**

COMING TO YOU FROM  
JANTZEN

It takes a touch of genius to design such swimwear. Sail into the heart of your favorite mariner . . . wearing just a smile and a Jantzen.

Priced from **10.95 to 23.95**

#### A. PERSIAN VELVET SHEATH

Multi-colored stripe knit with wide, low, round neckline. Features Jantzen's exclusive French bra cups. Red or brown combinations.  
Sizes 8 to 16. . . . . **15.95**

#### B. NEO-CLASSIC SHEATH

100% Helanca nylon knit by Jantzen with new V-neckline, plunging back, seam front silhouette. French bra cups and contoured straps. Blue, black and  
8 to 16. . . . . **19.95**

GOLD'S Sportswear . . . Second Floor

LISTEN TO GOLD'S "STUDY TO MUSIC" ON KNUS  
9:00 TO 10:00 P.M. MONDAY THRU FRIDAY



### Facets

1.  
I saw you riding on the hem of a daffodil's frilled gown  
parading glints of gold and gleam  
for an audience of one.  
I saw you mold a mound of mud  
across a citted leaf.  
I heard you laugh as children would  
when the aphid broods moved off.  
You plunked a pizzicato pool  
that fiddled on my lawn  
with minute movement and applause  
from everything that's green.  
Wading a dahlia's harridan hair  
you wiggled to the wind  
alert to ride on the bannery air  
off to another blonde.  
Then landing in a little plop  
on the pate of a staid old stone  
you went to pieces on the spot.  
I saw you break and run.

2.  
I saw you yesterday grow whole  
and dazzle in an eye  
and one I'd mocked was beautiful  
O more than I can say.

3.  
I watched you walk the windowpane  
in a clean descent to grief  
fated to fall in a grassy grave  
near a tiny greeny roof.  
Don't you know you'll rise again  
in a little leafy craft?  
Don't you hear the bell that rings  
at the door of the grassy shaft?  
The grave is the door of the dancing dew  
that reckons with the sun.  
Hasn't the truth been proved to you  
over and over again?  
I drop my tears in the Hand of God  
Who moves me in my pain,  
Who sows the seeds the heart must reap  
in the saltbeds of the sun.

Carol Bush