

Seattle City Council

Housing, Human Services, Health and Culture Committee Meeting

2 p.m. Wednesday, May 26th 2010

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Priya Keefe**

Today's poet is **Larry Crist**

Larry Crist has lived in Seattle for the past 18 years. Originally from California, he and has also lived in London, Houston, Chicago, and Philadelphia where he attended grad school at Temple. Crist has poems or stories out or soon to appear in J. Journal, Slipstream, Alimentum, Bloodroot, Hawaii Review, Dos Passo Review, Pontoon & Floating Bridge Press Review and has two Pushcart nominations. He dabbles in theatre where he has appeared in well over 100 productions. Crist also scrounges around for a living.

No Santa

by Larry Crist

My father never told me there was no Santa
He told me of Satan though
of hell and Dante's visit there
He told me about the atom bomb
how we had dropped two on Japan
how people were vaporized leaving only a shadow
and that these were the lucky ones
He never took me to see Mary Poppins
instead we went to grainy black and white films
with subtitles and no cartoons where women's breasts
generated little excitement
He read me Animal Farm
explaining it wasn't really about animals
He told me about Vietnam
and how we were losing this war
we were losing this war the same way
the Brits first lost to us

The present history makers, he said
don't know their history
He'd take me out at night
and we'd look up at the sky together
and he'd say that what we were seeing
had already long since passed
and maybe somewhere
at that very moment
there was a father and son pointing our direction
a million years
this way or that
He never told me there was no Santa
but given the aforementioned
i put it together
and come Christmas
good or bad
i knew
there'd be something under the tree
whether Santa brought it
or dad had left it behind

-- end --