



The Poetry Of Persuasion

Because today the Cascades spread out
to the East, and the Olympics, the West,
perfectly outlined in the morning sky.

Because I'm likely to be stopped still
by a blue heron,
my morning walk on Alki Beach,
the Space Needle's
spire rising in the distance.

Because one morning, 6 a.m. flight,
I grab the tired gate agent and say, "Look!"
The rose light illumined Mt. Rainier, magnified
by airport glass, all 14,000 feet just outside on the tarmac.

Because for every mile you go west
to the Hoh Rainforest, you get another inch of rain
until finally, with reverence, you can walk
the moss-covered trails, the cedar-filtered light:
verdant, pristine, silent.

Because this is the first city I ever loved. After New York,
London, Sydney, Paris, Chicago, and San Francisco,
I still delight the plane's descent past St. Helen's,
Adams and Rainier. I find my street, my house, and say
this is where I live.

Because I tell Starbucks baristas in faraway towns,
I live near the mother ship.
As if this will make a difference,
as if they'll treat my coffee with more respect.

Because if it's true, that we have 300 days of gray,
then those 65 are perfect
in their expansiveness, possibility, and hope.

Who needs San Diego?
When here, the weather reminds us
that change is indeed inevitable,
and our days to come are filled with sun.

WHY I LIVE IN THIS RAINY PLACE

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