

Seattle City Council

**Finance and Culture Committee Meeting**

2 p.m. Thursday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014

**Words' Worth**

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Judith Roche**

Today's poet is **Maga Barzallo Sockemtickem**

**Maga Barzallo Sockemtickem** is 18 years old, a Native American, Ecuadorian and a Seattle native. She wrote this poem during her treatment for AML (acute myelogenous leukemia) at Seattle Children's Hospital. Writing was an invaluable coping method during her hospital stays. This poem is a snapshot of her feelings on that particular day. Maga also loves to bake, swim, listen to music, watch sports with her dad, play chess with her mom, hang out with her friends, and of course, be with her cat.

**Where I'm From**

By Maga Barzallo Sockemtickem

I am from the beat  
of drums, and songs  
to be sung, beautiful rain,  
sparkling down  
I am from laughter,  
movies, a drip of water  
leaping high against  
the slaughter.  
I come from cracked  
concrete, rose petals  
falling into the deep.  
I am from nights of  
weeping, tears of joy.  
I am from sighs of relief  
and disappointed moans.

I've seen the  
world, it's in my grasp.  
I come from needles  
and blood. I come from shortcuts,

gangsters and thugs.  
I come from words and music,  
so sorely missed.  
Least of all,  
I am cancerous.

Tree climber, jump roper,  
skydiving, playing poker,  
feel my feet against  
my land, holding the soil in my hand.

I'm from raised voices  
and hard fights, I am  
from those red & blue  
lights.

Broken glass, keys  
on the floor.  
A lit TV dinner, too early at 4.  
I am from white sheets,  
white pillows, white blankets  
and white rooms. Rooms  
with a window, a window through.  
I am from denial,  
acceptance, and  
anger too. I won't  
back down from you.  
I am from stubbornness  
and spitfire.  
I am from refuse to give up.  
I am not just cancerous.

You see all this  
All things are true  
I have my native blood

My life is not written in stone  
It's written in the sky, the breeze,  
water and fire, the morning  
There's nothing you can take from me  
as long as Earth is alive.

*--end--*