



Library podcast

WITS Year-End Readings & Celebrations: Middle School & High School

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[00:00:37] Good evening. Welcome to the Seattle Public Library.

[00:00:42] My name is Somer Hayes. I'm one of the youth services librarians here.

[00:00:45] And as somebody who works with youth it's always really really exciting to be able to provide a forum for people to perform their work and share that with the community. But. It's just something really special. I saw this program last year for the first time and I was completely blown away by what I saw by the humor and the talent and the imagination and the creativity.

[00:01:12] So I think you're gonna be in for something really really special tonight. Your M.C. tonight is gonna be Alicia Craven. She's the director of the Weta program. So if you could please help me in welcoming Alicia. We'll get the program started.

[00:01:33] Good evening everyone. Thank you for coming.

[00:01:35] How are you. Thanks for being here. My name is that we should craven and I have the immense honor to serve as the director of the writers in the schools program with Seattle Arts and Lectures or with as we call it. This is the second night of our two year end of year readings and celebration of all of you the students and writers and teachers and families who have made up the Wits program this year. The very special night. It's a tradition of the wits program which started in nineteen ninety four and we bring youth poets and fiction writers and essayists all together to share their work and be published in a chap book as well. And to give you a sense of the scale of what you were part of this year since its founding which has taught over one hundred thousand students and in the 2016 17 school year what's worked with twenty seven public schools throughout the Puget Sound region and Seattle Children's Hospital bringing creative writers directly to over five thousand nine hundred K through 12 students. Additionally visiting spotlight authors came to its schools to connect with another fifteen hundred students to further make the connections between the published authors

of today and the most important voices of tomorrow. And I think there's a specific way in which art that you both consume and create at this time in your life takes hold and kind of imprints and stays with you for the rest of your life.

[00:02:57] So it's powerful to start to hear your story reflected back to you in new ways and have that recognition of shared experience sometimes just through a resonant emotion or a mood. Kind of makes the world feel more connected and less lonely and it makes you kind of perk up and think like me too. And that takes craft an effort to articulate the specific in a way that feels really universal. So the writing you did in your classroom with Twitter throughout the year and by coming here this evening you're not only shaping the narrative of your own story but you're also giving language to people for theirs. Both your classmates in the class and the audience tonight your writer saw you had this gift and that's why they asked you specifically to be here. So before we get started I want to thank some of the key players who made tonight and indeed our work throughout the year possible many of whom you can see in this room. And then you have champions throughout the greater world as well.

[00:03:56] I'd like to thank our many partners and generous funders all of whom are listed in our program and particularly those who have given ten thousand dollars or more to support including arts fund the Boeing Corporation. Candice to Chuck and Don Guthrie the Elizabeth George foundation Expedia Inc. Glossy baby the harvest Foundation the Medina Foundation the National Endowment for the Arts the Northcliffe Foundation the petunia charitable fund and Virginia cyber. And Peter Byers a huge thank you to the Seattle Public Library for the use of this auditorium this evening and to cupcake real who provided delicious baby cakes to enjoy afterwards after onstage this evening. We also have a display of stunning letter press broadsides so the poems were written by students at Seattle Children's Hospital with which writers and Ted Glick and Ciara Nelson and the images were designed and hand printed by letter press artists at the School of Visual Concepts So check those out afterwards. The arts program is also made possible by Seattle Arts and Lectures immensely supportive Board of Directors and our entire staff especially Nicole coats are beyond incredible wits program associate as. And our devoted interns a really tanned Siri Granholm and Miley Anderson a really in Syria are here in the front row as well.

[00:05:19] This evening they all work so hard in preparation for tonight.

[00:05:27] Warm thanks too to Ryan Dunn and Sofia Baer who designed the poster program and topic for the evening and of course to our writers the words writers are acclaimed. Published poets novelists comics artists and spoken word performers who live and breathe both of the elements of creative life that they teach in the classroom and out they find inspiration for their editing publishing and performing work. And each writer has prepared customized introductions for their right students tonight so I hope you enjoy their words and finally huge thanks to you our school partners the teachers and principals librarians PTA members and parents who generously champion and support creative writing. You recognize the value of students being able to express themselves and advocate for themselves and share who they are through writing. And that has an impact in both academic and nonacademic settings. So when you open the door to widths you invest your time and your resources and energy you're supporting the kind of thinkers and artists and citizens we want to make decisions

for our future world. So without further ado the moment we've all been waiting for. It's time for the magic and to kick things off this evening.

[00:06:35] I want to welcome writer Matt Garneau and his writer Sequent iris of the Center School and Matt second writer Claudia Bassil cannot be here this evening but she's going to be sharing her poem through video so we'll kick things off with that so many injuries Claudia and we're gonna watch her read her poem Claudia seals work defines bravery and risk taking on the first day of class I asked everyone why they're in our creative writing elective and Claudia said something to the effect of I love writing but I'm not sure what I'm doing. I'd like to be more confident as a writer and more confident in speaking my truth. The best gift to receive as a teaching artist is the desire of your students to take on the art and dig into the work. Claudia has excavated her truth found her strength and held it up to the light of her courage. Her poem big is a powerful example of a young writer coming into their own. Please help me welcome and honor Claudia. Cecile

[00:07:39] I've always hated going to the doctor's office. That cold smell that sings into your nostrils and closet your tongue makes your mouth egg or the taste of hand sanitizer and forgotten rubber gloves.

[00:07:51] I've never liked that whiteness the way it burns your eyes and reminds you what you therefore you know what's wrong with you. The scales always tell me what's wrong with me no speak louder than words no easy voice questioned why I can't figure out how happy I am and I always answer. I don't know. Reason I'm afraid. If I say it out loud I'll hate myself but I know that I don't need to say a word.

[00:08:16] These are already making your own guesses when I was younger. Everyone told me that I had great self-confidence and I always took it as a compliment. But when I got older the pressure of my own strength pressed on my stomach and I just got bigger and bigger and sadder and sadder and everyone still told me that I had great self-confidence and eventually I stopped taking it as a compliment.

[00:08:39] Because compliments set standards when you feel like you're failing they start to sound like you're being praised for something you're not. One day in 7th grade a boy told me that I could use more exercise. When I went looking for that self-confidence I found that I'd lost it in the layers of fat that covered my collar bones and spilled out my blue jeans. It was my biggest defeat and I carried it in the flesh with my gut and the bruised purple of my stretch marks.

[00:09:00] For a long time I was used to measure the size of my stomach by how much with my feet I could see every time I look down another blow to my self-esteem with every inch that I grew.

[00:09:13] I got a hold of the good bed and took a harder swing. When I got to the point where I couldn't see my toes anymore I didn't bother grabbing a weapon.

[00:09:20] I just dropped my my own hands around my throat and squeezed the rest of my words out of me.

[00:09:26] I was the worst kind of masochist to cap the kind with their own sadist inside them.

[00:09:30] My state was no shaped beating your own demons is hard. But when you feel there wire jaws around your neck suffocating you with their stale smoke you know that you have to pry their teeth away from your skin before they bleed you dry and leave you to rot in your own self-hatred.

[00:09:51] I've never worked harder to destroy that part of me. And is the biggest war those ever raged in my mind. Sometimes my hands shake from because I've fought so long. My legs ache from running to the battlefield every day. The ground is stained with blood. I don't know whose it is anymore. It's easy to become tired of fighting but when I look in the mirror with my heart beating stronger my blood pumping faster. I'm proud of what I see. The pain becomes worth it.

[00:10:21] I still hate the doctor's office the smell still still tears at my nose and still and the White still stabs into my eyes. But now when I look down at the scale I can see my feet I know how to step on the numbers and muffle their voices

[00:10:52] Sequined Iris is a constant reminder of what student leadership and care can look like in the classroom beyond being a talented actor and born natural when it comes to writing her continuous output of support and positivity has been a crucial factor in the success of our classes both first and second semester sequin is a poet at heart. Even if she swears otherwise now honored I honor her tonight for her talent but also for her kindness and for the lightness of her spirit and how it charges strength and confidence in those around her. Her instincts and wit are both sharp as they are lit. Her poem 1000 shows not only her skills as a writer but just how attuned she is to the human experience. Please help me welcome sequin Iris

[00:11:47] 1000 every funeral I've ever been to has played a thousand years by Christina Perry through baby pictures Halloween costumes friends selfies crying smiling laughing. Hours before a days before weeks years hardly centuries all in their late teens and early 20s. Everyone becomes a kid again when they die. I was raised under when I was little I learned to let people hurt more than me to listen to someone else's heartbeat and bury my own. I've held so many parents I met desert a sagging and drooping in her coffin. Nobody warned me how inappropriate I'd feel looking at someone's body once they've gone like sneaking a candle. They'll never see how naked you look and all of your clothes. But none of your self-awareness my house was a sanctuary for those left behind. My small kitchen floor was two parts tile and one part dad who was all parts hurting screaming No into the ground as if it could reach Max's ears.

[00:12:57] But when it was quiet it was still as if the House was holding its breath.

[00:13:05] My teacher asked me why I was talking out so much in class. It was almost as if I was afraid I wouldn't get to finish my sentence James's dad taught me how to balance an egg on salt and trick people.

[00:13:17] He liked magic tricks and when his son got stabbed he disappeared I hugged him and my arms slipped through.

[00:13:27] I didn't visit Pauline in the hospital. Instead I went to San Francisco and she died the first night I was there. At her memorial we said all the things we loved about her celebrated her life. I've learned that more people go to memorials than birthdays. Sometimes I see Micah's girlfriend on third and pike on Facebook she says she misses my family but she doesn't recognize me when I walk past her like she is part way stuck in the coma. Micah escaped every day on my way to the 132 bus stop and every night on my way home I walk past the shrine in the alley between Cloverdale and Sullivan street where she got murdered and leave a note for myself.

[00:14:09] I am 17 James was 18.

[00:14:13] Deborah was 19. Max was 21. Pauline was twenty three. Micah was twenty five and Selena was 26.

[00:14:21] And I am 17 if you ask me. I could tell you how 17 years can feel like a thousand. Thank you Matt. Thinking that Claudia and sequin next I would like to welcome wits writer Aaron counts and his writer Aiden Hamann of Nathan Hale High School Zach

[00:15:07] In their poem lovable aiding him and asks us who hasn't got something to adore current president notwithstanding I guess. Truth is we can all use this reminder from time to time. Loving yourself and finding beauty in others is a bold act of heroism. We can all take part in I love this poem Aiden's bravery in writing it and the way they always speak their truth in their poetry in class and in the world. It's heroic as is the poem and I hope you adore it as much as I do.

[00:15:43] Aided him in I used to pretend to have crushes on boys just because my friends did.

[00:15:55] But my friends just did it because their friends did turned out a whole lot of us were gay beauty is so easy to find and girls who hasn't got something to adore even crooked noses messy hair a personality that's never soft nails to drag through skin. There's beauty in it all. My first crush was the best friend sweet and creative.

[00:16:20] Tall and straight love now is lopsided and smile sharp at the hips and curve in the spine things passed through my mind so easily. Words come out so wrong. Bitterness drips from my eyes and words loving others comes without trying. I've learned to love my body and still need to stop hating my mind. Thank you Aaron and Aidan next please welcome which writer Alex Geier Brown with his writer Ghada Hassan of Nathan Hale High School everybody got to hour we're trying to figure out who's more nervous I'm not quite sure

[00:17:23] I think I'm pretty sure it's me. It's my great privilege tonight to introduce got a house on freshman Nathan Hill High School to the stage. I had the pleasure of working with her and her classmates mates for a two week intensive residency. Back in March and April during which we study many different kinds of poems including the elegy which honors someone or something who's passed away previously God had been a diligent but quiet student always writing furiously in a notebook. Whenever I gave a writing prompt I was surprised. Then during the elegy assignment she became so emotional she had to leave the classroom. I was at first concerned about her well-being but I also thought well she must have come up with something good. She did indeed come up with something good which you will hear first and got his native language of Arabic and then in her second language of English. The poem is an elegy for her grandfather died last year in Baghdad. I didn't know this until yesterday but God and her family came to the United States Morocco about six years ago which was also the last time that she saw her grandfather the poet Robert Frost famously wrote. No tears in the writer no tears in the reader. There were certainly tears for the writer in this case and tears for this reader too.

[00:18:29] Please welcome to Hello my name is Ghada and this form is called elegy to my grandpa.

[00:18:42] But first I'm going to read it in Arabic.

[00:18:54] We thought a fidgety could so and have had contact with. I know a lot of thought. Mark had to and Kunta Kinte of the public clueless about admired and met had the Yeti boss in Madras at Holland. They're here to kill a young Jai Newman in Madras I could feel my blood ratty little bill boss and mouse at your party. But here at the cooler you'll meet at Havana alone Mahalo party portable mini shooter a read could you acid VR deregistered feeling to hand Disney model and a lot of lower come enter for Holland. Be cool tomorrow. I hasn't figured out who the new magnets right would model of attack bad but bad motto the whole. I had a heart attack alumina FC. I damn work well for a bit why did leg Wash. But then builder a healer public would do millions 0 attack clearly we are so erratic. Finally why did that call can contribute to body cooling Mass. According to the NE fifth Karachi by the end and at 10am then a year Dhaka uni killed him I stopped going to the polls to either. How can you possibly know the cry today sir. CARNEY And Sahar. And then at those big few quid you asked us if it and couldn't do by a dynamo to affect what I can say our do enough.

[00:20:27] I let Andy and cadet do possibly the right thought and feeling I get the now.

[00:20:39] This is in English elegy to my grandpa. Every morning I would go to your garden and eat breakfast with you. Even though I already ate at home. Every morning sitting in your garden you would come with me to 100 until the school bus came to pick me up for school. Every afternoon you would walk with you would pick me up after school even though I could ride the bus with my friend. Every afternoon you would walk with me to a nearby store and told me to buy any snack I want every time I get a high grade on a test you will give me five dollars and tell me how proud you are of me. Every time I felt upset you would bring me to a flower garden and plant plants with you. Even though it's the garden you don't usually like people going and every day I blame myself for promising you I'll

see you soon and feel go because you love me before I could see you again. Every day I would see your picture in my mind and think of the times you picked me up when I fell down and cried. Every night I would remember the times when you carried me home to my bedroom after I slept on your lap every night. I remember the stories you used to tell me and keep safe that warm unforgettable memory. So I'm sorry I didn't call you every day. I'm sorry I was away when you passed away. But Grandpa there's something I could do and so I wrote this phone to honor you. Thank you.

[00:22:14] Thank you Alex. Thank God that

[00:22:17] Next of wits writer Cody Ferrigno and his writer Rochelle go Walker of Nathan Hale High School.

[00:22:30] Good evening Rochelle Kovach.

[00:22:33] I started writing during the eighth grade while waiting for an evening bus music using the stretched and ambling moments to compose short poems and vignettes. She continued writing more intensely and in ninth grade poetry unit and had her first major performance the following year at an MLK assembly. Michelle's poems are thoughtful and grounded steeped in a delightful play with sound and you surprising images that allow a message to meet us in multiple dimensions. Her work exudes the patience and curiosity one might want while traveling. Her favorite word is serenity.

[00:23:11] Please help me welcome Michelle self-love ladies don't let what other people say about your melon and bring you down or they out there saying that jell o way too loud or saying or trying to say that you can't rock your curls. Loud and proud. This is often what I say to encourage myself. I'm a kinky haired brown skinned African-American woman made of brown sugar cocoa honey I'm golden I'm dipped in chocolate runs elegance and the now model Grace toasted in beauty a bold statement and every step that I take as I sway my hips a unique melody plays because I know who I am I'm not just another colored face I am an African queen embracing my Black Beauty and I refuse to have my self-esteem damaged I'm a dummy I will never let my identity be disrespected by someone who doesn't know my worth hopefully what I said has some value to you and you can put it to work. Next please welcome Corinne Manning and her writer. SIMON Keon of Roosevelt High School so last week while we were practicing I had Simon write down some final notes and I told him write down you are a being antibody I emphasize that word being now because in that moment my jersey accent came out and Simon wrote down I am a bean and a body

[00:24:54] The magic of Simon's poetry is the way he plays with language explodes MIT explodes metaphors turns images into something new when our language limits the complexity of our identities when we have more nouns and verbs what else are poets to do as we listen today. I'd like all of you to know or remember that you are sacred beans and bodies. And no we can't see it right now or we won't be able to see it tonight. The moon is overhead Simon is guide has the moon guiding him and let him holds it up to you now as he reads his poem modeled after the poet on a starship. Rene Welcome Simon

[00:25:45] All you ever wanted was assignment to hold. Why do you why do you always have to be there for your little sister. Why did you get yourself into this. Don't you dare be transgender. Don't you dare get yourself hurt because you care. Don't you dare get your share of negativity. Don't you dare stand up when you get yelled at. You sit there frozen.

[00:26:04] It's OK. You're used to it. It's OK they're bluffing. It's OK you're gonna be all right.

[00:26:11] When your sister cries you hold her and comfort her like it's the end. Why. The older you get the closer you you get to her you understand everything now you know what you're good at your life being a mystery what's gonna happen now.

[00:26:26] No one knows no one cares. It's just you all you feel is dryness on your fingers dryness everywhere your adopted your boy your son brother and a person. At least you got sisters to look out for. Thank you Karen and Simon

[00:26:57] Next please welcome wits writer Damon Randall with his writers.

[00:27:01] Tessa Elizabeth Hill Devin Harris and Maria Hernandez of Southlake high school Joe Lonnie walling Craig of Broadview Thompson cave school and Damon we'll be reading on behalf of his student Elliott Smith and Denzel Holliman Good evening.

[00:27:25] Let's try that again. Good evening. Much better.

[00:27:31] All of my students are being introduced with a theme of superheroes. Tessa is no nonsense and has no alter ego because she doesn't need one. She is her superpower and it is her. If I had to sign it a name it would be poker face. Tessa would walk into class sit down then get into a staring contest with the writing prompt giving it a head not eventually and then saying OK I got this. And then her head would go down until the poem was done. And this is the result of one of those sessions.

[00:28:17] All right. My poem is called my future husband here's what you need to know about my future husband. He'll understand me even when I don't understand myself. His personality will be a reflection of everything my father wished he could have been and everything my mother wanted he'll represent me as an individual person capable of making decisions for myself his smile will be a symbol of everything beautiful scene from children's eyes like dancing fireflies or gazing at stars of the night my future husband will find success in me by any means necessary. He'll keep it clean and contemporary as the classic wasn't what he had already envisioned. My future husband will be stricken by visions of wisdom more than riches who referred to women as women instead of as witches his tender touch and taste for trust will overcome when others tried to lust for he is my future husband and these qualities are a must. Thank you

[00:29:31] Next step is Devin. Devin always reminded me of the super villain in the comics and the movies not because he was a bad guy but because they always always get to monologue ing and

explaining about how brilliant they are and how foolproof their plans are. And they give away every single detail about how to foil their plan. The difference here is the context. Devin never came across as you get testicle or full of himself just a young man who is unafraid to try and is willing to pick himself back up if he falters.

[00:30:07] One who talks the talk and then walks the walk even better than you thought he would.

[00:30:21] As I get older life is getting more real. I'm learning more about people who are hurting or is mentally ill trying to substitute poisoning with the internal pain they feel. Not even a little bit of hope that they might start to heal for other people's suffering. I want you to know that I've also suffered a great deal. I know you're feeling pain and I know you're feeling dismantled. You feel you can't trust anyone because your heart was trampled. But I need you to tap into the strength needed to hear yourself. I'm afraid that if you don't fix this problem you cure yourself I'm informing you about this because I care about your health. You might not have the strength to care anymore at this point but that's why I'm here to help you can act like you don't care but I know you want to be better. You just need more motivation but that's why we're together. You're not in this alone and it's not gonna be easy but all we need is time. Please believe me. I'm trying to help you be great. So I pray that you don't deceive me. I want you to ease your hate and reduce the problems on your plate so that your unconditional happiness can relieve me. Thank you

[00:31:46] Next. Maria. Maria is really good at secrets so if she has an alter ego I don't know what it is because she won't tell me which is exactly what superheroes are supposed to do. I just hope that you won't be stingy with her superpowers. This vision of clarity and grace that she continues to use her gifts for good for her good and for ours because much like the title of her poem water we need it water.

[00:32:24] What my mom told me to stay away from what she thought would be the only thing I would drown in water what I now see as my escape my peace and tranquility. My mother never warned me against the fears and doubts I could also drown in the sea. The self talk the self hate talk in the life of the lack of confidence would be things I would let myself down in but it would also be up to me to keep swimming or let myself sink deeper

[00:33:04] Next as Giuliani. Johnny is like the young superhero in his origin story who just realizes he has powers and is kind of geeking out about it. But he's also geeking out about all kinds of other things so he doesn't fully know how powerful he can be. Johnny was always full of energy and often had lots to say in class sometimes on topic and sometimes not but whenever I called on him a perspective that the group had not considered yet was suddenly brought to life. His poem is an example of the unexpected brought to life by his superpower imagination

[00:33:51] Floating out to sea when I look at this picture I see a red boat with the periscope on the end to the left. I see water really white water. I see a knife the yellow wooden knife when I look at the pictures I hear Ocean's smooth oceans higher pitch black smoke and houses in clear waters when I

look at the pictures I feel like I'm going away for a long long long long time. I feel warm like blood in my body. I feel hot when I look at this picture I am I am a boat.

[00:34:27] I am Captain.

[00:34:28] I am invincible.

[00:34:45] And finally I'll be reading the work of two students. First is Denzel Denzel is the Clark Kent. That doesn't know he's Superman or maybe he's the Hulk doesn't know about Bruce Banner. Denzel would occasionally get stuck in his thoughts puzzling over specific details and whether he was allowed to go in a different direction. But once he received permission to just fly wherever his creativity led his Kryptonite faded away the day this happened is when he wrote this poem. My name is Denzel my green is dark my green is special my green is for grassy flowers covering the dirt like an ocean my green is for the tracks and footsteps flattening the grass like a lawn mower my green is dark my green is for the tear gas and gas masks for the aftershock of a nuke. My green is for the death by civil war and corruption my green is dark my green is for the silence and solution where grass is still growing if the soil is still rich my green is for the rise in any situation and finally Allah Allah I'm assuming quiet raised her hand once or twice but she's like a living spark all she needs is fuel to create her fire and once the burn begins she is a human fire storm on the page her ferocity flies without fear of the burn or the fall and this is just a small taste of what she's got in her arsenal first of all it's being 14 and a survivor it's fitting into a category and slipping from it at the same time it's being smacked by a label being hit so hard it rocks you and still with all the force behind it you break it it's lying down at night too afraid to roll on my side or shut my eyes inside my darkness and scars run deeper than just what appears on the outside it's being able to find the beauty through all the madness the light at the end of the tunnel it's being able to speak not only when I'm spoken to it's finding my voice after being silenced for so long

[00:37:43] Thank you Damon Tessa Devon Maria Enzo Loni and Ella. Applause. Next we have wits writer Gary Lilly and his writers Katie Jay and Ingrid Schulz of Port Townsend High School

[00:38:06] Both of these young writers are so driven images ideas and music. I mean this was just great to work at that at all part time in high school with all the students there. But these students cetera.

[00:38:20] Well you rocked I think Katie Johnson is the on the indestructible girl our focus for the port Chardon High School in Tennessee was witnessing the what is it that you think affects you and the external world. And also adults of revisions craft discussions some killer videos and we did a performance she absorbed it want it more I watched her develop this love for writing and I ask you to please help me welcome Katie D to the microphone.

[00:39:10] Hi there. I'm going to read you bright orange vest. The quiet girl who works hard thinks I'm ugly. She thinks I'm too shiny and too orange but I help her keep her job and life with my reflective ness. I am with her when she begs groceries for blank faces happy faces drugged out faces old faces

crippled faces faces and pain whiny faces faces with plastered on smiles like they were made in a toy factory. I am with her when she pushes all those cards like a work meal so the annoying bosses don't give her commands. Over and over again I've witnessed the girl coming up to the Guardian of the time clock exhausted and asking for a lunch break. When it was a minute away and having the Guardian say you need to catch up on carts sometimes during her lunch break we go on adventures like walking around the swamp where the ducks and homeless people are eating some crappy Mickey D's when she feels like not spending a lot of money at the cautionary Deli. We go through the hustling and bustling boat yard just to go the beach or we just chill in the bright typical depressing break room where she looks at her iPod to check social media where she Texas the lanky musician she calls her boyfriend the break room from the outside looks like a tiny window facing the bus depot.

[00:40:34] But to her it resembles a cell that stares into the abscess looking for an adventure freedom and meaning in life from the inside. The break room is just a place where people go to eat or relax from a busy busy day at work. I help her make money along with my friend the black apron and that's one reason why she doesn't hate me when she ain't there I dangle on the hanger waiting for another adventure for me. Another day of work another life away from my mundane life as a vest as I hang here I wait hoping she comes again and think about my life as a work vest and how I came to be Ingrid. Schultz had been writing since since she could write poems stories everything that was ever done in my intense about Port Townsend high school

[00:41:42] When it began. She works at it. She really does work at it her prose poem Sands of Time was in response to a prompt from my teaching partner there Chris Pearson.

[00:41:57] I won't tell you now. It's great to have. A faculty member that's also a writer working with you in a set like this. I feel blessed with that he is an English teacher. At

[00:42:10] Port Townsend high school his prompt was to was to write something that puts you into the role and what that was all about what is your role.

[00:42:26] What does that mean. So. I'm going to

[00:42:29] Ask you again to help me welcome these young writers. Welcome Ingrid Schultz applause.

[00:42:43] My poem is called Sands of Time waves roll crash tumble and slap against the rocks leaving them shiny and wet then the ocean becomes a rich foam when it finally thins and reaches the fine gray sand the woosh of the water brings up a mist of salt spray that temporarily closes my eyes and I feel the cool mist touched my face while a breath of wind pushes back my hair a calm washes over me as if the ocean water has defied gravity and blanketed my whole body and my lips then turn upward and an ear to ear grin exposing my teeth while I simultaneously take a deep breath of air the sun is setting over the water the tangerine oranges and raspberry reds splash over the top of the liquid surface like a pitcher of juice falling off the table during breakfast and then seeing the sugary spill seep and spread over the floor I watch it with amazement and begin to realize that the impending darkness of night is starting to swallow the sky I look up and down the beach and see that the Sandy

Shore has no end or beginning I don't mind the long stretch of beach ignores the rules of time and space no one can ever grow old here no one can ever get sad the grains of sand are filled with memories and imprinted with the pounding of footsteps then my ears wander to the sound of laughs and giggles from coming up the beach my family is at the bottom of a bluff sitting on a behemoth sized piece of driftwood at this instance they don't seem to notice me and that is ok I breathe in and out as if I'll never smell the ocean again I try to get every last bit of the air and always keep it in my memory the smell of salt sand and love I never want to forget this time has stopped everything is still even my thoughts. I'm at peace. The world has begun to drip together into a beautiful painting. My Walden is here where time stops

[00:45:23] Thank you Gary, Katie and Ingrid. Next please welcome wits writer and Marnie Sims and her writers Haley Krauss of Renaissance School of Art and reasoning Quijano Reno of Broadview Thompson Kate school Tatum Hadley if Katherine Blaine Kate's school and Jim Maya Barker and window VO of Cascade middle school who we will be doing a group poem Hey ya

[00:45:51] Sorry. So one lady like right now it's just going to have to be that way. All right.

[00:46:00] Being a lady is overrated. All right I'm known for laboring over poetic beauty and inspiring lines. Haley demonstrates vulnerability as she takes on the layered existence of womanhood. She raises the bar for writers as she lays raw emotion on the page.

[00:46:16] Please put your hands together for Haley Krauss.

[00:46:28] Hello. So my poem is called Blue her favorite shade of nail polish.

[00:46:35] It's a light blue color called behind her smile. You can slap on some makeup and call yourself beautiful. You can binge in Persian starve yourself and call yourself thin. You can cry myself to sleep every night and wake up the next morning and say you're fine. You can have one million fake friends online and have zero friends in real life and call yourself popular. But when you take off the makeup when you eat something and stay full when you are done with the pain when you disable your Instagram account. What are you now. Just the light blue nail polish called behind her smile.

[00:47:22] Oh my God my students I love them so much. Up next a quiet and opinionated writer. Kiana takes on the complexity of our current social climate with an epistle poem to national leadership rife with open hearted honesty. This student tugs at the heartstrings of humanity.

[00:47:40] Please put your hands together for Kiana albino Dear America.

[00:47:55] One nation under God. It's funny to think of ourselves as one nation one nation under God. Yet we still stand divided hungry poor Democrats wealthy Republicans men and women working the same job. But women get paid less black men being shot down on the streets crooked white police officers. One nation under God. We should stand together. Yet we don't. The smell of red blood. Blood filling our nostrils the sight of it pouring out of bodies. The sound of gunfire raging on. This is

what tears us apart. Sticks and stones break our bones but we will still stand united. How can we stand united yet but people still feel they need to ask does my life matter less than his one nation under God. How can we say we are one nation when our up and coming president is a man who makes himself richer and the poor poor. One nation under God. Let's make this pledge mean something because of because as of right now I don't feel like we are one nation.

[00:48:57] Sincerely Kiana Olena transporting us to another world.

[00:49:18] Tatum uses poetry as a vehicle discussed to discuss the fantastic in this post apocalyptic piece we meet a hybrid character who tells the tale of a gruesome future.

[00:49:29] Please put your hands together for Tatum.

[00:49:38] The darkness devoured every light space like could not get to crackles a fire fills the air with unforgiveness and strangles his snake like body suffocating his lungs with each breath like taps of a fragile gem he slithered up at age Brook Ark. Blood dripping from a deep gash underneath his left eye. The blood dripped tears of disdain gash shortened his existing breath by ongoing breath. No shadow no stars no waves in the Red Sea only black tar Harden on backs of others each other's sharp whistles like a shard of glass then a small hit the last survivor walking up to him with a bucket of black tar boiling hot eating up the last of the last

[00:50:36] It is my absolute delight to present these two writers as my eighth graders endeavored to collaborate and craft group poems. Two of my students raised a hand and said Can we write a poem comparing zodiac signs. I secretly squealed on the inside and replied with an emphatic yes

[00:51:01] Jamaica and New Nguyen have created a poignant and hilarious comparison comparison poem about the Zodiac. Please put your hands together for my new one.

[00:51:18] This is how Zodiac matches feels like jello is the areas as expensive as we are as tourists. Double sided like a double popsicle at a Gemini a blip like sparkling water is the cancer easily and cheaply. Homeless lifestyle is an innocent miracle. There are many stems of groups like Friends of Libra strong like watermelon is a Scorpio karma Apple is sweet life cycle kind. The term I like coffee is a Capricorn. Cool aside this is ice cream is a Cree is nice but easily broken like an egg it's a Pisces create a size are Aquarius cancer germinate in Virgo freedom loving sign are areas Libra Pisces and Secretariat emotionally short size are Capricorn Leo Scorpio enters this whole Zodiac matches food. Thank you Amani Hey Haley Kiana Tatum to Maya and when. Next we have with writer Morgan marsh with her writers Eliza Caplin and Baylor Cohen knot of top skate school also from top skate school is writer Laura Hanks to law. Laura I will be introducing on behalf of wits writer Michael Olvera Ray Eliza Caplin first of all I have to tell you that he was telling me about base twelve a lot we started in my head is really quite busy

[00:52:55] His current favorite word is philosophy a nice long word he says with a depth of meaning Elijah throws active verbs into his lines with the verve of a chef tossing seasonings into a pot in the

camp a sparrow emits a piercing chirp trees quiver and rustle dirt grates and the tired narrator shambles it ends the log I sit on is strangely lumpy and misshapen the air mattress has a similar quality I love the offhanded wit of that last line he said he doesn't usually use humor that the line presented itself but he didn't know how to end. He's a writer.

[00:53:46] Please welcome the camp. The taste of moist pine fills my mouth the cold crisp air is magical it smells like birds marshmallows slightly unpleasant It's strangely comforting a sparrow a bit a piercing chirp echoing throughout the woods chilly winds combine the trees quiver and rustle the crickets begin their symphony as the fire crackles the night sky is a vault full of stars and tonight it has been fully locked the slow growing boss Klieg tenaciously to almost every tree in sight our camp fire is roaring excitedly as bundles of twigs falling mist is rising from the ground the air becomes wet the rough coarse dirge grates against my weary feet as I shamble towards the tent the walk I sit all is strangely lumpy at this shape in the air mattress has a similar quality. De la Cohen that

[00:55:12] Is currently reading Pride and Prejudice she keeps the hardback seven book Jane Austen boxed set with gold edged pages in her school locker her advice to budding writers is if you have an idea. Don't worry if other people won't get it. Just write her Just Mercy. Poems started with lists of words made from two other poems. She liked figuring out how I'm going to use mounds in there. Funny she says since my dad plays music with a group called mounds all must is composed of six precisely honed couplets. Here's Baylor to give it to you.

[00:55:57] Applause.

[00:56:05] All must love binds us together. The rope synching at every struggle. Everyone works as one to free ourselves but to no avail because of our wisdom we stay together. We are learning the music of fear on the leaves of the book

[00:56:28] I am reading this from and now I will channel Michael over to introduce that hangs to I got to work with when she was a sixth grader last year Lola recently and somewhat reluctantly confessed to me Michael that she started writing this story while I was in the middle of instruction. As many of the writers here can attest that's far from a bad thing. This story clearly shows not only her enthusiasm for her writing but also an ability to be at once insightful and humorous. Lola's story new kid problems is clear proof that again like many good writers she has mined details from her own experience.

[00:57:28] Welcome Lola Allison took a quick back to her mother's cheek before slinging her backpack over her shoulder and rushing to the office.

[00:57:44] The cold weather nipping at Jake's train them a bright pink every time our feet hit the ground here too. She started she starts sprinting towards the office saying Miss Jones at her desk seeing her hair assumed Gray and I seemed darker probably because she has to deal with us kids again. Allison thought to herself Miss Jones looked up from a computer eyeing the girl Allison. She started this I first day of senior year and you're late. What's your excuse. She asked. Taking out a

pink notepad how you sure I have an excuse. Allison asked in curiosity. Miss Jones looked up from her notepad. Give it to give it look. Only a teacher could give. I miss my bus she said. She had lost his battle. Miss Jones gave a disapproving grunt before asking what's your first class economics within stock. She read off her paper Miss Jones ripped off the pink sheet and handed it to Allison who gave a small thank you and smile. She child of the mustard yellow hauls her hands grazing to loggers who took her phone out so our mother know that she had gone to late slip and was heading to class before class colliding with another person knocking her down. Oh my God I'm so sorry. I was looking at my paper and wasn't watching where I was going else and heard a deep voice a deep voice possibly mail some thought before sitting up trying to comprehend that not only as she'd been late too late to her first day of school but also that she was going to be even more late for class because of this person cries met the body of a voice a boy with honey brown eyes and more scattering his face must have gone somewhere warm for the summer because his skin was tan. The boy cleared his throat a slight plus a blush a slight blush on his cheeks as Allison snapped back into reality.

[00:59:31] Thank you Laura Eliza Baylor and Lola and Michael in absentia next.

[00:59:38] Please welcome wits writer Rachel Kessler and her writer Monet Davis of Washington Middle School applause when I asked Mr. Reese's sixth graders at Washington Middle School to go inside of an object and right from its point of view Monet Davis literally exploded out of her seat. Her vision was so big and powerful she seemed to hover in the air just above her desk while words poured from her pen and she bounced up and down vibrating as she transformed herself into an old abandoned ship. She describes her writing process as really fast. These visions just fly out of my mind. Monet identifies with the arctic fox who looks like a cute tiny dog but is in fact strong and wild feisty and ever changing camouflaging its fur to hide in the different landscapes she'd love to be able to read minds and wonder woman is her favorite superhero because she is independent yet sacrifices herself for those she cares for him. Please join me in welcoming this rising young writer who in her own words is unique confident and bold. Monet Davis. Bright

[01:01:06] Orange sun green tree goes inside me. The shipwreck. That's what I'm known with the crashing blue sparkly Ocean behind me animals live inside me. They live in peace. I stand tall. Trying not to fall apart. And break into pieces south of me. The clay wall breaks down. And turns the water orange and floats away.

[01:01:49] Thank you Rachel and my name and next.

[01:01:53] This is an edition from your program. But another exciting part of the program is the youth poet laureate program. And this was founded two years ago in collaboration with wits by Aaron counts and Matt Garneau. And this year Angel Gardner who is a youth poet laureate is here and literally her books just arrived from New York today. And one melody and then they're going.

[01:02:17] She's going to be reading at Folklife this Saturday at 2 o'clock along with the other youth poet laureate finalists and you'll get to learn who the next youth poet laureate is going to be there. So

she's going to read an example from this book. But first I want to invite matt and Aaron up on stage to introduce her

[01:02:44] Just getting mentoring the youth popularity is like one of those Supreme privileges of this gig. I think we met angel a little over a year ago. Through five poems that she submitted and now look a year later look at this beautiful book.

[01:03:09] Yes yes. Anyway. We didn't plan any of this.

[01:03:14] It's been it's been an amazing time watching Angel grow from sort of this person with this raw extreme ability to sort of capture her truth and the world around her in and then mold that and like this the way that these poems are taking shape in the book her ability as a writer is astounding. Also her ability as a learner and someone taking some of this feedback to Erin and I were providing and synthesizing that into the poems was also extremely extremely impressive. So we're just so proud of you and really excited for you all to see the work that's in his book. We'll be Folklife on Saturday for the youth poet laureate showcase. An angel will be featured there with her book.

[01:04:02] Also be the naming the next youth poet laureate of Seattle on Saturday to read the mystery till Saturday. They'll say nothing. You know who it is. All right. Please help us welcome Angel Gardner reading from her new book Blood. Melody

[01:04:21] Thank you so like I think everyone said this was not planned. I have no idea what I'm going to read yet Mama just awkwardly flipped through here so bear with me. I was just thinking that of course you said it. Oh OK.

[01:04:40] So I'm gonna read Blood melody. Here we go.

[01:04:45] We live in a world where the authority shoots patterns into unarmed citizens and those with enough privilege ignore the blood pooling in their gutters as if it's not happening right in front of them. Not sorry that you feel comfortable existing without the news of what disturbs you. While some of us are forced to live with it live with Chris folds in blue uniforms profiling our melanin trying to connect imaginary holes and speech leaking innocence shoving bullets into bellies and elbows into faces I've never been able to wrap my head around how any lips can lift to the blood melody of lead shattering ribs of the helpless it's not the truth behind my words not the force. Oh sorry. The truth behind my words not the force of them that makes ft sweat in the backs of next glisten averted eyes. Pray I choose to change the subject but sparing feelings has proven to be quite heavy lately and I haven't mustered any fucks to lift it. We have let the literate get too comfortable warming their hands next to their ignorance sipping hot mugs of their own bitter bullshit thank you.

[01:06:00] Matt and Erin an angel.

[01:06:03] That's going to be 2 o'clock at the Cornish Playhouse on set. Yeah. You speaks right before and then rings. Thanks I plan yeah. Make an afternoon of it all right. So next up I would like to

welcome Whitbread or Danny charade with his writers Alex Newsome and Theo Hadley of Nathan Hale High School. High school can be an intimidating place

[01:06:42] When you're teaching poetry there. Before 11:00 a.m.

[01:06:52] And most of the freshmen you're teaching are taller than you. Alex however had this way of making me feel at home right off the bat. One of Alex's great gifts is turning potential energy into kinetic energy when a class dialogue on metaphors seem to be drawing to a somewhat anticlimactic close Alex's hand which shoot up and then kick the conversation into a whole new gear by synthesizing everything that had already been set into a brand new thrilling point in the entire room would paradigm shift together. I saw Alex get after people for being cynical and for not trying more than once and not only for this reason do I think Alex will be a future poor poet laureate of at least Seattle but also I hope a future teacher of our youth. Alex is a warrior of the imagination. Watch now how each of the words in Alex's poem wheels draws the bow string back further gathering potential energy until the line ends and the arrow is released shooting into the next brilliant Cosmo's and worrying us joyously along.

[01:08:12] This is called wheels the wheels of your Soul Spin as does the earth with those mighty green and blue hues those hues that control the Circle of Life which spin as well the water's the float to the ground the waters the fault of the sky a world of no sense contradictions the turning of space the cosmos with those brightly lit far off Sun relatives you spin I spin are stardust can spin there with us and our journey through time we're rebels not linear no line is going to look at us and think same lines are lonely creatures uninteresting no everything says that we should be linear but we don't sit still like an ignored book on a messy desk and a messy room its pages untouched by hands its pages untouched by our eyes no our movement is like a dancing fire waving goodbye to the flyway sparks that kiss the wind the fire she sways with the wind telling a story with the light she brings into the world into the sky. Will spin forever leaving dust behind as we inch closer and closer traveling at the speed of light but never reaching our infinite destination even as our wheels begin to wear from the uneven unpredictable ground below.

[01:09:36] We can't stop spinning. No. The wonders of this world are far too beautiful to miss out on a wheel spin with wings on their backs carrying the weight of the world on their shoulders the future and their eyes and your eyes and our eyes. Those wheels spin they spin with a boom of thunder they spin with the crash of lightning are wheels or ocean waves roaring recalling the mysteries beneath I will spin. They tremble as they near the sunset a Star Ocean with brilliant reds that preach passion oranges. The whisper glory pinks that sing Grace and soft light purples that don't speak at all. I will spin into this ocean embraced by the warmth of color. I will spin as they do forever. Even time can't withstand our tracks left on Earth's crust teaching our ways of everlasting our wheels greeted by the Knights star freckled sky magic explained only in poetry. Her face is only describable by the words unspeakable the language with the words of tongues can't touch. For her beauty isn't comprehensible. I will spin round around the moon and around again to see our globe to kiss her farewell and to hope we see her again. Those wheel spin

[01:11:08] Theo Hadley after Theo asked if I would like to read a poem she drew it in during a free ride about the apocalypse. I needed to sit down I read the poems first stanza to myself probably four times I somehow finished reading the whole thing through minutes later and after picking up all the parts of me that had fallen on the floor while reading it. I asked Theo if I could take a photo of her poem I guess. She said looking up from a giant book I told her it was so I could show my director the brilliance therein.

[01:11:47] This was kind of a lie. I also showed the poem to my mom

[01:11:55] Who is a total rock star and who loved it. It is humbling to meet someone half your age who writes better than you do. It is an honor to get to now say that I've introduced Theo Hadley to an audience once in my life. Theo's writing is such a big deal the world really is her oyster now watch her crack it open and show you the stuff of which the world's pearls and perhaps also time are made yes.

[01:12:43] The months will pass you'll keep going back to the lake letting your feet bend with your eyes closed trying to feel the rocks again because we both know you want so badly for this to be a matter of rehabilitation you'll keep wandering through bodies of water because if you stopped it would be Tunis style for a Wednesday but you don't even remember the days of the week anymore do you. Because whatever day it is it will be too far gone.

[01:13:13] You've stopped letting your hands gloss over the days you've stopped counting and you've let red markers become inadequate you will be fully aware of yourself as you become lost on the world you'll remain fixated on people's hands as you forget how to warm yourself up again the edges of your pants will be wet all the time your mother's hands will start shaking the neighbors will start standing in their doorways you won't be riled by this you will stop wearing the combat boots the heavy ones your grandmother wore. You'll start sleeping in your brother's bed at night consoling your body and soul telling yourself you will console your sanity. Tomorrow you'll watch your mother as she sits on the rug and stares at a rocking chair. You don't associate with childhood as you open and close all the doors and cabinets in the house when you've considered that no one ever blatantly told you that you have been tying your shoelaces ineffectively since second grade you will pull out the book of maps that you can't read effectively you will go through the montage again but this time lying on your back

[01:14:59] Thank you.

[01:15:00] Danny Alex and Theo and I just want to add that their residency was so fresh and did like a week ago that Alex and Theo's poems are included as an insert in the checkbook and so last but certainly not least.

[01:15:18] Please welcome writer Nikita Oliver and her writers Alexandra Evans Washington Middle School as well as Nia Thomas Thomas and Zoey sanctions on Franklin High School. Well I feel a little nervous after all those writer intros. Especially after Danny charade just like Grand Slam champion us

[01:15:49] Y'all have no idea what I'm talking about.

[01:15:50] That's fine teaching youth to write is the greatest privilege that I have because every class I am inspired and reminded what it means to have that flash of inspiration when you can't help but put your pen to paper. When I interviewed with writers in the schools I told them to put me anywhere but middle schoolers and as the universe would have it. I teach sixth and eighth graders at Washington Middle School. And they're not taller than me yet. And what I found is I am the most popular middle schooler in 2017 even if in nineteen ninety something I wasn't.

[01:16:37] I think that's when I was a middle school Alexandra Evans is an incredible writer. She keeps to herself keeps her head down and her eyes deep in the paper. I remember the day when she raised her hand to share her poem in front of the class for the first time she made her way shyly to the front of the room refused to lift her eyes above the paper. But as we convinced her to bring the paper low enough for us to see her face she began to speak. Her teacher Ms Lough and I were not simply impressed but we were brought to tears and when she finished we swallowed a fistful from that gut punch she had just given us. If you all would give a very warm welcome to Alexandria Evans also known as our

[01:17:35] Name. The name of my poem is called shout out shout out to my aunt for breaking down the walls of medications pills and potions filled her systems. But she's free. She is overcome free from the locked up days and weekends she had to take out of her life just to say how can you cure me. Free from the waiting rooms checkups pressuring doctors telling her we can cure you while turning their backs looking at each other and whispering What can we do. Waking up finding the hair that she's kept healthy laying lifeless on her pillow her nails changing color as she's going through the motions trying to find her way to fight this off at home explaining to the family this groundbreaking news as they sit on the couch in the sofas in blues asking God why why did this have to happen to you.

[01:18:42] And as we all need a little balance I also get the immense pleasure of teaching at Franklin High School. Spending time with these incredible 11th graders every Thursday and we're actually not done with our residency yet either so these young folks are really pushing their their way ahead despite the fact we have one more one more class left. Franklin High School is like going home to family. I taught freshmen there so walking through the high the hallways it's always high missed Nikita are you in our class today Miss Nikita and I make my way into Miss Gaffney's class and there is always this flexible chaos going the kind that only 11th graders can bring and this governor allows us to have these incredible fluid conversations where we get to talk about very tough issues everything from what is the latest drama in the school. And I'm telling you Twitter has a lot of drama all the way to the most important social issues that we're facing in our society today. Nia

[01:19:47] Nayar my students know I'm a mess. What's knows I'm a mess.

[01:19:54] I sit quietly in class though I've been told she does not sit quietly at any other time during the day writing and writing and writing and I open her folder and there is a breathtaking cascade of

honesty. She is incredible truthful writer who shares what she knows unapologetically and has no problem clapping back at her classmates when it requires

[01:20:25] My poems called guys hear me all right. My poem is called I Know Now I know now. Now I know now as a matter of fact scratch that

[01:20:36] I've been new I've been knew that she had a sensitive side I know that her insides are soft like marshmallows you back down on them and they melt so lovely on your tongue. Sure she remembers watching touchy feely movies and trying to hold in her tears trying to hide the fact that yes she does have feelings. And yes she is just like the other 8 billion people on this earth. She knows she now knows that there is no reason for her to hide behind this invisible shield or wall she's had. Now she can't let go.

[01:21:04] Now she is free so there's always one student who knows how to write exactly what every student in your class really wants to say Zusman is the sort of writer that is willing to be vulnerable in a way that I rarely see 11th grade young men.

[01:21:32] Be willing to do in front of their classmates. He exemplifies courage and is always willing to share. He knows how to talk about matters of the heart and really knows how to open his all up to the matters of truly tender hearts and help us be willing to share our whole selves.

[01:21:50] Give it up physician last words since the day you start a new chapter within in me.

[01:22:03] A member will always appear in the sky because whenever I looked up I saw you in the reflection. It will rain darkness but the sun always Bloom brighter. But when does the next chapter I realized it will only rain darkness. I realized the next chapter was without you. I lost you. I lost my smile. I lost my happiness I lost my everything.

[01:22:21] The chapter of me in you was burned. Everything was burned. Every day I'll be living in darkness within my rib cage trying to find my heart. The other half of me lost weight in myself shattered by your game broken by your hand bleeding the hate within me because the love for you still chained inside of me still so dark so try to cry new view I just don't know what to do. I want to believe as a game I just want you back. I can't start to believe the pain. I just want to know the truth. I thought you'd be again I just want to hold you. Instead you became my. I just don't want to see you. I just don't know anymore.

[01:22:56] Sometimes I just want the truth. I never understood why you left me.

[01:23:02] I don't even know if I did anything wrong left with these memories you got my head bleeding heart aching and whenever I looked back I can never hate you for saving me. I only love you. Tell you I need you and always want you knowing you never come back to me.

[01:23:16] I've been told to move on but how's that possible when I'm still in the year of 2016. The day told me you wanted to take memory photos but then you disappear without leaving me and seem like you always do. Now when I do look back I only thank you for all the things you've taught me. I'll be happy now you're doing well because I'm still bleeding so waiting for you to come back. These are my last words for the one I hope I can stop loving. I don't think I'll forget you because I really loved you and you just left me. Thank you though for my formal goodbye and I forgot to inform you. These are my last words. I never got to say to you

[01:23:56] As thank you Nikita. Alexandria Maya and Zusman and can we just give it up real quick for all the young writers again.

[01:24:17] Again my heart is full and whenever there's you know bad or overwhelming things in the ether like I think I'm going to think back to today just feel like you know we're going to be OK.

[01:24:31] We have some there's good reason for hope.

[01:24:36] Thank you so much everyone. The student readers and wits writers.

[01:24:41] All right we're gonna go out corny and just just take about because really you deserve it. OK.

[01:24:55] Awesome. Thank you all so much for coming tonight.

[01:25:03] This podcast was presented by the Seattle Public Library and Foundation and made possible by your contributions to the Seattle Public Library Foundation. Thanks for listening.