

Tillamook Flood 1996

by Maddy Brown-Clark

The flood waters are rising again
 An overflow of winter rain
 Once there were days
 When the water rushed
 Into the old supermarket
 And left a swamp
 Of submerged and ruined groceries
 As a lake formed
 In the parking lot
 The waters covered the highway
 As the locals traveled
 By boat in the downpour
 And journeyed into town
 Or the cars would
 Just float away
 Carried by the current
 Of a new highway waterway
 And from the still water of the slough
 The travelers rocked by the
 Wilson River overflow
 But didn't get washed away
 So when the water subsided
 We cleaned up after the damage left behind
 And longed for a better winter
 Next time.

Inside Written Out

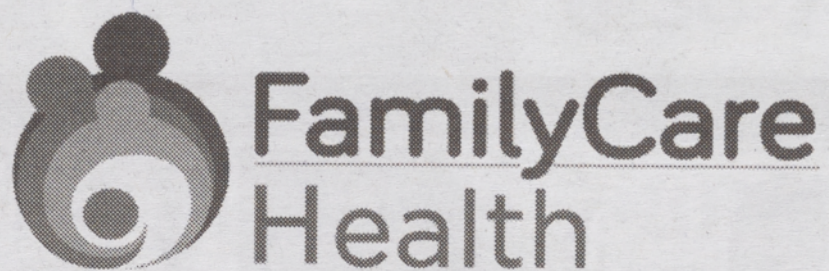
by Michone Nettles

Writing takes me inward to bring things outward.
 It's a way of bringing the things inside out and on paper
 as a poem a story or just a mix of words
 that collaborate with each other, or not.
 It's a thing that I recently found out that I like to do,
 a play with words, a mix-match.
 The sky is the limit when it comes from the heart.
 It's also a bit difficult not to say or repeat
 the same things over and over again.
 A sentence or a word, it's a great form
 of expression or communication to self or others
 mixing words that bounce off each other
 sometimes not making any sense,
 but reflecting an idea or place inside the heart or soul.

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