

Bountiful Burien

*Raúl Sánchez December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2018*

Wholesome winds blow across the Salish Sea,  
the city stands unsullied, while anxious waves  
crash against the rocks untamed shore  
as seen from Poet's Nest.

The Lushootseed people knew their natural treasures,  
revered and protected the old-growth forest and their  
hunting grounds. Along the Duwamish, tended  
cranberry bogs in the riparian waters.

Nestled in briny air, old trails and winding roads  
spread this city from the magnificent valley  
Michael Kelly viewed,  
Sunnydale still its name.

Jacob Ambaum hacked the early roads in 1909,  
now First Avenue cuts through the city  
north to south, like an arrow in flight.  
West of the Boulevard, there is a glacial spring

that feeds Burien Lake, pristine—  
beyond the shadow of the Needle, glass towers,  
loading cranes and jungle to the north  
where ferries cruise from Vashon to the mainland.

Olde Burien shows vestiges of the early days  
made old by time, we still adore that rusty,  
rusty old sign for Tin Shop plumbing supplies  
and Hayes Feed Country Store still open for

urban farmers. Ambaum Boulevard,  
a testament between modest and affluent homesteads.  
Winding roads lead to the shore where luxury homes  
watch the sun set across Puget Sound.

In Burien, people speak the language of food  
Thailand's curry, Vietnamese Pho, Oaxacan mole,  
Italian meatballs, Tortas Locas, Australian meat pies,  
Greek lamb and Nepalese Thukpa soup.

“Go ahead Smarty Pants,  
I will see you at 909 for coffee and wine!”

From Three Tree Point to Manhattan  
across Five Corners up to Boulevard Park  
we revel in Duane's Garden patch to watch  
the colors bloom beneath the Flight Path.

From all points, Shorewood, then south to  
Seahurst Park, Burien; this land of dreams,  
watches the world fly in and out.  
Just west of ninety nine, Burien's indelible

history shines like sunlight through  
the center of Helios Pavilion, it's green spears  
point to Tahoma and The Mother of Waters  
waits, while the clouds evaporate.

Seola beach gushes with light, and Seahurst Park  
a destination at the very end of Shorewood Drive.  
Burien is a place of destiny—  
awaiting all with open arms.