Woodinville Is:
By Kathryn Lampe

The café where the same nice bottled redhead woman takes your order no matter when you’re there
And everyone orders M&M’s hot chocolate;
The wineries where all the suburban moms go to forget their nagging kids and husbands
Only to find their kids working there;
The salmon statue that used to be decorated by teenagers for the holidays
But one day stopped, considered vandalism of a precious monument;
The rain, the trees, the hills, just like most of western Washington, taking up everything
But Woodinville-Duvall Road is set just right to see the Cascades one way, the Olympics the other;
The yellow hot air balloons with a rainbow stripe exploring the sky
As my dad shouts from the backyard, hoping to catch the attention of those temporary birds;
The man-made lake where only middle school kids dare to swim in, slimy and algae infested
Yet surrounding by beachside houses offer scenic views and non-invasive water acts such as rowing;
The Safeway, where it’s been “scientifically proven,” according to my little brother
That you’ll always see someone you know;
The altogether ordinary yet subtly unique something-between-a-small-town-and-a-small-city place
That is and always will be home.