

“The SF Flyway Festival:
A Sonnet”
by Georgette Howington

Juan held the big field glasses,
his child peered through them;
“Whimbrels”, pointing as they passed.
She tip-toed to see the gems.

He brought her to Flyway Festival,
every year since she could walk;
fun, exciting and alive as a carnival.
He taught “migration” when she could talk.

Tables on display about the birds,
artists showed their handmade wares;
auction, games, families took time to learn.
The Pacific Flyway needs our prayers.

With Climate Change the future is uncertain,
Juan sees his daughter through hopeful revelation.



“Mare Island Chaos”
by Susan Street