“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.