



Tri Color Heron 2 (Birding By Bluetooth)

To escape the virus we jumped in the car,
We needed to drive to somewhere far,
Our friends drove their to car avoid our backseat
And we head off to East Bay for a no-virus treat.

The day is windy, and the sky is blue,
Our journey today too good to be true
We enter the ranch and drive down the road
And feel our worries begin to unload.

A key part of birdwatching is communicating,
With each having a part at facilitating,
To look to the right place in the green colored grasses
Before the bird spooks and the good chance passes.

So what does the group do to respond
To find a way to discuss the pond
And find the tri-colored that are well hidden
Without standing too near for that is forbidden?

Creativity comes when required by circumstance
So, our communications we need to enhance
We dial up each and forsooth
We hear our voices with the use of Bluetooth.

We talk with great energy about the neat bird
Of the purple and white we hear every word,
There's one at the far end and one on the right
The purple against green makes a wonderful sight.

At the end the tri-colored bid us adieu
Our day a success, a triumph, a coup,
For birding by Bluetooth is the ticket,
And you tell the virus to simply stick it.



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Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
 Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman

Tri-Colored Heron

Paddling my kayak on Christmas Bay,
Quietly nosing around the spoil bank
Lined with Spartina and saltwort,
The sand and oyster shell and cedars
Holding the fast land together,
At least for a while longer.

A movement catches my eye,
The head only slightly visible,
Moving just above the grass top,
Snakelike, dancing above the green,
Trying to keep an eye on me,
Watching for my next move
Which brings me closer,
The maroon and yellow-striped periscope
Rotating its eye to fix on me.

Caught in the glare of the tri-colored,
I back away slowly,
Respectful of the rookery
That I have paddled into,
A private bird place,
A place for courting and mating
And raising the young,
A secure place, free from coons
And coyotes and people.

From a distance a community
Becomes revealed to me,
Twenty or so herons sitting together,
Patiently waiting for the next generation
To come from within the egg,

Twenty new chances at life
Waiting to erupt, to become alive.

This is the fun of kayaking –
To stumble upon a natural scene
Without causing massive fear and flight,
To float on inches-deep water
As if on air,
Gliding with your own propulsion,
Free from fossil fuels,
Free from noise,
Free to enjoy nature as it is –
Free.