

Writing for the season

Local writers share spring poems

In celebration of spring, poets from around the region shared some of their work. Many of these poems celebrate nature and life on the North Coast. Others focus on difficult situations the writers have experienced. All provide a small glimpse of spring along the coast.

Rippet Road

By Reba Owen, of Warrenton

Rippet Road runs through a boggy pasture. It was named by numerous frogs who lived and sang along its swampy edges in the spring.

Did the frogs think such a name would warn
off pickups from spraying sheets of gravel
on their smooth green heads?
Or did the croakers believe that children
would be encouraged
to murmur over and over a similar sound
that frog
themselves invented?
The county did not want to have amphibians
naming roads;
but the web-footed ones hired an attorney
and prevailed, in court, over the Commissioner's
proposed
"Clatsop Boulevard."

Because Spring is Here

By James A. Tweedie, of Long Beach, Washington

Because spring is here
My forehead starts furrowing;
Because every year,
The moles begin burrowing.
How quickly they make piles of dirt on my lawn.
Without intervention my lawn would be gone.

So, hail and farewell my petite furry friend;
With pellets of castor your feasting will end.

The smell of the castor will leave you disgusted,
I've caught you, I've got you, so beat it,
you're busted.
So, leave me alone; go away and keep going.

It's spring, and with crocus and daffodils showing
My lawn's turning green as the grass begins growing
Which means that, too soon, I will have to start mowing.

HAIKU SPRING TRIPLET

By Jan Bono, of Long Beach, Washington

Microcosmic small
dots of fresh baby green leaves
resurrect our hope
Mature foliage
will follow, as chlorophyll
surges through branches
Deciduous trees
awaken, restoring faith
in a forest form

Spring Love

By Qin Shi Lian, of Astoria

Hearts flutter to love
Vibrational songs sang
Look, the signs of Spring are here
Yellow daffodils whispers love
Here and there
Synchronicity of the earthly souls
Nature's music soothes souls
Pink lilies and roses
Tuned frequency with love blossoms

Echoes Of The Wind

By Qin Shi Lian, of Astoria

Echoes of wind
Windy parade alley
Love birds gathering, it is Spring
Echoes of wind
Nature song beckons
Come closer it's time
Echoes of wind
Rumbling, wailing, swirling romance
Calming earth's heart
Echoes of wind
Rumbling, wailing, swirling romance
Calming earth's heart
Echoes of wind
High tides, low tides surging energies
Non-stop
Echoes of the wind
Bringing joy to the soul
Like a burning fire, raging hot

Water Spring

By Qin Shi Lian, of Astoria

Water spring, rain drops cease to end
Coastal views, chinook winds to come
Earth, all in rapture of nature's love song
Wet and moist
Fire heat, spring love no resistance
Water spring of love
Wind, bellows and roar
Romance of the souls
Unite in secret pleasures

Naselle Dusk

By Sarah Johnson, of Naselle, Washington

Stand by me a minute, you won't get cold
And it's almost dark anyways,
And see the night drop, slate and blue.
Listen; do you hear the strong bird calling
Loudly to another, from one alder
To the other, from black branches in the dusk,
"I loved you all the noisy day
But I could not say it."
Now is the time for speaking,
Now is the time to sing the dark in,
And ask the bent moon: "Why are you
Emaciated, on this joyous hour?"
But oh, how bright and true its curve
Bright as the frogs' song, true as the

meniscus
Of a moment brim-full.—Stand by me a minute,
See the night come lovingly,
Thrust its great arms between the trees.

Soon It'll Spring

By Grant Carleton, of Seaside

Soon the morning birds will salute—
Their rising cadences will ring—
Soon the green will be absolute;
Soon it'll spring!
Soon the washing waves will warm—
Such that sandals will seem inviting—
Soon the sun will calm the storm;
Soon it'll spring!
Soon the day will usurp the night—
A sunny outlook it will bring—
Soon dawn and dusk will extend their light;
Soon it'll spring!
Soon the throngs of life will return—
Oh, how my heart will sing—
Soon the ice will melt and the sun will burn;
Soon it'll spring!
Soon the seedlings will take root to grow—
As buds will soon be blossoming—
Soon everything's fresh nature will show;
Soon it'll spring!

Recharge My Heart

By Grant Carleton, of Seaside

Sunbeams showering hopeful warmth,
Gray days pierced by shimmering rainbow forms,
Old Man Winter dies as Baby Spring gets to start,
All these things recharge my heart.
Swirling eddies collect cherry blossom petals,
Fitful skies change mind from blissful blue to deadly gunmetal,
Searing winds become gentle again as Resilience does its part,
And this energy does recharge my heart.
The cycles turn as the waves return and churn,

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