

January 1

A mission for me,  
Despite the beckoning nest  
encompassing me,  
The avian siren's call  
is an irresistible pull.

First steps upon graveled paths enclosed  
within the bay and the pond  
distract with podiatric pokes,  
soles frowning in their receipt.  
Slate, granite, sandstone cumulonimbus  
Ride their surf in playful teasing  
of the Sun-god,  
in a game of hide and seek.  
When he wins and disappears from sight,  
the chill they carry  
sneaks under the cuff of my glove,  
the slit between hat, scarf, collar.  
Shudders urge me onward to  
Witness this new migration  
And then retreat once more to  
the next "ahh" in my nest.

Ahead, a neon orange beacon  
perched atop weathered paths of their own  
etched into a warm, pensive smile  
Alights on my retina and  
surges into my own weathered paths.

"Hello! Happy New Year!  
What brings you here?"

"The snow geese. Every New Year's Day.  
But they're not here.  
Not cold enough."

After a quick selfie in affirmation,  
"See you Wednesday in the park."

No longer beckoned by the warmth of home.  
Warm fuzzies of delight in tow from  
a chance encounter  
This New Year's Day  
lead me on to  
the ruddy ducks, brants, coots, mergansers  
and  
buffleheads  
Awaiting amid Canada goose restlessness  
and remnants of his rays upon glowing gulls  
dozing on the pond's gentle current.

The Sun-god won the game,  
relaxing into his hiding place  
for the rest of this day  
Leaving me behind to shiver  
in the raw atmosphere once again.

So, it's time.  
The siren's call fully satisfied.  
A tasty clementine  
and then the  
Woodhaven drive home.  
Olivia's 'GUTS' will keep me company  
for a bit  
Until, once again, I'm nestled within  
the comfort of my encompassing nest

From Susan Ceely Philips

Another Life for the Life of the Evergreen

There's delight in the heavenly scent of an  
evergreen,  
Nurtured through rain, wind, sun  
toward her time of sacrifice.  
A death to honor a Birth,  
A heart song selection bedecked  
in dazzling decor,  
cherished memorials.  
Her sacrifice  
to enliven  
to enchant.  
Herself the gift.

The heavenly scent radiates  
while towering,  
standing upright and tall,  
Fingers pointing skyward  
In a dramatic pose  
she shows off in the nearby window,  
"TaDa!  
Here I am in all my glory!"

But, now, no longer.  
Weakened and worn,  
Lacking in her Mother's sustenance,  
tendrils tumbling,  
snagged by a carpeted grip.  
Not so *evergreen*.  
Edging toward *somewhat*.  
Wilting into her own  
season of Autumn,  
Unceremoniously toppled into  
an awkward recline  
With no comforting comforter provided.  
Her Dignity becomes another sacrifice,  
As she is herded into a pen,  
With many of her brethren,  
Gathered together to complete (or begin?)  
Their *raison d'être*.  
Divided into the parts  
of the sum of the whole,  
by machinery and shoving hands  
Toward and onto the ultimate sacrifice.

For me, the witness  
To her final offering  
And participating in  
The spreading of her wings, bones,  
Her heart  
To nurture a path, her trail,  
A caressing blanket underfoot,  
A return to the Earth from whence she came,  
While we are surrounded,  
as long as she has any left to share,  
By her heavenly scent,  
To delight to her final bow.

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