

Listen!

I think I will do nothing for a long time but
listen,
And accrue what I hear unto myself....and let
sounds contribute toward me.



I hear bravuras of birds....

Walt Whitman



The Oven Bird

There is a singer everyone has heard,
Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,
Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.
He says that leaves are old and that for flowers
Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.
He says the early petal-fall is past
When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers
On sunny days a moment overcast;
And comes that other fall we name the fall.
He says the highway dust is over all.
The bird would cease and be as other birds
But that he knows in singing not to sing.
The question that he frames in all but words
Is what to make of a diminished thing.

Robert Frost

What does it mean?



Description

Seven birds in a tree,
looking
In every direction

The birds
surprise me
On all sides

Jack Kerouac

Metaphor

The first long shadows in the fields
Are like mortal difficulty.
The first birdsong is not like that at all.

Robert Hass

Description

Cranes bugle their way south
above the moon in bare branches.
Sparrows chatter domestically
in the house yard spruce,
settling into evening's chill.
Sun writes down the day
with long shadows -
and still
the intense pink geraniums.

JM Elliott

Metaphor

THE POET READS EXCERPTS FROM HIS FIRST SIX BOOKS OF POETRY

hands outstretched above the podium,
stentorian mouth agape--

the house sparrow, too, thinks himself a fine singer--
schleep, _schleep_, _schleep_

Tom Gannon

Forms

- haiku
- cinquain
- quatrain
- acrostic or alphabet poems – first letters
- free verse
- metered verse
- ode
- sonnet

Shape

How

small birds flit
from bough
to bough to bough

toboughtoboughtobough

Gary Snyder

Why Does It Matter?

Before we move from recklessness to responsibility, from selfishness to a decent happiness, we must want to save our world. And in order to want to save our world we must learn to love it – and in order to love it we must become familiar with it again. That is where my work begins, and why I keep walking, and looking.

Mary Oliver



Be Like the Bird

Be like the bird, who
Halting in his flight
On limb too slight
Feels it give way beneath him,
Yet sings
Knowing he hath wings

Victor Hugo

References

Power Point

More Poems

and other information can be found at

www.upstreaminterp.com



Thank You

The Forest Preserve District of Cook County
**LIVE HEALTHY,
DISCOVER
NATURE**

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