

# This Acrobatic Woodpecker Features a Pop of Pink

## *Meet Lewis's Woodpecker*

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Throughout my time as Audubon Southwest's policy fellow, I have been inspired by the beauty of birds and the importance of them as indicator species in our environment. My passion for birds came to me abruptly but allowed me to level my bustling life of curriculum and [water conservation initiatives](#) as an undergraduate student at Arizona State. Inspired by Lewis's Woodpecker, this poem details my connectivity with nature and symbolizes the tranquility and security birds bring to us.



*Lewis's Woodpecker. Photo: Mick Thompson*

Winter has limited the sun  
In a state that holds her name  
Now feeling abnormal in my daily activities past noon  
Easily rolling in the comfort of a digital life

Finding friendships near the most unusual times  
Delight in uncapped land, kept tidy by an urban machine

Pleased by unexpected breezes, when one had stacked on too many layers  
Never having stayed still long enough to consider the "when's" and "whys" of a rainstorm in June  
Only that my potted joys were stopped from nearing their tombs

My eyes aim at the cracks in the sidewalk  
They are out to trip me!  
A tale I swear by  
Following the creases in my shoes  
    Heel to toe  
    Heel to toe  
    Heel to toe

In confidence, I looked up at the branches  
At fault for fracturing the sky  
Color had left the chalk lining of playground games

It was an unusual call, between the vertical grooves  
The brown, sometimes green bark shoots  
A visual in apparent in area code  
A sign of my Southwestern home  
Waving out windows of moving cars, to greet the green giants  
Spread across mountain yards

Are his pinks and blues of a winter gloom?  
When the sun began to rest before dinner is set  
Occupying my tiring eyes with rays' silent "goodnight."  
Pulsing the ribbons of light

There is nothing more odd  
Then a chirp that had been rushing to meet you  
Enchanted by their wild way of soaring and unexpected perch on the fence wire

Unlearning to be consumed by the trance of blue light  
Artificial in taste and nature

Mimicking the motion of the life  
Of an uncaged flycatcher