

World Poetry Day 2023



The Marshes

Long legs with ancient feet splay atop the mud,
Slender bills forage along the freshwater's edge,
A static vista of wing bars erupts as the skittish retreat,
And the marshes come to life.

Soft notes carry on the biting harbour breeze,
Between winter branches opportunists flit,
Seasonal berries a plentiful bounty amongst the morning frost,
And the marshes come to life.

Golden skeins break the bright morning horizon,
A cacophony of discordant calls signal their clockwork arrival,
The cold grazing marsh transitioned into a spectacle,
And the marshes come to life.

— Matt Rohner

The Tides of Change

The waves crash against the shore
As we fly over the coast once more
Surveying the marine wildlife we see
In this ever-changing, dynamic sea

The tides of change are upon us now
Our world is shifting, we must allow
The beauty of nature to guide our way
As we strive to protect it every day

The responsibility lies upon us,
To take decisive action without fuss,
To safeguard these creatures, teach and lead,
Towards a path that preserves their need.

We study the impacts, we assess the risk
We gather the data, we must be brisk
We collaborate with communities, we listen and learn
To find solutions that are fair and firm

We build resilience, we adapt and evolve
To protect the ecosystem, we all too love
We work together, we stand side by side
To ensure our oceans can thrive and survive

So, let's embrace the tides of change
And work together to rearrange
Our ways of living, our ways of being
To protect our oceans, to remain evergreen.

— Anonymous

There once was a team from Manchester
Whose ambition was to never fester
From Cambridge and Oxford,
Letchworth, Cardiff and onward
to Edinburgh, Southampton and Chester.

With further expansion in mind though,
After Florida, Cork there came Sligo
at first there seemed no way
But we opened in Galway
Then Buckfastleigh - Devon and Glasgow

We're winning some work in Australia
So I think that I ought to warn ya,
The pace isn't slowing
We're focused on growing
Up next could be North Carolina?

It's true that we started out local
And our growth up to now has been noble
From the humblest of starts
We're topping the charts
And taking the APEM group global

— **Anonymous**

There once was a lady called Jade
Who walked to a distant green glade
Only to find
It was full of the kind
Of litter that's foul, and man-made
So she cleaned up the trash left by folk on the lash
Was paid well for her toil and then with the cash
Planted seeds in the soil
Which will flower with such joy
That the bees and the birds
Can once more enjoy
This amazing, wild, gorgeous green glade

— Tamasine Thompson

Coo

Golden locks, horned tops
The humble beast of the land
Forever grazes

— George Charalambides

Limerick

There was a young lady called Leah
Whose car needed petrol to get near
The destination of Cork
Where she was heading for work
So she needed to keep changing gear

— Dr Adrian Williams
(Inspired by and written in Limerick)

Business Support

So many may ask, what is Business Support?

We always try to gain a good rapport

In need of a Train, Don't Wreck your Brain,

Give us a shout, We'll keep it plain.

Finding a hotel in the middle of nowhere,

It's what we do, so don't despair.

Need some help, E-mail your request,

Leave it with us, We'll do our best.

Always here come Sun Rain or Snow

While APEM Group continues to Grow!!

— Jen Wright

There once was a young AST,
Who flew all the way to Dundee,
They stopped on the way,
To take snaps of the bay,
But arrived just in time for high tea.

— Anonymous

In the middle of the field where the crop grows tall,
There you'll find a blackbird pecking at the yield,
You'll also find a field mouse, hiding in the wheat,
Waiting to steal the harvest the farmers left to eat

— Eloisia Wild

The light invaded, breaking the darkness
The world stopped spinning, returning the calmness
The air poured in, relieving the pressure
The sense of relief was easy to measure.

— Tom Gibson

The Journey

The water was dark, but something was sparkling below;

In the depths of the swirling pool faint shapes slipped effortlessly through the space between shadow and light;

She lay in the depths looking up to a height, the first rays of sun signalled the end of the night;

It had been a long journey, but she had finally arrived, her heart skipped a beat as her view finally came into sight;

Her energy revived, her tail gave a thrash and she shot t'wards the weir with barely a splash;

With a flash of silver she leapt from the pool, ascending the weir to continue her dual;

Piercing the water like Artemis' arrow, she entered the unknown of Scylla and Charybdis' narrow;

Through rapids and rocks, she swam with great speed, never faltering in her determined creed;

Her muscles ached and her gills burned with fire, yet she pushed on, her will never to tire;

A shadow appeared and on a second look, out from the shadow came a fly and a hook;

With no temptation to feed she gathered her speed, with each corner she round, she finally reached the spawning ground;

Instinctually driven by ancestral need, the long bound destination of her perilous migration, twas now close to its end;

The redd was dug with a tartan romance, and her eggs laid, in with a chance;

Now it was time for her to relax, oh what an anticlimax! Her eggs they hatched to become fry, then parr, it was their time to travel far;

The waters were changing, the sweet salt sensation stinging her eyes, alas she had reached her destination, the open ocean was her prize.

— The APEM fish team

There was a young grad at Apem,
Who caused absolute mayhem,
He went out at night,
Gave the birds a fright,
When he should have done remote sensing.

— Anonymous

My Team

From a born and bred Mancunian,
To a proud Geordie.
A woman who loves her dogs,
Like the royals love a Corgi.
A man who travels across the world and brings back tales of India,
And a woman who gives me dating advice when we are standing in a river.
A man who supports me when I take the next step,
And has a heart almost as big as his biceps!
A man with a young family and is such a great teacher,
And another who's curly hair is almost as cool as his skills with a flow metre.
This is my team,
Gold, I have struck!
But know that I will never love you more,
Than I love my truck.

— Jack Everist

Phytoplankton

A kaleidoscope of tiny cells suspended and carried by turbulent tides.

Slowly sinking, floating up then gliding down.

Capturing the sunlight near the surface before plunging into the dark murky depths below.

Powerless in the turmoil of the sea.

Carried up again to be greeted by the warmth and light.

Basking in the stillness.

Rising and falling with every ebb and flow and the forever changing currents.

Now whisked off again with the curve of a rolling wave,

leaving the frothy ocean spray behind as they disappear into darkness once more.

— Louise Parker

After a long day I go,
To the fields down below,
And bask in the fading light of day.

After Imbolc comes the spring,
And to the skies it will bring,
New song and clear blue come May.

In a sweet spring daze,
A robin and I gaze,
On the farmer as she earns her keep.

In the shade of the lime,
I doze away the time,
While the robin sings me to sleep.

— Amelia Kirk

I'm new to APEM in Hydroecology

Learning some Data Science and modelling ecology

Maps and Data Management make me smile

Need help with GIS, Maps or metadata give me dial 😊

I am based in the Southampton office with a fabulous crew

Sarah, Elisa, Courtney and Matt to name a few

Birds, social media campaigns, kayaks, football, and cats,

The Southampton office is best I can tell you that 😊

— Gemma Gubbins

Salmo

Salmo trutta

Sure can cut a
Suave and supple dash.
He makes a bound,
Flicks round and round,
Descending with a splash.
Lough Carra's deep,
Where vile things creep
Is Salmo's stomping ground,
And yet, by gum,
When rodmen come
No trace of him is found.
Boatmen, anglers,
Bowline tanglers
Seek him low and high;
Concealed he stays,
A twinkle plays
Upon his lidless eye.

— Anonymous

Ripples in the Quays
Water dyed unnatural blue
Branches hauled from the depths

— Anonymous

(Inspired by fieldwork at Salford Quays, putting blue dye into the water (to combat the growth of algae), and removing spawning bundles (tree branches cable tied together)

Yellow is a ball,
that bounces high
Yellow is a sunflower,
that touches the sky
Yellow is a sweet,
that tastes like lemon
Yellow is a sun,
that blazes in the sky
Yellow is corn,
that grows in a field
Yellow is paint
that makes your walls gleam
I like yellow
It makes me feel bright

— Anonymous

Ode to a Stockport Field Scientist

The week dawned early. Bright blue sky on the phone screen bodes well, but what about the water level? Would the inevitable weekend rain have turned the river into a torrent of cold tea with milk? We have an app and a webcam to check those things these days. Kettle on.

The ice bites back at the scraper and the windscreen shavings sting the back of the hand. Glad it's a river job - the Quays probably has a lid on. No app for that - only the wisdom gleaned from wasted journeys. Maybe you can see ducks skating on line? Or just a frosty lens.

Need to get on the road - still might get 3 sites in today if we beat the worst of the rush hour. Should beat the school run anyway. Forecast is iffy from midweek, so best if we can crack on. Break the back of it. Hope the digs are OK? Hope they're doing food?

Heater and blower on "Max" peels away the inside mist from the trusty Hi Lux. I can go anywhere in this machine - well - almost. There was that one time - hmm. Need to be patient 'til it fully clears though - safety first. I'll turn it right down once we're mobile. I've got layers.

Might be needing the comfort from within the thermos today. Mind you - soon be warm after humping the kit, clammy even. It's a tricky balance. Talking of comfort - better have another visit. The sound of a dry suit zip closing is surely the best diuretic known to man.

The disembowelled voice from the dash dispels the last vestiges of optimism - accident - M6 southbound, junction 18 Middlewich - again. Why always 18? A50 will be chokka as well by now. I hate Middlewich. I've never even been to bloody Middlewich! Switch to Plan D.

— Anonymous

Haiku

Conservationists
go here and there on their bikes:
they love recycling

— Carolyn Everett