

## CITY OF PORTSMOUTH



# UPDATE from the City Manager for Sunday, October 18, 2020

**Portsmouth Mask Ordinance now in effect. Do your part. Wear a mask.**

**Deaths to date from COVID-19: US: 219,679.**

**NH: 466. Rockingham County: 105.**

**Cumulative cases: US: 8,192,774.**

**Cumulative cases in NH: 9,625. Rockingham County: 2,380. Portsmouth: 124.**

**Current cases in NH: 692. Rockingham County: 111. In Portsmouth: 22.**

**For the complete, NH Department of Health & Human Services dashboard**

<http://www.nh.gov/covid19>

Click here for the entire Advisory collection of poems by Portsmouth Poet Laureate Tammi Truax.

<https://www.cityofportsmouth.com/city-manager/portsmouth-poet-laureate>

*An ekphrastic poem is one written in response to another work of art. This is one of those, but moreso a tribute to the teacher and sculptor Cabot Lyford. The italicized words are his, spoken to me not long before his death at the age of ninety.*

<https://www.seacoastonline.com/article/20150102/ENTERTAINMENTLIFE/150109978>

*He graced this city with four sculptures, all siblings carved from pieces of the same block of black granite quarried in North Berwick, Maine. This one is on Four Tree Island, the whale ("Fisherman's Luck") is in Prescott Park, "Black Dolphin" in Albacore Park and "Eagle."*

### **My Mother the Wind**

He loved her and made her of love.  
Love, admiration, and compassion.

Chiseled for us by the hardened hands  
of a man who almost lost those hands  
when setting her seven tons in place,  
she may be his masterpiece.

He named her *My Mother the Wind*.  
The baby has no name or a million names.  
Before freeing her from within the block  
of Australian black granite, he thought,

*"... Of the endless number of women  
who have immigrated here,  
people like my grandmother,  
who are never mentioned."*

A peaceful man who'd seen war  
he thought too of women fleeing in fear.  
Some women flee battles abroad,  
some flee wars not so far away.

From Ona on out women have come  
seeking safe harbor at our harbor  
believing that maybe here  
a peace can be found.

Backs doubled over with burdens  
headstrong into harsh winds  
they come to set their babes down  
to safely assimilate.

She is everyone's mother  
and we are her children.

**-- Tammi J Truax**

*Portsmouth Poet Laureate 2019-2021/Maine Beat  
Poet Laureate 2018-2020*