WA Do I Read Next?
Panel brought to you by:
Meet the 2024 WSBA Judges!

Lauren Kessel  Jane López-Santillana  Avery Mead  Jennie Diaz

Marcus Harrison Green  Sarah Jaffa  Valerie McBeth  Alex Yokom
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<th>Panelists:</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Avery Mead</strong></td>
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<td>School Librarian, member of</td>
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<td>the ALA Stonewall Barbara</td>
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<td>Gittings Literature Award</td>
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<td>State Book Award (WSBA)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Stephanie Oakes</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>School Librarian and WSBA</td>
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<td><strong>Sara Peté</strong></td>
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<td>Librarian and Washington</td>
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<td>Center for the Book Director</td>
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<td><strong>Sharma Shields</strong></td>
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<td>Spokane Public Library</td>
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<td>Writing Education Specialist,</td>
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<td>WSBA Winner &amp; Finalist</td>
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<td><strong>Jess Walter</strong></td>
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The Meadows by Stephanie Oakes
Interrogating Travel by Paul Lindholdt
The Yellow Handkerchief by Donna Barba Higuera
Thunder Song: Essays by Sasha taqʷšəblu LaPointe
I Sing the Salmon Home edited by Rena Priest
On the Way to the End of the World by Adrianne Harun
Enter the Body by Joy McCullough
The Story of a Book by Joy McCullough
Project 562 by Matika Wilbur

CHANGING THE WAY WE SEE NATIVE AMERICA
But She Is Also Jane by Laura Read
We Are Not Strangers by Josh Tuininga
Book of Beginnings and Ends by Christopher Howell
out takes/glove box by Maya Jewell Zeller
Star Splitter by Matthew J. Kirby
Mighy Inside by Sundee T. Frazier
Be A Revolution by Ijeoma Oluo
Varied Thrush

(Ixoreus naevius)

Rain Robin, Gyn Whistle Bird, T'ao in Haida, you are so bright, beautiful, and inscrut that you grace the cover of one of Sibley's early field bird guides. Your throat and belly are saffron or burnt orange, and your wings and crown a streaked slate. You're like a banked fire.

"Gyn whistle" best describes your long trill of a song, which is made of multiple tones ringing at once from the membranes of your syrinx. While we have heard you often and wondrous if you were a distant referee at some deep-woods game, and while we know you to be a gorgeously and brightly colored, you're rarely seen.

Insect eater in summer, berry eater in winter; ground-hopper, you inhabit the slim understoreys of Cascadia's forests and make your open-top nests atop lichen-covered logs in the duff. You live fast and furious; the oldest Varied Thrush record was 14 years, nine months old. (Robin, your close relative, usually lives two years; Bald Eagle, around twenty.)

In some areas you stay all year; in others, you move up and down in elevation as the seasons change. Either way, you're more homebody than other thrushes.

Bird-watchers beyond Cascadia should keep an eye out--some odd wanderers show-up in Robin flocks throughout North America during migration. Habitat loss in old-growth forest has decreased your range over the past forty years. Without you, Varied Thrush, Cascadia's woods would be aching, quietly unrecognizable.

JOHN WILSON

Morning

There, again, piercing the chatter of other birds, a long, single whistle, like a referee's whistle stopping play, the bird itself hidden by salal and the shadows of madrona and fir. An arrow of sound shot back to an alpine dawn: sunlight

through treetop turned my hands
blue as the water where I swam until my eyes
opened to the same whistle. Creature that steps
from sight, how do you range from a mountain
down to this sea-level hawking
of crows, the finches gusting?
Again, your pure syllable

taut as a tent line from apex to ground.
Did you see the flap open, watch me crawl
out, snug water to my face,
scratch my chin when glasses
turned a white blob into a gnat
above the path? First-Thing-in-the-Morning,
I have never seen the color of your soft
thrust, but with a wingbeat's ease.
you shuttle me across the distance, pump
thin air into my lungs, turn me
Midnight in the Orchard by the Lake
by Matthew J. Sullivan
Working Boats by Tom Crestodina
Duel by Jessixa Bagley and Aaron Bagley
Your Turn! WA are YOU reading now?