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Loving The Road

I woke at dawn and started north,
From Rockport I departed,
The sun a globe rising in the east,
The road ahead a visual feast.

The wind was blowing hard and cold,
But the sun was bright and gold,
The gulls flapping hard to stay in place,
Exhibiting both persistence and grace.

Crossing the causeway was simply serene,
A more beautiful scene has never been seen,
Brown pelicans riding the wind up and down,
Accompanying me as I'm leaving town.

And then above oaks on Peninsula Lamar,
I saw sandhill cranes that had traveled far,
Crossing the road just above my head,
It's good to have my soul fed.

And then the hawks and kestrels arrived,
Through the fall migration they had survived,
Dark bodies and white breasts with some decoration,
A visual roadside celebration.

And then my shaman bird dropped by,
The caracara just had to say hi,
White wingtips driving my friend up alongside,
He'd come to talk, and I couldn't hide.

"Where have you been and why so long?"

You've not been right – you've been all wrong,
You should have come back to us before now
But I sure am glad you got here somehow.”

I admitted my chagrin with a cagey grin
Saying “Good to see you too my old friend”,
“I've missed the bliss your presence brings
I've missed the song that your wing sings.”

The caracara and I talked for several miles,
It was a great conversation – many smiles,
This bird means so much for me to see,
It helps me know what it means “to be”.

And later I drive on into town,
Seemingly flying, not touching the ground,
A special morning restoring the whole,
Its gift another story to be told.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we celebrate story,
And we'll tell it to you.