



Just A Perfect Day

The day began when we gathered outside,
We had come together to take a ride
To look at the grasslands in coastal South Texas,
Carbon removal and storage was our nexus.

The trilling came from behind the trees,
Sandhill crane conversation carried on the breeze,
The V's emerging in the morning sky,
As good a start as one could buy.

The first stop was native, the grass thigh-high,
The species foreign to my untrained eye,
Cranes all around us and a few ducks and geese,
A place of beauty, a place of peace.

Javelinas like ghosts emerged from the brush,
The cute little fellows quickly got in a rush
To move away from our invasive presence,
Javelinas and scrub-brush, a South Texas essence.

Then a stop for cordgrass, thick and matted,
A difficult terrain known to generate rattles,
La serpiente sitting atop bunched grass,
I promise that sound will freeze your ass.

But today was cold, the wind chill and brisk,
No snakes to avoid, no fear, no risk,
Just a chance to breathe-in a living kingdom,
A place most primitive with natural freedom.

My totem caracara did not disappoint,

A pair nearby from most every viewpoint,
My cup was filled with native ecology,
Experiencing the wilderness, nature in harmony.

Lunch came in a cabin near the cattle pen,
Guisada and frijoles in this ancient den,
Food never tasted quite this wonderful,
And the finishing cookie, oh so beautiful.

On my departure the roadrunner said goodbye,
And the flock of turkey stopped by to say hi,
The green jay's appearance made the day complete,
It was a grassland inquiry that was hard to beat.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here the grass and the critters
Want to meet you.