



FRIGATE BIRD

Frigatebirds on Westheimer 2

The rains have come, and the flood is here,
The worst-case storm again striking fear,
Floodwaters rising into the first floor,
Homes near bayous tranquil no more.

The frigatebirds flew down Westheimer today,
They came from the bay up the Gulf freeway,
This predator bird seeking new feeding grounds,
West Houston no longer being out of bounds

With water from Harvey simply everywhere,
Dreams colliding, falling from the air,
Houston gut shot by tropical rain,
Needing to find a cure for the pain.

Let the frigates on Westheimer be a sign,
We need to come up with a better design
To continue to inhabit this low coastal plain
Where the rains will come again and again.

We need resolve, we need a mentor,
We need to be moved at our spiritual center,
For we must change our way of existence,
Developing our future with brains and persistence.

We are searching for hope, saying a prayer,
Of climate change, we must be more aware,
And search for the place where new ideas reside,
Let the frigates on Westheimer be our guide.

The frigates tell us climate's changing fast,
That the way things were will not last,
That we cannot depend upon the past,
To predict tropical rain or a wintry blast.

We must admit we have much to learn,
Honest questioning must not be met with scorn,
For we're on the edge of a narrow ledge,
To survive will require a spiritual pledge.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here our changing climate
Plumbs the spirit in you.