



The River

Come with me on down to the river,
It's not too far and a real life-giver,
It's not full of water like you might think,
But full of birds with many-colored ink.

The river flows south when winter looms,
Before snow and ice kill summer blooms,
The trilling sound of the southbound crane,
Touches something primal within my brain.

The river continues down into Mexico,
And to South America the birds do flow,
To spend their time in warmth and wealth,
An evolutionary step to protect their health.

In the spring the river changes direction,
And we see a lesson in natural selection,
The strong grow bright and come back north,
Strutting their stuff, showing their worth.

Here comes the Indigo bunting so blue,
Along with the orioles flying two by two,
And the grosbeak with its rosy breast,
But perhaps the warblers are the best.

I go down to Freeport and to Quintana,
No need to rent a beach cabana,
I just drive on down to the reserve,
And see what the river has to serve.

The grassy slope is a stop for the bunting,

Right by the road, no need for hunting,
The ruby-throat buzzes from flower to flower,
A lovely day passes in what seems an hour.

So river wash me with your stream,
And make reality be like a dream,
Where myriad colors dance in my eyes,
And each encounter generates surprise.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we come to the river,
It will amaze you.