



Golden-Winged Warbler 2

A river of birds flows through South Texas,
And every spring it has a nexus
Where the land and water come together,
When the avian flow encounters bad weather.

It was such a day on South Padre Island
Behind the convention center just inland,
When a bird proudly wearing golden wings
Showed me exactly what the migration brings.

It jumped on a branch just feet away,
And looked down at me and decided to stay,
It struck a pose, giving me a good look,
Giving me time to look at the guidebook.

Dior on its wings, an air captain's symbol,
With the other birds it did not mingle,
This bird like the royalty of the migration,
The whole of my being filled with elation.

What fun – what living – what spiritual fuel
Is searching the trees and finding a jewel
Like the golden winged warbler looking at me,
A bequest from the Earth and I the beneficiary.

This migration is poorly known to my kind,

A phenomenon of nature that is poorly mined,
It's an eco-bonanza – let's have a celebration
And declare a holiday for all of the nation.

The golden winged warbler helped me reach my goal,
For a deposit was made in the account of my soul,
Wealth I obtained from this avian river,
And reliving the event gives me a shiver.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
And a soulful deposit
Will be offered to you.