THE PRESENCE HE YEARNED FOR
DRW CLOSER TO THE SILENCE
OF THE ULTIMATE ABODE, OUT OF
A MARVELLOUS EMBRACE CAME A
BROKEN SOUNDER AND
AND TRANSFORMED AS IF
A LET MY JUMMARY OR HER
SELF ESCAPE INTO THE ORIGINAL
BLISS OUT SOMEDAY.
Mottled Duck 3

The mottled duck pair can be seen above
Searching intently for a wetland abode,
Flying low across the Texas coastal plain,
Seeking a carved-out spot, some wet terrain.

Acting on instinct coming from genes
Hard-wired behavior acquired by all means,
Looking for wetlands that are necessary -
Wetlands in decline as we lose native prairie.

Out of my windshield I see the birds searching
A native seeking respite from foes nearby lurking
A speckled brown duck that is in decline,
To catch a glimpse is a moment sublime.

The wings are set, the blue patch displayed
Seeing the wetland – no longer afraid,
Sailing into the green and blue satin
A place to rest, a place where to fatten.

Feet down, wings back-peddling, they descend,
Abandoning the buoyancy upon which they depend,
Settling on the blue water to swim
Finding safe harbor, their search ends.

And later that summer I drive by and see
Six yellow flashes running away from me,
Dashing to the rushes on the side of the pond,
Making my day seeing what they spawned.

Native birds are essential to the concept of place
An important concept that we all should embrace
For place is about where on Earth we exist
A key to living life well that is often missed.

A sense of place is about who and what we are
I’d strum out a melody if I could play the guitar
And sing about my anchor, my place on the Earth,
The source of my power, the source of my mirth.

If you commit to place, your grandkids may know,
The mottled duck of the Texas water meadow,
Along the way you’ll rediscover life’s worth living
And you’ll join with me in a song of Thanksgiving.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that place
Will resuscitate you.