



HAND MADE



Art by Michelle Scary Chapman

Attwater's Prairie Chicken

We got up early one morning long ago
To meet B.C. Robison and go see the show,
We were heading to the prairie near Eagle Lake,
Downing the coffee to keep us awake.

We met a few others at refuge headquarters,
Assembling like a platoon awaiting their orders,
Then we went in a caravan to the booming ground
To await the sun and that intriguing sound.

I'm not sure exactly what I'd expected
As the first rays of the sun we detected,
I remember the cold penetrating my jacket,
And then we perceived the strangest racket.

The woooohoohoo came low and discrete,
Then the boomboomboom from the pounding feet,
We could all clearly see the inflated orange neck,
Hornfeathers up and feet pounding like heck.

To this day I remember the magical ambience,
A prairie enshrouded in the sound of the dalliance,
The male of the species working hard for a mate,
The ladies evaluating who to pick for a date.

And later that morning at the Blue Goose café,

Eating the best pancakes from a prairie gourmet,
And talking with friends and enjoying good company,
The morning's adventure ending just wondrously.

And now, looking back on that wonderful experience
I can still hear the sound so eerie and mysterious,
The whole native prairie was part of an opera,
A meditation to be envied by Deepak Chopra.

Tympanuchus cupido is the scientific name,
For the drumming cupid of prairie fame,
A bird that is seriously now in decline,
For good prairie habitat is hard to find.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that the prairie chicken
Will boom for you.