Scaled Quail

We called them blue quail in the Rio Grande Valley,
And had heard that to hunt them was the grand finale,
To the major game birds to be found in South Texas,
But was warned to be careful and not be reckless.

Now blues are quite different than bob white quail,
Much harder to hunt on a logarithmic scale,
We were told they preferred running to flyin’,
And I can tell you now that they were not lyin’.

We arrived at the site north of Rio Grande City,
My father and I with excitement were giddy,
We pulled on our chaps to fight off the thorn,
And the rattlesnakes also which were the norm.

And off we went in search of our game,
And my view of hunting would never be the same,
We saw our first covey on the rocks up ahead,
We chased after them, and I thought I was dead.

These little birds didn’t just prefer to run,
I think they did it just to have some fun,
Laughing at the two of us huffing and puffing
Hearing us swearing about bringing home nothing.

I can still see the blues high-fiving on the ground,
As my father and I were by cactus found,
I seem to remember sitting around for a while
Pulling out thorns and applauding the blue’s wile.

After that time, the blue quail was safe,
From further assault from this thorn-filled waif,
And when I last saw a blue at Big Bend,
I came as an admirer and a friend.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that a cactus
Does not puncture you.