



Black Tern 2

There are some in my profession that are great,
And to Oliver Houck a day I did dedicate,
For Ollie's a professor from Tulane Law
Of whom, more than once, I have been in awe.

So, I took Ollie birding down to Bolivar,
Just across the ferry – not all that far,
We first hit the flats and then to the pass,
Hoping the birding would be world class.

The wind was blowing, and the sky was wild,
The incoming tide into East Bay piled,
And with it a spectrum of scrumptious fish,
Just perfect for meeting the black tern's wish.

It falls from the air with bill extended,
It's upside down, its body upended,
It hits the water and then springs back up,
Taking the fish down in one big gulp.

The black terns abound for it's a large flock,
But they are not the only birds on the block,
A white phase reddish is running over there,
And avocets and pelicans float on the air.

The backside of the pass was an avian bonanza,

The type of event to be called an extravaganza,
But we both agreed that this is as it should be,
When Earth Church is holding a ceremony.

The birds and the fish came for Ollie and me,
Just exactly as you would expect them to be,
When congregants of Earth Church celebrate living,
And to Ollie and me a gift they were giving.

And Ollie and I left richer for the experience,
More determined than ever to oppose deleterious
Actions by those with only money in mind,
More determined than ever to kick their behind.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer your bird lawyer
Might kick a few.