



The Red-Tailed Hawk 2

At the Bracken Bat Cave near New Braunfels,
A place deserving of our highest laurels,
A special place in the church of the Earth,
A place where the bats come to give birth.

The Earth-mouth breathes life from underground,
The bats come out swirling all around,
Mexican free-tails heading out for the night
Departing as the day is losing light.

They head for the croplands off to the east,
Upon the pillaging pests they will feast,
Performing a service for us all,
But only if they escape the predators' wall.

The column streams above softly lit trees,
When the red-tailed hawk plunges down on the breeze,
Attacking the mammals - beak and talons slashing,
Grabbing the bat and stilling its thrashing.

The power of the predator steals away my breath,
For I just witnessed the dance of death,
A bat alive one moment, and then gone,
Explaining why they exit in a circular cone.

Attempting to fool, attempting to survive,
Attempting to evade the red-tail's dive,
Mostly succeeding but sometimes not,

The dance of life is trying not to be caught.

The red-tailed returns to a tree by the cave,
And plots his attack for the upcoming wave,
And the bats, every day, will lose a few,
But a whole lot more still make it through.

This is Earth Church's ying and yang,
For the Earth mouth is home to a huge gang,
And the red tail is also able to survive,
While the underground home keeps the bats alive.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Come and see the Earth mouth,
Breathe some bats out for you.