Cactus Wren

What do I remember of the cactus wren?
So, we were where? - It happened when?
My mind’s deep recesses grow darker and dimmer,
I need more light – just a bit, just a glimmer.

We were on the Pecos River many years ago,
Seven glorious days away from go, go, go,
Eight of us plus guides led by Don Greene,
The man was amazing - a paddling machine.

Tangling with rapids, sleeping on rocks,
It wasn’t easy – there were some hard knocks,
But the birds were different and lovely for me,
This was the place where I wanted to be.

Walking to cave paintings a wren appeared,
Checking us out – we were not to be feared,
At first, it threw us, for it was large for a wren,
But after hearing its chant, I echoed amen.

And watching it work, it soon became clear,
That this bird liked cactus, showing no fear,
Of the prickly spines that liked my wife Garland,
For I spent a bit of time, doctoring my darlin’.

The cactus wren exhibits that greatest of traits,
Its life requires balance which it celebrates,
One slip of the foot and this wren is toast,
Yet it prefers cactus to tree or post.

After seeing this wren, I elevated balance as an issue
To a trait I aspire to, and even called on Vishnu
To help me discern, and consider, and meditate,
To myself know and understand how to compensate.

And today in the midst of this stalking virus
The artist and I want to go out and hire us
A guru to come and bring balance to all
It’s a needed skill to play virus hardball.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Let the cactus wren
Inspire balance in you.