



Tufted Titmouse 2

**We're up in Wimberley and its hot, hot, hot,
I just drank some water, and it hit the spot,
Watching and waiting after filling the feeder,
Looking from the porch at the oaks and cedar.**

**The grey wisp is moving fast through the limbs,
I think it's intelligent, but I guess it depends,
Upon whether or not you want its opinion
Of the state of the Earth, of its dominion.**

**The titmouse looks imperial with the royal tuft,
And claims a seed, beginning to be stuffed,
Leading the cardinals, scrub jays, and chickadees,
My advisors are convening, and I am pleased.**

**I recline in the chair and become at ease,
My body enjoying the creek-cooled breeze,
The views of the birds dance over tired eyes,
I think I just snored, and I know I sighed.**

**I hear the titmouse speaking from the limb,
Asking me how things became so grim,
Why we dummy humans allow chaos to reign?
Asking if we truly have a big brain?**

**The titmouse, the cardinal and the jay,
Come together before me, and they say,
"It's the election, dummy, and it's coming quick,**

You must show up – you can't call in sick."

**I woke in a sweat and consulted the calendar,
I was challenged for words and spoke the vernacular,
"Hot damn, the bird's right" I yelled to the porch,
"Let's take up the challenge. Let's carry the torch".**

**My advisors have tasked me to get in gear
To pick up my weapons and go chunk a spear,
This virus vigil has been going on too long,
And the poor old poet is short on song.**

**So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the coming election
Has a role for you.**