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.