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In the Amazon Basin in a dugout canoe
The water’s dark brown, and the sky is blue,
The ride is dreamlike, floating through a dense forest
The monkeys and parrots are providing a chorus.

This is big water, and its flowing steadily downhill,
Toward the Atlantic and the coast of Brazil,
On the mother water of the Church of the Earth,
Within the Earth’s lungs that to oxygen gives birth.

We are taking the canoe to a camp on a lake,
We just saw a caiman and an anaconda snake,
And over there fishing swims the giant otter,
They all are carnivorous, and they love the water.

And next we encounter a bird very quirky,
One who the natives call the stinky turkey,
This is no sweet thing, no cute little birdie,
To appreciate this bird, you must be a bit nerdy.

It’s the crested denizen of the flooded swamps,
A bird called the Hoatzin that romps and stomps,
There’s a pair here, and four over there,
They’re trying to scare us as they hiss and flare.

This bird named Hoatzin reminds me of Watson,
And IBM's effort at AI which is awesome,
Trying to process the natural language,
But here the Hoatzin has the clear advantage.

It speaks its own tongue by staring and braying,
And I clearly understand that it is saying,
"I'm a badass bird, stay away from me,
And you can kiss my ass – now let me be."

I'll never forget that bird on the Amazon,
No translation needed, the message right on,
And the stinky turkey will live in my memory,
Always there bringing smiles, enriching life's treasury.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Natural language spoken here
Just for you.