

KING EDWARD
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Mississippi Kite

Anticipation arrives with the first day in August,
It's a time of the year when it seems the hottest,
The tropics are alive with storms that we name,
The risk is real for this is no game.

I hear a sound that gives me pause,
And then I want to break out in applause,
The cicadas are singing atop the live oaks,
And mixing in nicely with the frog that croaks.

The cicada sound means the kites are near,
And I look forward again to when they appear,
Foretelling changing seasons - the end of the heat,
The Mississippi kite means the cycle's complete.

Seeing the kite gliding above the green treetop,
Is almost enough to make my heart stop,
For while other birds have begun moving through,
It's my first proof that fall's migration is true.

The Earth is full of systems with linkages,
That evoke ancient times and primal images,
To intersect directly with an ageless movement
Is for me a most gratifying source of amusement.

At a time when the summer is pulling me down,
And Covid and politics and other hassles abound,
To see the kite soaring at the treetop level,
Sends away my concerns and banishes the devil.

It is wonderful that an experience just out my door
Infuses me with life and makes my spirit roar,
It's not just the underlying intellectual knowledge,
But something much larger that I must acknowledge.

This is putting my plug in the natural socket,
And hooking self up to a metaphysical rocket,
At once swept off my feet and blown away,
Providing me with value I can never repay.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that the kite
Takes you away too.