

GARLAND  
FABRIC  
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M LA



...CUT DOIN...  
...OR... W... TOU...  
...L... S... LARG...  
...M... N... COM...  
...BY...  
...MASTER...  
...THUS...  
...WHEN SHE...  
...STOPS...  
...DOESN'T...



## Sora Rail 2

On the boardwalk – at the isle of South Padre,  
At the birding center next to Laguna Madre,  
A wonderful place dedicated to the birds,  
A place where a great event occurred.

The mangroves are thick, a real green wall,  
Where migrants moved, many fragile and small,  
A place of safety - of food, water and rest,  
A place whose design left me impressed.

A picket fence of shoots stands like pencils,  
Sticking up from black mud – discarded utensils,  
Then I stop and focus on the shape at the edge  
Where the shoots end, yet in front of the hedge.

A shape slowly emerges with a vibrant yellow bill,  
The foot's raised and then moved, then standing still,  
The shape's eye finds mine and then beyond comprehension,  
I get an encrypted message asking for my attention.

'Tis the fun of birdwatching, of searching and finding,  
The neat Sora Rail among the mangroves so winding,  
A bird of the wetlands, secure within tangles,  
That developers are eyeing from many angles.

Tangles to be dredged for the boat-friendly canals,

Accomplished by lawyers with fancy rationales,  
Words aimed at destroying the home of the Sora,  
Is there anyone out there who'll fight for the flora?

These wetlands of ours are supposed to be protected,  
Not abandoned by the government - not neglected,  
Who'll stand before bulldozers and say "enough"?  
The fights can be won, but the going will be tough.

What we do for the Earth will benefit us all  
In mysterious ways if you just answer the call,  
So, the encrypted message from the Sora Rail  
I have passed to y'all by bird-friendly e-mail.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Say a prayer the Sora's message  
Will resonate in you.