



THE TIME OF THE
HUNTER'S MOON

Semipalmated Plover

This little white bird with the black banded neck,
Looks a lot like the others giving birders heck,
Most of its kind are breeding up north,
Yet a few stay here and do not give birth.

This one's from North Padre, living on the beach,
Away from the tourists, staying out of reach,
And as it shuffles along on short legs of yellow,
The barometer's changing - it's no longer mellow.

"A cloud-hole is coming" the plover hotline alerts,
"Sucking energy and water and spitting strong spurts",
And the plover retreats to develop its plan,
But his thinking's interrupted by the television van.

The Weather Channel, CNN, CBS and the others,
Are arriving in droves to provide national coverage
Of this event - this happening - this possible catastrophe,
Oh me, oh my - how bad is this one gonna-be?

The plover stays distant watching drama unfold,
With both pros and newbies getting the story told,
There's one over there with fancy make-up and hair,
Trying to make a story out of a sky that's still fair.

And another is running in front of a small wave,
Making it appear that he's being very brave,
And our observer is thinking he does a good imitation,
Of a plover searching after a tasty crustacean.

And then there's the pro - taking it all in,
Appreciating the madness with a lopsided grin,
It's the circus event surrounding a hurricane,
It's the broadcasting world going a bit insane.

And the plover goes back to taking care of business,
To come through the storm with evolutionary fitness,
Unlike its brethren of the human race
Whose footprint the storm can quickly erase.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that the hurricane
Will not suck-in you.

Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman



RAIN