The Mockingbird 3

I woke up this morning feeling low -
I’ve got the down’n’dirty virus blues -
I’m not sick of body but maybe the mind,
So, I’ll just put on my walking shoes.

Outside the day seems normal and nice
Far from the thoughts within my head
I need a lift, a little spark
My spirit is crying to be fed.

The gray and white bird crosses the path ahead
And flies up to the highest branch
I stop and watch as it twitters and shakes
And hope what’s to come will my blues stanch.

And then comes the song of absolute pleasure
The bird and universe seemingly one,
The melody floating both down and up
Removing burdens that weigh a ton.

So, sing away mockingbird, sing to me
Make my virus blues depart
Sing and trill and scream it out
And send a message to my heart.

Today I made my blues go away
By reaching out and being open to hear
The sounds that are there to lift you up
If only you will open up your ear.

Now, I’m back in my home for another day
Of class by Zoom and calls with many
But my spirit’s right and my attitude’s good
Grateful for the mocker’s gift of plenty.
the MOCKINGBIRD

At Rice University in Southwest Houston
Near a large live oak.

Decades ago, an acorn exploded into life,
Shooting green out toward the universe,
Like the big bang that started it all,
Flinging galaxies as spirals and ellipses,
Forming suns, forming planets,
And in one unique spot
Creating the exact conditions
Necessary to create life -
The planet called Earth.

Today, the mockingbird perches on this
Green manifestation of the universe,
And shouts out a hymn of celebration
That she is alive today,
Singing to anyone who can hear
Her pleasure, her absolute delight
With the long chain of events
That led to her being here at Rice
On a bright spring day,
Directing aural waves back to the source,
Back to the beginning,
Giving thanks for being alive,
On this wonderful Planet Earth,
And I look back upon a member
Of the choir of the Church of the Earth
Brightening my day,
Sending me on my way
With a smile.