



White-Throated Swift

The magical moment caught us by surprise,
At Hueco Tanks just before the sun set,
It's east of El Paso in the desert so harsh,
Where we took a special hilltop trek.

Now Sue and I had survived a close encounter,
I stopped her slide, and we both had to smile,
That the rocky terrain can be so treacherous,
Yet leads to adventure when you least expect it.

The sun was waning, and the day getting late,
As we walked up to a Hueco Tanks' lake,
A place giving name to this desert oasis,
And we stopped for a moment to take it all in.

Then all of sudden the birds came right at us,
There were a hundred swifts of a type never seen,
Coming at eye level, rockets ignited,
White necks exposed, a banner that's flying.

The swifts bounced up and passed right on over,
We could feel the energy rippling the sky,
It was like a transfusion of a fabulous kind
As the swifts continued to pass us on by.

And sitting at my desk today it's so clear,
That that moment was a true metaphysical event,
For nothing rational could explain the feeling,
That pervaded my body as the swifts flew by.

They flew right over us and then would do it again,
Saluting us for coming to services today,
An Earth church ritual performed by the swifts,
Who worshipped with us as the sun sank on down.

And today I'm left with an indelible memory,
Something that can never be taken away,
It's why we should get up and attend Earth services,
For a fabulous event awaits you there.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that a swift
Will take a ride with you.