



Pintail II

Yesterday, the temperature was a 105,
It can beat down the pleasure of being alive,
So, I think of the winter and what is to come
When today's harsh heat is on the run.

I think of the prairie on East Bay near Anahuac,
The norther's blown in pushing the clouds back,
And flattening the grass lining the flooded flat,
Helping the new arrivals fly like acrobats.

The sprig drake sits high, riding the ripples,
Not really hearing the passing whistles,
Elegant – stately – royalty among ducks,
In the bright sun it looks like he's wearing a tux.

The white neck contrasts with deep reddish-brown,
And the pin from the tail is worn like a crown,
Surveying the domain like a medieval ruler,
It's hard to imagine a duck looking cooler.

The green wing teal flit across the pond,
Buzzing and dipping around and down,
The shovelers bob with permanent smiles,
Their migration ended after a thousand miles.

It's good to welcome my winter friends,

To be grateful the river of life never ends,
Since I became conscious, it's flowed every winter,
Just thinking about it gives me a shiver.

Today I'm grateful that I am still around,
To drink once again and kiss the ground,
Awaiting the arrival of the pintail drake,
A nice end to the year it will certainly make.

The pintail flies across the tracks of my mind,
Giving me hope for the fate of mankind,
At Earth Church the river's a symbol for us all,
A belief guaranteeing life's return in the fall.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the migratory river
Will have meaning for you.