



## Pyrrhuloxia

On a dusty road near Raymondville we did go,  
Driving up to the ranch on La Sal Viejo,  
The mystical salt-lake of tale and lore,  
A place I remember for I'd been there before.

Since high school I'd wanted to get close to this place,  
Where the natives got salt – their commercial base,  
A place of archeology with campsites and artifacts,  
A place of old bones and the ghosts they attract.

The soil is sandy, and the wind whips it around,  
If you stop and listen there's an eerie sound,  
The road's lined by barbed wire and brush with thorns,  
There goes a whitetail with some impressive horns.

Four birds fly ahead and my eyes they have led,  
They look like cardinals but are grey and red  
And the crest is bigger and the bill a bit thicker,  
What a lovely sight to start this adventure.

It's a new bird for me so we pull out the book,  
It's a pyrrhuloxia up ahead – let's take a good look,  
But watch out for snakes for this is their land,  
And avoiding thorns is also part of the plan.

And later by the lake when day becomes night,  
We gaze at a sky uninterrupted by light,  
The milky way's dancing and shimmering above,  
And sending out vibes of peace and love.

We're laid back and talking beside the salt pond,  
About the potential of life out beyond,  
The planets are throbbing - the stars sending pulses,  
We are living a moment just right for impulses.

Then a satellite seems to come right at us,  
And someone suggests aliens coming to meet us,  
We're all caught up in the wonderful moment,  
These mystical events are lasting and potent.

So, I remember the pyrrhuloxia with a smile,  
That day an experience that's been with me awhile,  
There's a force within beyond walking and talking,  
You can tune-in to it, but you must stop sleepwalking.

So welcome to Earth church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Pray an extrasensory experience  
Happens to you.