



Black Phoebe

The black phoebe's a bird of the desert terrain,
It hangs near water where there's not much rain,
The first time was near my tent on the Pecos,
Eating a camp breakfast of tortillas and huevos.

The little flycatcher was working the willow,
Hanging out over the river flowing below,
A black and white bird that made an impression,
It seemed to reach out with a psychic connection.

Then the hike to the mesa opened a new vista,
It was a place of rock carvings having powerful charisma,
And a hush came across our group of pilgrims,
For we encountered a feeling that was worth millions.

We placed our fingers and traced the rock carvings,
Some were recognizable, and some were bizarre things,
And we tried to imagine what the natives would feel,
Oh my - the experience was sublime and surreal.

I seem to recall my mind leaving my body,
It danced on the mesa – my mind had a party,
My soul and theirs all twirling and mingling,
A coming together amidst the low hum of singing.

And back at the camp the black phoebe returned
To ask me, "What do you think you learned?
Did your mind fly away to come back anew?
Did it leave your worldview a little askew?"

While composing the poem about this encounter mysterious,

I asked you to write about metaphysical experiences,
And one response was about meditation on a mesa top,
Making my day with a mind-blowing lollipop.

So how should I consider this happenstance?
Can it be dismissed as just a coincidence?
Or did something otherworldly just happen to me?
Regardless, it made me feel exquisitely.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
And maybe a lollipop
Will show up for you.