



Black Bellied Whistling Duck

At Hermann Park out walking in May,
Looking at some birds that decided to stay,
The birds of the winter having now departed,
Leaving behind the more fit and hardy.

We know that heat and humidity are coming,
Today is bad but August will be numbing,
Yet the black bellied whistling ducks are here today,
Watching the yellow and black ducklings play.

The moms and dads are currently out sunning,
Looking sharp with a Mohawk-band running
The length of the back of the head and neck,
With the orange-pink bill providing added effect.

And when it flies this duck clearly displays,
The white wing patches that meet my gaze,
This colorful duck - a relatively recent arrival -
Is on a quest for life and survival.

These ducks were seldom seen a few decades ago,
They seem to have migrated up from Mexico,
Crossing the border – immigrants coming aboard,
Joining the cattle egret seeking room and board.

Immigrants free from ICE and moratoria,

Immigrants that I greet with friendly euphoria,
For they make my world a better place,
Bringing diversity that I fully embrace.

This duck has habits that seem a bit strange,
It sits on fences and may act deranged,
And once at a funeral on the south side of Houston,
200 descended on a crowd that was stunned.

So what if they act just a bit different?
I tend to think the differences are magnificent,
In Earth Church we celebrate all types of diversity,
And defend it in the face of all types of adversity.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that diversity
Is appreciated by you.