Green Heron 3

At the Matagorda locks on the Intracoastal Waterway
As I remember a good day with friend Albert.

The green heron sits alone on a large wood timber
Smashed by the barges of the Texas economy,
A dollar powerhouse that has been hit hard
By the corona virus and its histology.

The economy of Texas runs down this waterway
That is far from the path of most of us
An economy that will likely not the same be
When this microbial encounter is behind us.

The coat of the heron has many colors,
A fabric of yellow and maroon and green,
A coat that is the envy of the heron world
For the smallest heron has the brightest sheen.

This coated-heron that often fishes alone,
Is another of Mother Earth’s prodigies,
Finding its economy away from the crowd,
Nature’s clue to financial entities.

Nature’s full of circles and cycles
It’s existed this way for millions of years,
Just think if our economy mimicked nature,
It might stop the downing of many beers.

A circular economy just makes common sense,
We make and use, recycle and reuse
We match the cycles of carbon and water
And create an offer that we can’t refuse.

The green heron slashes its bill in the murk
And pulls up a silver flashing fish,
And I’m left with a sustainable point of view,
An economic concept that fulfills my wish.
Green Heron

Running through Herman Park on a break
From studying for argument in New Orleans
To protect the whooping cranes.

As I’m running along the edge of the lake
A friendly birdwatcher I happen to pass,
And I ask what she’s recently happened to see,
“A green heron” comes back from the happy lass.

She points up ahead to the reed-sheltered cove,
And I carefully walk up to the lake’s edge,
And my eyes are rewarded as I clearly can see,
The mother with two chicks that she has fledged.

And as I continue running the lake,
My spirit is swept with a new emotion,
For I have a new insight that perhaps will help
To find the key to a winning notion.

If the green heron can make it in urban Houston,
There is hope for all of nature’s wild things,
And perhaps some hope for me and the whoopers
To survive the attack that will make my ears ring.

So, it’s off to New Orleans to fight the state,
For the heavy-weight match of my career
But the heron and its fledglings stand with me
And with that no lawyer is my peer.

My spirit returns as the green heron stands
In my dreams beside me at the court of appeals,
At the least I have peace as I prepare to fight
To undo the State’s failing water deals.

And though I lost before the worst court
For environmental cases in the nation,
A solution emerged from a peaceful mind,
Perhaps saving the cranes from Texas’s damnation.

The bird world joined with me to help
On the agreement to find a solution
The green heron and I were a really good team
In setting aside my mind’s pollution.
Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman