



European Starling

In the 1890s in New York's Central Park,
100 starlings were released on a lark,
And now they have spread across the U.S.,
Where they have become a resident guest.

I often see starlings as singles or a pair,
I've never seen a flock – a murmuration seems rare,
But they are here amongst us in Houston T. X.,
That's a long way to travel, an adaptive flex.

I've never appreciated that they've come so far,
What a great survivor – they've reached a high bar,
And they have great beauty when the sun is just right,
The purple and green on the black's a delight.

I want to be mesmerized by a murmuration,
Which is a delightful flying aggregation,
But here many blackbirds are all mixed together,
Managing to maneuver without losing a feather.

They move to the right collectively,
And then toward the ground obsessively,
Only to turn and head back straight up,
Always in synchrony without a hiccup.

This winter I'm heading to the Eagle Lake prairie,
Seeking a murmuration at Earth Church seminary,
Where I will learn to tell the blackbirds by ear,

I will learn to discern the sounds that I hear.

I am really excited about the sensation,
Of dusk falling upon the murmuration,
To watch them fly with grace and aplomb,
My it looks like they're all having such fun.

I am already excited about enhanced spirituality,
Which comes with Earth Church's nature reality,
There's so much to enjoy and so little time,
Life is so rich in my new paradigm.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that a murmuration,
Will mesmerize you.