



The Jacana and the Whitewing (Part 1)

When I was much younger, I answered a call,
For a hunting and fishing trip that would be a ball,
We met in the Valley and loaded private planes,
Near the end, I was wondering if we'd lost our brains.

The first hint of trouble occurred at the border,
Landing in Reynosa and meeting federal law and order,
They found contraband shells on a rich man's son,
And after some tension, a tarmac payment was done.

And then we landed in Ciudad Victoria,
But upon disembarking, blues replaced euphoria,
Instead of a 10-seater van there to meet us,
There were ten folding chairs in a VW bus.

But that was only the beginning of the trip,
Our fishing adventure was next on the script,
We got to the lake and no guides could be found,
We paid commercial fishermen to take us around.

This trip's events forged my transition to a man,
Such as watching our "guides" fish with line on a beer can,
They caught about ten fish for each that we caught,
And we realized fancy gear might be worth naught.

And I cringed as our gringo-leader screamed in despair,
And broke his rod and threw it up in the air,
And was very abusive to the guide he had hired,
The whole situation left me angry and wired.

The bright spot of fishing was the water-walking jacana,

The lovely wading bird found throughout Mexicana,
I was fascinated watching her big feet on plants,
An image that my mind has over decades enhanced.

And later that day we went hunting for whitewing,
The reason for the trip of a young would-be king,
And what happened there caused a major transition,
A crossroads ahead, and one led to perdition.
(to be continued)

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
If you come with bad vibes
Help may evade you.