



The Limpkin

In Cuba, the Zapata swamp is raw and primal,
A place where all beings struggle for survival,
We tourists following the path of Fidel and Che,
And watching great birds along the way.

There's no doubt that this country is very different,
And this temple of Earth Church is certainly magnificent,
The Cubans have kept much of nature intact,
They have much to offer us, and that is a fact.

The Bay of Pigs is near the Zapata Swamp,
A place where the U.S. was going to romp and stomp,
But like much about Cuba, we met a fierce will,
Here it's all about basics without much frill.

The Zapata Swamp met every expectation,
Beginning with a chorus worth a standing ovation,
The Cuban toady set the beat - tock, tock, tock,
And the whole place was rocking by seven o'clock.

Our deepest penetration revealed the limpkin,
A predator who eats snails when he's dining in,
We see it standing tall at the top of a tree,
A first-time spotting of this bird for me.

The limpkin looks like a big overgrown rail,
And its favorite food is the apple snail,
Its beak is long and curved a bit to the right,
To insure that its bite brings utter delight.

One of our group and vegetation did entangle,
And he ended up harming his elderly ankle,
I helped the comrade by offering a shoulder,
And was huffing and glad when that trek was over.

The church of the Earth is about appreciation,
And not about politics and human gyration,
But Cuba's interesting - it was formed by revolution,
And it represents an important lesson in evolution.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
And pray that oppression does not force
Hard choices upon you.