



1817

Broadwing Hawk

The platform at Smith Point was built for hawk-watching,
We gaze at the sky for the dots to start popping,
There is action all around as the gang is assembled,
To celebrate our birds in this Earth Church temple.

The hummers are humming at the feeders like crazy,
The brown pelicans float by looking bored and lazy,
The grackle is searching for something to eat,
The hawk watchers are waiting for an airborne treat.

Then the broadwing hawk spirals down like a ghost,
Trying to orient now that she's reached the coast,
The path blocked by water which she will not cross,
Making adjustments, going around, not across.

The kettle is boiling - going round and round,
It makes you dizzy looking up from the ground,
There is something magical about the spiral,
It takes me to places I've not been in a while.

I recall flying back from the dove hunt in Mexico,
When into the kettle the small plane did go,
And I can still see the hawks whizzing by,
For a moment I thought that we might die.

Today when I see the hawks boiling in the kettle,
I reflect on that trip as me showing the mettle
To look hard at myself and understand I must change

Or run the risk of becoming deranged.

Change came as into the kettle I did ride,
Traveling to the looking glass's other side,
My thinking was modified like light through a prism,
And from elements of the past I enacted a schism.

The Smith Point hawk watch is special to me,
It's about magical transitions cloaked in mystery,
I'm always elated when the kettle sends a message,
Earth church allowing me to touch the essence.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the prism bends light
And reveals nature to you.