



The Peacock

I'm walking on the road near our place in Wimberley,
And a sound triggers thought that comes unwittingly,
For the peacock inhabiting the adjacent ranch
Caused thoughts to flow like an avalanche.

I'm suddenly transported to India watching tigers,
We load into vehicles driven by tiger-insiders,
Who then drive out and stop, surprising the visitors,
Turning us all into stationary listeners.

This is not like a safari in Kenya or Zimbabwe
Where you drive in order the game to see,
To find a tiger demands different skills,
We depend upon the peafowl to access the thrills.

We are sitting all quiet when we hear the sound,
The peacock is sounding an alarm from the ground,
The cry comes again and again and again,
And then the monkeys and the wild deer jump in.

The line of sounds moves from our left to our right,
And the guide starts the truck to our delight,
We find a road intersecting the alarm line,
And wait for the tiger to show in time.

For the guides all know that the tiger patrols,
Its territory as defined by its daily strolls,
And all the animals of the forest are aware,
When the tiger strolls, they must beware.

So the peafowl is part of the jungle warning,

That possible trouble is moving and oncoming,
And the animals cooperate in ways synergistic,
It's amazing to experience, bordering on mystic.

So when I hear the Wimberley peacock shrieking,
I flashback and I'm glad I'm not tiger-greeting,
And it makes me smile how the image appears,
As deep in my psyche the Indian experience adheres.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray the peafowl among us,
Call out warnings to you.