BLUE JAY

I remove my legal suit of armor
And walk down to Buffalo Bayou -
The heart of Houston –
To watch it beating.

It is morning.
A slight mist is on the water
That flows through limbs
That have fallen,
Leaving patterns in the stream.

A sandbar reveals footprints -
Clear prints of the raccoon mixed with
Marks of the wading birds,
Proof of life being lived
By other living things.
A gar splashes in the water,
Sending out ever-expanding ripples
Across the eddy pool toward me
Where they are welcome to reside.

From the large pines and oaks
On the high clay cut-bank,
A blue jay cries out,
Telling me, screaming out to the world
That it is alive for another day.
A butterfly flits in the morning light,
Magnifying life energy from the sun
Through its dazzling yellow wings,
Life energy that flows
Directly to my repaired heart.
I take a deep breath and relax.
I am thankful for Terry Hershey
Who saved this natural wonder,
A thing of beauty not destroyed,
A place where life is still being lived
By other living things -
A place that has escaped us.

I stand in tribute
To the natural system of Buffalo Bayou,
And celebrate connectuality
With other living things
In a sanctuary of the church of the Earth.