



Common Moorhen (The Gallinule)

It's the end of the summer at Anahuac Refuge
A few days after another tropical deluge,
We have to be careful about slipping and sliding,
We're on the Loop Road and – watch out - I'm driving.

The marsh is green and full of life,
You can cut the smell with a knife,
I take in a whiff and it touches my soul,
Today I will reach my GOOOOAAAALLLLL.

The afternoon's warm and the gators are out,
One's swimming over there, I can see its snout,
And another one's lying on the bank in the sun,
I bet that big one weighs half a ton.

And there is the moorhen swimming alone,
Not moving fast, just puttering along,
He's dark brown, but his bill is on fire,
A red and yellow beacon above the mire.

Oh - to be as laid back as the moorhen seems,
Just poking along – in and out of things green,
Taking it easy, never getting too excited,
Watching, ever watching, to not be surprised.

The hen of the moors can be found worldwide,
I've seen him in Egypt and from a Yorkshire hide
He used to be called a common gallinule,
But the namers of birds imposed a new rule.

The birds of the wetlands have a place in my heart,
As do water meadows that to them life imparts,
The same water meadows humans want to drain,
I've seen it many times and it causes me pain.

So swim, moorhen, swim, you're on saved land,
This wildlife refuge is a part of the plan,
Earth Church and its temples must be protected,
As hope for the future is resurrected.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray that a protected temple
Will heal your soul too.