The Green Kingfisher of Chipiltin Creek

There’s a magical corner of Copano Bay
Where redfish feed and herons play,
A temple of Earth Church that is there for all,
And late in the evening you’ll hear the owl call.

Chipiltin’s like a bayou, but it’s called a creek,
It’s a coastal estuary that’s really unique,
There’s lots of oysters mixed with alligator gar,
You can spend time here and never see a car.

This is a place the green kingfishers call home,
From tree to tree along the banks they roam,
Stopping to fish where the limbs give shade,
Watching the minnows swim by on parade.

Now Chipiltin’s a temple that is under attack,
For a steel mill seeks to dump its waste back -
A waste stream loaded with heavy metals -
It will be permitted unless someone meddles.

This wastewater discharge will reach Copano Bay,
An important nursery filled with unsuspecting prey,
And the discharge will affect the marine food chain,
A harm brought to you for monetary gain.

And among the prey are whooping cranes,
A species that recently has made great gains,
Expanding into Copano full of crabs and marsh,
Which we must protect, a job that is harsh.

We must stand tall and protect this stream,
To prevent the loss of another Earth-Church dream,
The Aransas Project stands ready to defend,
And will fight with Earth Church this threat to end.

The green kingfisher knows that we must act now,
It would act for itself, but it knows not how,
So, we rise up now and support legal action,
And hope that it causes the plant to lose traction.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Where the green kingfisher knows
We’ll fight for him too.