



The Boat-Tailed Grackle 2

On the north shoreline of Matagorda Bay
On a cool day in the fall,
Amassing wealth.

The marsh grass undulates in the light wind,
Glittering gold and green beneath azure sky,
Water-covered stalks providing sanctuary
For shrimp and crabs and
Long-billed wading birds that probe the muck,
Searching for morsels burrowed deep
Within the carbon and sulfur-laden soil,
Soil that expels the odors of the salt marsh
That surround me, envelope me, enhance me
And enrich me.

The black-eyed blackbird sits atop a golden stem,
Overseeing its kingdom, overseeing its domain,
And flies to a post where it stops and celebrates the day,
Proclaiming its presence, proclaiming its persona,
Issuing a penetrating cry of life and being alive,
And it notices me floating slowly toward him,
The long tail flicking once and then again
As we draw nearer to each other.

I pull the marsh deep within my soul,
Savoring that the bird and I are in contact,

One living thing touching another,
Two portions of life energy connecting, uniting,
Two beings focused upon one another.

I depart as we came together - slowly,
Richer for the other's presence,
Richer for the fact of the other's existence,
Richer for the experience of life being lived,
Richer for the healing vapors
Of the Matagorda marsh.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that a boat-tailed
Will enrich your soul too.