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NO. 10
CENTS

THE GREAT



Swainson's Hawk

A partnership with nature is a long-term goal,
A view conceived as I was becoming old,
It's a view that humans and nature are linked,
And I made a pact, confirmed and inked.

I climb on the back of Swainson, my hawk,
And off we go gliding in a high arc,
The wind is blowing through my hair,
Nothing is better, nothing can compare.

We're circling Houston, which is ecologically rich,
And I call for the bruja, the friendly witch,
To come fly with us, and give us counsel
About how to penetrate minds financial.

"There's wealth in nature" she shouts in my ear,
"But you have to present it so they can hear,"
And I ponder that issue as we continue on,
For we have to act fast before it is gone.

We swoop down low across the marsh
The shrimp are jumping, the grass is awash
The entire scene is pristine and just,
To save these temples is a must.

The words in the pact say I will do my part,
Those written words came straight from my heart,
I will try to conceive some new approaches,
And beseech the bruja to cook up some potions.

We'll store carbon in the soil, and pay the landowner,
We'll rent conservation rights by finding a donor,
We'll bring tourists in to see our abundance,
An ecotourism economy – a new way to fund us.

So, the bruja and I acted on the pact,
She's cooking away and that's a fact,
And Swainson will be there, I have found,
To help get these creations off the ground.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And maybe Swainson and the bruja,
Will help you too.