



## Yellow-rumped Warbler

Sheldon Reservoir lies at an ecological nexus  
Where the coastal plain meets East Texas,  
We were going birding at the state park there,  
A temple of Earth Church on a day so fair.

We check out the ponds near the front gate,  
Hoping that we hadn't arrived too late,  
Happily, we're greeted by the egrets and herons,  
Enjoying our old friends on feeding errands.

Next is the woodlot with standing water,  
I bet this could be home for the river otter,  
The trees all naked – the leaves long fallen,  
And deep within, we hear a woodpecker calling.

There's movement in the trees – a dash of gray,  
And then two or three more, heading away,  
We pull up our glasses to see what's about,  
For gray small birds almost always leave doubt.

But there's one clear indicator that we can see  
That tells us this bird's identity,  
There's a big yellow spot on its rear,  
It's a butter butt – the view is clear.

Now how about butter butt for your name,  
That's quite an image for one to claim,  
But the yellow-rumped warbler wears it with pride,  
And we made the call without needing the guide.

We continued on touring this sanctuary,

An Earth Church temple set aside in perpetuity,  
There's a bird-watching tower overlooking the lake,  
And you always take care to watch for a snake.

We leave enriched by seeing the yellow rump,  
My spirit recharged – I received a soul bump  
From a close interaction with an Earth Church member,  
Floating through time in the East Texas timber.

So welcome to Earth church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Pray that a butter butt,  
Gives a soul bump to you.