The Gators of Chili Petine

It saw us coming up the creek,
It moved its head so it could peek,
From hooded eyes, it watched us come,
It had no fear, no need to run.

The eyes never lost sight of us,
We didn’t even cause it to fuss,
It just swam away as we got closer,
No happy greeting, no Earth Church closure.

The next gator had a different style,
He looked like crocodile from the Nile,
All big and nasty and covered in mud,
He slid in quickly, his reactions no dud.

And then there was a smaller one,
Taking a siesta out under the sun,
Not really caring that we passed by,
Not even waving or saying hi.

The gators hung out with the rest of the cast,
The turtles and minnows and even a bass,
An alligator surfacing - gulping air,
An elegant wild ecosystem beyond compare.

And then the birds added to the equation,
Spectacular to see, bringing elation,
The kiskadee and horned owl and osprey were keen
All surpassed by the kingfishers belted and green.

It was a temple of Earth Church that we explored,
And its song of South Texas struck a chord,
I’ve known this region for many years,
Yet the song I heard, one seldom hears.

The Chili Petine served a meal for royalty,
A meal that creates Earth Church loyalty,
And the gators of Chiltipin parked in my memory,
And are now a part of my Earth Church liturgy.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray that the Chile Petine
Has some spice for you.