The Generic Squirrel

At my office on the porch on Albans Road,
Sitting here musing about the Houston Toad,
For *Bufo houstonensis* no longer lives here,
I’m wondering why, consulting my seer.

Suddenly I hear a sound like barking,
It’s a squirrel that’s fussing at someone parking
On the street below its oak tree domain -
So much effort, so little gain.

Later I see it sneaking along
A labyrinth of limbs looking not so strong,
But the squirrel’s light-footed and nimble it seems,
It makes it across – it’s in the genes.

But crossing the road’s a much different challenge,
One that the squirrel does not well manage,
It seems to be doomed by too much information
That ultimately threatens its life’s duration.

But my, are they cunning at the local birdfeeder,
We need an automatic scare-the-squirrel greeter
To jump up and spook it as the squirrel sneaks up,
Cancelling its plans to camp out and fill-up.

I wish for a dollar for every hour
That birders have spent seeking power
Over the ever-present, marauding squirrel,
I might be the richest man in the world.
And Garland presides over our plant domain
With love and care, she makes a serious claim,
And squirrels can damage it with their cavort,
Her Have-a-Heart extractions have become an art.

And so it goes with life in the city,
Squirrels are everywhere, crafty and shifty,
Trying to make it like all of us
Living its life, making a fuss.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
May the squirrel’s sharp bark
Bring a smile to you.