Bob White Quail

In Aransas County at the cut at Cedar Bayou
Between Matagorda and St. Joseph Islands
Fishing with John Chapman and Marshal Lightman.

“Bob White” - - - “Bob White” - - - “Bob White”.
The two-note whistle cuts through the salty sea air,
A resounding affirmation of life after the rains of May,
Historic rains that caused the parched brown landscape
To remember how to smile in hues of green,
A gift from the child El Nino of the Pacific.

The inquiring “Bob White” from Matagorda Island
Is immediately received and acknowledged
By the “Bob White” from St. Joseph Island,
Two living things communicating across the water,
Talking to one another, seeking covey,
Seeking company, seeking food and safety,
Living life a moment at a time.
Immediate. Now.

Floating on the incoming tide I am adrift
In emotion about life restored,
About second chances,
About the rain that cleansed my inner self,
A gift of La Natura, the child of nature,
A gift for which I am appreciative and often
Struck with awe,
Grateful that I can live life
A day at a time
With peace in my soul.

Thank you Marshal and JC for giving me
Your company for a couple of days.
“Bob White” - - - “Bob White” - - - “Bob White”. 