Guinea Fowl

Today walking along on the Wimberley asphalt,
We hear a weird sound and come to halt,
It seems a cross between a turkey and a chicken,
Description is difficult in words that are written.

It’s funny how a sound can transport you away,
To a place once visited on a long past day,
The memory flying before your eyes,
It’s like you’ve just won a lottery prize.

I’m in a hide in Zimbabwe on a game preserve,
Waiting for interesting new things to observe,
Will the next be a giraffe or baboon or zebra?
It’s an amazing place – glad to be here.

Then along come some birds, scratching and walking,
Feet pushing the sand, beaks down and pecking,
Looking like guinea fowl back in the states,
Guess what? I’m right – I’ve made no mistake.

These fowl are one with the African landscape,
They are part of the folklore, part of this space,
Just as surely as the lion and the wildebeest,
They seem easy prey – some wild cat’s feast.

They also seem able to hold their own,
After all, it’s their place, their native home,
They look to be vulnerable, but I am deceived,
They’ve adapted in ways that I can’t conceive.

Such is the nature of the Church of the Earth,
Each being has value, each being has worth,
We each find our way the best that we can,
That’s what special about the Earth Church clan.

And back on the asphalt near Lone Man Creek,
Back in the moment hearing that shriek,
I smile that I’m here and still able to remember,
Such is my joy on a sunny day in December.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
We celebrate remembrances
And so should you.