



A Pair of House Finches

The House Finches move back and forth to the feeder,
At the end of the day, he's still happy to see her,
They act apart but are always connected,
They have a relationship they have erected.

A pair – a couple – a significant other,
It's different than a sister or brother,
An attachment not born – not of the blood,
It's an attraction to another who becomes loved.

I wonder if the finches remember the day,
That they first began the love ballet,
Was his call heard from across the meadow?
Was it the shape of the beak on this fellow?

And what was it about her that attracted him?
A secret force – a metaphysical rhythm
That reached out to him through many reincarnations,
A compelling reason for joyous celebration.

I remember the first time that Garland and I met
It was a special day that I'll never forget,
On the UT campus not far from the tower,
I came across a most beautiful flower.

And this flower was not an annual one,
But rather a perennial she has become,
One that blooms more every year,
My heart's companion who is truly dear.

Seeing the finch pair makes me smile,

And makes me glad I walked down the aisle,
50 years ago, in a Fort Worth church,
Vows I renew in the church of the Earth.

With the love of the finch, I thee wed,
We've many good years yet ahead,
Come hold my hand and walk with me,
Let's generate a bit more electricity.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
We care for our pairs,
And our singles too.