



Downy Woodpecker

Walking amidst the trees on South Boulevard,
The rookery is lively, spring flowers in the yard,
The crows are lurking for eggs in the nest,
Their presence ensures for the herons no rest.

I search for the herons by looking down,
To see the white splotches on the ground,
A sure sign of a heron nest up above,
Outed by the waste they had to dispose.

Suddenly a movement catches my eye,
There's motion in a branch way up high,
And then the little bird flies nearby,
Revealed by the light of bright blue sky.

It's a small little woodpecker looking for food,
Its bill moving in and out, tapping that wood,
Searching for goodies within the oak's wrinkles,
The protein dispersed like candy sprinkles.

My smile spreads quickly across my face,
It's such a good feeling it's hard to erase,
The little downy showed itself to me,
And it's made me feel downright heavenly.

It's funny how seeing a unique little bird
Can make me feel so good – it's absurd,
But that's the way with the church of the Earth,

It warms the heart – it stokes my hearth.

The little woodpecker works on up the trunk,
Removing my blues, vanquishing my funk,
Liberating my head to fly up in the sky
Where I flutter my wings like a butterfly.

Fly up, fly higher, you magnificent butterfly,
That feeling of happiness you will magnify,
Each time you venture to Downy's temple,
It's not hard at all – the great stuff is simple.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the Downy Woodpecker
Has a simple plan for you.