



The Tree Swallow

There's a secret to the health of Galveston Bay,
And it's Chambers County, by the way,
A place of prairies and wetland tracts,
A buffer to industry and people impacts.

South from I-10 the landscape expands
Into rice fields and cows on prairie lands,
Closer to the bay the vegetation changes
To native plants with great salinity ranges.

The ranch in September is like entering a show,
With the light reflecting upon the prairie snow,
This native plant makes a unique white blanket,
I feel I have joined an Earth Church banquet.

I breathe in the air of other living things,
Suddenly captivated by my friends with wings,
The small birds rocket rather near to the ground,
Greeting me with wingbeats – their only sound.

Most have the red collar of the barn swallow,
But one is different - are there more to follow?
It's white underneath, no red, darker back,
It's quite a flyer – it has the knack.

After the new one, my eyes try to focus,

Yes, there're more tree swallows for the poet,
That's the way of nature - subtle yet open,
To those who look at what nature's woven.

The mystery in the obvious is so much fun,
The details revealing a complexity beyond
Our creative capacity - our ability to design,
I'm experiencing an ecosystem – something divine.

Together the eco-pieces support and maintain
Life on the coastal prairie which will sustain
A collective that includes lovely jewels at play,
Tree swallows and snow – what a great day.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
The temple is an ecosystem
That will bring life to you.