



Cinnamon Teal

There's a strip of note on the coast of Texas,
From Espiritu Santo down to Port Aransas,
It's home to whoopers but that's just the beginning,
The migrants come and go – the flow never ending.

Rockport's a jewel of the Texas coast,
It has earned the right to puff up and boast,
The hummingbirds have their own festival,
With whooping cranes high on their own pedestal.

One day near the home of a Rockport citizen,
I saw a teal the color of cinnamon,
It was sitting on a lovely freshwater wetland,
An accessible place, with a view that was grand.

The cinnamon teal is not all that rare,
But this was a viewing beyond compare,
It was one of many near quaint little Rockport,
It's a tourist economy we all should support.

This was the home of birder Connie Hagar,
When she began, Texas birding was insular,
She uncovered the migration of the hummingbird,
And spent a few decades spreading the word.

Connie Hagar's reserve protects Little Bay,
Here redheads can be seen on a winter day,
With other sea ducks that are hard to find,

A great place to create a fine frame of mind.

This is the goose that lays the eggs of gold,
But these heritage monuments cannot be restored,
Once lost they are gone, but they're here today,
We must protect them – we must find a way.

Don't mess with Texas has a greater message,
Not talking about trash but about the last vestige,
Of that which is wonderful – that which is wild,
A heritage – a birthright - of every Texas child.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we don't mess with Texas,
And neither should you.