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R.C.I.D.

United States

POSTAGE

THIS SIDE

Wm  
J. Mann & Co.  
Carrick St  
Emma  
N.Y.



HOV



## The Dark-eyed Junco

On the rock near the feeder, the little bird sat,  
It was not a sparrow, I was sure of that,  
A bit different style and a different look  
I went and consulted Mr. Sibley's book.

It's always a chore finding the right bird,  
The pages have many of which I've not heard,  
But I'd seen the junco many years before,  
And I confirmed it was he from the porch door.

And then the robins swarmed the water hole,  
And chipping sparrows hit on the dinner bowl,  
Fighting with cardinals and titmice and chickadees,  
It was wing to wing – no excuse me, please.

And out in the fields, the lesser goldfinch abound,  
I feel like a bonanza is what I have found,  
And then a raven flies right towards me,  
"I want to talk" he said with gravity.

"Yes" I said, "What's on your mind"?  
And the raven said it was an important time,  
"The bird world is buzzing about the new President,  
Do you think he'll be good for the birds in residence?"

"I think Mr. Biden will be good for birds,  
He knows the issues, he says the right words."  
And the raven puffed up his big black chest,  
And said he wished President Biden the best.

And the black vultures circled as the raven flew off,  
The high priest of Earth church up high, aloft,  
Sending me the message that the birds were glad,  
Saying the last one drove them all mad.

I later saw the junco back out on the rock,  
I smiled as I thought about what a great flock  
That winter had brought to my place in the hills,  
What a delight to celebrate Earth Church thrills.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here a bird parade,  
Will cheer you up too.