



The Penguin

I was shivering last week during the freeze,
And the wind was blowing more than a breeze.
No lights – no water – it was horrifying,
The whole situation made me feel like crying.

I woke up one morning happy for light,
And I saw this bird in the sun so bright,
It was kind of chunky and shuffling along,
Just happy with life – singing a song.

I grabbed my bird book and turned the pages,
Looking for help from the bird world sages,
But I couldn't find this fine bird anywhere,
It simply wasn't supposed to be here.

I was sure it was a penguin that I was seeing,
So I walked out to talk with this feathered being,
And asked how it came to the Texas coast?
She responded that Texas was a host with the most.

“You guys are great – it's cold enough for us,
We thought you tropical – for us a bust,
But my, this snow and ice is perfect,
The colony's on alert – a new place to select.”

I explained that this was an aberration,
And no reason for a penguin celebration,
That the climate had had a change episode,
And the temperature dip was about to erode.

And the little shuffler said thanks for the visit,

She assured me she had a return ticket,
And thanked me for a great Earth Church celebration,
And assured me there'd be no penguin migration.

I added Texas penguin to the birds I have seen,
But I might have had too much campfire caffeine,
I know the local birders will call me out,
For a penguin in Texas does raise some doubt.

So welcome to Earth Church
Thaw out your pew,
Here we thought we saw a penguin,
Did you see it too?