



Red Knot

From Arctic to Patagonia the red knot flies,
20,000 miles round trip 'til it dies,
A pattern developed by elders long ago,
Let's take a trip where the red knot goes.

Just think if your life revolved around migration,
You would have to maintain for a long duration
Without firm support, without safe harbor,
No permanent place, no bricks and mortar.

To mate you fly to the Arctic tundra,
The males go first and scrape out a rotunda,
In the gravel or sand, you make it just right,
To attract a lady who's just your type.

The season is short and to the point,
We must depart before they freeze this joint,
And head on south to follow the sun,
To Tierra Del Fuego we'll make our run.

To be one with the sun seems so adventurous,
Imagine the risk, the trip sounds treacherous,
But it beats staying around and dying in the Arctic,
This travel is about life – it's powerfully cathartic.

A Texas stop might be on the itinerary,
A place like Bolivar Flats near the ferry,
Or maybe the land bridge at Laguna Madre,
Building up strength for the big push in May.

In late May the red knot heads to Delaware Bay,
When its eggs the horseshoe crab will lay,
And the red knots descend in a feeding frenzy,
To take their fill, to get protein plenty.

And then back to breeding in the thawing north,
A major sanctuary in the church of the Earth,
We'll show our gratitude, and of breeding sing,
As the circle of life is complete once again.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we celebrate great deeds
By the red knot within you.