



Speak
to the
Winds

The Caracara X

On the road to Palacios driving through Jackson County
Listening to Townes Van Zandt singing “Flyin’ Shoes”.

Townes loses the blues with his flyin’ shoes
And I fly with the caracara that swoops before me,
White wings flaring, white neck outstretched,
My spirit soaring as it rises above me,
Liberating my soul from the bondage of winter,
Freeing it to fly as it hasn’t in months,
Reminding me of what nature means to me,
My path to spirituality that is my friend,
My rock that held through the toughest of times,
The caracara a lighthouse flashin’ before me,
My protector, my muse, my flyin’ shoes.
So Townes, your shoes took away your blues
And my bird today stokes my spiritual fires,
Exploding emotions and lighting my fuse,
Making me shiver all over with heartfelt delight.

Hot damn it feels good to fly again,
Loose and free and meeting young spring,
Writing poem after poem inside my head,
Smilin’ and drivin’ and livin’ life fully,
Flyin’ to Palacios with Townes.



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The Caracara 44

Driving back from fishing on Matagorda Bay
In the late afternoon on a September day.

The waning sun shines gently from the west,
Bringing out the color of the coming fall,
When suddenly the great bird appears before me,
Imperial head radiating bright like a beacon
Of black and orange-red atop the white,
And he comes and speaks direct to my soul,
Welcoming me, the prodigal, returning at last,
Congratulating me on reclaiming my spiritual center,
Returning to nature that has nurtured me so well
For these many years and asking why so long?

I feel the warmth of the caracara,
Reminding me of what I once lost and then found,
Connecting me back to the spiritual world,
A direct connection to the Church of the Earth
And the temple today where I attend my services
To rediscover and reclaim that which is me,
A white-tipped bird marking my bond with Earth,
The symbol – my totem - binding nature and me,
The trigger for gratitude, the prod for humility,
My guide, my center, my friend, my confidant
A part of my life and one I have missed,
And I drive back to Houston feeling well again
Thanking the caracara for being my friend.