The White-tailed Kite

At Virginia Point looking out across
Protected grasslands of the white-tailed kite.

The white figure floats above the green prairie,
A bird that is flying and then is not,
Becoming stationary as it beats its wings,
Its name is true for a kite’s what we’ve got.

Focusing its red eyes on the mouse below,
An attack helicopter just dropping down
And lighting atop its meal for the day,
Dining with pleasure upon the ground.

Back home, I listen to the news of the day,
Of the virus we knew by December 31,
News that we could and should have been
Much better organized to protect everyone.

I go to bed knowing it shouldn’t have been so bad,
So, at night I dream that the kite is transformed
Into a predator hovering above the pack
Of political rats that must be reformed.

The rats that now scheme about how to cover up
Their failure, their incompetence and their boast,
Pointing fingers, of course, at all but themselves,
Not at all ashamed that the poor suffer most.

So, come now, my friend, you white-tailed kite,
Transform yourself into a seeker of rats,
Hover above ‘em - drop down on ‘em,
And knock’em off like swarm of gnats.

This beautiful bird that frequents the prairies
Could be such a useful powerful weapon,
Dispersing the pack of second-rate hacks
Act now and don’t hesitate for even a second.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Sing the hymn of kite power
That will liberate you.