Summer Tanager 2

At home hiding from the coronavirus
Thinking about this moment in time.

The house seems smaller
Being here all the time,
Teaching my class over Zoom,
Learning to live without the comfortable
Ways of the past,
Uncertain about tomorrow,
Committed to surviving,
Wanting to hug my friends,
Missing the comfort food of nature.

My mind travels back in time
To a day at the Candy Abshier reserve,
A place saved at Smith Point
Across the bay in Chambers County,
A lovely place of the hawk watch
And a grove of trees that provide a safe
Spot for the river of lovely migrants
That flows through the Texas coast.

Stepping into the meadow from the trees,
Peering down along the wooded corridor,
Several summer tanagers burst into my vision,
Red ornaments decorating green branches,
Feathers reflecting the red of bird royalty
Directly into my soul,
Making my spirit glow with connectuality,
With being linked to another living thing,
Sharing space, sharing life.

The tanagers migrate to survive
As we shelter to survive,
And sheltering here in place,
I am missing connectuality with my friends -
Both human and feathered -
Yet finding peace in recalling the moment
When the summer tanagers and I
Met at the Candy Abshier reserve
On a spring day many years ago.