Purple Martin 3

Remembering being down in Holiday Beach
Watching the martins in their home.

The martins fly into their summer home
Set up for them at the property’s edge
Only to return to the mosquito fields
Their density ensures these birds are well fed.

A soft loving call escapes from the male
And is returned with sweetness by its mate
And the other couples living nearby
Also act like they are on a date.

While martins are predators of the insect world
Their home life is one of love and harmony
And they manage to co-exist without strife
Perhaps it’s because they don’t worry about money.

The world of birds has much to share
With those of us who ask and care
It is possible to be both hard and soft
A characteristic I consider to be rare.

High density housing seems not a problem
To the martin families packed in the condo
They share their space with amazing grace
Yet they are always on the go.

Tolerance is a trait that we all need
As we face an issue like this pesky virus
We need to be willing to offer help
And spread a layer of good will amongst us.

A pandemic it seems pushes all of our buttons
The folks on television are all stressed out
The lights on our system are all blinking red
And as I watch I just want to shout.

So I think of the martins to find some peace
And listen to hear the soft gentle tweet
And I conjure that sound to end the day
And help me find my way to sleep.
The Purple Martin

At Rice University
At James Turrell’s Skyspace
At mid-summer’s dusk.

The light is soft and focused
Through the hole in the square
That is mounted above my head,
Causing me to be in the moment,
To take in the play of color and clouds,
To be aware of whom and what
And where I am.

Through Turrell’s lens I see
The blackish forms flitting above me,
The body stocky, the wings pointed,
Purple martins collecting their daily ration
Of mosquitos and other flying things
That also share our space.

Thank you, James Turrell, for helping me to
Understand the meaning of “in the moment”,
Helping me to appreciate that which is around me,
That which co-exists with me,
The purple martins of my moment.