Yellow-billed Cuckoo 3

Today I heard the rain crow calling
Asking me where I’d been?
Telling me the he’d missed talking to
Jimbo Blackburn his good friend.

The rain crow and I’ve been talking
Since Louisiana days as a lad,
First encountering this cuckoo bird
Right before a storm that was bad.

The rain crow’s call doesn’t always mean
That rain is about to come
But I love the gurgling sound it makes
To be able to make it would be such fun.

Today the rain crow with the yellow bill
Wants to talk about the virus,
And asks me what I think about
Those without masks moving amongst us?

I tell my friend that there are humans
Concerned only about themselves,
The same type of person who’d go to a store
And buy everything that is on the shelves.

And what, he says, do you think about
Your national and Texas politicians?
And I say I wish they believed in science
And followed the advice of the statisticians.

It’s hard, I say, to be trained in science
And watch it dismissed again and again,
When it goes against a point of view
It’s dismissed much to my chagrin.

So I came back to talk to my rain crow friend,
Who’s in tune with the ways of nature,
A good conversationalist with a point of view
That is both reassuring and mature.
Yellow Billed Cuckoo

Jogging down the Hill Country Road
Alongside Lone Man Creek
In the late Spring.

The living things are celebrating today.
The chorus of the trees hums sweetly
As the warm south wind brings a hint of rain
To the cedars and the oaks that cover
The hillside in a two-toned display
Of their greenness.

Ahead, from the edge of the dry creek bed
The grey-brown bird with the yellow bill
And the great spotted tail
Sails down from its perch,
Crossing the road in a dipping arch,
Slipping through the trees on the other side
As if they were not there.

And later, sitting on the deck,
The “rain crow” talks to me,
Gurgling from the deep cover along the stream,
Telling me that coastal rain will come tonight,
Reminding me to listen to the symphony,
Of the raindrops and the frogs,
Reminding me to be grateful
That I am alive to see
Life being lived
In the Texas Hill Country.