



Painted Bunting 4

The painting bunting is a bird of the fields
That eats the seeds that nature builds
Atop the grasses with roots so deep
Sequestering a carbon bonanza to reap.

This bird has a coat of many colors
As if it was painted with watercolors
With a yellow back and breast of red
All topped off by a purple-blue head.

These painted butterflies have much to tell
About carbon storage the landowner could sell,
If they were smart enough to creatively graze,
Upon many dollars they could certainly gaze.

For the prairie fields where buntings live,
Are the native lands that give and give,
And offer the key to the oil industry's future,
A bridge, a hand, a well-placed suture.

For the industry today is under great pressure
To evaluate themselves by a different measure,
To find a way to reach carbon neutral
To prevent a result that will be most brutal.

For climate change is a nasty bad outcome

And to not act to prevent it is just plain dumb
And the painted bunting will show us the path
And its very cheap if you do the math.

So, stop and listen to the painted bunting
And invest with him if you are value hunting
He's never given me a bum steer
Your money will be safe – never fear.

So saith the bunting to the oil giants
And you lawyers race out and tell your clients,
Sequester your carbon emissions now
With the help of a bird and a contented cow.

LOVE DOES NOT WANT
LOVE DOES NOT RESIST
WHAT DOES NOT
RESTRAINED LOVE
IS NOT
LOVE IS NOT
MANIPULATION
RADIATION
FOR THE



Painted Bunting 6

In the Red Bud Gallery in the Heights
At Isabelle's art opening selling our books.

The gallery is full of art gazers
Who have come to see Isabelle's brush strokes
Hanging across the room from where I sit
Watching the varied guests parade by,
Some sporting bright colors,
Some sporting wild hair from face and pate,
Some looking a bit normal, some not.

The painted bunting hangs on the wall,
And moves its head, catching my eye
And starts talking to me across the room,
Saying isn't species diversity grand?
Telling me this is a bit like spring migration –
All colors, all types, mixed together,
Like when the birds gather on the coast
After another hard day of migration,
All coming together, all mixing,
Species not worried about territory for today,
Just existing together, enjoying life,
Happy to be alive.

I return to the moment as a lady

Walks to my table and asks for a book,
Telling me how good the artist is,
And the bunting yells from across the room
“You’re damn right she is.”

Truth from the painted bunting
At an art opening in the Heights.