



### The Osprey 3

On a nice winter day looking over Armand Bayou  
Just off Bay Area Boulevard down in Texas not Ohio.

Urban Houston surrounds the water  
Named for Armand Yramategui  
A man of insight and great vision  
Who sought to protect this place of beauty.

Armand unfortunately passed away  
But Hana Ginzburg continued his works  
A woman of fierce resolve and intent  
Going nose to nose with the worst of the jerks.

I got involved early in my career  
Trying to obtain more land and money  
To create a nature center next to NASA  
A place for birds and the cottontail bunny.

Hana and others ultimately prevailed  
And created a wonderful nature preserve  
A place where one can find peace and quiet  
A place that we all clearly deserve.

So today I came and stepped on the boardwalk  
I needed a place to mend and to talk  
To myself about how to take care of me  
And then my eyes rose to the bare tree.

There sat an osprey majestic and calm  
And for my heart it was a balm  
I remembered the vision of Armand and Hana

And I sang out with a loud “hosanna”.

The osprey and I had an Earth Church event  
Near to chemical plants I usually lament,  
It’s wonderful to act to create special places  
I’m a lucky lawyer to have had such great cases.

So thanks to Hana and Armand and all  
For fighting and fortitude in answering the call  
So now it’s time to get off your rear  
And protect our church - now do you hear?

## The Osprey 2

On the Christmas bird count at  
The Mad Island Marsh Preserve  
Run by the Texas Nature Conservancy.

Our group of watchers gather on the pier,  
Gazing out over the lake  
That connects to the Intracoastal Waterway  
That connects to Matagorda Bay  
That connects to saltwater in the Gulf of Mexico  
At Pass Cavallo and the Port O'Connor jetties,  
The focal point, the nexus, the pathway for  
Saltwater that comes with the tide to mingle  
With the freshwater flowing down the creeks  
Draining the prairie lands to the north,  
Creating a place that is both salt and fresh –  
An estuary - a special chapel of Earth Church,  
A place that nurtures marine life,  
A place where the shrimps brown and white  
And the crabs of blue meet the drums,  
Both black and red,  
A place where the hardhead catfish  
Is well fed.

Amidst this water teeming with life,  
The masked white bird drops  
To the water's surface, talons out,  
And then the osprey's feet retract,  
Holding a big fish, a seriously heavy fish,  
A fish that barely clears the water,  
The osprey flying low,  
Finally reaching an old fence post,

The remnants of long-gone “bob wire” fence  
Where the osprey sits and eats its catch  
Where a lonesome cowboy once rode.

How perfect – the fence that once  
Marked a line in the kingdom  
Of coastal cattleman Shanghai Pierce,  
Now turned over to the birds as is  
The ranch, a gift of the Runnells family,  
Heirs to Mr. Pierce, heirs to the abundance  
Where the osprey feeds today  
And where the old cowboy smiles.