



BEING AND NON BEING CREATE EACH  
OTHER. DIFFICULT  
SUPPORT EACH OTHER AND  
AND LOVE DEPEND ON EACH OTHER,  
BEFORE AND AFTER EACH OTHER,  
OTHER. THE MASTER WITHOUT  
DOING ANYTHING AND  
WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING  
ARISE AND  
THINGS DISAPPEAR  
THEY ARE  
POSITIVE  
WHEN HE  
FORGETS

## Frigatebirds on Westheimer

After Hurricane/Tropical Storm Harvey  
When the frigatebirds flew down Westheimer.

The rains have come, and the flood is here,  
The worst-case storm striking once again,  
Floodwaters rising, roaring and sneaking  
Homes near bayous tranquil no more.

Magical areas - lush woods and green hues,  
Flood plains filling as we know they will,  
Water without boundaries simply claiming  
The space it needs to reach the sea.

The frigatebirds flew down Westheimer today,  
The urban street far from fish-filled Gulf,  
The street patrolled by the magnificent bird  
With long scissortail and the serious demeanor.

A predator encountering new feeding grounds,  
Brought into town by spinning winds  
And all the water everywhere,  
Dreams colliding just as before.

Indianola and Copano lost long ago,  
Galveston never to be fully restored,  
And now Houston gut shot by tropical rain,

Needing to find a new way out.

Let the frigates on Westheimer be a sign  
That we need to think of a better way  
To inhabit this low-lying coastal plain  
Where the rains will come again and again.

We need resolve, we need strength,  
We need to be moved at our spiritual center,  
For this is a change in our way of existence,  
An event to define our home in the future.

Searching for hope, saying a prayer  
I know we can figure it out together,  
Searching for the place where new ideas reside  
As the frigates fly down Westheimer.

## The Frigatebird

At the Bolivar ferry in '08 after Ike,  
I encounter a magnificent frigatebird ,  
A bird of the water now resting on land  
Just sitting and staring without a word.

The frigate and I look down Highway 87,  
And view an old roadway lined with debris,  
Pile after pile of demolished dreams,  
Roadside pyres as far as we see.

The landscape is covered all over with plastic -  
It's in-your-face visible hanging everywhere,  
From salt-burned grasses and skeleton trees,  
From barb wire fence blowing in the air.

The Gulf water laps up to the road,  
Each high tide taking a millimeter more  
Of precious sand away from the beach -  
One day this place will be the stuff of lore.

The hurricane has vented its full fury,  
And the frigate looks from side to side,  
An old testament ruler looking on his domain,  
Presiding over Bolivar's recovery ride.

And return it has over ten years hence,  
It's rebuilt higher and seemingly stronger  
But the sea level's rising year after year  
And storm season's certainly getting longer.

It seems that we humans have a destiny

Of thinking that we are stronger than nature  
But the climate is changing, that's for sure,  
With storm wind and surge becoming greater.

Oh, we'll continue to build because we can  
Running into the wall again and again.  
And the frigate rises at the ferry landing  
Shaking its head, leaving me standing.

So fly away frigate, go fight for your fish  
And have yourself a tasty dish,  
I know you're correct, but I don't want to fight,  
Every time a landowner claims it's their right.

And as it leaves the frigate says to me,  
I now need to go back out to sea,  
That we both know how this story ends  
And it won't be with a bunch of wins.