

USE ENOUGH... I HAVE
 OUGH... FOR THAT
 I AM... I AM
 CONT... CHASE
 LESS... RE
 EVE... I
 DO... TO
 F... D...
 WITH
 BURN



The Belted Kingfisher 2

Off of Teichman Road on Galveston Island
After Hurricane Ike.

The blue and white kingfisher beats its wings,
Suspended above the azure marsh pond,
Surrounded by debris from the relentless surge,
A scene conjured up by a witch's wand.

The once regal sailboat lies on its side,
Sailing not on the bay but on marsh hay,
Keel in the mud, cowbirds on the mast -
A mast never again to see canvas sway.

Just where indeed did the fisher king fly
When Ike came pounding ashore?
Did it go with the wind and come back again?
Or did it leave the home it had before?

Was it sucked in by the northern gale
That rushed behind the moving storm?
Sucked like the bay water onto the shore,
Coming from the backside to do its harm.

Water that chose not to attack
The fortified wall against the sea,
But rather sneaked into sewers and marshes,
Steadily moving a wall of debris.

Bringing forth golf carts and refrigerators,
The remnants of life on Galveston Bay,

Flooding the island like never before,
Residents questioning whether to stay.

The kingfisher drops to the glassy surface,
And pops back up with a fish in its beak,
Unfazed by destruction, needing no rebuilding,
Against the fierce storm, soft but not weak.

Soft but not weak, what an interesting concept
That nature has claimed as one of its own.
But try explaining that to a Texas politician
Who'll treat you as a guest from the twilight zone.

Now imagine "Soft But Not Weak" on the tv screen
And Rod Serling's theme coming from the machine
Testimony being offered by the fisher and me
Smilin' and jivin' for truth makes us free.