World in a
wildflower
in the
world

THORN FROM THE
FENCE OF HIS GARDEN
IT HAS NOT STOPPED WORKING
ITS WAY INTO MY HEART. RUMI
Sanderlings

At the Weather Museum in Houston
Watching a documentary on Ike
Filmed from behind the Galveston seawall
Giving a bunker view of life and the dike.

The hurricane has just come and gone,
Debris flying everywhere during the storm,
Piled high along the street and the sea wall,
But when a hurricane hits, this is the norm.

Piers and roofs ripped asunder,
It’s unwise to build where the water lives,
Ike’s waves a ram, battering and punishing,
Spreading around the structure’s ribs.

Yet in the midst of this destruction,
Right after the storm has come to an end,
Two sanderlings make a filmed appearance,
Grey beachcombers comin’ round the bend.

The light grey shorebirds skitter along,
Searching the sand that remains for food,
Short legs carrying this beach bird forward,
Breast sticking out, feathers looking good.

The resilience of nature commands my brain
To challenge human thinking in the main,
We’re just so smart, so sure, so vain,
We believe our own talk and that’s insane.

Nature’s a great designer - just look at the marsh,
And the sanderlings immediately back on the beach,
I’ve heard of brown pelicans seen from flyovers
On Bolivar two days after Ike’s powerful reach.

Now human resilience was not demonstrated
After Ike’s energy had been dissipated,
People looking around in shock and awe
At beachside structures turned to straw.

So next time you see the sanderling run,
When you’re on the beach and having fun,
Consider that little bird will be just fine,
While you’re left with a houseful of sandy brine.