



## Vermilion Flycatcher 2

On the eastern extension of the refuge  
Along Oyster Bayou in Chambers County -  
Your intrepid reporter bringing you  
All the news that fit to know.

We are walking along the bayou bank.  
The day is cold and clear,  
The trees naked, leafless, bare, exposed,  
Allowing the most beautiful assassin  
Of the natural world a seat with a view,  
Benign and gorgeous, crimson and black,  
Moving suddenly, decisively - unerringly  
Nailing the unsuspecting insect flying by,  
Snatched from midair by the red marauder.  
Oh – you should've been here.  
Wow. Just wow.

Now listeners, you should be aware that  
Flycatchers have evolved in anonymity,  
Gray and nondescript, so entangled  
That experts are challenged to tell them apart,  
A white fleck here, a washed out yellow there,  
A slightly larger crest here, a darker one there,  
Yet here is an absolute beacon of identity,  
Hope for ye who get frustrated over telling  
One nondescript bird from another -  
A gift to restore your faith.

“Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah”.  
Praise be to the bird makers of the Earth  
For giving us the vermilion flycatcher,  
The wonderful, brilliant assassin clearly revealed  
To those that otherwise cannot tell apart some birds,  
But be forewarned – watching this red beauty  
Has a harsh reality, but then, again,  
It is honest; it is real; it is life.

And that’s a take,  
Live from the wilds of Chambers County,  
Your intrepid reporter signing off  
For the Earth Church channel.

## Vermillion Flycatcher

In the South Texas Brush Country  
Off of 281 near Encino.

The vehicle moves slowly  
Down the caliche sundero,  
Three observers sitting high in the back,  
Panning for wildlife gold.

In the warm spring air,  
A blue, sun-drenched pond glistens,  
Framed by mesquites and wild olives  
And shrubs full of thorns of all lengths.

The crimson form sits atop  
The bare limb extending above the water,  
The red brilliant amidst blue and green,  
The flycatcher flitting out over the pond,  
Spearing a tasty morsel, and returning  
To the same spot on the same limb,  
Only to do it again a minute later,  
A red flash across the blue and green,  
An image painted in my mind as if  
Isabelle's brush had painted in my brain.

Years after the event, a reincarnation occurs,  
The experience again alive in my mind,  
My friends and I gathered by the water,  
Enjoying services in a temple of the Earth,  
Taking in the sermon,

Enraptured again by the vermillion flycatcher  
Working the pretty little pond  
Set amidst the thorn-brush landscape  
In the south Texas coastal plain,  
As nice a church as you've ever seen.