Breathing be deep and slow.

Attention into the body,

Feet, calves, knees,

Hips, shoulders,

Neck, and head.

Through your

Feet.

Being

One with

All.

Pay attention.

Let the be one with

Connecting with all

Practice all the little enhancements

Connection to the greater

Sing of life you’ll feel more

More alive!
White Pelican 2 – A Fisherman’s Prayer

Wade fishing years ago in Snake Island Cove
On West Galveston Island where we drove.

Snake Island Cove, oh my what a name
A literal claim to fishing fame
For all remember parting the waters
The swimming snake generating horrors.

And later after beating hearts had slowed,
Looking for a place where the tide flowed,
Noticing nearby two white pelicans,
Swimming fast - looking like hooligans.

They clearly knew where they were going,
And knowledge upon me they were bestowing,
For the pelicans were looking for finger mullet
To gulp and swallow on down their gullet.

And where the finger mullet play
The crafty redfish he does prey
And that is where I want to fish
And fulfill my day’s fishing wish.

The pelicans paddled into the marsh
The tide was high, the grass awash
The snails were high on Spartina stems,
White shrimp jumping, translucent gems.

And suddenly the water before me exploded
And I realized that the marsh pond was fully loaded
With serious reds doing serious feeding
Go slow I said – cause no stampeding.

The rest of the day was like a dream
Like riding along on a sunbeam,
The marsh alive with birds of all types
Expectations exceeded, banishing gripes.

And today when I see the white pelican
I always respond to it as would a veteran
Who knows where to give proper recognition
To the author of one perfect composition.
Amen.