Carolina Chickadee

In the Texas Hill Country in the summer,
I walk to enjoy the start of the day,
A green landscape and full creek greeting me,
The morning allowing me to continue
Expanding my understanding that being alive
Is made more by linking my soul with nature,
A discovery that grows every day,
Filling me with optimism –
Grateful and wearing a smile.

I hear and then see the tiny chickadee
Flitting through the brush,
Yapping about this and that,
Fussing at me for interrupting her daily routine,
Telling larger birds to watch out,
A joy to behold, to observe, to absorb.

Walk with me as my repaired heart
Keeps me alive for another day,
A repair for which I am thankful,
A repair that keeps my eyes open
To glimpse my black-capped friend
That stops on a limb, offering a view.

Walk with me as I explore who I am -
Probing about life and living things,
About my place in the natural order,
An order to which I feel a duty
As a sentient being with self-will.

Walk with me as I search for insights
Into how to live life well,  
A task of which I will never tire,  
A concept I was never taught,  
One I understand but cannot well articulate.

Walk with me as we talk of good friends  
Who are among the greatest gifts of life,  
Walk with me as I remember to tell them  
How much they mean to me.

Thanks for walking and talking and musing  
About life and living while enjoying  
The Carolina chickadee along with me.