TOTALLY UNEXPECTED MY GUEST ARRIVED. "WHO DO YOU THINK?" ASKED MY HEART. "ONE OF THE MOON." AS HE ENDED THE HOUSE, THE STREET, THE MOON WAS CALLED. BUT WE WERE NOT OUTSIDE. A MESS OF HIS CALL, AND HE IS WITH US." DUM
Chachalaca

Pushing my memory back to a time
With bodies young and experiences sublime,
When life came fast, and we swung hard,
And having fun was pursued unbarred.

The Rio Grande Valley lies in south Texas
Where the Lone Star State meets Mexico,
It’s a place of fruit and vegetables and corn
Just add water and anything will grow.

The screen door creaks every time it’s opened
And the parrot calls the cat,
Dry winds blow hot across cotton fields,
And eating at Arturo’s will make you fat.

And in the morning when the sun comes up
After a hard night of playing and partying,
When you have no interest in waking up
And your dreams are really starting,
A sound emerges – oh, my goodness it’s loud,
And it echoes all across the lawn,
My brain computes a hoarse rooster crowing,
Hollering a greeting to the dawn.

What is this thing that has roused me
From the deepest of wondrous sleep?
Whose sound reverberates within my brain
And makes my red eyes weep.

I walk to the window and view the mesquite
Where five gray birds are walking
Along the limbs and branches and twigs
While all the time they are talking.

And my host looks in with an apologetic smile
And says “You’ve just met the chachalaca”,
Our local alarm, our neighborly rouser,
The border’s original morning rocker.

And today when I hear someone talk with love
About this bird that walks in the trees,
I smile and think of that wonderful morning
When the chachalaca’s song came in with the breeze.