



A ROOM BEAUTIFUL, THE  
 ROUTINE FOR, THAT, A FEW  
 LIVING, IS OCCUR AND THE  
 IS, ANCE, CREATIVE  
 TO INTRUVE, ORGANIZE YOUR  
 LIFE, SUCH AS, THAT, GOD  
 FEELS, CAN TOUCHED DAILY, THICHNAT  
 #ANK



15960

## The Clapper Rail

In my kayak on Eckert's Bayou  
On the west end of Galveston Island.

West Bay is full of lunar water,  
Pulsing with celestial connections  
That connect with some inner part of me.  
Rounding a marsh point, I see  
The ghost-like marsh chickens dashing  
Around the clump of bunch grass,  
Revealed for an instant and then gone,  
A clapper rail and her chicks  
Blending with the grass,  
The yellow and brown and black  
Swallowed by yellow and brown  
Full of dark shadows.

Floating on the bayou on a good day,  
I wonder what makes the rails run  
And hide from me in my kayak?  
Is it the smile of politicians  
Promising wetland and dune protection  
Only to turn their backs on what nature needs?  
Or is it the specter of the Galveston developers  
Promising a false economy built on ecological loss?  
Or is it simply that the rail is a wise bird  
That learned long ago  
To hide amongst the wetland grasses  
And stay away from my kind?

As I paddle back in the near-dark glow  
I am refreshed and renewed  
With the lubrication of sublimation  
By nature, to nature, into nature,

Wholly and completely transformed,  
At least for today, and it is good,  
Convinced that there is a lesson for humans  
To be found watching the marsh chicken  
Live within the rules of the ecosystem  
Within which it evolved,  
Staying unto itself, away from the crowd,  
Living where it is hard for humans  
To easily tread and move about  
Which is, after all, why the rail lives here.

Paddling on Eckert's Bayou off of West Bay  
On a higher high tide with the clapper rail.