Scrub Jay 2

In the Texas Hill Country
In the winter after a cold drenching rain.

The sun arrives like a long-lost friend,
Rays racing across space to warm me,
The light reflecting upon water that is
Oozing, seeping, dripping and then flowing
Across the porous fractured rock
That was parched and dry only yesterday.

The scrub jay swoops across the landscape
That is a bleached grey-green,
Brightening up the day with its azure color,
Unleashing its raucous cry that tells all
“This is my domain - this is my place.”

And as I hear the claim, I think
That the jay’s domain is no longer simple,
Complicated today by human action
That’s changing the climate,
Altering the rain, making the Earth hotter,
Drier and then much wetter and then dry again,
Change that causes the conditions to vary
That gave rise to our birds and bunnies
And their strategies for survival,
Change that is life-threatening to many.

So, when I hear the cry of the scrub jay,
I hear a proclamation of innocence,
A deposition from a future victim
Of how it was before the harm was felt.
Looking out across cold, seeping hills,
I resolve to be creative, frame-breaking,
Developing new ideas for success -
Success for the scrub jay -
Success for humans and all others,
Hoping that what is started now
Will reverse the trend
That threatens the innocence of the innocent
For whom we are responsible.

So, welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Let’s roll up our sleeves
And climate change undo.