Fly away to your native
Childs winds are along
And the stagnant and marshy
Waters, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, o bird,
To the source of life, uplifted
Like the eagle
Common Night Hawk

Sitting in my kayak on Deer Lake
Near Wimberley in the Hill Country
On a late summer afternoon.

The sun has painted the western sky orange
As it dips closer and closer to the horizon,
Calling out the night hawks to patrol
The space above the water,
A bird called a bullbat by old timers
Because it flies like a bat, erratic,
Searching for food in the calm afternoon sky,
Sailing, dipping, diving, and then climbing,
Chasing bugs that I cannot see.

I toss the lure toward the brushy shoreline
And watch it fall a bit too far,
Just into the small branches
Next to a moss pile when BAM –
The large bass strikes violently,
Pulling drag, pulling line, hooked
When it suddenly leaps into the air,
Its full body coming out of the water,
And shakes its head and throws the lure
Back at me twenty feet away,
And I watch as if hypnotized as the lure
Falls from the sky and pricks my leg.

I look upward and the night hawk dashes by,
Smiling down at me,
Chuckling at the reversal of fate,
Telling me that fair is fair,
That karma works that way,
On Deer Lake in the summer
With the bullbat.