If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man that life is infinite, William Blake, which is the meaning of art—take it for what it is and for what it is also. For days, I am torn to part things the way Rumi: but of the affection ex of the heart is Iohn Keats.
The Roadrunner 2

Hiding from the virus remembering
An ecotour on the King Ranch with friends.

“Over there” comes the cry,
“Lots of birds in the oaks, moving fast.”
We jump from the van,
Eight eager birders trying to find
The migrant warblers hungrily feeding
After coming up the coast from far away.

Standing, binoculars raised, we hear
A plaintive moan floating through the brush,
Seemingly coming from behind the mesquites,
A sound unlike any heard before,
A sound of want, of need, of longing,
The sound of the roadrunner seeking love,
And as we slowly turn,
The roadrunner steps into the opening,
The moaning ending as it realizes
We are not what he is seeking,
Taking off with speed and agility,
The moaning gone.

As I sit in my home office,
I think of that pervasive moan
And realize that it is a sound of today,
A society seeking respite, seeking hope,
Seeking company, seeking love,
And I moan from behind my desk
While smiling thinking about the roadrunner.
The Roadrunner 3

Sitting at my desk in Houston remembering
Jogging down an asphalt road in the Hill Country
On a foggy morning in November.

The morning is silent.
The hill is draped in the soft cloak
Of moisture that dulls and dims
The color, the shapes, the familiar forms,
Concealing their variety and character,
Rendering them all as gray outlines and forms,
When suddenly I hear the cluck of the turkey
And see motion beneath the cedar coming
Into view on my right.

I stop and watch as the sleek brown bird
Scoots out from beneath the fence
And comes to the middle of the road
Where it stops and looks at me,
First puzzled and then realizing what I am,
Takes off with a blaze of speed
For which it is known.

Oh, how I long to be swift like the road runner,
Escaping the wily coyote and other predators
Like this plague of a corona virus,
A predator that has taken our liberty,
Forced us to hide, to abandon routine,
To shelter in place far beyond that required
Of a hurricane or a chemical spill,
How were we so unprepared? So slow?
But we cannot linger for
We must get our act together.
We are on our own, you and I,
And we need to be swift and agile
As we maneuver on tasks that must be done,
In and out quickly, touching little,
Leaving no trace, taking no trace back home.

So “beep beep” to all of you reading this,
I am channeling this bird of the ground and
I smile because I feel fast today.