Rose Breasted Grosbeak 3

We went visiting Bryan and his lady Jane
To try to watch birds amidst thunder and rain,
He’d been sending me pictures for over a week
Of this rose breasted bird with a gross beak.

We birded the fence rows near Eckerd’s Bayou
And the Baltimore Orioles put on a show
But the weather was building and off we went
To see the birds promised by the gent.

We pulled in the driveway and exited the car,
And in the excitement left the door ajar,
For the birds were as promised around the feeders,
It was as if a party had organized to greet us.

You could rest your head on the open door,
While social distancing amidst thunder’s roar,
And watch the grosbeaks socially interacting,
Both males and females the seeds were attracting.

It’s neat to study a bird in detail,
It’s character and color to really nail,
And that day we achieved it with the grosbeaks,
I think I am one of those birding geeks.

And proudly I wear that geek distinction,
And I’ll fight to prevent an avian extinction,
For birds mean a lot to this life of mine,
They give meaning to life and fill my rhyme.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer for the geeks
You may be one too.
Rose Breasted Grosbeak 2

The first rose breasted grosbeak I happened to see
Was in a fruit-filled mulberry tree
Growing in the middle of Galveston Island
Where I was sent to develop a sensitive plan.

You see Mr. Mitchell had been stopped in court,
And his course of action he had to abort,
And he wasn’t pleased of that I am sure,
For more than one tirade I had to endure.

It was the early days of environmental planning,
And progressive thinking I was intent on advancing,
I went out to study and map and evaluate,
Just trying to identify what the site did dictate.

There were freshwater ponds with lush vegetation,
And saltwater wetlands with many a crustacean,
But the showstopping live oaks were perched on the sand,
Intermixed with the yaupons and mulberries so grand.

And the birds in the forest were a marvel to behold
The warblers and orioles and thrushes so bold
But the best of the best had a rose breast
And gorged itself on a mulberry breakfast.

So a plan was made with the oaks as the centerpiece,
Development allowed but leave the oaks at peace,
So that’s the tale of the preserve at Lafitte’s Cove,
We managed to design a reserve with love.
Like many hard battles it did not please all,
But I did my best to answer the call,
Of trying to build yet save nature’s best,
Including a mulberry for mr. red breast.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer for wisdom
When hard choices hit you.