WITHOUT YOU I'M ENTOMBED, MY
FLESH ROTTS AND FALLS AS I LISTENING.
IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR LEAVE AND PLUME
I AM BLOWN, WITH EASY
WE ARE SITTING IN THE DEEP WOODS
THEY TOOK ME AND I
CHEERFUL BECAUSE IN MY LIFE I
TOOK FOR YOU, ANOTHER
AND THE JUDGMENT FOR YOU ENTER
2
The American Bittern

On our way to getting stuck
In the thick black mud –
The sucking, sticking, stinking mud –
Of the South Texas brush country.

As we drive toward the cayo
The harrier flies low across the salt grass,
Orange-brown breast reflecting the yellow
Of the late afternoon sun
As it bobs and weaves
And suddenly settles on the field mouse.

The cayo beckons the driver
Like a light house to a lost ship,
Begging us to enter the lair of the bittern,
A bird that hides among the reeds,
A bird that disdains public attention,
A big bird that seldom shows itself
Until flushed by our wayward jeep
That thinks it can float across the cayo –
A jeep that carries us toward our destiny –
A jeep that almost makes its way across the slush,
A jeep that comes to rest
Where the bittern plays,
A place that should be left
To the bittern.
THE BITTERN

In these economic hard times
I want to be a bittern
And find a safe niche
In the tall reeds.

While others stalk the flats
In search of schools of profit,
I stand concealed -
Stealthy, even sneaky -
Ready to strike when opportunity
Comes swimming by.

I am apart from the crowd.
I stand tall, hiding in plain sight
Concealed within the striated stalks
Living life on my own terms.

I see what others do not
The slow and steady yields
That put food on the table
And keep the system in balance.

The Ponzi schemes of fast-blooming abundance
Don’t suck me in
For I have found my own path
And am one with the bittern.