

1-14-2000

Sandhill cranes follow geese South.
Long legs and mournful call
distinguish cranes from distant cousins.
Neck stretch toward final destination
while powerful wings stroke effortlessly.
Focus broken by glimpse of
cattle wandering from water hole.
Tails swish, punishing horse flies.

Green Jays, Brush Country Sentinels

1-14-2000

Green jays are brush country sentinels.
One disturbed, their mocking begins.
Creatures who dare to enter
green jay's territory will certainly pay
for thoughtless intrusion, disturbance making.
Self appoint, colorful, forest guardians,
Cris crossing South Texas Brush.
Visiting mocking bird chimes in.

Solitary Egret

1-14-2000

Cattle egret flies over brush.
I wonder what awaits this
snow, white, winged majestic creature
as it returns to nest.
Does egret family anxiously await
or will watchful solitude prevail?
Treetop bed best hope for
safety, except for silent owl.

Snuffette

1-14-2000

Snuffette is a baby javalina
orphaned by head of household.
She carries on javalina dialogue
much to delight of visitors.
She bonds by sensitive smell.
Offer back of your hand.
Painful mistake sticking fingers out.
Lightening strike of needle canines.

Winter Sky

1-14-2000

Alex waits patiently for deer.
Falling sun penetrates lalique dusk
as sky fills with geese.
Flyway marked by wedge shaped

flight, geese exchanging lead position.
Followers trail in wake effortlessly.
Honking cacophony bonds the flight.
Annual journey South, ancient tradition.

Slippery Slope

1-14-2000

Can't believe he did it.
His opinion had to prevail.
Delivered as if heaven sent,
the difinitive alpha male word.
Result predictable as slippery slope.
Just takes a little care
not to slip and fall.
Best bite your tongue, mister.

Tha Hole In Tha Water

1-14-2000

Tha hole in tha water,
that is where I'll disappear.
I opened my big mouth.
Now it's time to hide.
Got fire in her eyes
and her fist is clenched.
Maybe its not to late
to disappear below the surface.

Fleeting Sun

1-14-2000

How do clouds keep sky
from falling to watchful earth?
Critters don't seem to be
particularly concerned about cloud's success.
Grays, blues, orange and strawberry
mark heaven as morning evolves.
No two mornings the same.
God chooses each days palate.

Vigil

Dec-1999

I wait on hilltop
for crack of Alex's rifle.
Smack of bullet hoped for.
Clean kill the preferred outcome.
Hawk soars over brush canopy
looking for any critter moving.
South Texas brush country, exquisite.
Silence broken by bellowing cow.