There once was an eagle named Knox
Who was blessed with luxurious locks
Oblivious was he
Of his bald destiny
Which would strike like a large bag of rocks

One day he was soaring with Chief
Whose divulgence caused great disbelief
When the slip of the beak
Leaked a future that’s bleak
Knox went through the five stages of grief

As he faced his inevitable balding
Knox questioned his father named Roaldwing
The answer of his
Was, “it is what it is”
This did not make his fate less appalling

As he roamed around feeling defective
He saw a vulture and gained some perspective
It could have been worse
With the carrion’s curse
(Of his hygiene he was highly protective)
Leaves and Love

I love the way sunlight shines through maple leaves
Seeping through the red, yellow, and green
Casting a swirling shadow upon the ground

How their veins trace the memories of the Earth
Remembering the feel of the wind
Remembering the touch of a child’s hand
Remembering the hatchling as it walked its first steps

How the tiny, insignificant leaf
Is full of complex structures, layers, and incredible reactions
How it multiplies by the thousands
Filling the tree with vibrant greenery
Providing a shelter from the wind

These small, plentiful, life-giving leaves
Fill my heart with a love so simple
And yet so incredible beyond comprehension

This love is all we’ve ever known
There never was anything else

The moon reflects on a lake
The croak of an alligator
Blends with the song of the cicadas
A symphony led by the night

Humanity meets nature
Where the river meets the sea
An estuary of the human desire
To be a part of everything

A four-leaf clover
Lies in a grassy field
Like a child in a bed of calming hope
and nearby
Just like always
The ocean calls us home

The sandhill crane
Squawks a good morning
Between a sunny day
And a promise of another

Florida spells out promises
In waves of blue
And with the rain
Another day of beauty
Will come again soon
My Morning Fishing Trip

The cool breeze blows on my face
Birds are chirping in their chase
The big oak towers above me
Lots of action is a guarantee

The murky water and noisy waves crashing
Mullet in the distance can be heard splashing
Warm sweat drips down my body
All the meantime, the bite isn’t shoddy

I give surveillance to find a good place
The sun starts burning my face
I find a spot and make a cast
I hope I might catch one at last

My rod thumps down giving me a fright
I think a fish took a bite
I start to reel really quite rapid
But in the end, all I caught was salad.
Abandoned toys
Rain coming down
Sunny days
Wigglers hatching
Mosquitoes taking flight
Buzzing in my ear
Oh dear
Swatting and swishing
Needle prick
Itching and scratching
Red and swollen
Full of blood
New generations on the horizon
Mosquito