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Sail the Summer Sky (an Ode to Prairie Birds)

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Sail the Summer Sky (an Ode to Prairie Birds)



The portly Prairie Chicken does his dance across the lek.

His orange cheeks and feathered fans will show those hens who's best.

He booms across the prairie, a feathered Flint Hills king,

Then flaps his wings to glide away into the prairie breeze,

The pretty Upland Plover stands on the fence post tall
And lifts her wings and starts to sing her sweet high lonesome song.
From the southern hemisphere she flies, from beaches white with sand,
To raise her family in these hills of bluestem prairie land.

She'll fly - - - - - And sail – the summer sky.

Our melodic Western Meadowlark, he nests down in the grass,
And hunts for insects in the Earth, then flies away so fast.

The color of the sunshine with a black tie on his chest,
He sings his morning meadow song to wake us from our rest.

The gangly Great Blue Heron steps her stilt walk cross the creek,
Unhooks her S-shaped neck to catch the minnows in her beak,
Then spreads her six-foot wings to glide down through that tunnel green
To her nest among the many in the sycamore rookery.

She'll fly - - - - . And sail – the summer sky.

The daring little Killdeer lays her eggs right on the ground. Their speckles camouflage so well they seldom will be found. If you come too near she'll do her best to lure you away. She'll drag her wing and cry out loud to keep her babies safe.

Oh the mighty Red-tailed Hawk, he skims across the sky, And his hawk eyes scan the prairie beneath him as he flies. He'll rise up with the current, on the warm wind take a ride, To float above the ridge tops and sail the summer sky.

From CD Clean Curve of Hill Against Sky - Tallgrass Express © Anne B. Wilson 2010

Annie Wilson is a teacher and mother of three, helps her husband on their Flint Hills ranch in Chase County, and plays guitar in the Tallgrass Express String Band. She has managed a rancher-owned grassfed beef coop and been active in conservation issues.