

Requiem for a Marsh

By Linda Whyte

In a fate as common as it is harsh,
Human demands are claiming a marsh;
As a landfill expands, to our consternation,
We fondly remember a piece of creation

Who will be here to sing in memoriam?
Maybe Song Sparrows, resilient, abundant,
But will there be Dicksissels singing nearby?
Surely no Loggerhead Shrike, so few,
Finding scant nest-sites wherever they fly

Who will remain to join in the chorus?
Perhaps the Brown Thrashers, will be there for us;
But doubtful Bell's Vireos will be around,
Nor will the Mockingbird, master of voices,
Whose habitat needs grant limited choices

Yellow-headed Blackbirds may join, singing near,
Yet not the Blue Grosbeaks we all hope to hear;
Of waders and shorebirds, will there be more birds
Paying respects? Kildeer may keen where Sora now trill,
But the voices of Bittern and Rail will be still

Way-faring Ibis and Cattle Egret
May be met with a song of silent regret---
Food source reduces where "progress" holds sway;
The bugs that feed Phoebes, including the Say's,
Will languish in number in coming days

Construction will stifle the drone of the dragonfly,
Render a by-gone, the Monarch wing's sigh,
Where milkweed will no longer bountifully grow;
Who of all these will gather here now,
Only the uncertain future will show

Human expansion can be nature's scourge,
A marsh's chorale becoming a dirge;
With limited prospects of compensation,
We're mourning a place of Nature's creation;
RIP, 140th St. Marsh, Dakota County, 2020