Song of the Redwing
Voice of the Wetlands

Tish McFadden    Laura Winslow
Sunrays kiss cattails as black-necked stilts 
Stretch long pink legs upon soft marshy quilts
He glances below to a wood duck parade
Approaching the rim of a ripe boggy glade
Shimmering males with iridescent plumes
Take to the water in dazzling costumes
Where otters seek sunshine on fat fallen logs
Dragonflies dance to croaking bullfrogs
In a marsh woodland fox and deer creep
Masters of silence, they make not a peep
Quietly feeding under dogwood and elm
Animals find refuge in their forested realm
...As fireflies flicker and marsh rabbits romp
    
    Songbirds go quiet; field mice stir
    After sleeping all day it's the dark they prefer