

Ode to a Biological Stream Monitor

by Jonathan Pearson

I kick the riffle with hope to see
the wondrous Hydropsychidae
with ventral gills and forelegs three;
I curse the heavens should there not be.

But wait! Upon the seine I spy
my quest, for 'tis a caddisfly!

The riffle explodes as I hope and pray
to find a Siphonuridae.

Tails are three, but claws are one;
I question my faith should I find none.

Gadzooks! Do I believe my eyes?
Upon the net, two huge mayflies!

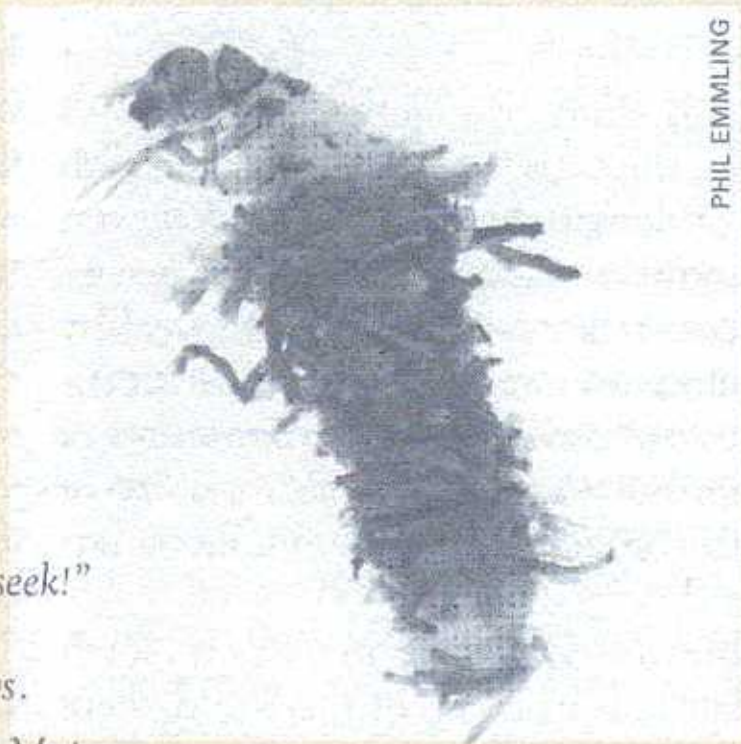
My angst-driven legs begin to feel weak
"Plecoptera!" I shout, "It is you I must seek!"
Body of armor, displaying two claws;
I offer my soul for a stream without flaws.

Huzzah! Could it be?? An illusion?? Oh My!
'Tis not! For I see the seductive stonefly!

I fall to my knees, I crawl to the net.
My face fills with glee; I don't care that I'm wet.
There's crayfish and beetles, a sowbug, a midge;
a disgusting black crane fly, as large as a bridge.

I fill up my sample, relaxed and relieved
For biodiversity has been achieved.

Jonathan Pearson wrote this poem while on staff with
Maryland Save Our Streams.



PHIL EMMLING

Caddisfly (family Limnephilidae)