

The Gray Gloved Bat  
*by Tom Carter*

The gray gloved bat  
hung above the foraging  
centipedes,  
Each night feeling  
the vibration build  
until he was swept out  
in a dark gray cloud,  
Each time there was danger  
— that Red Tailed hawk  
circling there, waiting,  
Like seeds scattered by wind, they flew,  
Swooping,  
feeding about green fields  
Like carousing voyagers returning  
early morning  
to hang above the chaotic cave floor,  
He knew  
this was all  
he needed as a bat,  
this and the great migration  
south

*Tom Carter* was twelve years old when he encountered an injured bat in Logan Cave. That bat was so inspirational to Tom that it eventually led him to Carlsbad Caverns to study Mexican Freetail bats and then to write this poem. He retired from the National Park Service in 2004 and now lives in Kanab, Utah.