



## On The Porch

I come to the Hill Country as a refugee,  
Seeking to escape the city's gravity,  
Here the porch awaits as a masseuse,  
Its magic hands help me find truth.

I come to the porch with humility,  
And focus on the bark of the cedar tree  
That's kind of fuzzy and runs up and down,  
The trunk like a hand grabbing the ground.

And on this bark the lovely wren searches,  
And makes me want to write porch-wise verses  
That celebrate the cardinal and the chickadee,  
And explore what it means to feel carefree.

The black chinned hummer comes floating by,  
The buzzing wings help me simplify,  
The myriad pieces float around my brain  
As I breathe fresh air and rearrange.

From the porch my priorities realign,  
My thinking seems guided by a hand divine,  
The morning light penetrating the green,  
The breeze flowing gently through the screen.

And then Garland and JC and Isabelle wake up,  
And join me with their morning cup,  
Friends together for another day,  
Listening to the sounds of the blue scrub jay.

On this day Earth Church is very real,

A place of gratitude, a place to heal,  
A place where priorities become clearer,  
A place where divinity seems much nearer.

So I sit here glowing in the porch's embrace  
In what some would call a state of grace,  
Me and my friends, human and feathered,  
Enjoying a gift that cannot be measured.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Pray the cardinal and the scrub jay  
Come to comfort you too.