



In My Kayak

The kayak is loaded and ready to go,
And I sit in the cockpit nice and slow,
For I'm not as young as I used to be,
Another encounter with reality.

But oh my, it's worth it when the paddle begins
To send me on a journey that never ends,
I paddle straight through the open door
To familiar places where I've lived before.

The tide's coming in, I can see the ripples,
The oyster reef causing Drum Bay dimples,
The rookery is talking off to my side,
I close my eyes and on the tide ride.

Incoming water covers marsh grass roots,
The finger mullet school sees me and scoots
Into the safety of the deep green grass
To hide in the shadows of the vegetative mass.

I welcome the birds that keep me company,
With them the trip's better most certainly,
A roseate flies just over my head,
It's color in the sun almost crimson red.

The paddle rises and falls with ease,
My soul stirred gently by the morning breeze,
My spirit is loose and flying with my boat,

It's a dreamlike state as on the water I float.

And as I return, I'm feeling renewed,
Nature the mechanic plugged in a new fuse,
My soul bird the grackle urges me on,
Renewed and restored with sharpened tone.

Back home and it's birthday seven four,
I'm a lucky man - couldn't ask for more,
With kayak and grackle, I will stay young,
Spirit flying with the birds as I have natural fun.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Nature is the tonic
For the aging within you.