



## Laughing Gull 6

The bay is flat, the tide is slack,  
The laughing gulls are loafing, laying back,  
The wind a light pressure on my face,  
I feel the day's tension begin to erase.

No sound comes from the laughing gulls,  
Sitting on the pilings extending like hulls,  
All that remains of the piers that once claimed  
Galveston Bay was a human domain.

Today there's no sense - really no clue,  
Of what the big storms can do to you,  
The battering, smashing force of attack,  
That smashes down your bayfront shack.

Storms that today we name and fear,  
Storms with messages for the human ear,  
Carla, Ike and the big one in Galveston  
All have the power to make locals run.

Science says these storms are getting more severe,  
And that is the truth that we need to hear,  
About our climate changing and to what extent,  
And the truth about this – have you heard a hint?

Truth – we need to hear it,  
Truth – it sometimes hurts,  
Truth – it clears illusion,  
Truth – it reveals the dirt.

Truth – politicians hate it,

Truth – many people do too,  
Truth – it keeps me balanced,  
Truth – it's good for you too.

The laughing gull spreads its wings and flies,  
And promises truth and to tell me no lies,  
I love this Earth that speaks truth to me,  
And helps me live life honestly.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here the laughing gull calls out  
The truth to you