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ROLLING
STONES

My Day Today

It's interesting being on the cutting edge,
Like having one leg hanging off the ledge,
A shot of adrenalin, a pinch of fear,
It's not always fun being here.

It is one thing to be on the edge and young,
Not so aware that you might be hung,
But to be on the edge when you are old,
Is perhaps more stupid than it is bold.

Yet here I am peering into the abyss,
Careful of the steps I don't want to miss,
Fully knowing what lies down below,
No time to stop for I must go.

Aha – the abyss sucks at my feet,
To escape makes one feel among the elite,
But when the tentacles reach your ankle
I promise your brow will surely wrinkle.

So I return to the edge as an Earth defender,
To protect my mother vulnerable and tender,
Subject to abuse from those sworn to defend,
Will two-faced bureaucrats be my end?

The feds are coming after my whooping cranes,
They weren't content just to stay in their lanes,
Throwing science and their obligations to the side,
The abyss is reaching for the whoopers' hide.

The proposal to downlist those cranes I love,
Was it locally generated or from above?
Was it incompetence or an act of malintent?
From my view the proposal was devil sent.

So here I again go to the cutting edge,
Mounting a defense, throwing up a wedge,
Fighting to save this bugling being,
It's flames of battle that I am seeing.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
The whoopers need help,
And they're asking you.