



Red Wolf Spirit

The red wolf is endangered, that's for sure,
Its blood line diluted, less than pure,
But it still exists on our tough coastal plain,
Surviving mosquitos and frog-strangling rain.

There is something spiritual about a fight to exist,
About fire in the eyes that will forever persist,
Surviving by hiding and becoming a ghost,
Seen by few on this hard-scrabble coast.

Wolves that were shot and trapped and killed,
By actions of humans or what they build,
Habitat removed by a new subdivision,
Developers lacking an environmental vision.

To protect declining species is a chore,
But it is the stuff of spiritual lore,
For when my spirit merges with another,
We become as kin, brother to brother.

And to gain a brother outside of birth,
Is a spiritual achievement on this Earth,
This place of life, this kingdom of glory,
I'm living for real this spiritual journey.

For I am more than just who I am,
There is another called the spiritual man,
Whose existence is fragile but can be supported,
With clear intent that cannot be aborted.

For without intent the best cannot be,

The spirit must be nourished within, by me,
I have to look for the spiritual flow,
And align myself, and let it go.

Today I look for the red wolf of the coast,
A spiritual quest in search of this ghost,
That sees me coming and howls a greeting,
And our spirits collide in a gleeful meeting.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Stand and howl from your pew,
Here we ignite the spirit
Of the red wolf in you.