



The Rubies of the Garden

The Turk's Cap rises toward the sky,
Green leaves extending bold and high,
Red flowers sitting like nectar canisters,
The red the cape of natural matadors.

I see "El Toro" come into the ring,
Dashing around, loving the scene,
Diving to chase away a nectar rival,
Circling around, fighting for survival.

In the wind the Turk's caps gently sway,
"El Toro" slows and decides to stay,
Coming over slowly, buzzing around,
Flying in place next to what he's found.

But now its El Toro with the blade,
Seeking the red cape to invade,
The bill extending and then entering,
Its DNA acting, its body remembering.

The ruby throat joins crimson flower,
I could sit and watch this for an hour,
The wings moving at the speed of light,
This breakfast meeting a wonderful delight.

This is how the spiritual comes to me,
A feast for the eyes that allow me to see
The symbiosis, the balance, the garden meeting,
My spirit with theirs, a spiritual greeting.

I watch as "El Toro" charges the garden,

An uplifting morning - an infusion of fun,
My day enriched, my life supported,
My head soothed, my soul transported.

This is what I've come to anticipate,
When the sun rises, I have a date,
Greeting the rubies with my spirit pin,
For when spirit's revealed, I always win.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we appreciate rubies
In the morning dew.