



The Waxwing and the Berry

The garden was designed with intent and love,
Hoping to attract living things from up above,
Butterflies and bees, dragonflies, and birds,
Hoping for neighbors beyond reach of words.

We watched as the plants grew up and matured,
It seemed that success had been ensured,
The butterfly bush with its beautiful blossoms,
The monarch's coming was simply awesome.

And the Turk's cap bloomer red and strong,
At the end of a branch, green and long,
The salvia and the bees - made for each other
The middleman bee linking flower with lover.

The garden is native and about the connection
Of the spirits of life, a point of inflexion
That focuses me on what I know is real
About my spirit and what it means to feel.

Then the whistling sound came over my head,
And into the yaupon with its berries red,
Cedar Waxwings dropping in to dine,
A crowning success, a moment sublime.

This garden is like a room of our home,
A place of love with its rich deep loam,
A place of connection where spirits meet,
A place to take worries off your feet.

I sit back and watch the waxwings feast,

I smile as I feel my spirit unleashed
To wander out and into the yaupon,
Plenty of connections for me to reflect on.

Waxwing and berry together a metaphor,
Of what I believe, of what I am searching for,
Our spirits joining, hand and wing,
Oh my, what joy spiritual connections bring.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here the waxwing's whistle
Liberates spirit in you.