



DORVILLE  
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## Honoring the Monarch

The butterfly hovers above the flower,  
It's been working this plot for over an hour,  
Flitting up and down and all around,  
Never setting down upon the ground.

This butterfly's nectar is found by the river,  
A great meal found here – all ready to deliver,  
But controversy's come to this butterfly reserve,  
It seems that there's politics to be served.

The MAGA activists have been on the attack,  
Are they outright bullies traveling in a pack?  
Coming after those least able to fight,  
They give a bad name to the far right.

Bullying, blustering, swaggering jerks,  
Defying the boundaries, fouling the works,  
Saying the rules don't apply to them,  
As they march ahead to the battle hymn.

Is our country threatened like never before?  
Does this foretell an internal war?  
Are we Americans turning on each other?  
Sister versus sister, brother versus brother?

For my part I'll help the butterfly reserve,  
I'll send some money to support their nerve,  
For they are the ones suffering this attack,  
And maybe next time they'll have my back.

And I close my eyes and let my spirit fly,

Beside the beautiful monarch butterfly,  
It and I flitting to and fro,  
Loving the way it makes my spirit glow.

So, fly Monarch fly on past the strife,  
I'll work to create you a patchwork for life,  
Supporting your cycle with native prairie,  
Soothing my soul, providing reverie.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we honor the Monarch  
To release the spirit in you.