

THE BOBSEY TWINS AND THEIR SCHOOLMATES



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Katydid

Ka-ty-did, Ka-ty-did, Ka-ty-did, Katy-did,
The sound sends me back to being a kid,
That roamed barefooted across the field,
Always searching for things concealed.

The sound's from a source hidden in green,
Easy to miss and seldom seen,
Until your foot makes it jump up high
Where it's easily visible to your naked eye.

I lie in the grass and think about being,
About life and the katydid I am seeing,
Of the wonderful linkage of it and me,
A meaningful connection I did not foresee.

I watch as its wings rub out a song,
I lose track of time – I stay very long,
My spirit flies with the hopper today,
As it washes my lingering tension away.

I want to share this spiritual adventure,
But if I do will I risk being censured?
The spiritual often gives us hesitation,
It's ground occupied by that called religion.

It's a bit like the concept of patriotism,
A word often interpreted through a prism,
Words that take us to uncomfortable places,
Tricky words possessing different faces.

I want to liberate the word spirituality,

I want it to be free from today's reality,
Where the spiritual realm is clogged and blocked,
Our spirit behind a door that's locked.

So go find an outlet for your id,
Just like I and Ms. Katy did,
Reclaim your spirit, stake out your ground,
You'll find your psyche will come around.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we embrace the spiritual
And will liberate you.