

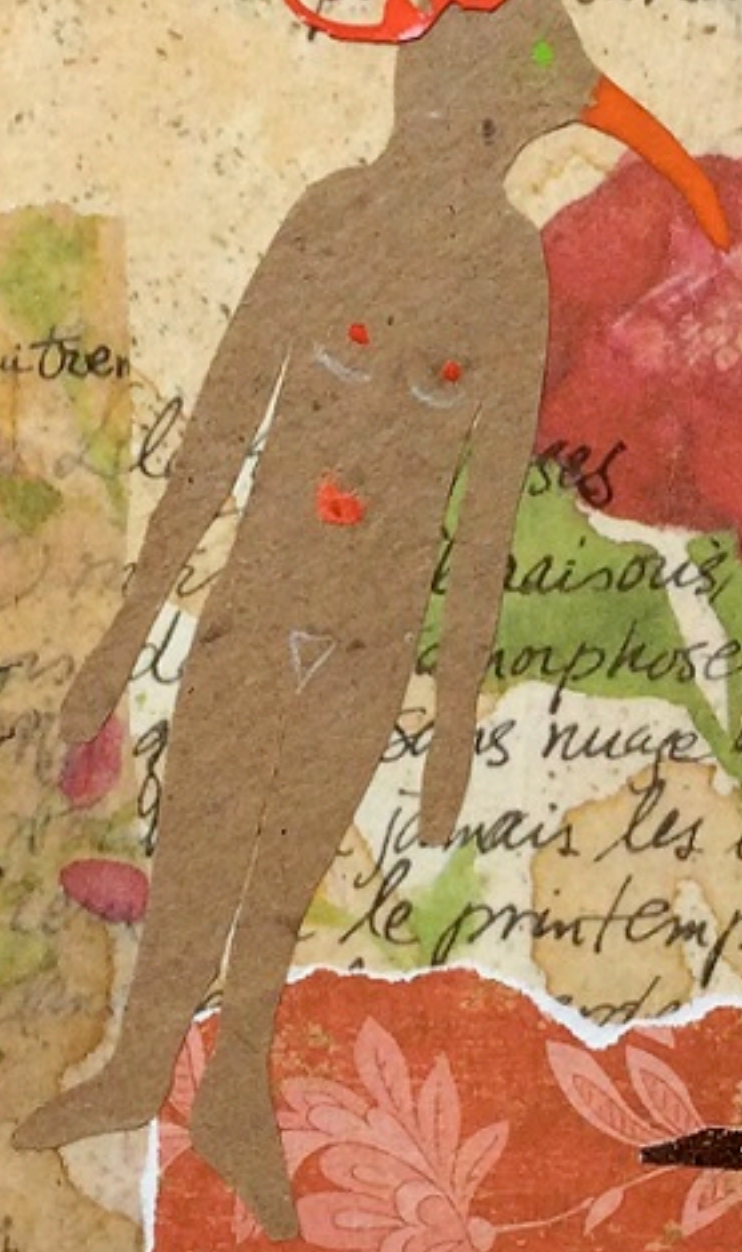
urle
(e)

Voix penches
en...
d'absence au passan

inquit ven

nde
oses

aporte



ses
raisons,
morphoses
sans nuage et Juin poig
jamais les lilas ni les
le printemps



Lost In Nature 2

Sunday, I took a long walk through Rice,
I'd do it again twice, I'd do it thrice,
I found myself like Alice in wonderland,
Falling in space, no intent, no plan.

The mystery of nature was first revealed
As I walked across the soccer field,
The big grackle sparkled in his black sheen,
Nothing was near for he looked kinda mean.

And the big fat Robin scooted to and fro,
Stopping to gaze, then on for more,
And the killdeers with lovely white neck bands,
Standing together as if making plans.

And then onto the prairie back by the track,
A place that in time will take you back
To when Harris Gulley was above the ground,
The trees coming back, beginning to surround.

Here I was in the heart of the city,
Enjoying nature until almost giddy,
The sky so blue without a cloud,
I wanted to shout and sing out loud.

The smallest parcel with life will sprout,
With more living things than you can count,
For that is Earth's secret, its miracle,
So far removed from things political.

I try not to worry where I have no control,

But just continue to create and be bold,
And recognize special moments when they occur,
Today down the rabbit hole was a blur.

Being lost in nature is where I want to be,
Floating beneath the live oak canopy,
Noticing life and breathing it in,
Becoming a whole human once again.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the simple things
Become gold to you.