



## Moon Over the Mexican Beach

The Mexican beach always brings me smiles,  
And reminders of fun-filled, life-loving miles  
On the road to Mazatlán and San Blas,  
And Zihuantanejo which really rocks.

I recall the smell of cooking fish in the air,  
It wraps me in a fragrance that I wear  
To help me compose worthwhile thinking,  
It's a spiritual fountain from which I am drinking.

From Durango to Mazatlán we drove at night,  
The mountain crossing generated bona-fide fright,  
Upon arrival, we passed out on the sand,  
To be awakened by police, well, not so grand.

At San Blas we looked for the fabled surf break,  
And went out to eat and stayed out too late,  
The no-see-ums came out to suck our blood,  
The savior door we slammed with a thud.

Manzanillo was a quiet and lovely beach,  
Eating and dozing was our niche,  
Beach peddlers passing with various wares,  
As I dreamed away my various cares.

On the eastern side is Isla Mujeres,  
The Caribbean water is the fairest,  
Seven of us sleeping in a large single room,  
Hammocks wrapping us as in a womb.

Cancun was just constructing when we first came,

The beach to ourselves, we played a game,  
Snorkeling all day and then back to the ferry,  
Never a worry, no need to be wary.

And now I look out on this Mexican moon,  
Reliving those times when we slept 'til noon,  
The moon shining down on what life's all about,  
Helping the young man grow from a sprout.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Here the moon o'er the beach  
Helps form you.