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The Hidden Bittern

Do you ever want to just disappear?
To hide away, no one near?
To be apart from the maddening crowd?
To get away from sounds too loud?

In times like that I take a clue,
And do like the bittern, tried and true,
For the bittern hides away in plain sight,
And to see one is frankly a pure delight.

The bittern doesn't hang with other birds,
Preferring silence to the venom of words,
It slinks along amongst the reeds,
Taking good care of its daily needs.

I see you looking at me like a cynic,
Asking "How do I the bittern mimic"?
Do I wear a coat of many stripes?
Do I set aside my likes and dislikes?

Hiding in plain site is a tough task,
You have to think, you have to grasp,
Search for the notion revealing the least,
Slow, like a sloth, but not a beast.

You move very slow, to and fro,
You move in rhythm when the winds blow,
You find the path of least resistance,
This is one way of hidden existence.

But I couldn't be a bittern for long,

For my personality, the fit is wrong,
I might like to be a bittern for a day,
But I like to romp, I like to play.

I love the bittern as a concept of refuge,
Escaping the grind of the daily centrifuge,
But at the end I release invisibility,
Exposing myself to honest vulnerability.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we love the bittern
And revealing too.