



The Exercise Plant

There's a plant on our path to exercise
That helps workout fears to exorcise,
For jumping and lifting is harder and harder,
And I need to pump up my exercise ardor.

I lumber across from the parking lot,
The plant asking me how much have I got?
Can I make my body respectfully obey
When I ask it to lift the weight today?

It seems my body has a will of its own,
Years ago, too many wild oats were sown,
The joints will creak, and sweat will leak,
Will my tongue work when I try to speak?

I step up on the bench and then down,
The strain of the weight causing a frown,
Breathe out of the mouth and into the nose,
I wish I had an oxygen hose.

And near the end we move to yoga,
I feel like I'm living la vida loca,
A crazy life where I push my limits,
But only twice a week for 60 minutes.

So I begin the walk back to the car,
And wave and greet my friend from afar,
I talk of how my form was not great,
That looking good was not my fate.

The plant waves a branch as a high-five,

Saying it's glad that I did indeed survive,
Laughing with me about water versus bone,
Giving me a hard time about muscle tone.

And each time I come to muscle training,
I'll look for my friend whether sunny or raining,
For this nice old plant is a good friend,
As he chuckles watching me try to bend.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we talk to plants
To build fiber in you.