



* We made Flor De Jamaica (Hibiscus Flower Tea) in Ethlene's wonderful 100 yr old pitcher & watched it turn red.

flowers with the tea.



15C
2006

Crazy Pink Moon

Batshit crazy is a real situation,
It's more than just wild recreation,
It happens when the full moon turns pink,
It leads large numbers to the brink.

It shows up in the freeway traffic,
Horns blowing up quite a racket,
Crazy drivers zipping to and fro,
Everybody late for where they go.

I saw a night heron doing a dance,
A bit of a hop, a bit of a prance,
And a coyote came loping up the street,
Singing and dancing on fur-covered feet.

And across the moon I saw an image,
A witch's broom, a line of scrimmage,
A team of crazies kicking balls towards goals,
A time of worry about lost souls.

If werewolves existed, I would be nervous,
For this is their evening to pursue us,
Roaming around with their hoodies on,
Eyes of yellow searching for fun.

And then a opossum appeared on the fence,
Bathed in moonlight like it had good sense,
Skipping along with its tail high behind,
Tickling a giggle from deep in my mind.

I relish the pinkness that washes my spirit,

I feel I have dipped my spirited pen in it,
And I feel the vibration back up my arm,
Uh oh – watch out – batshit crazy alarm.

I love batshit crazy as spring begins,
Kicking old winter right in the shins,
Waking my soul to the greatness of nature,
Telling me to release my inner creature.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we appreciate,
Batshit crazy in you.