



The Beach Chair

I pull up my chair and become one with the sand,
Sitting and contemplating how land-life began,
The fish with legs emerging cautious and slow,
Taking in its first breath, little did it know.

We all owe our origin to this little being,
The source of land life that today I am seeing,
Now look - a gull just flew into view,
Looking intently for a Cheeto or two.

But it loses interest – no Cheetos here,
I send it off with a hearty cheer,
And whisper a welcome to the ruddy turnstone,
Flipping the shells, no luck, and it's gone.

Behold the brown pelicans flying before me,
Wings folded, birds diving, seeking food from the sea,
Coming up with a splash and hearty shake,
This Gulf is fertile, no lie, no fake.

And look, the dolphin is chasing some mullet,
I just saw it leap and catch food for its gullet,
So sleek, so graceful, so seeming to have fun,
This day delightful - shared with friend sun.

On a day like today I am one with the beginning,
Life seems everlasting, never ending,
A continuum from land to sea to air,
I love my Earth, nothing else can compare.

From my beach chair I embrace the universe,

No need to think, no need to rehearse,
Feeling my deepest most secret spots open,
Filling me with warmth, keeping me hoping.

The beach and the surf are part of my soul,
And according to a legend that must be retold
Earth code is written into our DNA,
It's been that way from the start to today.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Come relax on the beach,
And let the Earth become you.