The Purple Gallinule 2

At Anahuac National Wildlife Refuge in the fog,
We’re next to the marsh and I hear a bullfrog,
Croaking out that it’s happy to be alive,
And we all settle in for a nice blue-tooth drive.

The fog lies gently on the flat landscape,
We can just see the water body taking shape,
The fog moves slowly as the breath of East Bay,
The colors are muted – it’s all sorta gray.

The droplets move above dark fresh water
That’s home to nutria, alligator and otter,
Water caressed by plants on the surface
Where the purple bird walks without disturbance.

The smell. The sight. It’s all so real,
The essence of life is mine to feel,
Life like it was back at the beginning,
I can see into a future without ending.

I am sucked into the marsh’s deep-rooted marrow,
I am now departing from the straight and narrow,
And I land in a most interesting spiritual place,
Is this what is meant by a state of grace?

The Christian Trinity when considered wholly
Leads some to believe that the Earth is holy,
That the holy spirit pervades Earth’s entirety,
A concept that gives others severe anxiety.

The purple leaf walker raises its head,
Then looks back down to the leaf ahead,
And walks atop water and into the reeds,
Getting on with meeting its daily needs.

I leave feeling cleansed by the dew of the air,
I’ve been touched by something with a special flair,
And once again Earth Church pumps up my spirit,
I’m restored, unconstrained, a man with no limit.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that the fog
Will embrace you too.