



Cypress Night

I am known to some as the old man of the water,
I've been here a long while but do not totter,
I was here when Comanches came riding by
On their painted ponies so swift and spry.

My feet are planted in the river's path,
Anchored deep against the river's wrath,
My knees are knobby and my leaves are thin,
But I can stand up to a pretty strong wind.

I've seen a lot in my many years,
I've got things to say if you'll open your ears,
I've watched this river for all of my time,
We have truths to tell and stories sublime.

Aldo Leopold once wrote of the scene before me,
Talking of how the river plays a symphony,
And how science wants to examine each instrument,
And misses the whole by studying the increment.

They miss the river singing to me each night,
And that we dream together until daylight,
And that I sing along as the river plays
Its song of truth with no cliches.

I sing of the gift of birds using my limbs,
And the fish that in my deep pocket swims,
The river's symphony feeds upon my whims,
And together we orchestrate river-tree hymns.

But my river must have an adequate flow,

If I'm to become an old age hero,
So the two of us depend upon your perception,
That the two of us are a worthy conception.

So I'm asking you decide what you think it's worth
To be able to listen to my river's concert,
To see me and the wind singing along with the tunes,
For if you don't value us, we will be entombed.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
You'll hear truth in this temple
But you must do.