



The Purple Seed Pod

A seed pod's been painted and placed before you
A lovely piece in purple, tan and blue,
But what does it mean? What's the artist offering?
Some greater meaning? Or artistic muttering?

The pod is a safe place for embryonic gestation,
A launching pad to propel the next generation,
Our artist told me this is nature's future,
The DNA protected by a nature-sown suture.

But when I see the pod and the seeds within,
I think of an economy being born again,
The old ways are the pod and the new is inside,
But the key is what happens when the seed is outside.

The seed must be nurtured with water and soil,
And for Houston the answer is rethinking oil,
We must find a way to address carbon dioxide,
To fail to address it is economic suicide.

The solution is nature and what it's worth,
We must pay for carbon storage by the Earth,
By our forests and wetlands and the lovely prairie,
But we need to get moving and not needlessly tarry.

And we also must think of cycles and plastics,
And transform our thinking with some mental gymnastics,

We must change from simply throwing plastics away
By mimicking nature's economy that recycles every day.

The future of Houston lies within the pod,
These are important concepts that we should applaud,
But they will not grow and sprout on their own,
And we'll end with a reality we have not known.

The economics of nature and Houston are tied,
And with cycles and circles we must abide,
If we want to succeed and laugh and applaud,
We must nurture these seeds from within the pod.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
At Earth Church our temples
Will rescue you.