



## Greater Yellowlegs

Today I'm feeling down, knocked around,  
I need to get myself up off the ground,  
I'm going to nature to find respite,  
I need a fix quick, I'm feeling desperate.

I drive to Galveston and catch the ferry,  
Hoping on the water my blues to bury,  
The pass welcomes me - I taste salt on the air,  
I am starting to feel my soul repair.

I leave the ferry and drive onto Bolivar,  
A place relatively near but seeming so far,  
Where water surrounds the retreating land,  
I'm just wandering around without any plan.

I stop when the wetland comes into view,  
I can feel my psyche reviving anew,  
There are many waders moving about,  
There aren't many wetlands due to the drought.

I'm sitting there taking in the scenery,  
When two flying birds break the reverie,  
The yellow legs extend from the greyish body,  
This is it - I've met today's blues antibody.

The yellowlegs land and begin to walk softly  
Fitting right in, taking their place calmly  
Completing the picture of a perfect water meadow  
Bringing peace and serenity - my soul's aglow.

I sit by the pond for a while longer  
Feeling my personal outlook becoming stronger  
The chapels of Earth Church always welcoming me  
Offering me hope and bringing tranquility.

And I drive back to Houston through the rice fields  
Seeing more birds that magnify the yields  
Of a day away from the grind of the city  
My soul liberated by nature connectivity.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Pray that connecting with nature  
Calms the beast within you.