



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.