



Ocelot

The elusive form moves in the dark,
Ethereal, fluid, the spots are its trademark,
Living in thickets, moving after twilight,
With few humans ever getting a good sight.

In Texas this cat was almost eliminated,
Mostly due to habitat being extirpated,
The key for today is brushland corridors,
If it's to avoid the fate of the dinosaurs.

These cats moved from Mexico up the coast,
And west along rivers and creeks like a ghost,
Moving snakelike below the lowest branches,
Hiding away in remote and quiet ranches.

It is part of the fabric it inhabits,
Living off small mammals including rabbits,
Perfect for the brush and so elusive,
Wary of humans who can be abusive.

I've been a lawyer for ocelots needing support,
They are simply unable to protect their own fort,
And today Jeff Mundy knows the tools to be used
To keep these cats from being abused.

There are times when it's necessary to litigate,
When a pipeline insists that the path must be straight,
Even if it takes ocelot habitat pristine,
Such power's misuse requires response clean and lean.

There's a special place for species like this,
In Earth Church liturgy, there's a special list
Of those species we will strive to maintain
To allow that being to stay in the game.

There is no higher call that we can answer
Than to speak up against the spread of cancer
That we cause when we callously disregard
Those species that need us to be their guard.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Where the sly ocelot
Wants to friend you.