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## Bluewing Teal

On Matagorda Bay, the tide is high,  
I taste the salt air and let out a sigh,  
It's been a long while since I've been on the bay,  
And I feel something special coming today.

The wind is blowing strong from the east,  
Which can turn the bay into a beast,  
The marsh grass is undulating with the waves,  
This natural rhythm is what my soul craves.

I'm suddenly free from Covid and strife,  
Experiencing the hypnotizing movement of life,  
Life magnified by the osprey fishing beside me,  
And the brown pelican's dive increases reverie.

The flight of ibis sails by with the wind,  
Then bank to land at the water's end  
Where they join a hundred or more of their kin,  
Probing newly wetted soil for the treats therein.

The landscape erupts with a hundred ducks  
That fly low to the ground and then go straight up,  
And dash down again, flying close to the deck,  
And then settling down at the slough's calm neck.

I'm grateful to again greet the bluewing teal,  
I can feel this year's damage starting to heal,  
The teal bring a message from the breeding land  
That the nesting wetlands were productive again.

I'm immersed in the reality of my church, the Earth,  
Where I come and pray for all I am worth  
That this temple will remain for a would-be believer  
Available to all - Earth-Church, the healer.

Today the healer applied salve to the muscles  
Needed to navigate life's challenging puzzles,  
I come back a new man from my day on the bay,  
Comfortable that I now can find my way.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Pray that Earth-Church, the healer,  
Provides salve for you too.