



The Common Loon

I once looked into the red eye of the loon,
And its cry was enough to make my head swoon,
A low haunting moan I was compelled to hear,
A sound of concern from a soul sincere.

Today I hear the loon crying out loud,
Warning us all of a coming dark cloud,
There's trouble ahead in these Covid-times,
A new disease to address in these rhymes.

We have lost our way as a hopeful nation,
We seem caught up in eternal conflagration,
We are facing an election with colossal importance,
Who knows what is coming, what crazy stance.

The loon is asking us to take a position,
To stand for what's right against the inquisition
That may be facing us all in November,
Leaving us with wounds, raw and tender.

But the call of the loon is not a signal
That all is lost – no – pick up the hymnal,
For Earth Church is here to help us persevere,
Through trying times that may get more severe.

When Jeff Mundy and I went to federal court
To argue that cranes needed Judge Jack's support,
We saw a loon in Corpus Christi harbor,
Jeff said it was a sign – a righteous marker.

I feel that the loon is crying for us all,
2020 – the worst year that many can recall,
But it's calling today for us to be strong,
The game we are playing is hard and long.

I look to the caracara and the loon for help,
To make it through hard times without a yelp,
Earth Church offers comfort, help and support,
As we rally against evil which we must thwart.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray that this election,
Restores life in you.