



Interpreting the Moon

Last night I looked out at the full moon
That was shining directly into our tv room,
A huge globe rising up in the night sky,
Making me wonder, to seek answers why.

In gazing up at the moon and the stars,
And even beyond to the planets like Mars,
I realize there's so much I have yet to know,
So much to learn, so far to go.

I first was discomfited by this stream of thoughts,
Revealing my knowledge-card had many naughts,
But now I'm perceiving that there is pleasure,
In slowly uncovering these bits of treasure.

There's a field with flowers and plants I can't name,
A group of strange insects with the result the same,
And the hawks in the air cause me to stare,
I would name them all but would likely err.

And then there's the weather that's changing these days,
I should know better climate change ways,
And then there's business and what's trending where,
As I think of our bank garden we prune with care.

I feel that I'm floating through space and time,
Some is familiar but much does not rhyme,

But wait - this is life – I'm breathing it in,
No need for guise, no need for spin.

We are taught that we need to respect the lines,
To stay in the box, to follow the signs,
But there's much to be said for straying a bit,
To step out of the box and seek better fit.

This is where Earth Church brings me comfort,
For the Earth is my home, my mansion, my fort,
It is, I am, we are and will be,
As we float our way through eternity.

There's simply no way to know all and be all,
It's a reach too far, an order too tall,
But the neat thing is realizing that it is all right,
That such is a blessing rather than a plight.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Where no one's a spectator
Including you.