



Fawn

The Hill Country morning air is sweet,
Giving not a hint of the coming heat,
Behind the cedar – a bit of motion,
A young one struggling without a notion.

It's all herky-jerky, erratic, unstable,
It seems unlikely, but maybe it's able
To raise its teetering spotted self
Up on all fours without any help.

And late in the evening as the sun goes down,
The mother and new fawn come around,
To see if there's any feed to be found,
Hoping we've tossed some corn on the ground.

Living is to be in the flow of life's rhythms,
And finding peace from words written as hymns,
Hymns we should chant again and again,
"As one life ends, another begins".

The new ones come at the right time of year,
They arrive when there's food to bring good cheer,
They come at the time best for survival,
In this way ensuring a timely arrival.

Earth Church knows of what it speaks
When it celebrates all life and misses no beats,
Enjoying all forms regardless of their differences
Life energy is equal, we make no inferences.

All beings are alive – we feel and breathe,
We can see, we can smell, and I know I perceive
The power of life energy flowing amongst us,
And the fawn's arrival today is a plus.

The Church of the Earth helps us understand,
That the cycles of life are fine and grand,
We all should celebrate migrations and births,
Recycled gifts to us from the Earth.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that you perceive
The Earth's gifts meant for you.