



Raccoon

“Well hi there, you caught me,” said the raccoon,
“I came through the door while you were on zoom,
I live in an attic next door with some space,
And I just had to stop by and check out your place.”

The bandit-faced mammal and I were faced-off,
But it decided to leave, and I was better off,
The coon had no time to use its dexterous front paws,
And I wasn't yet a victim of a bite from its jaws.

But I felt that I needed to act to repel it,
So I did some research and put my wit to it,
The literature was clear to focus on smell,
For I was not running a raccoon motel.

The research pointed me to onions and garlic,
I boiled up a pot, but it made me sick,
I was also advised to buy peppermint oil,
To put on waste piles and at spots on my soil.

But I hated the smells more than the coon,
And decided that I'd try and make a little room,
For my neighbor to come to my yard for a foray,
And perhaps I'd have a more peaceful day.

So the coon and I now have a détente,
It's as good a relationship as you could want,
The coon gets the yard at night when I'm sleeping,
I leave it alone to do its creeping.

And I remember to not leave open a door,
And I've secured the openings under the floor,
And sometimes when I wake in the middle of the night,
I can see the coon roaming within the moonlight.

Earth Church includes the animals of the city,
They have a hard time, more's the pity,
We need to be tolerant and give them some land,
And with love for life, we'll give them a hand.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray that critter tolerance
Finds a home in you.