

Small rectangular label with illegible text, possibly a title or artist information.



## The Ruddy Duck

“Mount up” says the Judge from high on his bench,  
And we pull on our armor and leave the trench,  
To participate in a well-known, societal ritual,  
Trial has begun, and the court is in session.

We warring lawyers charge at each other,  
Jousts knocking the other side asunder,  
Broken lances and words litter the field,  
This isn't for play – it's the real deal.

Now the legal jousting has come and gone,  
And the warring parties are back at home,  
It's never as simple as it seemed to begin,  
You never know how these battles will end.

Years afterwards, I go for some nature study,  
And see the bob-tailed, blue-billed ruddy,  
I celebrate the construction of a new temple,  
New wetlands gentle, providing peace mental.

The ruddy ducks float and bob on the water,  
Tails pointed upward unlike any other,  
Blue beaks reflecting in the winter sun,  
Part of the spoils when the joust is done.

The ruddy floats on a pond that wouldn't exist  
Except for the legal system's willing assist,  
Sometimes the right path is easier to see,  
After a bit of legal misery.

The ruddy has come to symbolize for me  
The picture of a legal victory,  
A beautiful duck floating on a pond,  
Hence, the ruddy and I have an important bond.

Gratefully, I hold an Earth Church celebration,  
Near to the site of the legal conflagration,  
And the pintail and the widgeon join in,  
Celebrating rebirth – life born again.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Pray that we can restore,  
Lost temples for you.