Ball Moss

Walking down the sidewalk on a pretty day,
Caressing the landscape within my sway,
Detecting a rhythm from up above,
It’s a ball of moss sending me some love.

This ball of moss is an epiphyte,
Good or bad? There’s lots of hype,
No evidence suggests it kills the oak,
Even though covering a limb that broke.

The epiphyte is not a parasite,
It lives on rain and air and light,
I think of it as a habitat hub,
Providing a home for many a bug.

There were two cute, little baby wrens,
Being watched by a birder with a long lens,
Night was falling – where would they go?
They ducked into ball moss to hide from the foe.

And as I stroll beneath the moss,
I feel its aura – I feel its sauce,
It’s sending out vibes that I clearly receive,
A more wonderful life form I could not conceive.

It wouldn’t be bad to return as a ‘phyte,
To sit on the limb amidst the moonlight,
To breath in the air and make your own food,
Such self-sufficiency has got to feel good.
I’d not be an orchid with a beautiful bloom,
I’d just be alive and within a room
Of the Church of the Earth to which I belong,
So I’ll just be happy and burst into moss-song.

So as you walk along the city street,
And a song wafts out to you to greet,
Look up in the oaks for the ball of moss,
For it’s saying hi – giving you a toss.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray the ball of moss
Has a song for you.