



## Cabbage Head

I look in the water and what do I see?  
A cantaloupe with propulsion going past me,  
A strange organism just pumping along,  
It looks kinda mushy, not very strong.

The cannonball jellyfish, a.k.a. cabbage head,  
Has a sting that can turn your skin a bit red,  
It's relatively mild – not very toxic,  
But it does make this critter a tad obnoxious.

We saw cabbage heads going up Chiltipin creek,  
They were in the lagoon, and we just got a peek,  
They were mixed in with the lovely moon jelly,  
They seem straightforward – no Machiavelli.

The estuary is alive and peaceful today,  
With sweet cabbage heads gently pumping away,  
An organism that makes me smile with delight,  
Just swimming sideways, the world's all right.

The estuary today is a full-of-life place,  
A nursery providing life's loving embrace,  
For the habitat's as important as are the critters  
The home providers, the life givers.

We should consider certain areas sacred,  
Off limits – out of bounds – perfectly created,  
We don't need to destroy just 'cause we can,

We've done enough damage, don't do it again.

This temple of Earth church is our heritage,  
It's a very fine wine – an excellent vintage,  
It provides value to all, but it has no money,  
It can be stolen away, and that's not very funny.

The thieves plan to steal by governmental allowance,  
They can only be stopped by acts of defiance,  
So come stand with those that will fight for the temple,  
The cabbage head needs helps – it's just that simple.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Here we stand up for the cabbage head  
And so should you.