

The raintree stands somber like a soldier,
Lamenting that it's hard every day getting older,
Saying "Tears for the departed are indeed important,
But you might take their departure as a portent".

"Of what" I ask, in a voice of despair,
And the raintree places its blossoms on my hair,
And envelopes my being in the most wonderful way,
"Stoke the fire in your soul for you have today."

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the raintree's blossoms
Comfort you too.