

ENGLISH

NARE

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MACMILLAN

BOOK

CS

JACK

Black-tailed Jackrabbit

I come today as the swift jackrabbit,
I eat plants and grasses – that's my habit,
Named for my ears like those of a jackass,
This cultural connection started me off with class.

In native lore, I'm considered a trickster,
A mercurial messenger, a high plains drifter,
I am very careful and have great speed,
Which when the hawk comes, I will surely need.

I feed at night - my spirit tied to the moon,
Which floats o'er the plains like a huge balloon,
That offers me light when the hawks are asleep,
But I always stay alert, ready to leap.

I talk to the moon out here on the plains,
Where there's lots of dust – it seldom rains,
And the moon and I have made a pact,
She will protect me – that's a fact.

And in return I will be thankful,
For a day that ends up being peaceful,
I will be humble and express gratitude,
And promise tomorrow a good attitude.

I often tuck my big ears to my head,
Trying to keep from becoming dead,
I have to be tricky to make it out here
Amongst the antelope and the mule deer.

And at the end of every day,

I express gratitude that I found a way
To keep it together, my ears intact,
And I say my thanks and that's a fact.

And the moon reaches out with her long arms,
And extends above me to prevent harms,
I'm connected to her in a special way,
For we both attended Earth Church today.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here jackrabbits and the moon
Will be joining you.