



The Forest

The forest is home to a life form called trees
Whose leaves rustle in the afternoon breeze,
A place of overstory and understory,
A perfect setting for many a good story.

I was amazed to learn of tree communication
Do you think they get training in elocution?
But it's not really words exchanged between leaves,
It's all happening underground beneath the trees.

Do you think the roots reach out and play footsy?
Tickling their neighbor, being cutesy,
Or perhaps it's chemistry – a release of gas
Do they all attend a chemistry class?

It's fascinating to think that a forest can perceive
And communicate in ways we cannot conceive,
An organism, a whole, an ecological being,
What's really there is more than you're seeing.

We humans think we are oh so smart,
We need some humility just for a start,
Subtleties of the forest are unknown to us,
Their existence should erase our haughty smugness.

More recently I discovered the beauty of the unknown,
It's a new discovery - it's something I own,
At the university we're all about praising knowledge,
To enjoy not knowing we do not acknowledge

But we cannot appreciate the value of the Earth,

If we must explain all elements of worth,
For there is a role for mystery and darkness,
I don't need knowledge - I can feel its wholeness.

Earth Church embraces the thought of not knowing,
That we humans are an organism constantly growing
Toward merging and mingling with other living things,
We simply must be grateful for what life brings.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray the Earth is revealed
To me and you.