Fall Prairie

Summer’s flowers have come and gone,
The stalks are standing, yet seem alone,
The freezing touch of winter just arrived,
Summer’s success soon to be nullified.

But the prairie plants are very stoic,
They have a plan some would call heroic,
To survive they sacrifice their visible selves,
With their plan unfolding the deeper one delves.

In order to make it, the visible plants wither,
As if they’ve been clipped by a magic scissor,
Leaving only the life below the surface,
Where the roots control, offering their service.

And the roots lie dormant through the cold
Staying alive - yes, a trick to behold,
Keeping the faith for the coming spring
To break through to the surface and do it again.

Each life form has pathways long ago charted
By members with commitment, acting wholehearted,
The plants of the prairie committed – no retreat,
And to return again is the reward that they seek.

And the seeds sprout that lie alongside the roots,
They’re both key participants – they’re in cahoots,
And in early spring the green sprouts pop up,
Spurred by the rain from the good Earth’s cup.

So when I see the brown prairie of winter,
I see a marathon runner, not a sprinter,
For the brown grass today is an Earth strategy,
My – I love unfolding Earth Church’s mystery.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that the mystery
Will be revealed to you.