



The Marsh

The marsh is my home, my sanctuary,
I love that rich smell of the estuary,
I breathe it, I consume it, I hold on to it,
A safety valve, a life-saving conduit.

Now the marsh is formidable visited on foot,
Walk any distance, and you may lose a boot,
The grass is tufted, the terrain boggy,
The mud is sticky – the experience soggy.

The kayak's your ticket to enjoying the marsh,
It's the easier road, much less harsh,
Your colored boat glides as on air,
You can let yourself go without a care.

And, oh my, the critters are a sight to behold,
There are blue crabs here, young and old,
And the white and brown shrimp have a nursery,
They hide in the grass to defeat adversity.

And along the edge, the predators prowl,
The redfish stalking, you can feel it growl
As it breaks the surface, scattering the mullet,
As it gobbles a few down its hungry gullet.

And the fish-eating birds are on parade,
The reddish egret is playing charades,
Jumping and splashing and dashing around,
While the stoic blue heron stalks firmer ground.

At the muddy margin of water and land,
The long-billed curlew is looking grand,
And the willet is waiting to give the alert,
A sentry not wanting his friends to be hurt.

Welcome to my church - it saved my life,
As if a cancer had been removed by a knife,
The incision led to healing my soul,
Restoring my psyche, making me whole.

Thinking on the marsh, I almost cry,
That it saved my life is certainly no lie,
The marsh is my temple, and I shall not want
With the marsh, my life is a better jaunt.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the smell of the marsh
Will become perfume to you.