

Poetry by Jim Blackburn  
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## The Bobcat

I once saw a bobcat driving 'cross the King Ranch,  
Hanging out near the fenceline, posed in a stance,  
Looking rigid and strong to the very last ounce,  
Its eyes on something and about to pounce.

Friends Jack and Sue have a game camera mounted  
At a water drip where three bobcats were counted,  
A mom and her cubs had dropped in for a drink,  
Looking to me like they were stopping to think.

But what does a bobcat think about when alone,  
I guess it's certainly about food and its home,  
The upkeep is hard - a main den and auxiliaries,  
And creating a plan to mark territory with feces.

But its primary focus is to keep things all right,  
And not finding itself in some redneck's sights,  
It's been hunted to rid Texas of wild predators,  
With the blessing of some rather slippery senators.

But removing the predator is bad for ecology,  
There are roles for all species to maintain eco-quality,  
To keep this balance, we require enlightenment,  
About the role of diversity in environment.

Aldo Leopold once urged us to think like a mountain,  
A magical writing with some great counsel,  
The mountain needs predators to limit the deer,  
Who will otherwise eat all the plants, you hear?

The bobcat's a necessary part of the plan,

Let's keep it safe from the gun-toting man,  
And celebrate that it roams wild amongst us,  
Only doing good – it does not hurt us.

Earth Church is an inclusive and balanced whole,  
Each species has a purpose, a defined role,  
And who are we to undo this balance,  
I, for one, say let's not take this chance.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we stand with bobcats  
They belong here too.