



Kemp's Ridley Sea Turtle

Wade fishing in Christmas Bay's a delight,
You come in the dark and walk in at first light,
The bay's surface is mellow, flat and smooth,
The wind's not up yet, just a breeze to soothe.

I'm wading along, gently shuffling my feet,
Alerting the stingray that I'd rather not meet,
When I suddenly notice movement beside me,
But when I look over, there's nothing to see.

I keep wading and fishing and glimpse it again,
I focus attention to the right and reel in,
And stay very still for a minute or two,
And a Kemp's ridley sea turtle's revealed on cue.

I take several minutes and experience it moving,
It comes ever closer as if its approving
Of my coming to live life with it today,
It's a great welcome sign here on Christmas Bay.

I look at the sky, and the pelicans are coming,
The water explodes, the baitfish are running
From the school of trout that has come to feed,
Mullet flying from the water in a burst of speed.

Now this is why I come to the bay,
To encounter memories I can take away,
And hours later when I've returned to town,
I'm in a great place, feet not yet on the ground.

And at night in bed when sleep's hard to find,

The Kemp's ridley comes, joining my mind,
Telling me we had such a nice bay encounter,
Two beings intersecting, trading life power.

Christmas Bay's a temple where I come to pray,
Gratitude overwhelms when in my bed I lay
The turtle and Earth Church put on quite a show,
It's gold for me - the best place I know.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here a Kemp's ridley sea turtle
May befriend you too.