



Green Tree Frog

I'm the type of man who likes his warmth,
I tire rather quickly of the wind from the north,
I know it's really not cold down here,
But a bit of the warm, brings me cheer.

When the winter solstice comes and goes,
My heart is happy and my spirit glows,
I close my eyes and picture a setting
And these mild chills, I'm already forgetting.

I'm sitting by a lake in the early spring,
It's getting dark, and the nighttime brings
A chorus that seems to be heaven sent,
A symphony I would call magnificent.

The choir is led by the green tree frog,
A lovely creature at home in the bog,
He's got long sticky toes to escape his foes,
And as it gets darker his voice grows.

He's joined by a bassist – the lovely bullfrog
Whose deep booming voice leaves me agog,
And these two are joined by a shy screech owl,
And from far away, I hear the coyote howl.

My church the Earth is coming back alive,
Singing for mates, singing to survive,
Singing to signal the turn of the season,
Singing just because, do they need a reason?

I love the mystique of spring's connotation,

The hope renewed by the Earth's rotation
On its axis to again move nearer to the sun,
Life to be resurrected, life again begun.

And the tree frog sings in my winter dreams,
As we gradually move back from the extremes,
The solstice and the convergence have come and gone,
Deliverance is coming - it won't be long.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Soon the green tree frog
Will sing for you too.