



Agave

Behind the house walking over the rocks,
Listening to the cry of the circling hawks,
The rocks are slippery and shaky under foot,
I feel a presence not previously understood.

Then before my eyes, a beautiful sight,
An agave plant – a cultural delight,
A mainstay of the indigenous peoples,
A plant with many pointed steeples.

A source of nectar called agave honey,
This tequila plant can generate money,
A historic source of pulque and mescal,
Drink this juice and become a rascal.

No doubt about it - this plant is divine,
The Nahuatl considered this plant a lifeline,
The earthly form of the Goddess Mayahuel,
Her 400 breasts pumping community fuel.

The tree of marvels in myth indigenous,
Opening the realm of possibilities infinite,
A plant with presence and pointed spears,
A plant to protect us in our later years.

I feel my relationship with plants changing,
Earth Church beliefs causing mind rearranging,
The more I learn, the more I care
About the knowledge that plants have to share.

The old agave looks rather regal,

A magnificent bird – a grounded eagle,
A friend to talk to on a cold winter day,
A friend to take my blues away.

Earth Church – a source of unmitigated joy,
It makes me feel like that young Texas boy,
Just learning about the ways of the world,
The banner of life being further unfurled.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up pew,
There is much to learn,
And we'll bring it to you.