



## Devil's Claw

I felt a tug on the cuff of my jeans,  
Something was caught on one of the seams,  
I looked down and saw the devil's claw,  
So efficient at grabbing it should break some law.

For there is no waste of energy or time,  
The devil's claw works in a way sublime,  
It has perfect engineering for pedestrian carry,  
It connects with you when you are not wary.

It has also been called the unicorn plant,  
I can imagine it featured in an Indian chant,  
Praising the one horn that splits into two,  
As I weave a basket just for you.

Dancing around the fire at night,  
I might use the claw to elicit fright,  
Such a great name but what does it mean?  
Perhaps it has meaning beyond just a bean?

I feel that the country has just been stuck,  
By the claw of the devil rising up from the muck,  
The claw drew real blood but then lost its hold,  
But it forced me to focus with emotion cold.

The devil now has blood on his hands,  
His thugs are running in dispersed bands,  
There is no doubt that they're still around,  
They're filled with hate for black and brown.

At Earth Church we have no room for hate,

It's a subject we don't even debate,  
We reach out to all and all are welcome,  
We just want peace and not a rebellion.

But we will stand up for that which is right,  
We have our principles, and we nurture light,  
The devil's claw plant is certainly a member,  
And we expelled the devil last November.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we fight the devil  
By having love for you.