



Of Lily Pads and Lotus Blossoms

I first met lily pads when I was young,
Fishing in Louisiana with my Uncle Bun,
A dear man with a kind and gentle soul,
Teaching me to cast with touch control.

Beneath the pads, it was dark and mysterious,
This was when the fishing really got serious,
Toss out the topwater next to the pad,
Twitch it - make that fish want it bad.

Back then I never paid too much attention
To the flowers growing without pretension,
The lily of the water was not the focus,
Only later did I learn about the lovely lotus.

Now the lotus is a flower with a life story,
And a metaphysical side that is obligatory
As one searches to find the meaning of life,
And for what happens after one has died.

You see the lotus lives and dies in a day,
When the sun goes down, it goes away
To beneath the water to spend the night,
And with the rising sun, coming back to light.

What great inspiration from a floating leaf,
Returning to life and metaphysical belief,
From this imagery many tales have been spun
Of life never ending, life again begun.

This is way beyond my Louisiana experience,

Where it was just heaven or a fate simply hideous,
There was none of this going back and forth,
The pads were for fishing and nothing more.

I'm one with the lotus and life resurrected,
It's fun to consider life and death connected,
To go back and forth presents endless possibilities,
This type of thinking is one of life's great amenities.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
We live and die with the lotus
And so may you.