



## The Barnacle

The tide has gone out and revealed all,  
Pier legs exposed at this port of call,  
Rough-hewn, crusty, coated with shell,  
Different units in a crustacean motel.

The barnacle lives inside a hole  
That it creates – life in a bowl,  
A place where one could hide away,  
Having your food drop by to stay.

The barnacle feeds with the moving tide,  
On which its food, the plankton, doth ride,  
Into the barnacle's filtering net,  
No better trap has ever been set.

To be a barnacle would be kinda fun,  
Sitting in your hole watching the tide run,  
Waiting for your food to come you,  
Casting your net, catching a few.

But such a sedentary life's not for all,  
For many desire to respond to the call -  
To action, to the chase, to moving about -  
But the barnacle's not moving – of that – no doubt.

The barnacle's defense is its calcite exterior,  
Which allows it to hide away its posterior,  
Calcite that will harm the unaware,  
Eliciting respect – you best take care.

What a wonder is this church of mine,  
A great sanctuary, a wonderful find,  
A place of barnacles and all living things,  
A place where natural harmony rings.

I pledge allegiance to the Earth,  
And to all of life which has great worth,  
Using pen and mouth as if a knife,  
I rise and act in defense of life.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we pledge to the barnacle,  
And to you too.