



River Otters

Hello there, ya'll, I'm called the otter,
I swim like a fish and love the water,
It allows my slick body hair to glide,
Up, down and around – it's a superslide!

I recently came back to Buffalo Bayou,
It used to stink bad – woo! Pfew!
That raw sewage kept us away from this place,
And the overall situation was a real disgrace.

But now the bayou is smelling much better,
The beaver's back – our resident wood shredder,
I returned just in time to say bye to Don Greene,
That man loved this bayou - gentle and serene.

A man like Don doesn't emerge very often,
Most humans require us to use great caution,
With Don we frolicked as he passed us by,
Just paddling his canoe, be it rain or clear sky.

We love this watercourse named for the Buffalo,
A swath of trees bound by prairie meadow,
A place of sanctuary in today's urban Houston,
A place with such beauty, it's able to stun.

Why aren't more humans like our friend Don
Who wielded his paddle like a magic wand?
He'd raise it up and feel the love of the group,

Guiding the canoeists – the pied piper’s troupe.

Today we swim to celebrate friend Donnie,
An Earth Church member – a human tsunami,
Friend of the otter, and the blue jay and the beaver
In the power of the Earth, a true believer.

Goodbye for now – I must search for some food,
And check out the beaver who’s still chomping wood,
So why don’t you come see me down on the bayou?
We’ll have an Earth Church meeting – me and you.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Paddle up your canoe,
Otter’s leading the service,
And wants you in a pew.