



The Cockroach

The cockroach - a despised ground-crawling critter,
It hangs around nasties like garbage and litter,
It comes scuttling across your room at night,
And is sure to elicit a shout of fright.

I don't hate cockroaches of the natural kind,
They make out a living with a daily grind,
The cockroach goes back 300 million years,
For survival the cockroach has no peers.

It's not what it eats that causes concern,
It's tracks and attitude earn the scorn,
Cockroach prints across the top of the pie,
Means that someone wants a cockroach to die.

To be called a cockroach is a curse,
Someone who's dirty, no good, or worse,
This poem's was about some political debris,
An out-for-himself cockroach son of a B.

Then yesterday I woke up without my sensitivity,
And unwittingly caused a feelings injury,
I'd been insensitive to another's needs,
I fell in with the cockroaches with my deeds.

I'd framed this poem about cockroach politicians,
Whose exit from office I'd been wishing,
But now I find myself in their midst,
I was not anticipating a situation like this.

Can I make amends to escape this label?
I would change those actions if I were able,
But alas we're stuck with the tracks that we make,
And have to work hard to undo a mistake.

The cockroach is welcome in the Church of the Earth,
It's a natural being, a recycler with worth,
But human cockroaches are simply the pits,
Their tracks on your pie will give you fits.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the real cockroach is welcome,
And repentive ones too.