



The Wolf Moon

It's the end of January, and winter's hit hard,
The grasses are dead, the trees appear scarred,
As they stand up bare to the winter wind,
Food is more scarce, the animals thinned.

On this Hill Country night, the wolf moon rises,
Lighting up the night, it's full of surprises,
As we drive up to our Wimberley house
The cold wind blows moon energy about.

The sound is faint as I hear it from afar,
As we unload the bags from the car,
A coyote howls at the rising moon,
A soft falsetto, an evening croon.

And then nearby a chorus suddenly erupts,
And another group speaks up and interrupts,
The sound goes back and forth for a while,
It's the wolf moon choir, making me smile.

So why do coyotes howl at night?
Is it to give humans a bit of a fright?
Legend says it's about them being hungry,
But I think because they are wild and free.

Free to celebrate being alive,
They've taken winter's hits and yet survive,
Food's short for sure, but they're still about,
And they're on the hunt – have no doubt.

It's great that we still have predators around,
I love their role, I love hearing their sound,
A point I remember when deep in the night,
I again hear them singing – what a delight.

There are many choirs at an Earth Church ceremony,
There's the wind whistling and coyote harmony,
And it all fits together in a wonderful whole,
As the wolf moon shines, warming my soul.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Come and sing to the moon,
It'll be good for you.