



Wimberley Grass

The winter grass is yellow and long,
The seed heads atop are long gone,
The stems soon will be falling aside,
For last year's grass recently died.

The shortest day has come and gone,
Spring is coming, it won't be long,
I look for signs with eyes and heart,
For green sprouts breaking soil apart.

Spring comes in with the hope of green,
Life born again – a delight to be seen,
After a year of pestilence from the virus,
Of green good news, I am desirous.

But, of course, it's not quite that easy,
The absence of rain is making me queasy,
For rain is essential for the gift of spring,
Please don't cancel what spring will bring.

I can't remember being this wishful
Of spring coming, hoping for a cup full
Of good spirits and a new beginning,
I know I'm ready for this virus to be ending.

Mortality seeps 'neath the sill of my being,

And dead winter grass is what I am seeing,
The times act to warp a peaceful setting,
And make it potentially something unsettling.

I come to Earth Church to talk it out,
I'm getting frustrated, I want to shout,
And the black vulture puts his wing on me,
And tells he me he feels my misery.

"Take care, my friend, winter's end is fraught,
On some days good thoughts cannot be bought,
But green is coming, put an ear to the ground,
And you'll hear that new plant stirring around."

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we listen for green,
Its sound will cheer you.