



## The Flounder

In the murky shallows the flounder lies,  
Always looking upwards with those eyes,  
Setting the ambush, lurking for prey,  
Minding its business, making its way.

The flounder may seem an unbalanced fish,  
It looks like reality would have a twist,  
With two eyes flat on the pancake top  
I'm thinking cross-eyed – I need to stop.

But don't be deceived by the appearance,  
It's a predator designed with hunting coherence,  
I once saw one jump fully out of water,  
Clearly intent on a mud minnow slaughter.

But the way of the flounder is getting harder,  
For the water temperature is getting hotter,  
And the flounder needs cool water to breed,  
It's getting harder for it to plant its seed.

That is the way with our changing climate,  
Are we no more than an ecological pirate?  
Upsetting the balance, taking the spoil,  
In our pursuit of profits from oil.

At Earth Church we care about the flounder,  
For to lose this fish would be such a downer,

But we can only help if we take some action,  
Reducing CO2 needs some traction.

So let's not flounder in defense of the flatfish,  
At Earth Church we ask you to act on a wish  
That the climate would soon begin to heal,  
And that we could make some progress real.

We all need to sequester our carbon footprint,  
And on the flounder make less imprint,  
And celebrate the arrival of more flounder hatchlings,  
And change the current pattern of things.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Here we sequester our carbon  
To make flounder for you.