

RAVENS



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Mascots

Mascots are wonderful concepts of identity,
Differentiating my team from the opposing entity,
And around the corner here on Albans Road,
Edgar Allen Poe's Raven is the chosen bird.

I see little ravens going in the school door,
I imagine their cheer being "Nevermore",
They'll knock you over with this weird shout,
Then pile on and peck you all about.

Of course, there are tigers and lions and eagles,
Yet I've never heard of a team called the beagles,
There are cobras and hippos and Progresso's red ants,
They win by threatening to get in your pants.

The Port Lavaca Sand Crabs make me smile,
They go sideways when they run the mile,
Then there's the Texas City Stingarees,
Their barb will put you on your knees.

But there's a greater message in the mascot,
An Earth Church moment that must be taught,
For we call on nature for identity and image,
As we run up to the line of scrimmage.

At times when we need our hope and strength,
We call on nature to tune our wavelength,
We look to the Earth and become animistic,
We are playing here with something mystic.

Now I'm sure that the good ole boys and girls

That run the districts of our local schools
Had no intention of becoming metaphysical,
But I think they've done it in a way very real.

When I see little ravens running to and fro,
I care not if they know raven from crow,
They have as an emblem an Earth church critter,
It gives them a basis - an Earth church center.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we embrace mascots,
The alter ego of you.