



## Redbud

There's a redbud tree that lives near me,  
When it blooms I'm filled with ecstasy,  
Those red pink blossoms talk to my soul,  
They help me enjoy getting old.

The redbud means another spring is near,  
With winter soon to be to my rear,  
I'll be hanging around for another year,  
And I'm glad about it – do you hear?

I think back to when I was much younger,  
Full of myself with an unsated hunger,  
I couldn't be stopped – I was bulletproof,  
And I drank too much one-hundred proof.

I made it past drinking and hard legal cases,  
I've forgotten a lot for time erases  
Some things that seemed important back then  
When I was focused acutely on a win.

As my client, you would appreciate the attempt,  
But such a focus leaves emotions unkempt,  
My feelings must be a part of the equation  
If I am to enjoy this life-given occasion.

I came to seek balance between heart and brain,  
As an ecosystem needs to balance drought and rain,  
The give and the take, the to and the fro,  
Give stability to fight against where the winds blow.

The redbud's a stained-glass window of my church

That is dedicated to the beings alive here on Earth,  
A church that has helped me find a path to being,  
A church that opened my eyes to seeing.

With both heart and brain, I look forward to spring,  
And to the promise that the longer days bring,  
But I must survive this historic winter storm,  
By living every day and trying to stay warm.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
The cathedral has redbuds  
To give hope to you.