



American Woodcock

Deep in the darkest part of the woods,
That's where the wily woodcock broods,
Thinking about its sexiest dance moves,
Practicing in secret, tryin' to find its groove.

First it has got to find the right note,
To reach the mate it is trying to evoke,
The cheep – cheep must have just the right beat,
But then the song must connect with the feet.

Now the dance itself is a bit of a strut,
It hitches its leg and twitches its butt,
Stutter step, forward, stutter step, forward,
Inching along patiently, never bothered.

And then as the sun sets in the west,
It goes on stage, and does its best,
And flies off into the setting sun,
My - watching that dance was really fun.

Now I've never seen a woodcock dance,
But there's many videos that give a glance
Of the magical cadence that two can have,
As they make their way on down the path.

I love the variety that Earth Church has,
There are many ways and many paths,
And we should celebrate each and all,
As we dance like a woodcock down the hall.

Oh beautiful for all Earth Beings,
For what they are, and what I'm seeing,
I love for my soul to be swept away,
When the various beings come out to play.

So in addition to doing the badger sway,
Let's dance like woodcocks – don't say nay,
We need to celebrate when Covid abates,
And I have to tell you, I just can't wait.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Jump on out of your pew,
And dance like a woodcock,
It will liberate you.