



## Leaf Bones

The wetland at Cullinan Park lies before us,  
The walkway patiently waiting to board us,  
Four passengers stopping by for a cruise  
What a great way to shake the Covid blues.

As we step onto the wooden planks,  
I look at the wetland with heartfelt thanks,  
That someone many years ago,  
Decided to shake up the status quo.

In those days wetlands were to be drained,  
As a false economy we tried to maintain  
But the idea of setting these jewels aside  
Made this personal statement magnified.

As we step on the boardwalk we see the coot,  
It's now used to people and could give a hoot  
That we were there invading its space,  
As a gallinule rushes to take its place.

As we walk out into the wetland plants,  
There is one that needs a second glance,  
It's not a lantern but wetland vegetation,  
The water went down, and it lost flotation.

And now the plant matter has fallen away,  
And only the leaf bones are left to stay,  
Like rulers o'er this lovely green wetland,  
Taking their place as if that was the plan.

We stand and ponder these skeletal remains,

And think of this wetland when again it rains,  
Filling up the water body - bringing new life,  
Habitat for frogs and all types of wildlife.

I love there were those who had the will,  
To set land aside – to prevent the kill  
Of a chapel of Earth Church that I enjoy today,  
Thank you for saving nature's ballet.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Make the boardwalk your pew,  
Say a prayer of thanksgiving,  
This wetland's for you.