



Cottontail

In Wimberley, in the fall, but it's still warm,
A walk's in order to push back life's harm,
For, you see, this old body needs exercise,
A little insurance that tomorrow I'll rise.

The shadows are long – it's dark 'neath the cedars,
The chickadees are acting as the forest greeters,
Letting us know they detect our presence,
Having their say, sharing their essence.

A movement in the shadows catches my eye,
It couldn't stay still as we walked on by,
The tension of a predator walking too near,
Was more than enough to generate fear.

And the little cottontail had to make a move,
Feeling exposed, not wanting to lose,
Hopping back deeper into the shadows
Trying to hide from would-be foes.

Such a gentle creature in a rough land,
I'd like to protect it with a powerful hand,
That comes to swoop the predator away,
Offering some advantage to aid in the fray.

But the cottontail says "Weep for me not,
I love my life – I like it a lot,
The grass here is green and really tastes good,
I think this is a really great neighborhood."

In matters of nature the Earth has a plan,
Just 'keep the garden' as best as you can,
For there is a yin and yang to all being,
A message received that I should be hearing.

And as the sun slowly sank in the west
I felt the chill and zipped up my vest,
Contented for Earth Church supported me,
When the cottontail shared its liturgy.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And let the gentle cottontail
Bring the truth to you.