

In Anticipation of Bluebonnets

Spring's almost here – I do not jest,
It's the time of the year I love the best,
Ole man winter will have had his day,
I'll be feeling frisky and ready to play.

Bluebonnets and paintbrush will line the road,
Sun dancing on colors, lightening my load,
The field of blue will speak to my soul,
Pushing this rock – making it roll.

And the colors of the birds will be so bright,
They'll feel romance and be ready to fight
For a lovely mate to take to the shadows,
There to do what? Only Earth Church knows.

Spring the word was picked for a reason,
It's a time to leap, a move-forward season,
A time for reaping the benefits of life,
And time to seek a kiss from the wife.

I smile as I think of me and Garland,
Of the springs I've spent with my darlin',
Going to Wimberley or just hanging around,
Loving what's sprouting from the ground.

The bluebonnets fill my heart with joy,
A grateful man with the zest of a boy,
I want to swing from the rope in the creek,
I hope this old body don't spring a leak.

Spring is the Earth smiling by being,

Life blooming everywhere is what I'm seeing,
Bees coming and taking what they need,
Spreading the pollen for 'tis their creed.

Joy to the Earth is what spring means,
It's full of blues and reds and greens,
The church is humming – the celebration is on,
For another year, life and being have won.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
When spring comes this year
We'll kiss the ground with you.