



Nutria

The nutria is also known as a coypu,
Imagine those teeth smiling up to greet you,
An image sure to be met with a shout,
And an urge to flee, to rapidly get out.

Now a nutria is nobody's happy mascot,
I don't see it gracing the flag of a yacht,
Or replacing Bevo anytime soon,
Or being the title of a popular tune.

There's nothing romantic about a nutria moon,
Or a face-off with a nutria at high noon,
There's nothing much to work with here,
Could a face like that be someone's dear?

At Earth Church we try and find good in all things,
I have friends with fur and those with wings,
We are one with the predators and with the prey,
Even feral pigs have been given their day.

But the nutria is tough if you love wetlands,
It's a southern migrant that chomps our plants
That have no defenses against those teeth,
That eat the roots – an attack from beneath.

So we call on a predator sooner than later,
And that is old mossy - the alligator,
For as prey expands and takes over the pond,
The predator will show and let the wetland respond.

As I continue to look for good in all critters,

I can hope for a new population of predators,
To take these furry rats back down in number,
So wetland recovery they'll no longer encumber.

At the Church of the Earth, we admire yin and yang,
And we're hoping the alligator expands with a bang,
And while I'm not wishing the nutria go to hell,
I'm happy to see gators now doing so well.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we root for alligators,
And the wetland does too.