



Reflections

Reflections is a deep and meaningful word,
Bringing back the past that may be blurred,
Thoughts of what I did or did not do,
Remnants of what I once thought to be true.

I look back on a lifetime of environmental law,
Of wounds inflicted that left me raw,
Of fighting as hard as I could with my brain,
Of drinking and becoming almost insane.

My clients the shrimpers were before Parks and Wildlife,
Busloads came to the meeting - ready for strife,
“We’re master baiters” read one of their signs,
My scream immediate – enshrined in my mind.

And then there was Rosenberg and Little Mexico,
Dr. Clark and I giving the Fort Bend landfill a go,
Our client appreciating our winning legal volleys,
But asking “Mr. Blackburn – can I stop selling tamales?”

Fighting a strip mine up in Fayette County,
Ice on my eyelids – alcohol drowning me,
Admitting that drinking did not fit my body,
Telling myself I don’t need one more toddy.

And then discovering Earth Church on the bay,
My salvation, my power, I found my way,
Reaching out with my hand to the heron’s wing,
Appreciating the cardinal, wanting to sing.

I've learned it is all about facing fear,
And I've gotten better at it year after year,
And now I am free to think unrestrained,
My psyche free, my soul unchained.

Looking back I shudder at what I could have lost,
But you don't make great strides without a cost,
I was fortunate that Garland and I stayed together,
And the Earth pulled me through lots of stormy weather.

Earth church and I have been a good team,
And parts of my past seem as if a dream,
And as I fly with the kingfisher green,
I'm enjoying life to the extreme.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray the Earth's spirituality
Will open up for you.