



Wings

The apparition rises before me in the fog,
Floating over the marsh – our coastal bog,
On the grass-lined shoreline of Matagorda Bay,
A statute, a tribute, a totem you might say.

I wade on over and step out of the bayou,
The wings are the part that first grabs you,
Wings that could be heard flying overhead,
Hovering over ruins and arrowheads.

Our marsh was home to a native people,
Among signs they left, a slight marsh steeple,
Look hard and see the old midden mound,
Formed by clamshells left at the campground.

The middens have been plundered over the ages,
But the signs are still there in varying stages,
The tree that grows from a dropped seed,
The raised ground covered by a different type of reed.

Today I'm speaking with the winged messenger
Who says "Protect the Earth - we all need her,
Earth is the gift that keeps on giving,
Earth is a mother most forgiving."

But there's only so much that can be washed away,
Some harms leave a stain – they simply stay,
Our changing climate, our spoiled bays and lands,
Our ecosystems that serve us like good hands.

Humility is such an important human quality,
A state to pursue I remind myself constantly,
We have too much hubris – no ego subjugation,
We need a new base – a new foundation.

The winged totem on the bay had much to say,
And I was restored as I went on my way,
An Earth Church experience just happened to me
And I flew back to my roost, just happy to be.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we'll find great experiences
To stir the spirit in you.