



Coral

There's a coral reef off the Texas coast,
Its another fine thing worthy of boast,
I've never been there and want to someday,
But's it's a ways out – it ain't no cay.

The Flower Garden lies a hundred miles offshore,
And it is there that it rises from the ocean floor,
It has evolved atop three rising domes of salt,
Another gift of nature - no human forethought.

Now think of salt trapped below shale and silt,
It cannot stay put – it must flex and shift,
Over geologic time it moves slowly upward,
Pushing up the seabed with which it is covered.

Moving to the surface it becomes a spot for coral,
A spot with the appearance of a garden floral,
When old salts fished the clear ocean water,
The colors made them all want to applaud her.

Over time this garden became a place to protect,
Because humans seldom give beauty respect,
And it came to be called a National Marine Sanctuary,
An important designation, a conservation parry.

I want to be a porpoise playing amongst the flowers,
Jumping and swimming for hours on hours,
Praying in my cathedral that has been saved,

There are some things spiritual that should be praised.

As with all things human, there are threats to this garden,
Our commitment will be tested, our intent must harden,
For these great cathedrals are becoming fewer and fewer,
And their demise will leave our children much poorer.

In the next few years, I plan to rent a boat,
And go offshore for a day - an Earth Church float,
And look down into that clear water offshore,
Drinking from that fountain - leaving wanting more.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Today a boat is your pew,
Float with us to the garden,
And renew the soul within you.