IF YOU SEE A MENAL WORLD EXPRESS THE DIVINE YOU CAN
ALSO SEE AS YOUR TEACHER YOU WILL BE LED AND GUIDED
IN YOUR WORLD THE REWARD YOU HAVE THE WORLD YOUR DISCIPLINE YOU.
A QUIET MIND BRINGS PEACE WITH IT
WHEREVER IT GOES THERE IS TREASURE IN EVERY MOMENT
Black-Necked Stilt 2

Orange construction tape can be seen
Marking the edge of the wetland scene,
Placed by consultants who exit unseen,
Agents of developers lean and mean.

The black-necked stilt strides back and forth
At the edge of the shallow water,
Watching fretfully as these humans debate,
A regulatory line that is becoming harder.

The tape is moved from over here,
A water-loving shrub encircled there,
In a dance that ultimately does not protect,
But legally destroys the wetland lair.

No attention is focused on the water flow,
On the movement of runoff to the water meadow,
If construction remains outside the orange tape
You can go to work with the mighty backhoe.

It’s not the fault of the regulators,
They do as they are mandated to do,
It’s the politicians running around and around,
That are turning water meadows into dew.

So, say a prayer for the wetland
To whatever you hold high,
For without these lovely water bodies,
The stilt will surely die.

And the world would be a diminished place
Without this black and white and pink
Lovely figurine of life well lived,
Making me smile, giving me a wink.

And pray yet again for the wetland
That it may stay alive,
A part of a functioning ecosystem
Needed for all of us to survive.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer for a wetland
And for yourself too.