Royal Tern

Sitting on the edge of Galveston Bay
In Seabrook passing the time of day,
Thinking about battles won and lost
Reflecting upon the psychological cost.

I look out from the shore taking in the scene
As a tern flies across the water green
It’s a large one that hovers right before me
And dives for a meal from the salty sea.

The tern flies back up and looks with a frown
She intuits my feelings knowing spirits can drown
In the nasty encounters of living life
And knowing it’s necessary to have some strife.

And the tern flies down and lands on the pier
And gets a bit closer and speaks to my ear
“If you care about something bad enough
You have to stand up, you have to be tough.”

“I’m called a royal for many good reasons,
And part of it’s because I’m good at believing
That the Earth leads us in mysterious ways
And that good intention and honesty pays.”

“And it hurts when you run into the wall
But when you need help just give me a call
I’ll come with my army and navy and marines
And the cormorants will attack as submarines.”

So environmental action in support of the Earth
Gives us a chance to show our worth
And the respect of the bird world you will earn
And be knighted one day by the royal tern.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that the royal
Will be there for you.