



The Nest

Walking and thinking about nothing at all,
The sun makes me slow, almost a crawl,
My mind is free, no worries, no concerns,
My brain's at the point of no returns.

But out of the corner of my eye,
I spy a nest no longer occupied,
A nest that's fallen from the tree,
A nest cast aside, a piece of debris.

But what a home that nest once was,
A gift that came straight from the Gods,
Assembled with care by the jay so blue,
Who used this nest with its mate so true.

Looking at the nest, I am transported,
I'm in that nest with the lady I courted,
She's sitting atop eggs blue with brown,
She makes me smile, I could never frown.

And then four featherless youngsters arrive,
It's up to me to make sure they survive,
I forage for food in the trees and shrubs,
Looking for seeds, looking for grubs.

And then one day they are ready to fly,
It scared me so much I thought I would die,
But all four of our babies took to the air,
We followed their flight with a loving stare.

We left the nest – we went on our way,

And then one day it was blown away,
Put on the ground by a storm from the sea,
Removing all traces of my blue family.

The twigs will return from where they came,
Gone without fanfare, without acclaim,
Back to the Earth, our mother, our keeper,
My home, my place, my prayer receiver.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we look in the nest
And find a story for you.