



The Secret Place

In Memorial Park at the Glades there's a place
Where there's been created a special space,
Designed with care just off of the boardwalk,
A place of reflection, a place we can talk.

I walk on the boardwalk and take the steps down,
There are five cut pieces of trees on the ground,
These were trees that died in the 2011 drought,
Given new meaning, they were just lying about.

I sit on the pine and convene a meeting,
An Earth Church convention with limited seating
That I'll save for the older congregation members,
Assuming they come, assuming they remember.

Here comes the old squirrel that barks for no reason,
And old lady rabbit who's always out of season,
And old weasel slips in and jumps up on stump,
Front legs in the air, he sits on his rump.

The service is led by the high priest the black vulture,
Dropping in from above talking Earth Church culture,
Of love and gratitude and the need to recycle,
About how he's working on the Earth Church bible.

And then he welcomes the choir from above,
With the soloist warbling "On the Wings of a Dove",
The cardinal is trilling, and the sparrow is chirping,
The choir is quite varied but the harmony's working.

This Earth Church convention was quite a success,

We cleaned up the space – we leave no mess,
And all who attended said they'd come back again,
To which I shout out a hearty amen.

Leaving I look up and see clouds passing by,
And I'm glad that someone thought to apply
Some love and wisdom to create this nook,
It was pure creativity and not out of a book.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we applaud good thinking
That left a pew for you.