

Ode to Wetlands

*I go to the wetlands in the spring
I go to hear the angels sing
The primordial call of the sandhill crane
The cacophonous choir of the red winged blackbird
The symphony of spring peepers with the bass of bullfrog brethren
I go to the wetlands in the spring
I go to hear the angels sing*

*I go to the wetlands in the summer
I go to watch the angels dance
The purposeful flight of the dragonfly
The delicate maneuver of the damselfly
The ballet of the butterfly 's romance with each flower
I go to the wetlands in the summer
I go to watch the angels dance*

*I go the wetlands in the fall
I go to see the angels paint
The yellow of sneezeweed and lavender of obedience plant
The proud imperious purple of ironweed
The radiant ebullient spike of the cardinal flower
I go to the wetlands in the fall
I go to see the angels paint*

*I go to the wetlands in the winter
I go to learn where the angels sleep
The frozen landscape under a blanket of white
Cattails of brown with a crown of snow
Buttonbush and red osier poised for renewal
I go to the wetlands in the winter
I go to learn where the angels sleep*

*I go to the wetlands in the spring,
 in the summer,
 in the fall,
 in the winter
I go to hear the angels sing,
 to watch the angels dance,
 to see the angels paint,
 to learn where the angels sleep
I go to replenish my soul,
 my heart,
 my mind
I go to maintain my hope for tomorrow*

*I go to the wetlands in the spring
I go to hear the angels sing...*

*Mark E. Cupp
August 8, 2024*