

Earthbound.

Call him by any name, this wild Canadian goose,
While flying north in springtime, felt that he would need a boost,
Sharp eyes espied a barnyard, attracting his attention.
And casually he landed, uninvited, not to mention.

The chicken food was extra good, he had no opposition,
Of course he outweighed them all, a perfect situation.
And so each day he feasted, thinking less and less of flight,
Like a man in drunken stupor, unaware of coming night.

Other birds would oft invite him, further north with them to fly,
Just as often he, contented, said. "Perhaps, bye and bye."
Days and weeks went by so quickly, summer feeding winding down,
Flying now was not an option, He was, one may say, "earth bound."

His companions now returning, heading south to warmer climes,
Called again with invitation, not wanting to leave him behind.
Oh yes he did attempt to join them, made it to the barnyard fence,
These days of feasting now restricting,
too late, attempts just now pretense.

So many Christians are contented with the world and all it gives,
Have mistaken earths allurements for the blessings Jesus gives.
Earth-bound, heaven are neglecting, happy with their life indeed,
Heading not the call to follow, to have fulfilled their greatest need.

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