



For Ukraine

I cannot imagine the misery,
The hell on Earth that it must be,
To be invaded, knocked to your knees,
The smell of smoke on the morning breeze.

I am not there, I cannot know,
But I am affected, it is so,
No way to escape the news of the day,
I have no control, I have no say.

I've lived a life free of major travail,
No artillery barrage, no bullet-sent ail,
I cannot know what it must be like,
To flee Russian invaders on my old bike.

Yet within the horror lives a spark,
Of spirit for life like Noah's ark,
People finding refuge where they can,
History repeating itself yet once again.

I find my center in the yellow and blue,
And look for things that I can do,
I can send money and help with aid,
Hoping to numb this military parade.

Issues like this make me very aware,
That about others, I really do care,
Yet I also care about the Earth itself,
And don't want it blown right off the shelf.

There are no good answers, only poor choices,

To respond to the cries from Ukrainian voices,
Asking for help in the face of the horror,
Asking for help to reach tomorrow.

I embrace the sunflower in solidarity,
And send sunflower karma with sincerity,
Yet know I'm grateful for my situation,
That I'm not living in that occupied nation.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we pray the sunflower
Blooms this spring too.