

Virus Vigil

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Riding the Tide

I love to kayak on an incoming tide,
To sit on my boat and on the tide ride,
Moving down channels with banks unseen,
Nothing to interfere or intervene.

Free in nature, I breathe in the air,
I liberate myself and am without care,
The water pushes me along,
In the quiet I hear the water's song.

Drum Bay plays a lovely tune
That I hear clearly on this afternoon,
Taking me to places seldom reached,
My pleasure steadily being increased.

And now the oyster reefs appear ahead,
The current a path not more than a thread
That weaves around into Christmas Bay,
The place where the tide-water comes to play.

The mullet scatter from the feeding trout,
The pelican splashes before pigging out,
The roseates move in a line of pink,
The oystercatcher pair give me a wink.

Riding the tide is perfectly magical,
Resulting in a feeling totally radical,
I am connected with a cosmic force,
I feel that I'm wired right into the source.

I'm one with the Earth and its central spirit,

I'm taking this in and not wasting a minute
For an Earth connection this strong is rare,
There's little else that with this can compare.

The bay's tide takes me to the core,
To a place that my psyche has known before,
Back to the beginning which ties to the end,
Affirming Earth-faith upon which I depend.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Cast your pew on the tide,
We affirm our faith
When on the tide we ride.