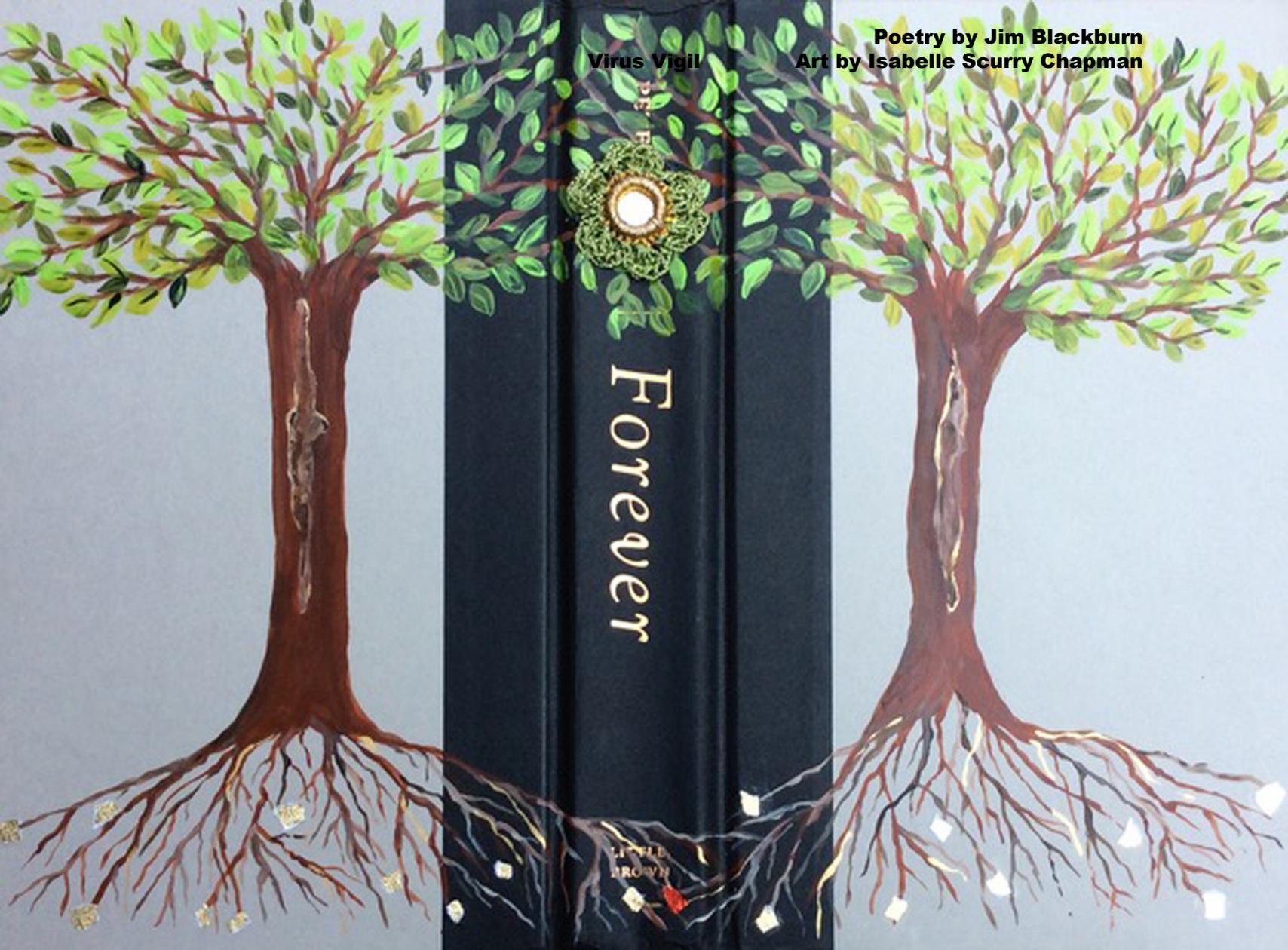


Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman



Connectuality

Connectuality is an important state of being,
It's an essence of life, just like seeing,
Pursuing connectuality is my current reality,
I feel it's becoming my personal marquee.

My primary connections these days are electronic,
Although a friendly hug is my personal tonic,
But I'm working to expand with the help of my brain
To connect to the wireless on another plane.

I'm musing today about the roots in the forest,
I smile just thinking they're talking up a torrent
But what do the trees say one to the other
Do they talk of the weather and nearby thunder?

Or comment on the weight of the Eagle's nest?
Or about how the drought has them stressed?
Do they chuckle watching us birders pursue
The ever-moving warblers passing through?

I want to participate in the tree conversation,
But how do we link up to this communication,
And what would I say to an old live oak tree?
Well I might thank it for assisting me.

Now a live oak takes carbon out of the sky,
And over its lifetime I can certify
That over ten tons is stored in each oak,

And a call to action that should evoke.

So, I tap out my message to the root telegraph,
And convey sincere thanks on humanity's behalf,
For connectuality is more than just reaching out,
It's about love and friendship and shouting it out.

So here's to my friends that live in the forest,
I'm hereby transmitting my honest promise,
I will do what I can to value what you are,
And spread the word near and far.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew
And a state of connectuality
Will become part of you.