

Virus Vigil

**Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman**

OF THE SEA



Hurricane

I feel the tension that comes with the heat
When the coastal waters play that hurricane beat,
The water's warm and the sea level's rising,
It's a hurricane season that's already surprising.

But a high pressure sits over it for now,
And massive evaporation it will not allow,
But when the high moves out, as we know it will,
The water in the Gulf will begin to distill.

And then storms will come that we name and fear,
Particularly as we move later into the year,
We've already had Hanna and Josephine and Kyle,
It's early times yet and we've still got a while.

There are new names on the list that we will use,
There's Laura and Marco and Nana has a fuse,
There's Omar, Paulette, Rene, and Sally,
And Teddy and Vicky and then Wilfred will rally.

Which one will it be that makes the pressure lessen,
And let's the Gulf's bowels flow into the heavens?
Which will turn clouds in a counterclockwise ring
Spinning the sky from the Rio Grande to the Sabine?

Which one will it be that evokes a deep sigh?
Which name will history remember us by?
Will we have a repeat of the storm of 1900?
Will it leave us feeling beat up and plundered?

I look at the weather and take a deep breath,
The big one's not indicated as coming here yet,
I cross my fingers and clutch what is sacred,
And hope that salvation for this year is fated.

For the truth is that there's not a whole lot to do,
If the big one is bearing down on you,
Either hunker down or pack up and hit the road,
And hope that old Wilfred doesn't find you exposed.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that ole Wilfred
Will not find you.