

Virus Vigil

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



Pulling Change

Change – does it instill fear?
Change – does it generate a tear?
Change – will it happen this year?
Change – listen up now, you hear.

Change – why is it so hard?
Change – will it leave me scarred?
Change – will it lead to the graveyard?
Change – buckle up – en garde.

Change - why do we do it?
Change – can I just do a little bit?
Change – must my ego submit?
Change – just get on with it.

Would it help if I had a change puller?
And a fire for change that made my urge fuller?
A figure to stoke me when my fire became weak?
A figure to pull and help my tired feet?

When my feet tire, I reach out to the birds,
And from them comes the energy to write the words
That might help us address our changing climate
And power my commitment into a blasting rocket.

So, I reach out to my friend the whooping crane,
Who I recruit to help me stay sane,
And pull my fire when it's too heavy for me,
And along the way to keep me company.

So, pull, my friend, pull,
Pull my fire for change,
Stoke the fire of my imagination,
And my priorities rearrange.

And when the day's done,
And we've completed our run,
Come and lay down beside me,
And just let us be.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
We celebrate change
And empower it in you.