



Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Vignelle Scurry Chapman



Fall

Spring's long gone, and summer's at an end,
And fall has come back around again,
The green fields of birds and butterflies
Are now rather empty, emitting no cries.

The yin of life is now at an ebb,
And yang is approaching like a web
That is covering up all our precious things,
Our spring bouquets, our summer wings.

Some want to stop it to keep it the same,
If their lovelies disappear, will they go insane?
You can fret and scowl and beat your fist
You want some control, but that's a serious wish.

Control – you just can't find it,
Control – I just can't get it,
Control – you think you need it?
Control – are we addicted to it?

Fall has other things on her mind,
She's moving forward, wasting no time,
Now stop and think about the name fall,
Why would you expect any control at all?

The plants that were vibrant have now turned brown,
But they've also dropped their seeds to the ground,
It's the way that the cycle is meant to be,

It's what I call yin and yang synergy.

Powerless is actually what I am,
I'm just a rider on the Earth tram,
That operates by rules that are not about me,
But about keeping the Earth in synchrony.

At Earth Church we are all about life and living,
We celebrate all seasons for they are life-giving,
We accept what is and show up for roll call,
And we're really grateful when around comes fall.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray that yin and yang
Provide synchrony for you.