

Virus Vigil



Opossum

The opossum's back again – it didn't die,
I don't know whether to laugh or cry,
Each time it's around there's trouble ahead,
But then I see it, and I think it's dead.

The opossum's a critter that pushes the limits,
It's comfortable around town, dropping by to kibitz,
It just ambles around and finds this and that,
It annoys the dog and irritates the cat.

Now it has no choice about playing dead,
The response is automatic and not of the head,
The body simply goes limp and pretends
That this is where its life ends.

But as soon as you leave, it is up and around,
Looking for food, sniffing the ground,
And if it were to find a persimmon tree,
You would surely observe possum ecstasy.

It's hard not to smile when you see this fella,
It looks pretty scruffy and acts pretty mellow,
But it does seem to get into some weird places,
And as a guest, it's not very gracious.

It's a marsupial with a pouch to carry its young,
Which can number 13, there's plenty of room
For the youngsters to suckle within the pouch,

I can hear the mother mouthing “ouch”.

The hymns of Earth Church celebrate diversity,
And all the ways critters fight adversity,
And the opossum’s death trance is among the best,
It avoids a fight and gives it some rest.

So when you see a opossum ambling in the yard,
Don’t be too harsh, don’t come on too hard,
For the opossum is making it where others fail,
And forget that a rat might envy its tail.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
We sing to beauty ‘neath the skin
And may it apply to you too.