

Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman



Coyote Love

The sound comes up the Hill Country valley,
The voices are many, but I can't tally
How many individuals are yipping and singing,
And the spellbinding song leaves the hills ringing.

What is it about the call of the coyote
That stirs the deepest of emotions within me?
It's said the coyote sings the song of the west,
And yet the singer is considered a pest.

The coyote's a survivor of that I am sure,
They roam city streets and can humans endure
By hiding away along bayous by day,
And generally keeping out of people's way.

The city during Covid invited them out,
With fewer people, they were around and about,
One was seen during summer on our street,
Trying to find something to eat.

But my, they are fun to watch prancing along,
Glancing over a shoulder like they did something wrong,
They never get comfortable, always on the move,
But there's no doubt the coyote's got a groove.

It's neat that the wild can stoke my imagination,
And enter my psyche like a creation,
A hodgepodge of attributes assembled for survival,
And in that respect the coyote has no rival.

Earth Church is a place of love for the coyote,

A sentiment worthy of my friend Don Quixote,
For coyote love is like tilting at a windmill,
But worth it for a critter with spunk and free will.

And when on the porch at Wimberley at night,
The yipping and barking start to trigger a fright,
I'll reach over and grab my Garland's hand,
And celebrate coyote love so grand.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And perhaps coyote love
Will visit you too.