

Virus Vigil



WORLDWORK



Dreams or The Black Hole of My Imagination

My mind is swimming in a purple pool,
Now, this is okay – it's really cool,
A pink porpoise has come to join me,
And a swan and a duck – it's a menagerie.

The dreamsicle sky is orange and white,
Lit by a sun sending out a red light,
And a flight of geese honks in my dreams,
There are only smiles – there are no screams.

And the whole perfect scene is slowly spinning,
I have the feeling that this is a beginning,
I want this to last for days on end,
But I'm picking up speed, I begin the beguine.

In my dance, I am whirling and beginning to blur,
The colors are blending, creating something more,
A pinstriped fabric emerges like a rainbow,
I'd paint a picture, but the train won't slow.

And now I'm heading full speed in a circle,
A rainbow whirlwind that's turning purple,
And the purple is becoming darker and darker,
I'm loving this moment, but I'm working harder.

And now the spin is going really fast,
I don't think I can stay here and make it last,
And suddenly I'm catapulted as if from a cannon,
Back up the stream, swimming like a salmon.

Slowly I come back to the here and now,
I'm coming ashore and departing my dhow,
I stand on the bank and gaze at the Earth,
And I know I'm back to the place of my birth.

Journeys are great but so's the return,
And I'm back from my rainbow, black-hole sojourn,
I'll get dressed and attend an Earth Church ceremony,
Celebrating living beings, which, above all, are holy.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that the black hole
Will spit you back too.