

**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.