

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Virus Vigil Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman



The Gray Fox

In the Hill Country just outside of Wimberley
The cedar-oak landscape is indeed hilly,
With limestone benches and seeps and springs
The silence allows you to hear the dove's wings.

On the porch my eyes close, bringing peace,
And a process that often leads to image release,
And today I encounter a gray fox on a rock,
He's checking me out, taking stock.

The fox is resting after a night on the prowl,
Where he moves very stealthily - he doesn't howl,
He finds whatever he can scrounge to eat,
Seldom encountering what we consider defeat.

I tell Mr. Fox that I remember his last visit,
We had put our bird seed out on exhibit,
He dropped by and decided to eat some scratch,
To give him some energy for that night's snatch.

Today Mr. Fox wants to chat on the porch,
He has some thoughts he wants to put forth,
He tells me that he had a past life as a human,
It went very well until he encountered the woman.

As he tells the story, she was the devil incarnate,
She led him into trouble, she sealed his fate,
Her husband caught them in a tryst,
The gun was fired, and it didn't miss.

"My soul went spinning", Mr. Fox explained,

“But it continued on, I was maintained,
At supersonic speed I landed in this gray fox body,
And I’m really happy that I’m a being - somebody.”

Mr. Fox stood up and shook himself off
And with a flip of his tail, he took off,
And I emerged from the encounter so much richer
I have a new entry for my Earth Church scripture.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray a recycled soul
Talks to you too.