

Virus Vigil

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The Monarch Life Cycle

The yellow and black caterpillar's work is done,
The butterfly weed stripped, laid bare, undone,
Surrounded by nutrition at their place of birth,
Landing in a restaurant on arrival on Earth.

Consider the caterpillar, the plant and change,
When denuding's completed, each must re-arrange,
One to the chrysalis, to reincarnate,
The other growing leaves back before it's too late.

One day I see it as I approach the door,
The small, green container high above the floor,
Hanging from the sill – a delight for my wife,
We are there to observe as it comes to life.

The passenger's released, wings yet to dry,
Waiting, wings moving, then meeting the sky,
Achieving flight, displaying its fitness,
A new life launched that our eyes did witness.

In dreams I see the Texas coast below me,
Our coastal landscape screaming an unheard plea,
A huge caterpillar's coming - eating and growing,
Both entities doomed because they're unknowing.

To prevent the coast from going amiss,

The caterpillar must learn to make a chrysalis,
The tools are ecology, spirituality and resilience,
And the sun will shine brightly on economic brilliance.

I look to the monarch to guide us, to inspire,
Enabling the change to the circular spire,
A place where disparate pieces reach synchrony,
Nature and economy at peace, in harmony.

I come to Earth church to find the wisdom
To help us create a nature-based kingdom,
And I look to the monarch to show us the way,
To change our shape and survive today.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Pray that shape-changing enables
A better future for you.