

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry



The Earth

Coming around the dark side of the moon,
Flying through space, leaving a plume,
What's that planet rising from the dark?
It's amazingly blue, a good spot to park.

I've never ever seen a planet like this,
The color's outstanding, I'll take the risk
And journey onto its surface to see
What's up with this new stellar mystery.

I'm getting closer, my anticipation rises,
I check my instruments - I want no surprises,
I know space command wants a full report,
And there's no one nearby to offer support.

Now I'm entering a field of gravitational pull,
Well, this is exciting and certainly not dull,
I'm flying down where the blue meets the brown,
And the surface relaxes to let me come down.

So what is this stuff that's wet and fluid?
To check it out, I consult with a druid
Who reports it's something the locals call water
That will make things grow for a newby squatter.

And now I'm out and on the land,
I've never seen a place quite so grand,
There are birds flying, there are plants growing,
There life everywhere, it's beyond knowing.

Wait – I think I get it - I've begun anew,

There was a horrific crash, and I lost my crew,
And this must be what some refer to as heaven,
I'll bet I'm right – seven come eleven.

But it's great – oh my - I'm in paradise,
It's oh so wonderful, it's oh so nice,
This place called Earth is beyond belief,
My next stop in life is such a relief.

But wait there's an option, an open door,
Through which I can walk to encounter more,
And now I'm joining the mainstream of life,
I'm grateful I arrived here for my afterlife.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here our daily reality
Should be paradise for you.