Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman
Red Passion Flower

I travel with passion through space and time,
I’m living a journey that is so sublime,
Enjoying and protecting that not destroyed
Passion guides me as hate I avoid.

There’s good in the world – of that be sure,
I wish it were enough to provide a cure,
I see those young folks saving sea turtles,
Let them strengthen us for our Texas hurdles.

And the hurdles are real – of that be sure,
Number one’s the Texas Legislature,
They want to squabble while Texas is freezing,
Horror was unleashed that I’m not believing.

But believe it you must, for this tale is true,
We are too much caught up in red versus blue,
We can’t find the heart to help people out,
It makes me angry, and I don’t like to shout.

But shout we must from the highest rafter,
“No reward is waiting in the hereafter,
For those who screw ‘we the people’”,
Even though they go to a church with a steeple.

The time has come to shout out fake faith,
Enabling the crime, enabling the hate,
I don’t like for good people to get screwed,
In a game that is rigged for us peons to lose.
Passion can be both yin and yang,
Releasing our love - revealing the fang,
But I don’t need hate – I don’t need rancor,
I have my Earth faith - it’s my life’s anchor,

I discovered Earth Church – it’s based on love,
My passion led me to a treasure trove.
Passion I channel to light my own way,
And my light is burning – it’s a beacon today,

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we encourage passion,
And purge hate out too.