



FEAR

EXHAUSTED

DEPRESSION

FEAR

FEAR WORRY

ANGER

SADNESS

FEAR POWERLESSNESS

TROUBLE

LOW ENERGY

The Black Hole

First Covid came and made us hide away,
And then Donald Trump led me to pray,
Followed by the bone-chilling cold of the freeze,
I'm being sucked down, so help me please.

The sucking I perceive is very real,
Something has my feet, pulling on my heel,
I hold out my arms to find some handhold,
I can't see for my eyes are behind a blindfold.

This giant sucking sound is pulling me forward,
The walls are closing in – I'm feeling cornered,
I'm being herded toward this large sucking sound,
If I could only get my feet on firm ground.

And now I am beginning to swirl counterclockwise,
I feel like I'm bound by some very strong ties,
That keep me from acting, I swear I'm in limbo,
It would appear that all's lost for good ole Jimbo.

Exhaustion and fear and downright depression,
This last year was an onslaught of tiring oppression,
I want to escape but the black hole keeps sucking,
I'm being beat up – it's a nasty street mugging.

I suddenly realize that I'm angry - full of fear,
Mad I've been forced to hide out for a year,
It's time to face up to it - spit out my concern,
Roll it up in a ball, light a match, watch it burn.

As I deal with the fear, the sucking dissipates,
And a new day is dawning – one I anticipate,
I'll pick myself up and go visit some birds,
My spirit wants to sing and write lovely words.

Like a Cat 5 hurricane, my black hole passes,
I think I'm intact without too many gashes,
It's time to be grateful that I've made it to March,
And I sip the Earth's water for my throat is parched.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we can offer some help,
If you help yourself too.