

COVID 19 Time.

Nature awakens in the silence
Of self isolation.
Clouds cumulate gloriously.
No planes, trains or automobiles.

It's COVID time
Self distancing out walking.
And it's Good Friday.

What should we do?
Worship nature again?
Take time. To dream. Let go.

Hissing grows in ears lost in solitude
Like distant traffic behind the quiet.
Reminders of climate change.

Can we wind back the desolation.
Of drought, fire and floods?
To find another Passover story.
Far cry from a resurrection.

Who will lead us now
To the promised land?

And which of us will be sacrificed
As the Pascal lambs of tomorrow?

Poem by Catharine Bailey.