

Inspirational Poems Related to Pandemic

Pandemic

What if you thought of it
as the Jews consider the Sabbath—
the most sacred of times?
Cease from travel.
Cease from buying and selling.
Give up, just for now,
on trying to make the world
different than it is.
Sing. Pray. Touch only those
to whom you commit your life.
Center down.

And when your body has become still,
reach out with your heart.
Know that we are connected
in ways that are terrifying and beautiful.
(You could hardly deny it now.)
Know that our lives
are in one another's hands.
(Surely, that has come clear.)
Do not reach out your hands.
Reach out your heart.
Reach out your words.
Reach out all the tendrils
of compassion that move, invisibly,
where we cannot touch.

Promise this world your love—
for better or for worse,
in sickness and in health,
so long as we all shall live.

—Lynn Ungar

In the Time of Pandemic

And the people stayed home.
And they read books, and listened, and rested, and exercised, and made art, and
played games, and learned new ways of being, and were still.
And they listened more deeply. Some meditated, some prayed, some danced.
Some met their shadows. And the people began to think differently.
And the people healed.
And, in the absence of people living in ignorant, dangerous, mindless, and heartless
ways, the earth began to heal.

And when the danger passed, and the people joined together again, they grieved their losses, and made new choices, and dreamed new images, and created new ways to live and heal the earth fully, as they had been healed.

—Kitty O'Meara

Opening Words

the cloudless watery blue sky
has yet to learn about the small virus
wreaking havoc on the earth below

the red buds emerging from winter trees
have no idea they're awakening to a world
where people can't hold the hands of their dying

the wind blows chill air through
whether or not cheeks and fingers
remain protected within walls

stars continue to burn
their great stores of energy —
do they also fear the day they'll run out?

but the birds know everything about
singing to each other across empty spaces

dogs understand greetings
that don't involve touch

tortoises take things slowly
and carry their sense of home everywhere

cats flatten their curves all the time

what will history write about this moment?
what will our children remember?

may it be a story of mutual care across all boundaries
a habit of compassion as hopeful as the spring's return
and as encompassing as the vaulted sky

--LindaSusan Ulrich

With This Open Time

With this open time
You do not have to write the next great best-selling novel
You do not have to get in the best shape of your life
You do not have to start that podcast

What you can do instead is observe this pause as an opportunity
The same systems we see crumbling in society
Are being called to crumble in each of us individually
The systems that taught us we are machines
That live to produce & we are disposable if we are not doing so
The systems that taught us monetary gain takes priority over humanity
The systems that create our insecurities then capitalize off of them

What if we became curious with this free time, & had no agenda other than to
experience being?

What if you created art for the sake of creating?

What if you allowed yourself to rest & cry & laugh & play & get curious about
whatever arises in you?

What if our true purpose is in this space?

As if Mother Earth is saying: We can no longer carry on this way. The time is now — I
am reminding you who you are. Will you remember?

– Emma Zeck

Easter Exultet

Shake out your qualms.
Shake up your dreams.
Deepen your roots.
Extend your branches.
Trust deep water
and head for the open,
even if your vision
shipwrecks you.
Quit your addiction
to sneer and complain.
Open a lookout.
Dance on a brink.
Run with your wildfire.
You are closer to glory
leaping an abyss
than upholstering a rut.

Not dawdling.
Not doubting.
Intrepid all the way
Walk toward clarity.
At every crossroad
Be prepared
to bump into wonder.
Only love prevails.
En route to disaster
insist on canticles.
Lift your ineffable
out of the mundane.
Nothing perishes;
nothing survives;
everything transforms!
Honeymoon with Big Joy!

—James Broughton