

~ THE GARDEN OF IMMUNITY ~

(prompted by the Corona Virus)

The Garden of Immunity
Is where I long to tread;
I'll wander in it, trailing robes
Among its flower-beds;
I'll breathe in deeply of its air
And douse myself in dew:
I'll never have to fear again
The things that mortals do.

The Garden of Immunity,
Where there can be no ill,
And every soul can freely move
According to his will:
That should be the inheritance
Of all who come to Earth,
And life on any other terms
Of no conceptual worth.

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