

ANDREW WAS THE ANGEL OF DEATH
(a.k.a. Bring on the dancing girls)

Andrew was the Angel of Death. I am told.
Don't know if it's true. I'm not that old.
An allusion to a TV programme, the story goes.
Something about being careful of the seed one sows.

My subject is personal pronouns, you know their names;
Me, Myself; I. Personal pronouns all.
I am the subject, the action hero, the star.
Me? The person that action directly or indirectly affects me.
Myself: the singular reflexive/intensive pronouns.

Important words all. You know them well.
I want this, I want that.
As part of a tripartite identity, I should shut up;
acknowledge me. It's the "me" others see.

The ceremonial mask.
At the end of the day, the lights are dimmed;
the music's ambient (café, rain and jazz),
there's only one that remains, myself:

The one that ponders, pauses, replays the day,
stroll down memory lane; have to keep the house in order.
I prefer, a stroll down memory lane,
Sounds so simple. What's left to explain?

Nothing serious. Nothing deep;
Nothing to disturb your sleep.
A stroll down memory lane;
walk quickly past the battlegrounds.

You remember them, as much as I.
Warning! On my command,
Close your eyes; see a scene once,
imbed in your memory,

Once viewed it takes root, establishes itself;
refuses to be deleted. This is a highlights tour,
the best and the brightest. Don't ask me to expand,
the tour wasn't requested, it was demanded, commanded.

I didn't want to go back, return or re-visit
That which I spent a lifetime intent on escape.
A stroll down memory lane? You say it's therapeutic.
I say, crap! You say, it's a journey of discovery.

I say, it's a trap. The problem is real, far from ideal;
We are one, co-equal parts of the same identity.
For better or worse, where goeth you, go I
(complaining all the way). Did I do the trinity/divinity thing?

I'll do it again

“A trinity (there are three),
a divinity (scratched, tainted and torn),
a mystery, liturgy, history, psychology
(so many words, ending with "y")”.

I did? Forget it. Doesn't make sense anyway.
It's an escape from anonymity!
Regardless of the music, costumes; the words I sing.
I want to be someone. To be seen, recognized; not ignored.

Prove my worth (what's the exchange rate?). That's what I'll do.
Learn to surf? (Don't be stupid. You can't swim!). True. Admitted.
I'll show them where I came from. How far I have come. What I can do.
That should impress. Speak of love, longing, loss, and marriage;

that should strike a chord. Maybe. Maybe not.
Issuing an invite has its benefits:
a hint of danger, mystery, excitement.
If you dream, dream big; empires, conquest, battles of victory, or defeat.

If Peter Jackson can drape the fabric of Tolkien's middle earth
over the New Zealand landscape (and it still remains).
Why can't I create something memorable?
Money? Investment, Skill?, Talent? Determination?

Bring on the clowns, the acrobats, and the dancing girls.
Andrew? No, he's the angel of Death. Too sombre.

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