

Angels & Demons

"**W**hen the battle is lost,
"Surrender, there is no point
the struggle had been hard,
harsh, heartbreaking."

For goodness sake, man; are you still sailing that boat?
Give it a break. It was 38 years ago.
Find a new tune, a new song.
It's not terrible; don't get me wrong.
You can repeat a theme for only how long?
I've got news to tell you; news that might distress you.

News, regardless.

It's your angels and demons. They're calling for a truce.
They're tired of arguing, and fighting; they don't like the rules.

As for your search for what is right, proper, moral and of reason;
they couldn't care. They want to rebel; have their own stories to tell.
Anyway, they say, even should you find this thing, this truth;
How will you know?

Is it going to come up to you, ever so respectfully,
Look you in the eye; say, "Mr Les Bush, I presume", you have sought for decades;
Gone through how many escapades, tripped and risen; handled derision.

Might I ask, who are you going to tell; will they understand? Will they want to?
Do you have the words: words to heal, reveal; identify those words that conceal?
Do you want the good news or the bad? Your angels and demons are consorting;
they neither have the patience to understand, nor care; unless it's in sound bites or commercials.

If only it were a matter of language; which can be understood; it would be a technical issue.
As for your angels and demons consorting? That is a worry. It's one thing hearing voices in your head.
To hear them arguing about domestic issues, or copulating instead? One can cope with only so much.
If the voices stated their cases with passion and precision, one had the chance of making a decision.

If they're trying their hardest not to upset each other, all you get is dithering and self-defensiveness. How can you make life decisions in an environment like that? Be my demons and angels consorting; It will not last; they will revert to the status quo. Peace and harmony are boring, its weakness is its strength of understanding, or willingness to understand; that's the question:

how open are people to change?

"In silence, the final assault is awaited."

That's the way I would like to frame it; dramatic, apocalyptic; a dash of nobility, success or failure.

The end of one thing; a brand new beginning! You're not fooled; I'm not fooled: The seeds of the old order are planted among the seeds of the new; it becomes a test of time: Which becomes established; and grows faster. Demons and Angels? We have a choice!

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The lines in quotation marks are taken from an earlier poem, "When the Battle is Lost" (1981) by the author