

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## **Characteristics of Considering Cornerstones of Consciousness (a.k.a. CORNERSTONES)**

### **CHAOS, CHANCE AND CHOICE & COSMIC CONNECTIONS**

#### **PART 1**

##### **CHAOS**

Cacophony, Confusion, Conflict, Consternation,  
Calamity, Complication, Catastrophe

*THIS IS how it feels, isn't it?  
Dreams ripped apart, stripped bare.  
Surrender, there is no point in continuing.  
The battle had been hard, harsh, and uncompromising.  
Our defences were too disorganised to stop it.  
Fate had launched its attacks precisely, without pity.  
Mind splintered, fragmented - in disarray; questions roar:  
seek answers. "There must be answers", they demand.  
The will to live, the consciousness to understand is not theirs to command.  
Then it stops, the mind goes numb; the body refuses to move.  
In silence, the final assault, the final encounter with Fate, is awaited.*

##### **WHAT IS FATE?**

*Fate: a predetermined state or end. Implies an inevitable and usually adverse outcome.  
Synonyms: destiny (something foreordained and often suggests a great or noble course or end), lot and portion (a distribution by fate or destiny), portion (the apportioning of good and evil), (doom, distinctly implies a grim or calamitous fate).*

*Why am I so numb?  
What is this cruel, cosmically deep silence?  
There is no agreement. The argument is not new.  
It had always been there*

##### **IMAGINE!**

*A shabby, uniformed figure stands, approaches  
"Who are you?" Your hurt and angry selves demand.*

*I am the Will, the motivation of you all;  
I was created to lead, and coordinate: I am taking over.*

*I am that quiet voice that lurks on the fringes of your consciousness:  
whispering words of warning, admonishing you to take that next faltering step;  
That strain of steel resolve hovering just above Reason  
and a mite short of Faith.*

*I dwell in that haunting piece of music that resonates in your ears,  
even when you are surrounded by silence,  
or overwhelmed by the sheer noise and roar of the world.  
I can be found in your favourite book,  
that obscure piece of art.  
Found most often in the humblest of surroundings,  
suspended in the void between fractured words  
in broken sentences, dangling phrases; in words unspoken.*

*The silence is no longer threatening. It cannot harm them.  
It cannot touch us, said the Will.  
Together we are strong enough to face it.  
There is a mumbled agreement.  
What do we do now?*

*We re-organise, we start again.  
we salvage our strength, our pride.  
Silence has no name. It has no content.*

*It is not a time of jubilation but of quiet thanks and determination.  
There is still much to do. Disaster, death and damnation  
Will test our resolve. Individually and collectively.  
The process is still in motion.  
Bowed, not broken we continue to re-construct  
and dedicate ourselves to living life to the fullest.*

## **PART 2**

### **CHANCE**

*Circumstance, Casualties, Causation,  
Ceremony, Carpe Diem, Classicism, Contemporary, Criticism*

*CARPE DIEM! Seize the day! Yeah, Right!  
Decades pass. The process is still in motion!  
It's more of a drunken stumble than a walk.  
I couldn't feel so I learned to talk.*

*It is a naive, desperate,  
stubborn (absurd?) act of Will  
to say "No!", to cling to hope -*

*however small and battered it may be -  
to embrace, without question or pause,  
the ragged remnants of all that is loving.*

*That is our contradiction, our challenge,  
our quest to embrace the challenge  
and unpredictability of life;  
acknowledge the certainty of Death;  
to defiantly proclaim.  
“Not Yet!”.*

#### **YOU MIGHT ASK**

*“Why do I proclaim such an imperative on hope:  
and the reasonable expectation of the  
inevitability of the return of hope?”  
To not do so would be to cravenly surrender  
to - and drown in - the ocean of despair  
that calls me syrup-sweet and siren-like to oblivion!*

*TO HAVE reason to believe that hope is achievable  
and hope that the application of reason is a pathway  
to experience the rebirth of hope.  
We will celebrate our shared humanity!  
We will sing our fractured song of praise.*

*We will shout our lonely “Hallelujah!”  
We, the living: unpredictable, inconsistent,  
perverse (even) as we may be  
in our faltering yet stubborn adherence  
to an absurd faith in the power of Love and Life.*

*We have a final line of defence.  
We create, we procreate; dream impossible dreams  
- and do our best to make them happen.  
We share, take records and transmit those things we value.  
we influence, argue; agree and disagree.*

*We assimilate and accommodate  
information and experiences as we grow individually and collectively.  
In such a collective consciousness is our power.  
as one passes the (sometimes, barely flickering)  
torch of hope to another.*

*THERE WILL BE more battles, and more stunned silence:  
more admonishment of the collective components  
of “Who” and “What” we are, to hold firm and resolute.  
This time, we can face the Foe; challenge it;  
hold up a battered bridal bouquet,  
and say, “Death, where is thy sting?”.*

*You might take my body, my vitality: all that I am;  
I will be immortal, treasured and sustained  
in the loving thoughts and memories of others.*

## **PART 3**

### ***CHOICE***

We always have a choice;  
It is an essentially human quality  
Be it as simple as  
“Am I willing to make a choice?”

*Had it been the darkest night, not the break of day,  
We could have blamed it on our lack of sight;  
might know what to say.  
The brightest, the best,  
no more, or less, aware than the rest -  
lost in confusion, numbed, and needing rest.  
Is that Death's rattle? Is this how it ended?*

*In the end, it's simple, the least  
will ascend, to lead and admonish  
- to focus, and say “I am the Will”, rest  
and reassemble, gain your strength, refresh!*

*The battle is over, but the War is not:  
always be another; live and learn;  
don't count the cost.  
Gain from experience,  
Give and share with others;*

*individually, we are lost;  
a child without a mother;  
collectively we are strong.*

*There is hope and progress.  
There will always be a tomorrow  
Hold high a battered bridal bouquet,  
proclaim a heartfelt “Hallelujah”!  
You might not know the words to say,  
I will try and sing them to you”*

## **Part 4**

### ***COSMIC CONNECTIONS***

“We are children of the universe”  
“The Cosmos is our parents,  
our teacher, our guide.

It responds to us  
as we respond to it"

I speak of battles won or lost; and surrender.  
Are you still sailing that boat?  
Give it a break. It was decades gone  
Find a new tune, a new song.  
It's alright; don't get me wrong.  
You can repeat a theme for only how long?

I've got news to tell you;  
Might cause you distress.  
News, regardless.  
It's your angels and demons.  
They're calling for a truce.  
They're tired of arguing and fighting;  
don't like the rules.  
Frustrated and disillusioned; They say  
Tilt at your only bloody windmills.

#### SEEKING TRUTH

As for your search for what is right, proper, moral and of reason;  
they couldn't care. They want to rebel; and 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 Bush, I presume". Yeah, right.

you have sought for decades; tripped and risen; handled derision.  
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;

Having fun. Unless it's in sound bites or ads, nobody cares.  
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 domestic issues,  
or copulating in bed? One can cope with only so much.

#### CONFUSION

If their voices stated their cases with passion and precision,  
one had the chance to make a decision.  
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 is boring;  
its weakness is its strength, its strength is its weakness.

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,  
come what may. Little changes  
The end of one thing is a brand-new beginning!  
Are you fooled? Am I; are we fooled?  
The seeds of the old order are planted  
among the seeds of the new;  
it becomes a test of time:  
Which becomes established?  
Which grows the fastest?  
Demons and Angels?  
Their appetites are  
of equal demand  
WHICH DOES ONE FEED?

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