

COUNTING CUPS

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*I am told or have heard, That poets and writers
Hide the meaning of the title deep in the body of their work.*

Is that true? For the sake of conversation and a place to begin:

You might find me. Lurking in a crowded terminal;
Doing what I often do, being anonymous,
savouring another cup of coffee.
One is often most alone in a crowd. Don't you agree?

I might be stranded, lost and bewildered (I often am).
Saying, "Where am I?", "Why am I here?" and "Who am I?"
No one answers. The silence will surround me: mock me.
I hate that silence. It says nothing, indicates nothing,

has a hint of promise, but it all too often falls short.
Why am I here? I can be! I'm watching for something, maybe,
waiting for a what, or a who: does it have a name? Does it matter?
Does it have a face, a time, a presence, a voice?

Can it make moral decisions? Does it have a choice?
How time flies. (Tempus fugit and all that),
so much had passed. Has so little been achieved?
Can't see the woods for the trees?

(What **is** its Latin equivalent?)

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Experience purchased always on credit, oh, what a price.
Overladen with demands and expectations, the clamour of life?
Seek advice? Does it assist, or cause more strife?
Beliefs enlarge or narrow the view, defining the focus. Yes. no, maybe?
Life is a game, we all must play, to the best of our ability.
Were we to do it again, would it be the same?
The hours pass, and dreams slip into eternity.
always a question. Is that fair? Is this a game we all must play?

How would I know, how could I be sure? One should have certainty, don't you agree?
A fool I might be, but foolish? That would be too much to bear.
When there are too many questions, answers elude, slip and collide.
Leaving questions that beget more questions, more riddles, and more mystery.

Imagine, a second chance! Would you take your time,
strategise, and make a better plan? Do it differently?
What should I say, what should I do? Extend my hand,
say "Mr Godot, I assume. Yes, sir, I've been waiting."

Can you hear Bob Dylan sing, "When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?"
He's been waiting for decades. Me? I might be alone, lurking, in a crowded terminal, listening;
holding a sign. The sign might say, "Waiting for Godot"
or "Have I drunk enough coffee? I've lost count of the cups."

Can you help me, Bob?

Leslie Bush

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