

POEM OF THE WEEK

Escape from Anonymity

A trinity (there are three), a divinity
(scratched, tainted and torn), a mystery,
liturgy, so many words, ending with -e.
You know their names; Me, Myself; I?

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. 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 go you, go I
(complaining all the way). Did I do the trinity/divinity thing?
I did? Forget it. It's an escape from anonymity!
Regardless of the music, costumes; the words I sing.

I want to be someone. To be seen, acknowledged; 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, and what I 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, and 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?

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