

POEM OF THE WEEK

FACE IN THE JAR BY THE DOOR

A Sad tale, Eleanor Rigby, face in the jar
By the door; all those lonely people
Where do they come from? All you need
Is love, love is all you need! Can't fool you

Can I? Nothing to get hung about! Hey Jude!
I'm a thief? The words aren't mine! True. A thief?
No. Sing Along: Sergeant Peppers Lonely Heart Club Band;
Sergeant Peppers Lonely. Sergeant Pepper's lonely heart

Club band. Feel decades younger, cleaner, less tainted
Painted in bright cheerful, happy colours; take back your youth
Give a middle finger to all the crap that got in the way;
I reject you all: your talk of wars, conflict; manufactured

Discredited. Yes, I plead guilty. I'm rhapsodising, remembering
Times gone. A question I want to ask you. If this music, the feelings
Associated with it and the optimism is contained in your collective DNA
Oblah di oblah da. Life carried on. Yeah, yeah, yeah

Can you imagine that it never happened?
The music that made our blood pound
Gave us hope, said what we struggled to say
Where would we be? What would we be?

Would we be? Was it all a lovely, melodic dream?
[Led Zeppelin? Deep Purple?] Define melodious!
The big "what if": No Eleanor Rigby, no Beatles?
No Rolling Stones? Jethro Tull? Cream?

Oh, what a dreadful silence!
What would it have filled with?
Advertising jingles? Political cant?
Give me the music anytime!

Oblah di oblah da, Life goes on.
Yeah!

Leslie D Bush
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