

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## GETTING OR HAVING ENOUGH

A poem needs a strong start  
Let me say this, from my heart  
There's one of me in this world  
No copies or clones, one's enough

I'm not being boastful. I'm not being vain  
I'm doing my best to remain sane  
I've learned that wanting is pointless  
Without any plan or strategy to achieve it

I've learned that ambition alone is misleading  
Time-consuming and wasting without a plan  
A structure to achieve it Do I hear you scoff?  
"What have you learned, you self-righteous toff?"

Things are what things are! Accept it

I consider myself, neither insignificant  
Nor better than others; I'm enough  
My lifestyle is not particularly fashionable  
My taste in art, music and the written word

Range from the classic to the modern  
To the absurd; Dali and the absurdists knew  
Two world wars had stripped away the glamour  
That disguised the loss and despair of a generation

Dali, despite his flamboyant style, was also enough

Being enough can be difficult, egotism gets in the way  
From day-to-day activities, and the infernal noise  
Of "Could haves", "Should haves", "Try harder!"  
From a supermarket, one buys groceries to fill a larder

Enter the store, walk up and down the aisles  
Pushing a trolley or carrying a basket  
place items you seek Into the same  
Continue until your list is complete

Or you run out of money

Proceed to the checkout  
Pay the required amount  
if you can. Say "bye bye"

and exit

All very organised, boring and basic  
requires no enhancements  
one could say it was "enough"  
Groceries purchased, list complete

It was only what was needed  
Luxuries are optional  
Like life, living and human experience  
We make choices, decisions

Some good, some not  
it is on those choices  
Our personality might be measured.  
Were they, are they realistic?

Ambition is noble, to a degree  
wanting stuff is understandable  
To a degree; wanting to be someone else?  
A different kettle of fish altogether!

As participants (should I say, victims?)  
of a consumer society that is designed  
to eat itself and destroy our planet, I ask  
Why can't we all be: "enough", and have "enough"?

I am. I do. I am grateful for the opportunity to be so

"Wanting more" in my opinion,  
is comparable to an irritating cough  
"Needing" more, as an impulse; a demand  
is equivalent to a death sentence.

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