

POEM OF THE WEEK

IS THERE NOTHING SACRED?

Is there nothing sacred to a heathen poet
Do they think the world and all that's in it
Is there for them to pick and choose from?
Can they neither discern nor understand

the division between the Sacred and the Profane?
Possibly, probably not; other than the devout
Who can? One says, "Halt, begone"
"That's out of bounds!"; another replies

"No, it's not". So, is there nothing sacred
To a heathen poet?" Apart from being empathetic
To the nuances of a subject; the sacred/profane
Is not clearly defined to many of us

One might speak of "unwritten laws", but why"
Rules, unwritten have the same strength as
Unwritten rules: NONE. Things, "sacred"
Are measured by individual belief

A sensitive individual might be aware of them
And respect the right to have those beliefs
Another might not. Is there an answer
"Is there nothing sacred?"

Ask around, you might be surprised
What you might find. Deep in the mind.

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