

POEM OF THE WEEK

LIFE, LIVING AND OGRES (AT THE GATE)

Life is a mystery, one cannot predict with certainty
What will happen and when? What will not, what then?
Living is a hazardous adventure; you know that well
Will you fall, will you drown; will you float, or

be carried along by the swell?

Ogres are a different kettle of fish, altogether
(You might consider me an ogre, hiding my secrets
Amassing powers, climbing steps, demolishing towers)
Ogre, ogres, ogre-dom; Shrek parts 1 to 5 (Talking donkey optional)

It all has meaning; I am not sure of what or how
There is one thing of which I am sure; it's happening now
In the present tense, concurrent to my words appearing on paper
[OK, on a computer screen]. Won't you allow me some latitude?

I am possessive of my words, before deciding to scatter them to the wilderness
(aka "social media"). I do so because I can (as in able to);
I choose to (let them take flight); let them assert their power
(to affect the emotions as they might. All very dramatic? Yes? No?)

Anything to do with ogres or gates? Not directly, no shower
I would rather be the essence of masculinity: healthy, fit, slim and witty
Not deformed, gross or displeasing to the eye; in physical form or emotional construct
It's confusing to have so many faces, personalities; identities; 'tis surely the hallmark

Of our humanity. It's a game of sorts (not necessarily fun or funny), You show me an
identity
And I'll show you one of mine. Whether I choose a prince or ogre (or a baby dragon)
The sum total of what I've learned, and assimilated; the core of what or who I am,
remains
Constant, unchanging. It's my external appearance that changes.

Leslie D. Bush
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