

POEM OF THE WEEK

LOVE & LANGUAGE; LANGUAGE & LOVE

Language is essential for us to communicate verbally
It is our strength and our weakness. A strength, when
Understood by the person receiving – a common bond
Is forged. Forged - in the sense of being created, made

From basic materials into something useful, beautiful even
A language, commonly held and respected, is the link to living
hope, and the future. Weakness? Read the absence of the above
Blank stares, incomprehension; hands flap, helpless and in despair

My first theme is now introduced. The love of language
We find means of communication in different forms and wavelengths
The sky at sunrise and sunset; the sound of animals and birds
Beethoven's Symphonies, and Mozart's Concertos; music speaks of beauty

And awe and despair. Simon and Garfunkel's Bridge over Troubled Water.
I want to talk about telescopes orbiting in space and the pictures they send back
And how we can see them in colour; I'm amazed, dazed and distracted
My view of the magnificent cosmos that contains our life indeed impacted

This is new. Stars millions of miles away, and from another time
Are measured in light years, the distance a photon would travel
At the speed of light over the period of a year. Worked it out yet?
6 trillion miles (6×10 to the power of 12 miles). We are looking into the past

Stagger-blasting? Mind blown? Do you want to learn more
We have concentrated on seeing the distant light
Consider the process in traverse: signal from our planet to some
remote recipients, including those planets millions of miles away

Consider that as well as light things recorded on electromagnetic waves
being sent: our words, our music, our languages, our poetry
(this demands an assumption: the noise received can be decoded)
THEN, we are writing poems for eternity, poems that never die

Is that phantasmagorical or not?
We thought we were reaching for the sky
Would the language of the Universe
Be the language of Love?

Would the language of the Universe

Be in song, accompanied by a Celestial orchestra
And a massed choir; beautiful, stirring the soul
And heartbreaking all at once

If we could hear it
Be part of it
The power and glory of Being
To be present, but not seeing

Leslie D. Bush
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