

POEM OF THE WEEK

LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

1.

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Love is all you need!
How we embraced the energy,
the optimism, the message of hope

The Beatles' anthem to Love
It was released in 1967
The final track on the album
Magical Mystery Tour in the US

It had been previously released
As a single, it was created
And performed on Our World
The first live international
Television production, John Lennon
wrote the song, with help from friends

Its significance is as much in its exuberance
And optimism, as in its timing. The 1960s
were a relatively wealthy and happy time
Eager to accept and welcome its message
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

2.

What went wrong?
So much gloom, despair
An existential angst
Are our days numbered?

Are we waiting for extinction?
Are we worthy of such a distinction?

I apologise. I failed.
I lost the faith, the energy
The drive to succeed and share
Maybe, I just chose not to care

I'm not going to enumerate my failures
I will list things I never experienced
You can't buy love. It's true.

It's either given or it's not.

If it's not given; it's either withheld
Or a skill unlearned. If it's the latter
You cannot be angry. If it's the former
You are entitled to ask why
That's it; it's brutal in its simplicity
We come into this world

Kicking and screaming
Do we not have the right to ask "Why?"
Do we ask too much of life
Other than the mechanical
Necessities: breathing, feeling
With a functioning body
Constantly cleaning and renewing itself

There's very little room for anger
In this scene. Things are what things are
Nor what we expected, wanted or desired
To think otherwise might mean we're incorrectly wired
Or constantly fatigued, drained of energy and tired

We can't hire, rent or buy happiness
Although there are substances that trick us
Into believing that it is possible to do so
Not true, mes amis; not true

3.

Happiness comes from within
It's part of a growth process
It is not a measure of what you do
It's a measure of being

"The love you take is equal to the love you give"
Thank you, Sir Paul McCartney. Goodbye John Lennon.
Thank you for the message, Love is given
"To love" is an active verb; "To be loved", is passive

Is giving love, a pre-requisite to receiving love?
I believe so. It removes barriers, sets up the environment
For love to flourish, and nourish our empty souls
Our minds, and gives our life meaning

Why all this discussion? What is it for? I began this poem
I'm not going to enumerate my failures
I will list things I never experienced
Love is an ocean, in it are many species

Some live in the depths, dark and mysterious
It is as deep as it is wide; it can be calm or stormy
Yes, I think that's a suitable metaphor
Picture our lives as being the result of being thrown

Into this massive body of water, with its mood
and temperaments. Love is a force to be re-awakened
It is comparable to an ocean in which we can swim
sink or float, or flounder

All you need is Love?!?!

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