

POEM OF THE WEEK

OPTIMISM IN OR AT A TIME OF DYING

“Grief is a natural response to losing someone or something important to you. You may feel a variety of emotions, like sadness or loneliness. And you might experience it for several different reasons. Maybe a loved one died, a relationship ended, or you lost your job. Other life changes, like chronic illness or a move to a new home, can also lead to grief.”

2

Donc il va! So it goes! The earth has been dying for decades,
As have humanity's empires. Taking interminably longer to die
Are the cacophony of empire-centric concepts, That refuse to
Accept defeat. Choosing to morph into new shapes of old ideas.

New shapes for old ideas? Are we fooled? Surely, once experienced,
We should be wary and suspicious. Like an old tune, a fond memory,
We hum it, cherish it, and get fooled once again! Yes, once more
We dance to the tired tune, hoping for a happy ending it cannot give us!

Then we shake ourselves, stand up and say, “That was silly, wasn't it?
When will we ever learn? (I still remember the tune to that!)”, and stumble
to the next crisis. Do we mourn our situation? We dress it in philosophical
Robes, measure it in technological advances (is the wheel still circular,

Does it go round and round?) “The Human Condition”, is the phrase.
Human condition? Nothing!. Is there a working brain among the billions of us?
The image that imposes itself on my brain is of ants, in equal numbers!
Newsflash!! We are of the species, homo sapiens sapiens (Latin for “wise man”).

We are by definition, “wise”. [Do I hear laughter?], not ants, rats or mice,
Giraffes or kangaroos, budgies or funky canaries. We have inhabited this planet
For the last 300,000 years, and the last 10,000 years established our superiority
(I say that word under advice!) What are good at; “good”

meaning skilled/experienced/practised at? Waging war, building civilisations,
to be destroyed by more war; re-building for another conflict.
Donc il va. So it goes. So what goes? Gives you pause for thought, mais, oui.
We have a choice, a purposeful effort to face challenges head-on and resolve them;

regardless of success or failure; that which does not kill you makes you stronger.

Brave words. Should the mind and body not respond, what then? Faith?
Faith requires a belief system. Everybody has one. The systems might or might not
Be shared. Reason! That's what we need. Emotional turmoil has no room for reason.

The reason might re-assert itself later when emotions have exhausted themselves.
We are human, not superhuman; we attach ourselves to others,
and they attach themselves to us; when We can't see them, touch them,
or talk to them; we experience a sense of loss for whatever reason,

they are no longer there; we feel the pain,
We grieve. Grief is not eternal,
it runs its course. We grieve.
We live life. We Love.

We Love. We Love.

Leslie D Bush
© 27 December 2021

This poem was published in PostModern Voices Volume 7, edited by Dr Namita Laxmi
Jagaddeb; patron and chief editor, Dr Jernail Singh Anand.