

# POEMS OF THE WEEK

## WEEK 3 January

1. Because
2. Do I Fit?
3. Famous People
4. I Am an Artist
5. Is Donald the Problem?

### BECAUSE

I'm going to ask questions  
Some of them personal  
Some of them regarding the meaning (of things)  
Some of them because I want to

They will be phrased simply  
That is the best [currently] I can do  
What do I start with? Why? When?  
Who? What? How?

The effectiveness of a question lies in  
Linking the choice of interrogative  
to an appropriate subject  
"Why do I feel the way I feel?"

Is surely inadequate without a description  
Of the way I feel, right now.  
Adjectives such as sad, happy, anxious  
Need qualification. Don't you agree?

Naming a thing is the beginning of it  
Having existence; emotions are too transitory  
Feelings are fleeting; hellos become memories  
As do goodbyes

You want a reason for things happening  
So do I. Like a wolf, I howl at the moon  
Why? What? When? How? Who?  
The moon replies, deep and resonant,

“Because”

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## **DO I FIT?**

Life is a jigsaw puzzle  
I read that in a book. My book?  
No, someone else's.  
What else did they say?

The whole of life is a jigsaw puzzle  
It comprised of millions of distinct  
And separate jigsaw puzzles  
So, we are part of a jigsaw puzzle

Within a jigsaw puzzle, correct?  
You've got the idea, but not the scale.  
Think of the largest jigsaw puzzle in  
cosmic terms, the next size down

In planetary terms. Halt, stop right there  
I like not where this is going! Let me guess  
There are more jigsaw puzzles within jigsaw puzzles?  
Is that what you're trying to say?

Most perceptive, dear reader; discerning indeed  
You catch my drift. Say you, within your presentation  
Would I be correct in assuming, there are jigsaw puzzles  
For nations, ethnicities, gender, and sexual orientation?

Family, social groupings. That's how we fit together. Yes?  
Astute and to the point you are. Yes, that is my message  
Where does this multi-layered assortment of jigsaw puzzles  
Leaves us? Lost and marooned, hanging on a rope, without hope?

Hope is such an ephemeral thing, comes in fleeting moments  
Maybe hope has its antithesis inherently implicit. How's this?  
To hope is a verb, it's a challenge:  
how are you going to live your life?

Picture it as you will  
I say, a challenge  
Life is a precious gift  
Life is a challenge

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## **FAMOUS PEOPLE**

Famous people, we know them; don't we?  
Famous people, we respect, idolise or adore  
Them for their music, architecture, poetry  
Paintings, sculptures and so many things more

Famous people; be they living or dead; shine  
Forever. They are kept alive in our collective memory  
As an example, a mentor; or a teacher, how best to refine  
Our technique, our skill; to do it with honesty and integrity

Famous people were not necessarily born famous; they had to make the slice  
Struggle for, take the rejection, Fame was something they earned over time,  
A recognition, if they were fortunate, they achieved it while they were still alive  
For many, they were "discovered" and lionised after their death, their demise

Fame is fickle. If it finds you, the spotlight is on you. Your life is not your own  
Fame is relentless. If you're fixed within its focused glare. You can't break free  
The world's press and paparazzi are watching, waiting for that awkward moment  
To go in for the kill. To capture a moment when you're at your most vulnerability

So, famous people; are we jealous? I am not. I have constrictions in my life  
As you do in yours; to my knowledge, I am not watched or followed 24 hours a day  
(I'm not. Am I?). I choose my idols with care. They had their troubles and strife  
They succeeded; did things with words and music. Made it a celebration and a prayer

Famous people; be they living or dead; shine  
Forever. They are kept alive in our collective memory  
For what they are, they were; what they will forever define  
We copy, we mimic, and learn that with our technique, our dexterity

Our skill; is to do it with honesty and integrity

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## I AM AN ARTIST

I AM AN ARTIST  
Facebook told me so  
It wasn't in those words  
It was more oblique

I was accepted into a Facebook group  
"I am an artist" Take heed, accepted  
Without question, without pause  
(How do they do that?)

I scroll my timeline  
Footloose and fancy-free  
Liking this and liking that  
All it takes is a click of the mouse

Poetry, music, art and stuff  
Of various decades or centuries past  
I prey on them, demolish them  
Feeding my appetite

I thank you; I thank you all  
For adding to my haul  
An active soul I am  
Joining, following

Here and there  
Getting my name in print  
I'm hopeless at cross country  
I'm deadly in a sprint

ENOUGH!

I'm not a fraud. I've paid my dues  
I write poems of varying length  
On a multitude of subjects  
One might say, that's my strength

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## IS DONALD THE PROBLEM?

Donald is a problem.  
Everyone with a brain agrees  
Donald is problematic  
With a third of American voters  
Agreeing with whatever he sees  
And says, parroting his words  
Ever ready to put them into deeds

Donald is under investigation  
Many times, over  
How does he keep coming out  
Like a pig in clover?  
Is it that Donald has friends  
In high places, those who are willing to lie  
Misrepresent and miscommunicate?  
What doya reckon?

Donald is an embarrassment  
Donald is incapable of making moral decisions  
Donald is hiding, running (clever)  
Yes, he is: for president  
A job he has demonstrated that he lacks the skills  
Knowledge, understanding or temperament to fulfil  
Did I say, running? Yes, I did  
He's running from responsibility.

Is Donald the problem  
Or his supporters?  
Perhaps he is the symptom  
Laid bare and festering?

Should I ask your opinion?

Could you give it without shouting  
I'm only asking a question  
Not giving lies and deceit an outing

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