

POEM OF THE WEEK

An Introduction

I am writing a series of poems based on and around the theme of time. There are currently seven; there will be more. Over the next months, I will publish these, one poem at a time. They are numbered (mostly for my reference); they can be read in any order.

RHYMIN' TIME (POEMS ABOUT TIME)

4.

TRUTH HAS ITS TIME
Aka A TIME FOR TRUTH
(or something similar)

I Endeavour To Live Truthfully
To seek the truth, the reality
In situations; to describe them
In detail, to the best of my ability

A noble goal, you might say
(did I see you sneer?)
Another bloody do-gooder
(since when has that
Become something to mock?)

When did malevolence and falsehoods
Become the measure of living, hidden behind
Behind the sound and thunder of manufactured
Sound of Strife: warfare made to order

The truth is that terrible niggling thing
That hangs around, whispers into your brain
"Are you sure, could you be mistaken?"
That is a perfectly reasonable response. Yes?
Your response is the issue, the acid test
Do you consider carefully, or shake your head
And say' "Curse the rest! I'm right! I listen to no other
Save your bleeding heart crap. I don't have a brother"

We're oceans apart. No, we're a universe apart
Yet we reside on the same planet and share the same
Future, the same possible demise. Is your greed so strong
Your fear and anxiety are so deeply rooted; have your lies blinded you
To the truth? Where you dwell must be deep and dark

If I could, can I bring a spark to illuminate the dark
A glimmer of hope to lighten the way so that you can see
I would not wish you to be in a terrible dark place
I do not hate! I don't hate you, I might reject your ideas
Are you the total of your philosophies
Or is your philosophy, with attached emotions
A part of you: as you are, as you want to be

This poem has the title, "A Time for Truth"
I believe that there is a time for all of us
Each in their own time, to see the light
Step out of the darkness. Be free from strife

We're oceans apart. No, we're a universe apart
Yet we reside on the same planet
and share the same future,
the same possible demise.

Can we work together?

Leslie D Bush
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