

# DOES IT MATTER WHO I AM?

Who am I? It's irrelevant.  
I am a human being  
With a human experience  
Human feelings and sentiments

Feelings! I have feelings!  
Feelings of genuine fear  
And revulsion for what we've  
Become, what we've allowed

Ourselves to be shaped to be  
Above all, I detest our cowardice  
In the face of trial and tribulation  
Our refusal to engage

In any meaningful way  
Worried about how our response  
Would affect us, politically,  
Economically? We are all interconnected.

Fear comes from not knowing; ignorance is a choice  
Ignorance from not understanding; G.O.O.G.L.E.  
Got it? Do your research. Ignorance is a choice!  
Fear can be manufactured, fed with lies

It's termed misinformation; it is not; it's L I E S !  
A mind that believes lies, to begin with  
Will seek more to justify itself; add pride  
You have got a keg of gunpowder

Awaiting the flame. The flame? Words carefully chosen  
Charged with malice; ready for a coup at the palace?  
A coup d'état? Let us know. Speak in code.  
We are being watched, filmed recorded.

Who cares if you set the bomb off,  
The status quo falls; the new revolution  
(have you forgotten the old one?)  
Same slogans. Same lies. Someone different

To despise. Our enemies are everywhere

Some are disguised as friends; trust?  
What's that? Enemies everywhere!  
Keep your eyes open, your ear to the ground

It hasn't happened; it could.  
Could you, I wonder, evidence (verb)  
An indictment against humanity?  
It would have to be us all

In the beginning. Exceptions to be  
Defined later. An indictment against  
Our cowardice, our failure to commit  
To meaningful acts of peace

Peace is no abstract thing.  
It is a demand, an ethical  
And moral demand.  
It is an activity that needs

And deserves the energy  
Equal to or greater than  
The energy spent on war.  
There are conditions that

Come with it: Truth, honesty, integrity  
What you say is what you do and vice versa  
To treat others as equals. has its own set of skills  
Tolerance, communication, and to listen to what they say

I would if I could try to indict the world's nations  
For making war, entering into and participating in wars  
After millennia of fighting, they have their reasons for  
Engaging in a "Just" war. "Just" a war? Hear me weep.

Imperialism, Nationalism, Militarism and Alliance  
Were the causes of World War 1. All selfish, attractive to  
Humanities' worst dispositions. The second world war  
Was worse; it was a racial war in which millions died.

The wars thereafter? Excuse me, Mr Man-with-a gun,  
What am I doing here? Until the Gulf War,  
The television war. Look, Mum, at those people dying.  
Their fault for being on the wrong side

Praise God; pass the ammunition!

Leslie D Bush

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I was selected Pythian Games Literary Forum Poet of the Week for this poem

## **EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE LOVED**

EVERYBODY wants to be appreciated, loved,  
Appreciated, noticed, and deemed worthy; they want someone  
To acknowledge their existence. Being one person  
in a world population of billions is scary, terrifying even.

It's not a matter of ethnicity, religion or politics;  
Nationality, or culture; it is a factor of being human.  
Human, we all are, and, I argue, similar in our essence.  
Born, we all are; progress through childhood, and socialisation;

That gives us a sense of definition; who and what we are.  
It defines the outer packaging, that which we show;  
Deep inside, when the hour is late, the lamps dim, we know  
It cannot provide us sustenance; cannot help our growth.

I repeat, "EVERYBODY wants to be appreciated, loved,  
Appreciated, noticed, deemed worthy; they want someone  
To acknowledge their existence." The operative word is "someone";  
An individual person, who takes the time, no! Makes the time,

Regularly, consistently, and altruistically make their time available  
To someone else; regardless of ethnicity, religion or politics;  
Nationality, or culture. One human acknowledges another; no strings,  
Conditions or demands. Is it a challenge; is it demanding, is it difficult?

Is it  
Challenging  
demanding  
Difficult?

If I were to say "yes" two or more times,  
Would you respond. "Why bother?";  
Regardless of perceived barriers

(are they real?) it is ultimately rewarding.

Leslie D Bush  
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## I'M WAITING

I'm waiting  
It's frustrating  
Waiting for things  
To happen

I don't know what  
I've made choices  
I have little control  
On what happens

I'm waiting  
Wanting, questing  
Wrestling with demons  
(that's part of the process

I am informed.)  
Did I have a choice?  
No. These things happen  
I am told, they unfold

In the night, establish themselves  
And in the morning, present themselves  
Always polite, a trifle condescending  
Excusing themselves for the one less happy ending

I'm waiting, salivating

What am I waiting for?  
To live; to die?  
If I don't embrace living  
I die a little each day

Each passing day, I die a little more

The choice is clear; choose wisely  
Choose what is important

Waiting? I've been waiting all my life  
For what I don't know. Be it rain, hail or snow  
Love, light or laughter

Suffering? Life is full of it.  
Why is it allowed?  
To a certain degree, it is  
Self-imposed. Disappointment  
Resulting from heightened expectation

Or an unrealistic expectation  
Things often are not what we expect  
Them to be. That is part of the learning process  
Disappointment is a hard teacher

**Leslie D. Bush**  
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## I WANT

I want it all  
Dreams that are not nightmares  
The dead die  
"Requiescat in pace"  
Surely their pain and grief  
Dies with them

Do you believe in ghosts?  
I do, and I don't  
Ghosts live in memories  
And unresolved conflict  
That's my opinion

So, is it the ghost that lives in them  
Or the thoughts and memories  
That prevents us from sleeping  
Invade our dreams at night  
Placing us in strange and  
Bewildering scenarios

Those are real, leaving us tired  
When we awake

I want it all  
Dreams that are not nightmares  
The dead die  
“Requiescat in pace”  
I want to awaken fresh, alert  
And at peace with myself

I wonder, will my ghosts ever let me

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## **PICKING SIDES**

I'm an argumentative soul  
In company, I'm eager to agree  
To disagree; keep the situation  
Harmonious and debate-free

In the freedom of my own mind  
Is another dimension: here I debate, argue  
Analyse, digitalise and organise  
Anything goes, remember the Queensberry rules

I am dissatisfied with the world, as it is  
A measure of self-dissatisfaction? Possible  
Probably. No hitting when I'm down  
Thank you for your consideration

As I said, I'm an argumentative soul  
Questions bombard my mind  
Why this? How that? Where be the other?  
I'm a private person. Why ask another?

So, the debating chamber is set.  
Two teams of four, separated by the moderator  
One arguing PRO, the other ANTI  
Open the doors, let the audience in

Argue, they do; using examples, comparisons  
Clarifying points as they go. Trying to stick to the point  
The subject of the argument; is not always the easiest thing to do  
Words have a curious habit of changing the subject

In my brain, my voices debate, argue, and call each other names  
Insult each other; say “we’re not here for games”  
In all this, I suppose, I have one part to play  
As moderator; keeping the teams apart

I have to do something  
That’s a start.

Leslie D Bush  
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