

POEM OF THE WEEK

SO MANY QUESTIONS.

Collective identity

A question of colour; of what: our skin, our sin, our shame;
Things that haunt us and answer to no name. Colour?
I have been watching a television series (in colour? Yes.).
The lead character is a black man. Set me thinking.

I'm not black, brown, yellow or pink. Wait, pink, maybe -
On the pale side, sort of white. OK, I Admit it; I'm white.
Why should that be uncomfortable to admit? I am that I am.
No excuses, justifications or rambling "reasons". Reasons; treasons!

Whatever our immediate situations, parents married,
divorced or deceased, we are born into one family: humanity.
Humanity, with its vanity, profanity, and inanity; humanity displaying
Its sense of vision, hope, faith, and indecision; humanity at its worst

And best. Utterly bewildering, frustrating, heartbreaking, and confusing.
Humanity is the collective. We compose the collective. All of us; regardless
Of nationality, politics, faith, or belief system; yes, all of us, regardless of colour;
Be it black, brown, yellow or pink. Yes? No? Maybe? What do you think?

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TRUST

Poets, writers and atoms;
Don't believe a word they say,
write or repeat. Be forewarned.
They make up everything.

By nurture and nature;
by the fickle finger of fate;
by the perversities of
chaos, chance and choice;
consider me an atom.

I am unique, cosmically suspended;
bound into a molecule (or molecules)
by forces of such compelling complexity,
that exists beyond my control, knowledge
or understanding.

I am a state of being.

Be it of consciousness?
That would be another question.
My being is fluid. Mass, velocity
and the state of energy change constantly,
at the speed of light, squared.
That is what, followed by how many zeroes?
(c, a zillion). Who knows, who cares?

Nothing is constant, except inconstancy.
I do not look different, but am or was or will be;
subtle changes that elude measure.
Subtle exchanges of energy and power.

It's all in the being,
an atom has no thought of pleasure, power or prestige.
A grand chorus full-throated, exultantly twirling, prancing,
dancing into eternity. (Some call it death).

I am, for the sake of this exercise, an atom,
have been or will continue to be.
An atom, in a molecule; a timeless cosmic dance,
be it by chaos or chance.
I could be a poet or a writer;
the dance is the same.

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PEACE

Questions. Questions. Questions.
Such as Do you like being alive?
Do you like our planet?
Would you prefer if we all
could live harmoniously?
Be truthful. Speak your mind.
I predict there will be
A sizeable percentage would answer, " No",
or, "it depends", to whom the ideas of peace,
cooperation and tolerance are a myth
To cover taking away individual freedoms
and choice; a socialist nightmare

Could I debate with them? Probably not.
They have their tribe, and they assume
That I have mine. So, if that's the situation,
how can we discuss any question
Without it ending in violence?

Global Warming is such a topic' Talk about it
In general, terms, until it impacts directly
on our economy, then put on the brakes

Our minds are closed, our ears, a decoration.

What was that, some sort of declaration?

The problem, or solution; "we" = all of us,
share the same planet. We might treat it differently;
a garden or a cesspit. Profit? I've heard of the word
Also, heard cautionary stories regarding the effects of over-indulgence
Is it not reasonable to say that making a profit is an acceptable thing

And that making an excessive profit by destroying the earth is not! Yes? No?
There we have an important question. "Is making an excessive profit by destroying
the Earth acceptable?" Should we say, "No"? Then the next question.
"Is making an excessive profit by destroying the Earth morally or ethically

Justifiable?". A parade of the old jaded, faded arguments.
This is an unwinnable war. The rights of the individual vs the rights of the collective
The two are linked by an umbilical cord. The "Haves" (and we're gonna keep it)
Vs the "have nots" (we only want our share). The planet keeps turning

Should we, if we can, decide about the future of the planet
Maybe we could discuss a small matter of peace

Forever, an optimist; I hope so

Leslie D Bush
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