

THE POEMS THIS WEEK ARE

1. A Challenge
2. A Place Of Rest
3. Added Value
4. Can The Good Guys Win?
5. Can We Save Ourselves

A CHALLENGE

What's a challenge?
LIVING! BEING! FEELING!
It is one of these states
We can be capable of anything

I mean, anything!
From murderous intent
To acts of the utmost kindness
We remain the same person

The difference is how we see things
The difference is in our head
"Why are we put here?"
We ask, uncertain of to whom or what

We direct the question
The silence is the answer
Within that silence
Lies an answer

"Why are we put here?"
To make history, her-story, their story
To paint in colours; be they bright, sombre or dark
To tell our individual and collective stories

Of buildings built; families raised
Their successes, their failures
And their trying again
Again and again

It is in trying, we learn
In the learning, we develop
In development, we grow

In experience and if we're lucky

Wisdom

So, there, I have an answer
To my most perplexing question
"Why am I here?"
"Why are any of us here?"

We exist to co-exist
We learn from each other
Our choices are between
Actions that require energy

and attention to detail
Discipline to maintain
Energy, attention to detail
At a constant and long-term level

OR

The easy way out
Time-worn formulae
That guarantee instant success
(they're not *totally* honest - but legal)

THE COST OF CONVENIENCE

Access to convenience comes with a cost
(let me count the ways)
That is fine when you have control
(when things turn bad, things turn bad)

(bad things cause sadness, maybe a touch of madness)

Let me count the ways
The Sirens of old, calling sailors to their death
Have their finely-tuned modern equivalent

Still, as beguiling as ever they call us
To spend, spend, spend, spend
They are persistent, they get us in the end
Singing in sultry voices "spend, spend, spend"

Do you tire of my whining
Bashing capitalism?
It's a perfect time of year to do it

Coca Cola red Santa Clauses and all

What's a challenge?
LIVING! BEING! FEELING!
It is one of these states
We can be capable of anything

A challenge, I accept
A challenge? I relish
I have one life, almost gone
That which is left

Is an adventure
A journey to find
To discover
ME

You could say
It's personal

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A PLACE OF REST

There ought to be a place of rest
A resting place for a parent to grieve
Give honour to the departed
It wasn't their fault they were discarded

Barely born they lay naked on the page
Wondering what would happen
Naked and vulnerable they await
Their fate; to be picked up, kicked around

Twisted and turned; until they collapse
Dizzy, disorientated and worse for the ware
Is this not cause for desolation and despair?
No time! They get handled more gently

Feel more valued. They're through
To the final draft. It is a delicate time

Anything can happen. The whole thing
Could be destroyed in a fit of frustration

They're put here, put there; bent, twisted
Rejected, dejected, selected; hold their breath?
The final paragraph, their last chance
Will they fit, can they enhance?

The poet can't decide. They have a 50/50 chance.
There ought to be a place of rest
A resting place for a poet to grieve
For the words, the phrases that did not get

The final reprieve.

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ADDED VALUE

I must have been mistaken
Was I misled; or did I simply misread?
I was generally aware that human relationships
Were of a transactional nature; I misunderstood

To what extent

What I've said is what I've meant
No hidden messages, lurking between the lines
I have a fault, it seems. I've been infected by the honesty bug
It seems perfectly logical to me

Lies are deceit; deceit is cruel
I see no reason to be cruel
You can choose how you act or react
You have no power over my choices

You dispute my claim
Your choice
Is the equivalent
To give me a voice?

It's hard to be heard
In a cosmic silence

The cruellest form
Of rejection

A frantic attempt to disavow
Disinherit, refuse to admit
the existence of another
Does not affect their being

Take your "Added Value"
And shove it; outside of a transaction
It has no meaning. It's an illusion
I say "I love you", with sincerity

And meaning. Do I have to wrap it in a parcel
With a ribbon and bow? Does external appearance
Dictate the act of acceptance?
Can "I love you" be sufficient

To recognise my existence?

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CAN THE GOOD GUYS WIN?

That's THE question
Behind political and religious solemnity
Good vs Evil is cast as the eternal battle
The terms have become muddied and bloodied

Let us examine THE question
"Can" are persons included in the act
(an activity, it surely is)
Capable of achieving their goal?

"The good guys", no sexism
A general term for a bunch of people
Committed to a principle or activity
In this case, being loving and positive

Creating a better society for all
"The bad guys" are a logical necessity
They, in their fevered imagination, seek
the same things, from another perspective

"Win"? Aye, there's the rub!

“Win” as in overcoming, defeating the bad?
Creating a compassionate and peaceful world
In which people are happy, not sad

Sounds easy, simple even!

The other big question is “WHY”
Why are we so selfish, greedy and short-sighted?
Why are we lazy, deceitful and behave childishly?
Why are incapable of learning from experience?

I would truly like to know. Yes, I include myself
In the collective. That’s the stimulus for my trying
To improve individually and as part of a considerate collective
There are two questions, that invite contraction

WHY CAN'T THE GOOD GUYS WIN?

Do you have thoughts on this
Please let me know

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CAN WE SAVE OURSELVES

Perusing Facebook, as one does,
I saw a headline, “Can we save Socrates?”
I paused, thought a moment,
Is that the question?

The question, of all questions
I believe must be topical, immediate;
Do you agree? The question must,
I say, must involve you and me.

So, I pose the question,
Having taken all that, I’ve said
Into consideration,
“Can we save ourselves?”

Immediate, topical, and challenging!
Is it not?

I ask again,
Can we save ourselves?
I'll give you a moment to consider.

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