

POEM OF THE WEEK

WARZ OF THE WORLD

(From an imaginary redemption to a scream for survival)

This is a long poem.
I hope you're sitting comfortably.
Want to make a drink first?
Prepare a light repast.

Is everyone seated comfortably?

I begin.

1

Viruses have an Interesting history

In H G Wells's 1898 novel, The War of the Worlds
They are portrayed on a positive note:
as mankind's salvation (a trick of fate?).
Earth is under attack from
Inhabitants from Mars,
superior beings who manipulate
The elements to ensure the extinction
of the human race and
the destruction of the environment.

On the brink of defeat for humanity,
The Martians falter, suffer and die.
Infected by pathogens in the human blood system
To which they had no defence, they were defeated.
Where science and technology were useless
The pathogen struck brutally, with deadly effects.

In the 21st century, how things have changed?
In March 2021, NASA landed a craft on the surface
Of Mars. No red weed, no aliens.

What's that, Mr Wells, it was fiction?

Thank you for the clarification.
I'll inform NASA.

2.

Meanwhile back on planet Earth

Humanity remains At war.

At war? Yes. With itself, teetering on global destruction;
with a Covid 19, (the latest pandemic); with the environment,
with its own foolishness, its stupidity. Harsh? Think about it!

“Together Everyone achieves more”? Yeah, right!

Basking in the illusion, the mythology
That humanity was Given dominion over all that flies
All that walk, stalk, crawl or otherwise
Travel earth, what have we done?
Raped, ravaged, stripped bare the planet
That gives us sustenance, a home, and life.

We are the creators of modern technology.
Create systems to communicate, then
Poison them with mistruths and lies,
obscenities in a world Screaming for truth,
understanding and clarity.

It is we who are the virus,
creating more viruses.

The world needs us all, working together,
Towards a common goal. It's a matter of survival.
Is it possible? Yes. If the nations of the planet
We're governed by adults: capable of seeing clearly,
Taking focused action, consulting, checking notes.
Yes? No? Maybe?

3.

Got a mirror? Take a look.
What can you see?
Centuries Of genetically honed perfection,
a thing of beauty? No? No! No!!
See yourself as a human being,
A member of a collective called humanity
Unable to find peace, or prevent our destruction.
'tis we, who are to be judged.
T'is we, who are the virus.

4.

Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely.

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Power for power's sake? No. There are secrets to hide.
Absolutely. Finally. Never to be discovered.
They begin by lying to themselves, then others
Eager to believe them, form a collective identity
And an elaborately constructed belief system.

Hang on a moment!

What? That's not possible? You proclaim.
Surely, humanity is at the apex of the evolutionary scale.
We all know that. Who's going to put us on trial? God?
God? That's interesting! Which one, or multiple of them?
Who's to say? Who's currently top of the pile?

(Beneath the pile, the worms thrive, wriggle and squirm)

Humanity seems to understand one thing. Discontent?
Is this the judgement of the Adam/Eve-bitten apple? Discontent?
Cogito ergo sum? No. No. I dispute therefore I am. Pardon?

The disputation has emphasised my uniqueness. I have a voice.
(Do I have anything worthwhile to say? Never mind.)

I like the sound of my voice. Others should hear it too.
What will I talk about? Peaceful co-existence? No!
I'll talk about what I believe to be true, without evidence.

Curious behaviour for a species forever caught in that space
Between composing their obituary and announcing their birth
(or re-birth, there's a term for that); between gathering the lessons
Of experience, and learning to talk. Again? The problem I see is this.
What we've learned from the past, we forget. What do we learn
The future is as yet unformed.

"I", a pronoun

"I", is also, a curious word.
The first-person singular
normative case personal pronoun.

Tends to be buried under collective terms
Such as "we", "some people", "and they".
Sad. It's a powerful form of communication.
Nonetheless, I shall use it. I am guilty.

I share the original sin.
I consider myself enlightened,

the opposite of that I hitherto
Have lamented;
I am however tainted by it.
As are all my proclamations.

Choice

CHOICE seems to be a human prerogative.
Interesting, don't you think?

As for the eminent Mr Wells? What can I say?
You warned us. We weren't listening. I apologise.
I guess we never will (listen), stuck here between
The holding on (tightly) and the letting go.

The choice: death and destruction vs growth and progress
Is ours. It is a test of actions, according to intent.
Is the option to live? Our intent and actions should mirror each other.
Why do we choose death and destruction as an option? Our intent and actions
will mirror each other; whether by design or foolishness;
To choose anything other than life in an active sense,
Is to choose death, destruction and desolation.

Choices, do we have the courage
to make them, accept the consequences,
or are we just weak and greedy?

Give us more, more, more?
Why can we never get enough?
Do you think it might be a form
Of madness? Perchance. Maybe?

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