

POEM OF THE WEEK

FROM A DECADE AGO

WORLD FAMOUS POET

I am vain, arrogant and proud; I am a world-famous poet;
these are my virtues, my vices I will not expound.
You can find me on Google. Yes, I know it.
I checked that I could be found.

I cling to the edge of the world, furthestmost south;
any further is Antarctica. For an introduction, would that suffice?
Academic prowess I have little; an eternal student, have been from my youth,
from the school of hard knocks. It would have been nice

to have followed another path. I am of a generation that learned as it went;
hard work, take the risk and place an investment. Roll the dice; see them fall.
Laugh or cry, it matters not; things do not happen for our entertainment.
Life is a process that makes its own rules; it does not function to be in our thrall.

I cannot speak with wisdom of the works of the great poets,
I have dabbled in philosophy; feasted on 20th Century English novels
Written by John Fowles, Le Carre and Deighton;
a side dish of Burgess (a clockwork orange anyone?).
Had a brief flirtation with the Romantic poets
luxuriated in their use of language and imagery.

So, call me stupid; call me mad; I live in my deception.
Plumb memories; mix it with doses of jagged learning;
pour it out on paper. To bore or offend is not my intention.
I might say, "I write for the discerning".

The reader rules; chooses what survives;
what to let go; what to revive.
Be it folly, be it not,
I live or die on your praise.

If you are still with me, having reached this far,
I humbly thank you, for giving me strength.
Be they true, be they false; the words are mine
I stand among my peers, a poet of some length

Leslie D. Bush
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