

POEM OF THE WEEK

YET ANOTHER GRAND EXPERIMENT

After thousands of years
Upon this earth, THEY
The elected, selected
Or self-proclaimed heirs
To the throne are still tinkering

Imposing their ideas on the
Unwilling: The ruthless
The idealistic, those who hunger
for power, or those who want
To feel important. It's a tale often told
But apparently never learned.

Old ideas don't die, they lie sleeping
(somewhat like lies and misinformation)
To be re-discovered, re-packaged
They are traded as being new, which might convince
A few, oftentimes a few too many

It is a belief that humanity
Learns from the past experience
That we as a society improve
With time, like a good wine

I don't believe that either

As a student of history
I might as well be old
(Centuries old), I'm not
The resources I have are

Access to is centuries-old
The lessons are clear
From decades and centuries
Of pain and despair

Monarchies have failed
Anarchy doesn't work
Power imposed doesn't work
Power is with and within people

People are the key, the keepers of power
If leaders could tap into that power and passion
And purpose; and trust that humans find strength
In their collective humanity to succeed and prosper

IF, leaders could draw strength from they gain strength
Imagine, imagine the connection, imagine the joy of giving
And receiving. Instead, Politics prevail, the dance of factions
Left and Right, Liberals and Conservatism; shouting at each other

(the music is not too loud) they shout because they are deaf to each other
If they are deaf to each other, they certainly can't or won't listen to us
THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE. Politicians are conducting
YET ANOTHER GRAND EXPERIMENT, to which they're requiring us to

Be the jig saw pieces.
It's far easier than
trying to understand us.
I'm not cooperating.

Leslie D. Bush
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