

Scene: the local tavern. The Fool sits alone, quietly contemplates the other people, the environment; stares into his beer for a few moments; then exclaims, "Cosmic Connections". The others look at him, baffled, some outraged, that their conversation had been interrupted.

*"Is the Cosmos not our parents,"
Said the fool,
"Do we not look unto the stars
For guidance? They are our teachers,
our guide that responds to us as we respond to it"*

*I speak of battles
To be lost or won.
Give it a break.*

*Find a new tune, sing a new song.
It's not terrible; don't get me wrong.
You can repeat a theme for only SO long?*

The people in the tavern are listening to him, with varying degrees of intensity; sufficient to indicate, "please continue"

the fool continues

*I've got news to tell you;
news that might distress you.
News, regardless.
It's your angels and demons.
They're calling for a truce.
They're tired of arguing, fighting;
frustrated, disillusioned.
Tilt at your own damn windmills.*

*As for your search for what is right,
proper, moral, and of reason;
they couldn't care. They want to rebel;
have their own stories to tell.
Anyway, they say, even should you find this thing,
this truth; How will you know?
Is it going to come up to you,*

*ever so respectfully,
 Look you in the eye; say,
 "Mr Bush, I presume". Yeah, right.*

*you have sought for decades;
 tripped and risen; handled derision.
 Might I ask, who you're going to tell;
 Will they understand? Will they want to?
 Do you have the words: words to heal, reveal;
 identify those words that conceal?
 Do you want the good news or the bad?
 Your angels and demons are consorting;
 brazenly having fun.
 Unless it's in sound bites or ads, nobody cares.*

*Be my demons and angels consorting;
 it will not last; they will revert to the status quo.
 Peace and harmony is boring;
 its weakness is its strength,
 its strength is its weakness.
 Understanding, or willingness
 to understand; that's the question?
 How open are WE to change?*

***"In silence, the final assault is awaited."
 That's the way I would like to frame it;
 dramatic, apocalyptic; a dash of nobility,
 success or failure, come what may.***

*The end of the one thing; a brand new beginning!
 You're not fooled; I'm not fooled:
 The seeds of the old order are planted
 among the seeds of the new;
 persevere, slumber, awaiting
 the next person of poisoned
 perspective to urge them
 back to life. Under the respectability
 of "I remember when" and
 "It wasn't really that bad",*

it's in our tradition.

*Be not fooled.
Your memories are flawed,
And it was "that bad"!
Regardless of the repackaging.*

*It becomes a test of time.
Which becomes established?
Which grows faster?*

*Demons and Angels? Which do we feed?
Do we let Time be the Master?
Do we claim control? Can we?*

*Chaos! Chance! Choices!
Connections! Neverending, Demanding.
Don't tell me you're bored,
lack purpose.
Ask not what Life can do for you!
What can you do to improve
the quality of Life?*

*There is a moment's silence, then gradually, increasing in participation,
volume and enthusiasm the audience applauds*

THE END

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