

WHERE DO POETS LIVE?

Where do poets live? Anchored to their physical address,
the place of their cultural identity, their linguistic roots?
Yes? No? Maybe? Through the leap of imagination
they could be anywhere: astride a dragon (not very comfortable, I hear).

So, where do poets live? They dwell inside their heads,
Prowl restlessly through their minds; with no sense of direction?
Don't tell me I'm lost. Dwell within their soul, peek into others;
Analyse, examine, chase, tease, seek expression, and create works of art.

I wrote this poem first as an exercise in autobiography, but that has changed.
Why or how eludes me. A function of getting older, of saying: this is where I live,
where I was born, spent my childhood years, experienced being a teenager,
matured into adulthood, married, raised children; the years pass, watch them grow?

Quite possibly. A maturing appreciation of the country; her history, her people,
her system of government? Quite probably. I'm proud to be a Kiwi, a New Zealander.

I don't want to live anywhere else. It isn't perfect, I didn't want it to be.

The name of our game is Rugby. 2021 is the next Rugby World Cup. The only way? Up!

This is personal. This is the land I was born in, lived in, and will die in.

The geography, culture, and history of this country
Has shaped and defined who I am, and how I perceive the world.
Consider this an examination of a microcosm.

Geographically isolated we might be,
we have played our part in world affairs:
first as the far-flung out of the British Empire,
then like a thorn in the side pre-Trumpian Pax Americana.

My reasoning goes like this:
if I can understand my role in a microcosm
(so to speak I might be better able to
comprehend my role in a macrocosm

(on the basis that the same principles apply).

It is a methodical analysis
(I could not say 'scientific'):
via the use of poetry as a medium.

By historic links, technology, and an insatiable curiosity,
We individually and collectively are part of the global village.
An increasingly cosmopolitan and polyglot society that searches
for a sense of collective identity. This is my world, my laboratory

from which my words flow. Words might have universal meanings;
their use is context-bound. Poetry is a celebration of universal themes;
its expression is born of experience and exploration. There is one level
in which we can meet as equals; another in which our similarities and differences
become an issue; not always easy to tell. So, here we are; here I am,
I say, 'kia ora, greetings and welcome to my world; this is my worldview'.
I pause, I ponder; the question goes like this: how do I identify myself"?
I hesitate to use the title, 'New Zealand poet'; There Are many others, better known

Greetings, welcome, kia ora, I am a poet from New Zealand.

Leslie Bush

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