

POEM OF THE WEEK

A BLIND DATE

They sat, strangers, struggling to connect
“What do you want to be?” she asked
“When I grow up”, he enquired. She blushed
“You know what I mean”. “Young”, he said

“Pardon, she said. “Young”, he repeated
“What about you?” “I’m too old to be rich
And famous”, she replied, “I would like to be happy.”
“An achievable goal?” he asked. “It has its moments “

She replied. “Your ambition to be young fascinates me.”
“How would that work? Ageing is a linear progression.
Our body is constantly replacing itself. Being younger
How would it manifest itself? Think young, stay young?”

Imagining can go only so far. Imagine yourself as being young
The sensation lasts a short time, and you’re back in your body
Feeling foolish.” “Truth,” he replied, “you asked what I WANT to be
Not what I was capable of being, yes?” “I did”, she acknowledged

“I want the impossible. The cosmos is full of possibilities”
She sat silently and processed his reply. “Sir,” she said
“You are boring and absurdly abstract. I do not wish to continue
With this meeting.” “That’s brutal but direct,” he responded

“Good luck, good fortune in your quest.”

They parted amicably, their differences unresolved
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“When I grow up”, he enquired. She had blushed
“You know what I mean”. “Young”, he said

Bon Appetit

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