

POEM OF THE WEEK

CRY H.A.V.O.C. AND
UNLEASH THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

I am a heretic, for a good cause
I condemn and complain bitterly
Of the crass commercialisation
Of the Christmas "season"
Christmas Day is not a season
It is a day; albeit of religious importance
And celebrated by families
Possibly their one day of peace

So, I cry H.A.V.O.C.
Heretics against vandalism of Christmas
And unleash the joys Christmas has
And will provide
So, Christmas time is here:
A season of festivity;
A time to spend money
And time, together.

It is a time for families,
A respite from the weary battle
For survival; a pause
To collate, consider the experience
of the year is almost gone.
A time for the exchange of gifts:
Purchased from shops, or
Purchased with the currency
Of experience: growth.

This is my gift:
In my own words
Abstracted from my thoughts
Tinged with emotions
I can't give anything more
Personal than this,
a fragment of perception
Moulded, with words
Into shape: dreams, visions

Wish-fulfilment, be they what they may
They remain my way of thanking you
And wishing the best for the year to come

Leslie Bush
@ Revised 13 December 2024