

POEM OF THE WEEK

DISCOURSE ON THE DYNAMICS OF DIALOGUE

Avert your eyes, please; I am naked.

Didn't know what to wear,
which body stance to assume,
when I came here.

Thank you, you may look now.
Casually dressed, in a nonchalant sort of way,
an affectation of refined boredom -
fear is the mind killer.

Notice, I choose my words well,
pick and choose them from the Tower of Song,
put on a mask from the ancient galley
(and walked on down the hall).

Words to probe and seduce,
words to mask and simultaneously probe.
above all, mark my silences -
as I poke and probe, sniff and snarl
at your defences (don't be scared);
my silences as I watch you investigate
an interrogate.

It is not a matter of gender or age,
it is all about harmonics;
the synchronicity of vibrations and energy.

It's all about deciphering what we can agree,
or agree to disagree;
it's all about the free exchange of thought and opinion,
diminishing neither, and leaving each other's
carefully crafted persona intact:
hey, it's all about respect.

Is that the time? I must fly.

Thank you for your time
and sharing what you have.

"My name?"

you could -

if you wish -

call me "Friend"

Leslie D Bush

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