POEM OF THE WEEK

INTENSITY

I woke up this morning; the nature of the game:

Sleep, wake up; it’s the in-between that counts.

To be awake is one thing; to have a purpose to get up,

Face the day is another. Time has no discount.

For the French, it's raison d’etre; for me. It’s what's the point?

Have always been a Romantic (accuse me not of frivolity);

À la Byron, William Blake et al.: reckless heartfelt belief

in a basic goodness and nobility of humanity.

Dig deep enough under the most despicable of actions

You will find a core of empathy; the link with the universal.

Shove the naive dualism; you call me a fool; I call you misguided.

Take your gospel of selfishness, celebration of greed; hold it to the light.

Notice the holes; the gaps of logic (even Truth);

Everyone is selfish, self-centred, you might say.

(such a pathetic, self-serving excuse)

Yes, maybe no; whatever you say, whatever the way.

You want to look at it; there's arguably an element of truth.

You might call it ambiguity; I see the seeds of horror.

So much is being, and has been, done in the name of innocence

and Nobility that chills the blood.

The perpetrators looked on it with looks of rapture.

Save your sophistry and empty rhetoric (however well worn it might be);

your carefully indexed litany of lies. You believe without doubt?

Save your breath. Intensity of belief is intensity of belief: nothing more.

It does not make an action right; it does change the outcome.

It does not comfort the grieving (or make them change their mind).

It is childish, spiteful and mean, whatever your twisted words of intent.

I ask you, "Is this your daily grind?"

I woke up this morning; the nature of the game:

Sleep, wake up, it's the in-between that counts.

Being awake is one thing; having a purpose is another

The question is: "Is this what Life amounts to?"

Leslie D. Bush

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