

POEM OF THE WEEK

INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY (whisperings of death)

I saw a word, one could say
It caught my eye, a strange word;
Being a victim of logolepsy¹ compelled me
I was to steal and use it.

The word? Moriturism (noun),
Meaning “insomnia-borne jolt of awareness
That you will die one day”. Is “to die” a verb?
“Death” is a noun, a Proper Noun

And an abstract noun, ‘Pretty impressive,
As nouns come and go. I thought, I pondered;
I wondered: Does that word apply to me?
What word? (Rewind!) Moriturism!

No!

I think of death often; generally, it doesn’t need
To creep up on me. Hint, I am “of that age”.
I think of all the things I have left to achieve,
Complete and succeed in. I would like to understand

The structure of a symphony, and to attempt
to write one. I nurture in my mind the outlines of a poem
So majestic, about the deaf Beethoven composing
And conducting his Ninth Symphony. Magnificent!

As avariciously as I cling to life, I retain an awareness
Of death. When silence hangs over the things
That was part of my daily ritual, my sense of purpose,
My reason for being. In that silence, you will hear

Various Cohen’s Hallelujah, Bridge Over Troubled Water,
Beethoven’s Ninth, Tull’s “Thick as a Brick”, or the like.
Yes, I retain an awareness of death; I resist and resent it.
I’m still blooming (what did I hear say? Blooming useless?)

No, sir, blooming. A new word,
“oubaitori (noun), meaning
“The idea that people, like flowers,
bloom in their own time
And in their ways”. Yes, meaning?
“I’m a late bloomer!

Yes, that's what I am,
a late bloomer."

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"An obsession with words"