

POEM OF THE WEEK

I'M A FANTANFROLICING MOLECULE IN ETERNITY

The world is full of famous people
Revered, remembered, re-cycled
Me? I'm a fantanfrolicing molecule in eternity
I've shoved my human status into a paper bag

Those remembered are cast in stone
Recorded on celluloid and digital media
We must speak softly and respectfully
Of them, they are to be revered

Not analysed, critiqued or otherwise mistreated
In their stead, there are people committed to their memories
Rejecting analysis, critiques or criticism of the smallest doubt
Me? I rebel. I am a rebel. I reject their dubious sanctity

And questionable morality. Me? I'm a fantanfrolicing molecule
in eternity. I've shoved my human status into a paper bag
I reject pious seriousness. The dutiful, downcast eyes
The hand is ready to inflict harm, in the name of propriety

Propriety? Such a heavy word loaded with synonyms
Decorum, respectability. decency, correctness ·
Appropriateness, good manners, courtesy, and politeness
Rectitude, civility, modesty, demureness and conformity

All enforced with scrupulousness, meticulousness
And conscientiousness, a firm hand imposing morality
And ethics. The guardians of all that is proper
It's a serious business protecting the dead

Maintaining tradition, preserving power and influence
Maintaining public order and crowd control
It would be improper of me to laugh, to make light
Of your situation, forgive me. I find you to be absurd

Don't mind me. I'm a fantanfrolicing molecule in eternity
I've shoved my human status into a paper bag
If you find me, treat me with care
I cannot remember when I last drank coffee

Leslie D Bush
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Footnote: I hyperbolised!