

POEM OF THE WEEK

NO UTOPIA

There is no utopia
No ideal or idealised
state of being.
Ruins? Maybe.

Skeletons of attempts once tried?
Probably. It's a take-it-or-leave-it
World. Reality's relentless, ruthless
(What has it got against Ruth?)

You found that amusing?
Thank you. What can I say?
It ain't no utopia
No promised land

We could walk together
Take in the view
Make it special
Maybe hold hands

It's all purely platonic
You know what I mean

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