

POEM OF THE WEEK

OLD BATTLES

Can one re-fight old battles?
You could wargame them
Re-fight them in principle
It's not the same, is it?

I wanted to remain in bed
This morning, I knew that
I should arise, get dressed
Do something useful

And creative, make a cup of tea
Put on some toast; eat it; wash the plate
All very functional and purposeful
Positive, constructive and useful

Understand what I mean? To remain in
Or getting out of bed was a battle between
Doing nothing and being useful, on the scale
Of battles, it doesn't register, does it?

A battle it was, and by each minute it is getting older
in my memory; achieving the status of an old battle
Can I re-fight it? No, I got up. The end. Could I wargame it?
Hear that sound? That's David, a real wargamer, laughing

Can one re-fight an old battle? In your imagination
In your dreams, when all is not what it seems
Can one re-fight old battles? Yes? No? Why do we try?
It doesn't make sense, but still, we do it; we set ourselves up to lose

Hear the voice in your head, quietly chanting, repetitively
"Maybe this time, we'll win. We will win. We will win."
Do old fools never learn?

Leslie D Bush
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