

POEM OF THE WEEK

POEMS ABOUT DYING

Poems about dying are not poems about dying.
They focus on the will to live. The clock might be ticking
A bit louder (it always has been ticking), our frenzied activity
Drowned it out. So, this is the time we choose, do our picking.

We have choices. We always did; we always will
to choose the constructive, the moral path; integrity
all those things I believed proper and correct to live
to give structure and meaning to our lives for posterity

Is it true that we somehow achieve detachment
when and as we write? Another self-floating, unhindered
by gravity? Watching us, our choice of tone, tense, and bewilderment
guides us and directs us as we explore the themes that have consumed us

Detachment? Yes? No? Maybe? It's more like ocean waves surging
forward before retreating. Where does our interest lie? Only the items left behind;
things forgotten; now lie before us. Do you remember that?
Do you remember when, who, and how you felt? That exhilaration

of feeling, was akin to inebriation; getting drunk on one's sense
of humanity. The hangover? Ah, yes, the hangover. They always came
straight after. Was it worth it? Frolic, yeah! Exhilaration is exhausting;
One needs rest and quiet moments to think, compose, and decompose.

Decompose? Not as dramatic as it sounds. If you can compose
you can de-compose; rip a thing apart, and start again. We do it
all the time: out of spite, carefully considered destruction, or frustration

Poems about dying are not poems about dying.
They focus on the will to live. The clock might be ticking
A bit louder (our hearing's failing), memories become more demanding
of resolution. The race is on, and numbered are our days. Who's counting?

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