

POEM OF THE WEEK

POETRY IS HISTORY?

What is History without Myth,

Myth without Poetry?

We see what we see,

we understand what we can.

We hypothesise, fantasise

on what might have been.

Witnesses are fallible, they can report what they've seen

Their accounts are limited to their own point of view.

Myth is about the hero,

courageous and bold;

vanquishing the foe,

letting their story be told

over campfires at night,

in reverential tone;

stories of their might

of how they atone

for their moral failings

on mountains or plains,

amidst dark storms sailing;

their quest to maintain.

These stories told often enough
become Myth; then becomes “legend”;
matters not a stuff,
passed on to youth

as a cautionary tale;
a moral lesson,
a fable; until stale
enhanced with aggression.

The victor writes history,
(it has been said.)
So many mistruths and lies
will it be sustained?

Truth is not seen.
Interpreted or understood.
on a flat screen plasma TV.
So many trees, can't see the Wood.

Neither believe, nor disbelieve.
That is my creed.
Let them tell their story, deceive
as they might. We need

more, dig deep into the morass

listen carefully, weigh the evidence;

so many lies, let them pass.

Our quest is for the transcendence

of the dull and petty;

from countryside, quietly rural,

or the crowded, desolate city.

Collect it all, paint a mural

rich in colour, depth and detail,

drenched in blood and ink.

It's ours, not for retail,

to serve as a link

to a reality more profound;

vibrant with energy;

It has its own sound,

its own pervasive synergy.

History is Poetry;

Poetry, rich in Myth.

A song of the legendary

fluid and vibrant, good stuff!

Leslie Bush

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