

POEM OF THE WEEK

STRUGGLE, AS I DO

Struggle, as I might
Struggle as I do
Why is it that I fight
To change, achieve
To compensate
for my shortcomings

Shortcomings? I know them well
There are many
Why is it so difficult?
To change behaviour?
Why does it feel false?
Surely, actions are easy
Transform them into yearnings
Most definitely learning
Cognitively, the process is simple
Make time, apply concentration
And effort

Who and what is in charge?
The desire to learn
To gain wisdom is sincere
To provide resources to facilitate
The transaction
It's not simple

I don't have control
Over my brain, definitely not
My full range of action
My ability to concentrate
A product of ageing,
I am informed

My ability to absorb information
From which to gain understanding
It is prevented by a surplus of the old
And tales that they tell

"No room! No room! They shout
"No room in the inn!"
"The memory's full"
Empty some, I say
Delete, delete,
Anything older than 50 years

I demand.

The memory responds
“Does not compute”, “does not compute”
Those memories are tagged
“Handle with Care”.

Sorry, we couldn't dare

.Leslie D Bush
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