POEM OF THE WEEK

THE AGE OF REBELLION
Or THE REBELLION OF AGE

"The 1960s were considered the decade of change and rebellion. This generation is called on again to rebel against conservatism, carved in rock (the hard stuff, not rock'n'roll) "
Anonymous

The age of rebellion. The rebellion of age
Or is rebellion a socially mandated necessity?
There are those who embrace change
And those who reject change as being noisy
Confusing and uncomfortable.
In a balanced situation, both are necessary
In a fluid situation where change or chance
Plays a part. There is some form of dialogue

Both constructs present an interesting picture
Yes? Both are nebulous without being anchored
To a time or context. Yes? "Age of Rebellion"
Suggests a specific period or political situation

Rebellion of age does not need specifics
If it refers to situations throughout life
Are we called once again to rebel?
Is ageing an act of rebellion?
I think, in part, it is
A refusal to die
No, no! I've still got things to do
I don't have to die
Such a permanent state
Of inactivity. Activity defines living

Socialisation is a process
A process of instruction
Or indoctrination, based on the belief
That models of society are real
And unchangeable
A foolish belief
Society changes
Human beings it seems
Cannot, or will not

So, enough for grand visions
3D presentation of an ideal state
Of being - on an individual

Or collective basis
Our differences are that
Which defines us - yet mysteriously
Draws us together

So, enough of defining enemies
(they're the opposite of what we believe in)
A textbook contrarian stance
When it comes to defining
And controlling thought and language
It's time to say, "Enough!"
Go back into your cave
You refuse to hear what we
(the other) say; while loudly bemoaning
"You (us?) don't listen to us"

If that be your opinion
You are welcome to it
It's not what I'm saying
It is not what I'm saying, at all

Consider for a moment
Does rebellion require specification
Or definition? Is living an act
Of rebellion? We, who rebel, must ask
What are we rebelling against? History?
Unresolved issues that stretch into the future?
Issues that defy answers, e.g. why is humanity violent?
Is some part of our personality missing?
All of the above

I rebelled as a youth.
I've never stopped
I defy your condescension
I reject your comfortable assumptions
I question anything and everything
In my final years, I will still rebel

I sit defiantly

Leslie D. Bush
© 12 November 2024