

POEM OF THE WEEK

THE UNIVERSE

THE UNIVERSE is not static,
never will be, never was;
nothing's automatic,
more a touch of chaos:

atoms, galaxies swirling
and whirling in deep dark space
(such a strange term
for something so empty, so vast).
One thing is clear,
there is no divine right of kings,
no "Natural" order of hierarchy;
we are all the same:

quanta of Energy
bound in particulate matter;
struggling and striving,
to determine what matters

in a strange, exciting and hostile
world; struggling for balance,
a sense of perception,
that it all has a point,
a purpose. Search for the truth,
in whichever form you seek;
but know this; it is for the strong,
not the weak. It is hard

and unforgiving, demands that you face
in the reality of being, no prescribed
state of grace; it's solid and it's brutal.
It's right in your face:
nothing is perfect, nothing a disgrace.
Things are that things are.
Don't hide your face in disgrace
You show me your imperfections;

I will show you mine.
We're all slightly broken;
in a state of disrepair.
Do not despair.
We are constantly

evolving, growing
in strength and complexity,
becoming more aware
of our place in the world,
time, and space.

A consuming awareness
that, solitary or not,
we are never alone.
The universe is not static.
Neither are we.
There's nothing automatic.
It's a matter of choice:
breathe/don't breathe?

Don't be a fool!
We do what we have to,
We survive, we survive!
It's been said before,
and I will repeat it,
"You are a child of the universe"
made from cosmic energy and matter
"You have a right to be here"!

As for love, hate, courage and fear?
They are what we make them.
We stumble, fall, and persevere.
Grab the handle of the sword of truth:

It cuts both ways. Turn it around, flat:
That's it. See your reflection in the blade?
Don't flinch; don't run away.
Look, and say, "I see you"
Suck it in, stand firm and intone.
"I am what I am"
I have the power to change,
I am energy and matter,
My potential is unbound."

There is no divine right of kings
no "Natural" order of hierarchy;
We are all the same: stand tall
stand proud, and call your name!

Leslie D. Bush,
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