POEM OF THE WEEK

THE WORD. THE SOUND. PERFECTION.

I write poems. Whether they're any good
Is not mine to say. It’s yours, my readers
I’m on a journey, a quest; I try, never rest
Looking for that word, singular or collective

That forms a sound that resonates for a brief time
Then disappears; a moment of magic, the universe
Comes together, is in sharp clarity; reality is undeniable
The word (or words), the sound; perfection - for a moment

Then it’s gone. That is my quest, that is my goal
To find the combination into which I can pour my soul
To bring things together, celebrate being whole
For that moment I live, I strive, and I fully give myself

Words spoken are sounds, and sounds are a form of music
The mathematics of the heavens; from which mighty
Works of music come; the symphonies by Beethoven
Written while he was going deaf. Yes, by the time he conducted

the first performance of his Ninth Symphony,
he was completely deaf. What a spirit! To not give in
I write poems. I write every day. Testing myself
To do better, be better; seeking that word, that sound

Perfection, unobtainable, alluring; demanding my soul

Leslie D Bush
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