

POEM OF THE WEEK

WHAT CAN I (REALLY) DO?

The world's a mess
The universe is expanding
We're trapped in a time/space matrix
Ought we be concerned?

The forces that shaped our world
Are capable of tearing it apart
Could take centuries, maybe decades
Such forces are greater than we realise

Am I scaring myself stupid?
Am I stupid, scaring myself?
The answer is not mine to make
These are real possibilities

The question is, "How can I get through
Each day, in an optimistic frame of mind?"
A possibility is a possibility; it might/might not
Happen. Probabilities are more worrying

There's a statistical likelihood of it happening
It's enough to drive one neurotic, to render the simplest
Of actions paralysed - especially if it is too much analysed
Faith! An interesting, emotion-packed word

Begins with the absurd through to the magnificent
(fill in the blanks) the religious to the astronomical
(I question not what you choose, I would appreciate
If you do the same to me)

Dualisms such as spiritual/materialistic are too simplistic
Dualisms with politics and religion are both weak
A proper analysis of a subject, undertaken in an even-handed
method is preferable but difficult: everything is placed in question,

In terms of what the universe presents to us
We are children, with a handicap. Children can see things
With a sense of wonder. We, as adults, see it either as a possibility
Or a threat. Our accumulated knowledge - be it positive or negative

Defines our view of the present and the future, as a continuation
Of our past cripple us. What can we do, if we choose?
Unlearn the past, become receptive to the present and seek
Answers in the future. What do you reckon? A piece of cake?

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