

POEM OF THE WEEK

HISTOR-ERICAL?

His-terical?
A combination
Of history and hysteria
They go together so well

Granted, an alternative
Might be "histor-erical"
Take your pick
It's a free country

RIGHT?

The 1960s were hysterical?
(They were angst-driven, not morbid)
The 60s were historical
(not hidden away in conspiracy-driven mania)

The 1960s were radical (in their unique way)
Led by and focused on youth
They were loud, in your face
And unapologetic
They argued, debated
Got confused and inflated
Got high and then fell
Into despair. Woke up the next morning
Said, "Where was I last night?"

You could tell by the crowd
Revelatory, revolutionary
Revealing, reviled, revolting,
contradictory, confronting
The decade drenched in colour
An exuberant explosion of energy
You could feel it in the air
(Did they put it in the water?)

Rebellion filled the space
Between the generations
I have news for you
I've lived through the decades
and seen hope and optimism rise
And has been dashed on the rocks
Of cynicism and despair
Fear (of fear) and stupidity

The 60s were vibrant, loud and opinionated
They wanted the best for all
They preached inclusivity
When did that become a sin?
The 60s were not hysterical

The second decade of the 21st Century
Earns the dubious claim to that title
Trump, Putin and the Republicans
Conservatives worldwide
Oblivious to reasoning and reason
Are the true heirs of Hysteria
The born-again-bigots
They can't let go of it
Or won't. Conservatives
They say, that's what we are
Conserving what, I ask
Meanwhile, the planet dies
And the land fries

Conservatism, be damned
It's a disease of the unyielding
frozen by analysis (I use the term loosely)
And render mute by paralysis

Hope and optimism are
hardy things, yet fragile at the edges
Start a whisper campaign
Unfounded rumours
Make them sound funny
An edge of humour
That belies the strength
And the tragedy of the lies

Pause, a moment, and think
The 1960s were 60 years ago
Who's growing old? Is it not
That raucous, rowdy, rebellious generation?
Oh, Bob, "When will we ever learn?"
When will we ever learn?
How far have we fallen
Surrendered to despair?

Our strength as a species
Lay in our being similar
Belonging to a collective
Being human beings
Can we survive the reign
Of ill-informed, uninformed gossip
That masquerades as an alternative?

Can Truth prevail?
If it cannot
We are lost

In a world
Awaiting a tyrant
Maybe, we won't have to
Wait too long.
Socrates took the poison
It was his choice
Until that day
The crowd pray
The crowd brays
for the Second Coming
Of Trump. They got it

Take the poison?
It's a choice
We don't have to
Choose or make
Yet. Do we?

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