

Ode to a rebel

I have stacks of half written, unfinished poems, songs,
big dreams and ideas
Spewed out in inspired, hurried moments
Neuro divergent states of fizz,
Big picture, hyper focus
Patterns scrawled in strange configurations on the
page
In the margins and round the edge
As if paper were scarce
I use every inch
Any how, I digress
My point is this
I have mountains of these pages
I so much wish to return to, make sense of, craft into
Works I can perform and share
But my resistance takes me any place but there
It feels overwhelming, it feels hard
I can't seem to find the time
Or tease it apart
The pages gather dust and I avoid the quest
Of mining for gold in acres of half formed things
Rabbit holes, potential, don't know where to begin
Until one day I experience a rude awakening.
I'm sat scrolling Facebook in bed.
I see the post
Benjamin's dead.
I'm disbelieving, I check the news
It's true, we've lost him
Tributes are rolling in
And I just don't want to believe it
He can't be gone.

Not now, when things are looking so bleak
All the bullshit politics and the drones in the Middle
East
We need a voice of reason, of steady clarity
One that can see through the smoke and mirrors
And knows the history
We need a voice of reason
Deftly woven into rhyme
This is a serious cross roads
Feels like the stakes are high
We need a voice of reason, a voice unafraid
Of the words that need to be spoken
Lets big up our sister Sineade
We've lost some of our best truth tellers
Warriors brave
Humbling to recognize all that they gave.
They say nature abhors a vacuum
Perhaps its time for us to be stepping up
Your untimely demise felt like a rallying cry
To never, ever give up.
I return to the page to honor your name
Zephania, rest in peace, rest in power
May the seeds you scattered flower and bare fruit
Across cultures
The elders, the youth.
I find myself blossoming in your wake
Thank you for the shake up call
The posthumous mentoring
I'm not scrolling now
I'm sat here with my analogue pages
And my biro on a roll.
Ears pricked up, I hear the call
To check out the people, to check out the scene

In this new place I'm living, to book myself in
To lift the mic and free my voice
Out of isolation, out of the house
Out of feeling helpless, let the soul fire burn
Thank you for bringing me back into the room
Thanks to the man with the steady stance
Feet planted upon the earth
Chi flowing so vital
I bet you're some mighty spirit now
Perhaps moving among us as we gather to speak in
rhyme
Benjamin uncompromising scribe
May you legacy live on and on in uncertain times.

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