

SHOULD

BY HARVEY WARD



“Should” hangs like a parallel universe in the utterances
on the self-appointed wise
What is – should not be
And what should be – is somehow better, more just,
more green
More suitable, more tasty, more apt, just...well, more
“Should” stands within a mirror
beckoning reality to its standard
shining like a flame to attract the dancing moths of now
“Should” postures and preens while waiting to exist,
pouts with earnest pride
“Should” dances to its own tune and is dissatisfied, aloof,
preaches, criticizes, urging change
“Should” frowns with corrugated brow demanding
conformity
assuming prescience,
and is Gnostic, contemptuous desiring no discussion
“Should” is a vector, You should- directive
I should: reflective
“Should” is prophetic in a small sense, hopeful that its form

of sense will prevail

“Should” holds the high ground possessing more insight
wisdom and ethic

It marches to a different drum beat, scorning compromise

Her bedfellow is “supposed” and both are

Arrogant and opinionated. Both are

Tyrannical masters but truculent long suffering slaves

when not in charge

Give “Should” the reins, and headlong she runs

Aware of what she wants not

Empowered by what she seeks to avoid

A distaste of the present

There is another world she says

A world hidden from you, a world I know

And now advertise

Follow me she says take my hand

Depend on my vision for you are blind

And I can see

“Should” is a unilateral declaration of discontent with
the present

and the only authority she has is the one whose lips
did utter it

“Should” dons the wig, the mitre, the scarlet robe
pontificates and leaves

“Is” and “was” looking blankly, shaking their heads

“reality” emerges despite a trillion past “should’s”

and stands tall amongst the anxious

impossibilities

they have run their pompous course

and have ceased to be

Now.