

Something of a blessing, something of a curse

A lifetime of thinking only makes things worse.

What to do with it, where to take it

Am I getting wiser or am I just faking it?

They say it separates us from the birds and the bees

They say it makes us superior to the apes in the trees.

They say it's akin to the greatest gift

But it's a damn heavy burden and it's damn hard to lift.

I'm aware of my birth and of my impending death

And I'll struggle for meaning until my dying breath.

I study my books and I look up in the sky

But what happens to my consciousness when I finally die?

And what exactly is it that I think I know?

What has life taught me blow by blow?

That every day we need food and shelter

And a sense of freedom amidst the helter-skelter.

And the need to live free from arbitrary arrest

And what's good for me must be good for the rest.

And to make our way free of crippling debt

It's a universal requirement, it's a guaranteed bet.

So consciousness is about both me and the tribe

A universal philosophy to which we can all happily subscribe.

The tribe is homo-sapiens, one and for all

The end of pre-history, humans standing tall.

Consciousness is knowing about the nature of power

And how the wealthy get richer hour by hour

And seeing the flaw in private ownership

The very essence of our stunted relationship

Between the owners of wealth and those who produce it

The only motive being personal profit

Where the accumulation of things is the only destination

While the impoverished producers feel a deep alienation.

Consciousness is working out why some people get more

Why there's one law for the rich and one for the poor.

Why global corporations hardly pay any taxation

Why governments are in favour of light touch regulation.

I admit it all sounds like a cliché in this dog eat dog planet

Fine sounding platitudes for this cruel lump of granite.

But my consciousness tells me that I still have a choice

To surrender to despair or live life and rejoice.

But how to rejoice when there's no food in your belly?

How to be cheerful when it's all doom and gloom on the telly?

I've studied the dialectic and come to the conclusion

That human consciousness is no mere illusion.

It starts with humanity and our material needs

Which are hampered by tribalism, religion and greed.

So we should create a system where the basics are met

Whereby the conditions for the future are finally set.

Where we treasure the planet and break open the bars

Between our African origins and the most distant of stars.

John Lennon Imagined it decades ago

And poets and artists have developed the flow

Of human consciousness wherever it may lead

Our ultimate task being to nurture that seed.

It's a war on two fronts, for the body and the mind

Look after the body and who knows what we'll find.

It's a war against superstition and a war against class

Everyone's invited, it's a collective task.

The parameters of battle have been set more or less

To finally celebrate our consciousness.

Don't hold back, don't hesitate

Leave it too long and it may be too late

To distinguish ourselves from an ape in a tree

To defiantly declare for humanity.

It's a lifetime's mission and it starts today

There really isn't anything more to say.

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