DWPCo. NOVA OPUS 2015 Presents: “A Song of Discord”

Does it rain that the sun might shine?

Must there be disparity so fervent

that the small motions we make singularly

are created by this force of discord?

Is that dust blowing to be packed as mud?

It is so often that I see people arguing

(not to deride the act itself, the natural right);

as fire and water these cancel out violently.

Is the only exciting thing that one to be rejected?

Let them fixate on discord, and this society will die.

The minor details become major obsessions,

but there is Earth sustaining that fire and water.

Is the object of argument to lie prostrate?

Those words should evoke a progress

toward a resolution beyond individuals and their words.

When people clash, is there anything left but progress betrayed?

Does the mountain solidly watch the weather pass?

As the Earth tolerates the relentless canceling,

have the cancelers forgotten the ground,

the surface holding them fast to do their deed?

NOTE: This poem criticizes *reductō ad absurdum* and *causae repugnandī repugnandum*.