

YOUNG BILLY

Young Billy had the talent of all the kids
He could play and give cheek as none of them could
Yet there were times when he drifted apart
Summing up all his being to wonder about wonder

His indulgence concentrated his mind and made him mind
Childlike awe in a pensive pose
He kicked and prodded the earth and asked of the air
Energy pulled at him, it would not be spent

The tug and struggle of times stayed with him
Reading and listening did not satisfy the call
More it was that the feeling of those times grew within him
Most of all when he kicked and prodded and asked of the air.



Young Billy

A kid called Billy could be any single one of us, couldn't it?

Bill, William. Wilma or Wallis – call him or her as you will. Is Billy's plight the plight of us all or is it a calling which falls not to everybody? There are many forms of expression in this life of ours and intense involvement in one form or another can lead to a questioning – a questioning of the discipline itself, a search for greater understanding. Take for example kids and youngsters. For many sport is a way of life. It focuses, it drives, and at times breaks. Yet at times passion for sport or passion for just being is not enough. Talent, cheek, commitment, dedication, wholehearted spirit and sense of fun are rarely enough. There are times when one questions oneself, calls into question the essential being, and struggles to understand what needs to be achieved and to what end. Is this nature's way? Where is the greater good? Why is the answer not immediately evident, even painstakingly elusive? Simple words and a restless concern are at the heart of Billy's struggle for contentment and purpose, he perhaps too young to understand, too taken up with simple pleasures and instinctiveness of youth to fully appreciate, yet a core of something is there which might materialise as time goes by and when whatever the 'it' might be decides to make its presence known.

As for the poetry at play here, well, poems need not be long to strike a chord, even in a short poem there can be elements of repetition to emphasise a point and it can be the one line which stands out and says something to the reader and lives on in his or her mind – poetry in this sense can provide the structure for the delivery of the devastating line. The impulse which concerns Billy is the very air he breathes as he looks to grasp the meaning of it all and discover what the kicking and prodding will lead to.