



Pause For Poetry: Michael Hawkes /38

Description

No Doubt

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

January 12, 2022

This isolation suits me fine
And rarely gives me cause to whine;
It's not so bad to go without
The many things I tend to doubt;
The air I breathe, the food I eat,
The scowling monkeys on the street
Not bothering to be discrete...

It might be good, if only I could

Forget about the lawyers
And their brothers in the banks
Who take me to the cleaners
Without a word of thanks,
Forget about the coppers
With the killers in their ranks
And while I'm at it, the oppressors'
Domestic use of tanks;

It would be good, if only I could.

I'll have to work much harder at trying to resist
The clutches of the market place,
The jiving and the gist
Of insidious propaganda, sales pitches and the rest



Of all the paltry nonsense
With which we plebs are blessed

It would be good without a doubt

To raise a fist, protest and shout
About the leaders' false positions,
The biases of their decisions
Resulting in these dire conditions.
But no matter how much fuss I make
Such habits are a big mistake,
It's better that I go without
The stuff I know I'm right to doubt.

P.S

It's not so bad when understood,
If all the 'woulds' in so called 'goods'
Should turn to 'coulds' with lots of clout
To banish doubt and help me out.

05/04/21 – Hawkes

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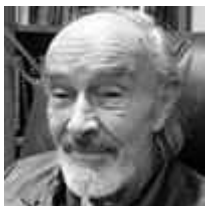
reading of the 2022 season with **Isabelle Dumais** and **Bruno Lemieux**. They will read from their work in an online event taking place **Tuesday, January 18** at 7 pm, on Zoom, with host **Shelley Pomerance**. For tickets visit [eventbrite.ca](https://www.eventbrite.ca)

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Michael Hawkes is an 80-year-old survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an



unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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