The recording of culture is history;  
but our culture is more than that.  
It's the world of human action,  
and the myths we make of the fact.  
  
The recording of history is culture,  
but our history is more than that.  
It informs a hidden agenda.  
Unconscious of motive we act.  
  
It's the history of now, the history of now.  
It's only the present that exists as endowed.  
It's the history of now. The moment - KAPOW!  
That knocks you right over and muddies your brow.  
  
Through the prism of language, we know what we know.  
We carry our baggage and stories of woe.  
Victor and vanquished pride cannot budge,  
the dead weight of hatred and ancestral grudge.  
  
We fight our good fights with our hand on our heart;  
the music is swelling as loved ones depart.  
As sheep to the slaughter, the script cannot chart,  
a course more ignoble: the propagandist's art.  
  
The recording of history is culture,  
but our culture is more than that.  
More than the great individuals,  
the scholars so love in their tracts.  
  
The recording of culture is history;  
but our history is more than that.  
Not simple dates or statistics,  
the full horror and gore still attracts.  
  
It's the history of now, the history of now.  
A strange contradiction that makes sense somehow.  
It's the history of now, a mystery and shroud.  
The past and the future: best fiction allowed.

[**The History Of Now**](https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/the-history-of-now/)

[**David SmithWhite**](https://www.poemhunter.com/david-smithwhite/poems/)