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Utopia

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Utopia

Musicians and actors cross their heart to use pens.
Writers cower before the smearing doom of a pencil.
I doubt Mozart used for The Songstress a pencil.
Shakespeare shunned that lightening rod to make a line.

In the No-Life Club where nothing is expendable,
We can twist napkins into art and sigh aloud
At this, what the bustle never sees.
Nothing is all that we may have to do,
but we may still have pleasures here.

We spin our quarters and bend straws into anthems
that our country will never stand to sing aloud:
the testimonies to what life there still is somewhere,
estuled in our booths with no morning to wake.

We live out our dreams without rising to lose them.
We need not move. We move, not need, all
that could be more, into kitchens where all is
made and served to us— which need never be more— A representative to field every question
from the four corners of the world.
A universe
with a sugar-covered table around it,
the world
measured neatly by the palms of our
calloused hands;
William Blake is dead and defunct in
this history.

A machine, the conveyor belt of
Now—we
let it slip like adults can't— they
will forget
what it was like before, without children,
and have
no life. Somewhere goes nowhere faster than
anyone with a life to live can say
Utopia.

by Melissa Patterson