It's a farce!—he cries—a trick!
Disregarding the fluttering-paged pleas of protest
He throws away Aristotle, rips up Nietzsche
(Humping the dear old corpse of Western tradition)
And lets myriad treatises on the new Chinese economy
(Fellating the myth of Orientalism)
Preach their sermons to empty plebeian air.

Traditional revolutionary! Go to war
Against the sages of the street,
Denouncer of those pastoral clichés of reality!
  and meanwhile against a wall
  In some back alley, perhaps
  Or out the back door
  Of a populist bookshop
  The truth slouching slinks
  In corners between cracks
  On empty open streets
He searches for it, without desperation—
He has sinned enough to know
The marks against him,
Too much for redemption,
He knows he cannot be allowed to find it
(His vision has been becoming too clouded for that)

  Covering its face the truth
Brushes past him
Dodges the quiet battle
— it needs to buy cheese, and milk.

Tomorrow
The old book soldiers resign their commissions
and themselves to their new careers
(recycled paper is all the rage these days).
Tomorrow the sun will still rise,
As long as we remember which way is east.
  And tomorrow evening
  Perhaps in a seedy booze-hall
  Mr. Disillusioned—
  You may be able to sneak a bare glimpse
Of him through his rampant dissolution.

Good luck.