

## **A History of the Future**

We accepted what we took  
to be inevitable—

the many dead, their bodies  
curled below

the raised blue veins  
resting on mounds of ballast,

fence lines stretching  
like law across the land,

the crease and tangle of road  
and wire, the tributaries

of our intent that trickle  
out from the hard precincts,

these dense centers  
of our desire and delusion,

our evening neon longing,  
and this long, long loneliness

in which we are learning  
what to ask, and of whom.