

The War Against Utopia

Our forces now advanced.

At first

the going was easy; they pushed forward

against light opposition. Soon

the opposing light

grew brighter, dazzling, burning

with virtue. Still

they advanced, our forces: sunglasses

were issued: fluids

intaken.

But all flesh

withered in this pure light,

this pitiless light,

from grape to raisin; our bold forces

took cover of night,

advancing now through dreams—

amphibious forces

striking across vast waters underground,

startling great flocks of blind, black waterfowl

whose wing beats swamped our craft

(the craft we had dismantled and manhandled,

worked painfully down through crevices and cracks

of dream; squeezing soft flesh

against the sharp-edged local stone;

pushed forward, pressed down).

Advancing now,

our forces, back into light of day,

