

It is the utopia we defend  
the tree in our midst that gives us life  
it is the tree from which fruit first picked  
by Eve and Adam now rots in our stomachs.  
We are the Fall...but from what?

Icarus would know, I think,  
or Isaac Newton – something about gravity.  
But remember that even in Eden a serpent dwelt –  
for the whispers of our hubris cast a long shadow  
that swallows everything.  
Even paradise sheltered evil.

No. We fall from disrepair to disrepair  
- there never was a time to make things great again –  
unless greatness is, as in every age, the dirty secret  
of anguished compromise. The uncomfortable vices  
of our own time are too easily forgotten.

Is it the utopia we defend?  
Or just another paradigm to justify  
our very own brute that only the earth  
(and maybe the stars) shall witness?