

Unalienable

No colony now, no sterile swamp of soul –
our sprogs giggle uninhibited. I play the fiddle
all the long red day

into the wee wee uninhabitable hours.

Granny Aifric told me automation would free us
from the terrors of the workweek.

To be on the safe side, we took up arms

anyway

against the State of the Earth (and won!)

but to be honest,

I couldn't point the old county out on a globe

should I take today, tomorrow and the overmorrow;

the whole shebang of 'Home'

is to my eyes now just an archipelago of furry mould
floating – bluey-green –

on a half-ate Cup-a-Soup

left to fester at the side of my stool.

Ach, it was never about the place you stood.

All planets die as empires fall –

never was a clod of soil

as precious as the plainest tune.

They say this auld fiddle, made by the last luthier,
is no spaceship to the past,

that cheap moonshine and cheaper purpose

made mincemeat of my prodigious brain.

When they sleg me

I look them dead in the face

and here I be:

An bhfuil beatha ar Mhars? Kiss my ... I

grit my teeth to arrest my tongue.

Ones who know me best'll know I'd never stoop

so low as resort to cheek.

Mawrth Vallis, 2121

Scott McKendry