

## THE FUTURE

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*Geoffrey Nutter*

1.

Across the wet tarmac  
she explained to me, the bone-meal factory,  
a rural town where her father worked for years.  
A child shambles around, a bright blue vein  
shining in his temple.  
An airplane coming up from the ground.  
A man's head seems to shine from inside.

2.

"He was a weed in the ground.  
a weed shining in the ground.  
Where buried life buried with him,  
something silver and alive, a fish  
or a plane, gleam in the pond where sun hit,  
that was the whirring sound accompanied by  
ascension. From all around they came,  
with their desires, fuel  
spilled across the tarmac.  
In the air he was nearly invisible,  
looking like a vein underneath a child's skin.  
The ersatz flavor of life,  
clear as a glass of water."

3.

Windows in the popcorn stands.  
Kernels burst into white flowers.  
A jaundiced feeling to the sky.  
I remember that opinion of Nebraska:  
like a moon full of silver windmills.  
From here a dream of street cars.  
And fire-escapes, so sexy the way they hang  
from the buildings, heavy and black.

4.

The punished look of the pilots' faces.  
Creased in the way the sun would crease, bored,  
and aged, living years in the world  
over strange beige cities called "Newark."  
They seem to shine from inside, like a vein.  
And violet tarmacs wavering under rain.  
Outskirts, suburbs, turbulence and snow  
dissolving against the window.

Radar hanging from the brown sun-visor  
was peaceful here, the grain elevators  
that must have looked like grand departures  
within the hour. A man wiring something  
into the ground. Little pieces  
of fire coming up from the ground.  
We looked up: An airplane, far above us,  
shining like a vein.  
How visible this set of circumstances is.

5.

In the dream's future  
they came from all over  
to see me eaten by the lions,  
who had been starving for several days.

I wondered what it was. And what  
we would undergo. Making electronic  
noises, signaling the presence when the plane  
lifted off, I was frightened, broken  
through the clouds, pressed into sunlight,  
filling the sky, glinting off the wings.  
The window: And because everything was  
my heart beating suddenly.