

A Vision

Our new world is coming,
devoid of rage,
with creatures not eaten
and guns melted down.

Its two-party system
is cordial and fair--
the Forwardists move
as the Holdists delay.

The trade is quite honest
and arguing's rare
as the selfish now give,
the ambitious now serve.

How can this world
ever work? you may ask.
Aren't giving and serving
quite dull? you inquire.

We will see as we go,
but the strife in the old,
based on you, me, and them,
was a nightmare of self.

What mattered the most
was mostly matter,
that dubious deity
for eyes that see down.

Our new world is coming
between all the bullets
and bombs--yes, coming
as surely as daylight.