

General Ludd

Three great plagues befell Britain.

Those engines of mischief were sentenced to die.

Those crumbling statues, the capital: riddled.

By unanimous vote of the trade

the machines broke, the coal turned no steam —

and Ludd who cannot a position defy

came gory with hammer and banner as he

was the grand executioner made.

Sublunar cold, it will be, the day the wires
fray, and those pipelined ghosts go frozen,
what were towers now effigies, masts shipless
in their telegraphic rigging. Or the evergreens
we hoped for, come close from the periphery,
a hot green land without sun or suffering —
but the formless tents have sabotaged the wind.

Eight hundred generations in the alleyways,
one king uncrowned, without nation. But what
of the men, the women, and the children?

Alone, they say nothing. They wait. Yes, nothing
they are, alone. But together, they are blood,
they are hunger, they are desperation —
together they are everything and something.