

## Seeing the Future

I want my future to feel like I no longer need to avert my eyes.

That I can extend the soft tentacles of my curiosity  
without being sandpapered.

That I do not need dose –  
after dose –  
after dose –  
of digital anaesthetic  
to stop me looking –  
to blindfold me, cotton wool me –  
to curl me up like a woodlouse around my own needs  
armoured to the world.

The tannin stench of our deeds becomes  
strangely imperceptible  
with enough time.

I do not want to have to turn away from the blaze of afternoon sun  
Suddenly highlighting the smears and fingerprints on the windscreen –  
- consequences of a careless life highlighted.

Judges must face the eyes of those that they condemn –

Yet I picture a faceless beige paper room,  
flickering with fluorescents  
scratchy polyester carpet -  
  
where trees are no more than circles on a plan.  
identical stamps that may be red crossed  
without ever brushing fingers over bark or  
hearing the susurrations of leaves.

Dose

-and dose  
-and dose  
with digital dopamine

Staring fascinated into the pixelated flicker of our artificial campfire –  
so that I am blinded to the stars.

I want – instead – to feel like I cannot stretch my eyes wide enough  
to encompass the glorious expansion and breadth of other lives other skies other scales –  
to embrace a boundless, ceaseless  
spin and crackle  
of other living energies wheeling free as they will.

For I am tired of being ashamed.