

Futurama

*I crawl out onto the rooftop
above the world's junkshop,
lean against the warm chimney
and eyeball the city.*

*The vibe is ... let's say ethereal,
rows of TV aerials
spelling out HEAVEN,
spelling out ARMAGEDDON.*

*It's T minus zero
of the Petroleum Era –
all my neighbours
are burning tomorrow's newspapers
in their back-gardens,
getting their alibis sharpened.*

*As the hours evaporate
I say to my spirit
I can't really pilot
this smouldering twilight
over the scars and crevasses,
but I'll put on my best sunglasses
and steer the cockpit of morning
into the oncoming.*