

"Here in 2050"
By Eiven Mitchell

Here in 2050, our vehicles
are songs that drive us
towards each other
so that hands can grip hands
so that a cry for help
is answered by many voices
not a void, where care is
common and community is key

where yards are not lawns
of meticulous, manicured grasses
but overflowing boxes of produce
that neighbors tend with one another
without quibbling over who has more

no one here is homeless, hungry
no one is wanting, what's mine
is yours and vice versa

In this world, no one is saying
they can't live here or there
because of made up things

like borders

or political affiliations

Here in 2050, capitalism is known
as a disease, a virus cured by love
for one another, for our planet --

things capitalism told us to hate
because I was going to rob you
of your status and fame, just like
you planned to rob me of the same

Lies we were told for centuries
that some gas was clean and some dirty
(we were told this of people too)

this led us down a rabbit hole
of false promises that clouded
our eyes as well as our air
complicated what was meant
to be simplified with screens
and gadgets to delight, obscure
the horrendous toll underneath
a million Omelases of toiling
souls in factories that spewed
its suffering into the sky
in puffs of ephemeral needs
and desires, landfills gasping
at consumptive lungs, oceans
bleeding out in scales and
bones on their shores

and all this destruction done
by a mere few who thought
they owned and deserved what

lay before them, always just

out of reach

We learned stopping destruction
meant stopping consumption, stopping
the endless gobbling of land
giving it back to those who
bled into the soils we raped
in hopes that maybe they could
reverse what had become cyclical

Here in 2050, simplicity is not
that button you push but rain
you catch from your roof
where pinwheels spin, breezes
powering your home, shared
with other hearts and minds

No one eats alone in 2050
No one lives alone in 2050

The concept of alone is only
that of solitude, to seek time
by a river or in a forest
which are slowly reawakening
under tender fingers no longer
bound to a keyboard for hours
but making willing contributions
interlocking with roots, fungi
knowing they can rest whenever
they please

There's no such thing as a job
in 2050, where work is voluntary
where there is understanding
that no one is of equal ability
since we all are born different

It under this mosaic of variety
that allowed us to make it to 2050
that helped us see where we persecuted
what we should celebrate, where we
obliterated what we should nurture

Here in 2050, we are looking over
shoulders not to throw salt but
implore that you do not despair
do not give up hope, just give.