

No History

Kevin Devine

The future was a plane through a skylight
Over Tribeca at 8:45
My brother, at a conference room table
Watched the future rearrange all our lives

I was sleeping in her bed for the future
1st & 20th, five miles away
Her roommate knocked, he was a relative stranger
"Kev, I need you to come out here, okay, okay?"

The future was me, drunk at my desk job:
"Update the database, reflect the deceased."
Cantor Fitzgerald as a digital graveyard
Next to each name, I typed a lowercase "d"

I was frightened by the face of the future
It had the teeth of perpetual war
I called my father, he said: "I know, I see it
I thought it made sense. I don't anymore."

The mosque on my corner
The firetrucks everywhere
The anger
The mourners
No history
It's dead in the air

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The future was an ad during football:
"We are supported by the will of the world."
From the floor, I felt everything tilting
I watched my brother hold his 10-month-old girl
Fifteen years later & we're still in the future
The blood & money didn't fix anything
We've grown accustomed to the depths of the danger
This is the future:
Severe & always happening

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