

On our way to the revolution

On our way to the revolution
we stopped at IKEA
for spatulas, orchids and wild-caught salmon.
The children frolicked knee-deep in giant blueberries
while we talked carefully over free love and coffee.

On our way to the revolution
we had to go home first
to trim my beard and your bikini line
in case of arrest or hospitalisation.
There were bike tyres to pump up
and asking the neighbour to baby-sit.

On our way to the revolution
in the streets the people were oblivious:
waiting for the green man,
dressed up for a wedding.

I saw the Queen of Hearts
and a girl with a heart-shaped lollipop
as big as her heart.

When we got to the revolution
there were so many people, we couldn't find it.
They had taken the streets but didn't know where to take them,
so they sat down and waited to applaud a microphone.
I met an old revolutionary who told me he was off for a beer,
hoping they'd get on with the revolution and save him the work.

I wandered into a thicket of ideas on paper,
prayer flags fluttering in open minds.
A friend expecting his first child
thought they should turn them into a new political party
But I didn't see how to fit
a forest into a filing cabinet.

From above the streetlamps
a giant hoarding, selling freedom and wind power
and the stone faced gods of the theatre
Watched the happy and indignant crowd on the riverbank
looking for the revolution.

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