

5-1-2007

A Dream of Science Fiction

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Recommended Citation

Schwartz, Jonathan (2007) "A Dream of Science Fiction," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 14 , Article 141.

Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol14/iss1/141

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A Dream of Science Fiction

Jonathan Schwartz

I open my eyes and I'm locked in a room
Soot flows through my lungs like a deep, dark
monsoon
I see shadows moving, but I can't hear a sound
Am I on another planet? Am I deep
underground?

What is it that they all used to say?

I hear an explosion; I see a flash at the door
I smell fire and brimstone; I feel the rages of war
With my helmet in hand, stumbling like an old
man
I walk towards the light, for I am what I am.

What is it that they all used to say?

It's all gotten calmer, the screaming has slowed
The man dressed in black came and went long
ago
But the lamp posts, the benches, the buildings,
the eyes
They were here once, I swear it, I saw them
alive!

What is it that they all used to say?

In factories in homelands now so far away
I recall what a colleague had told me one day
He was dirty and tired and shrewd and aloof
"They're afraid of us, boy, and we're 'fraid of
them, too."

What is it that they all used to say?

We were making these monsters of iron and
blood

Death machines, meant to turn men into mud
In my heart, I'm awakened to the troubling
thought:

If we've overcome God, we are fighting for
naught.

What is it that they all used to say?

It's a maddening cycle that everyone knows-
So it goes.