MICHAEL STRATFORD HUTCH

Aerotropolis

Another colonist fantasy; dig a trench
into country, hallucinate an *aerotropolis*

out at the ramparts, beyond the rolling
disasters and pile-ups, into a slipstream

of clear white. Emptiness chained
by name to the master connector,

what lack of imagination engineers
this airy crossing, a so-called future?

Another prefabrication; desperation
flies in wearing the mask of progress

—easier to bend the moral arc when
solidity is the least of your troubles.

The fact of its bending was never
schematised, only gestured vaguely,

a theme whose expansion proved
impossible, since no theme existed.

Another distant centre; reliant upon
the risk that we will always go further.

Illogic forms up in the real, goes
rampant, imposes its regionality.

Landscapes are for making room in,
totalities exist only for subdivision.

Here at the edge of the double-thought
sprawl, a dissonant wedge of wing.