

## AN ELEGY FOR THE FUTURE

Rowena Easton 2018

*[Delivered by an orator and his aggressively clownish sidekick. The former laments then praises the future, then subverts the false hope of solace. The latter harangues the audience into implicating – and ultimately consoling and rousing – itself. The ‘noises’ may be repeated as many times as suits the occasion. An atmosphere of embarrassed, noisy chaos may be created. At the end, the double-act should keep the ‘solace-chant’ and ‘laughter’ going until it stutters to an unnatural silence.]*

Let’s murder the living daylights out of it! The cry went up from the aery solitude offshore.

There was the turdy glitter of knives.

As the deadening accretions of past advantage built themselves upwards, entombing the city.

As flux hardened into fear.

As they accelerated... off the blanched cliffs and into the clouds... The phony spiritualists spewing the ectoplasm of Empire.

More! More! More! Bring it on! Bring. It. On.

Why aren’t you clapping? Clap.

Clap, you clowns.

This violent preservation of the past.

CLAP!

This race towards its atavistic jerk.

Because they have been *rebuilding* those beloved library shelves. That we may each have our own volume discreetly kept.

Why aren’t you clapping? Clap.

Clap, you clowns.

CLAP!

Because seduced by crown jewels and imprisoned by monstrous glass fronts.

As winter is coming we are shrouded in our sticky ermine.

Its cooling breath blankets the racks and racks and racks and racks of us.

While their slick-sick screens teach us to distrust the deceitful math-e-ma-ticks of our perishing eyes.

We smear our faces with our own good muck.

Why aren’t you laughing? Laugh.

Laugh, you fuckers.

Because the crowd is an immense anesthetic towards death.

LAUGH!

An empty howl enshrined in a heap of flowered words, ballooning appetites and teddybear markets.

And the market is reaching a point of singularity.

We circled into it. \o/

lol

—|—

The whiners, the weepers,  
the snivellers.

The tutters, the splutterers,  
the grunTERS.

The sighers, the huffers,  
the chokers.

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the chokers.

[Etc...]

Here are *nine* new noises named to SING!

That's progress.

Why aren't you clapping? Clap.

Clap, you clowns.

CLAP!

Ahh, I know. Not so much reborn... as rudely shoved back up the birth canal and instructed to find another hole. Another zero point.

Clever dada. Clever me.

Why aren't you laughing? Laugh.

Laugh, you fuckers.

LAUGH!

—|—

In the wake of the rake of the raging broom, hope limps.

With no restitution, optimism lurches.

We must pursue a future that is *free* to imagine.

Laugh.

Laugh, you fuckers.

The future is dead. Long live the future.

LAUGH!

The future is dead. Long live the future.

Laugh.

The future is dead. Long live the future.

Laugh, you fuckers.

The future is dead. Long live the future.

LAUGH!

The future is dead. Long live the future.

[Etc...]

The future is dead. Long live the future. The future is dead. Long live the future.

The future is dead. Long live the future. The future is dead. Long live the future,

[etc...]