

The Dreams of Howard Kirk

by *Eamonn Stewart*

Outside The Falls Library
Magpies sound like sewing machines.
Inside, mass typing
Echoes their chattering.

One day, our messages
Will arrive before they are sent.
Then, Kirk The History Man's
Abolition of privacy
Will arrive via Mercury
Of the winged heels
With warp engines on his sandals.
Nanometric drones will be
More common than dust.
Broadcasting every scintilla of us.

Selfie pouts will evolve
To be prouder still
Than flies' proboscides.

The Congo with it's Coltan
Will be the new world's Omphalos.