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# A Dream of Science Fiction

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*NSU University School*

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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.