

Utopia

Paul Catherall

Reading about Utopia,
that edifice of Moore and Swift -
I wonder how they metered out
such certainties.
I'm sure that if I had the chance,
I'd conjure up Utopia
not in the pages of a book
but here on Earth.

Art is a fallacy, were we
to look closely at the painting,
or deep enough
into some gothic pile,
we'd find pure logic, or at least
how it appeared in the craftsman's brain.

Life also, the tapestry of chance -
consider well the myriad fate of men,
some silently toward a baleful night
descend, under heaven's watchful glare;
others, a long and placid vista watch
their world rotate upon its ambient course;
mummers and clowns perform life's travesties -
a sublime mirror to reality.

A siren beckons us to promised shores,
more beguiling than the gorgon's stare,
or twinkling diamonds in the veil of night -
our saviour and our bane, Utopia.