Sci-Fi

By Tracy K. Smith

There will be no edges, but curves. 
Clean lines pointing only forward.

History, with its hard spine & dog-eared 
Corners, will be replaced with nuance,

Just like the dinosaurs gave way 
To mounds and mounds of ice.

Women will still be women, but 
The distinction will be empty. Sex,

Having outlived every threat, will gratify 
Only the mind, which is where it will exist.

For kicks, we’ll dance for ourselves 
Before mirrors studded with golden bulbs.

The oldest among us will recognize that glow— 
But the word sun will have been re-assigned 

To the Standard Uranium-Neutralizing device 
Found in households and nursing homes.

And yes, we’ll live to be much older, thanks 
To popular consensus. Weightless, unhinged,

Eons from even our own moon, we’ll drift 
In the haze of space, which will be, once

And for all, scrutable and safe.


Source: Life on Mars (Graywolf Press, 2011)