

# Song in the Old Style

by **NATHANIEL RUDAVSKY-BRODY**

Soon the machines  
will write our poems  
and sing our songs  
and light the way

from school to homeward,  
home to bed,  
and say our prayers  
and close the blinds.

Then there will be  
no offices  
to flee, no work  
to be got through

to reach, at the end  
of the sterile hall,  
the green-lit door  
into the day.

Even the sun  
will be back-lit  
against a sky  
that knows the score

of calorie  
and daily step,  
and who has dreamed,  
and who has lain

with whom, and whether  
they returned  
past morning lawns  
to a cool room:

and every pleasure  
calculate,  
and every death-face  
hide away.

