

D.O.T.

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Do you know why
we need more idealists
in this world?
Because they get stuff done.
The idealist has a train track
running up his back
with a map of the world
that he hopes for
drawn out under his skin.
Walks prideful down
Salford side streets
on some harsh autumn night.
The moon reflecting its grace
upon grey slate roofs.
The fleeting mist of his breath says,
This city is ours,
Engels is ours.
Our Friedrich.
Maybe he'll hum some
song of the People
to the hush of the wind.
Spin rings around the scholars
who write about life
more than they live it.
The idealist
is not a romantic,
although he is in love with you,
in love with this city,
with the Peaks,
with theatre
and with politics.
He knows that it is all spectacular
in a dreary sort of way.