

## The Middle Way

Our tribal foe will advise, lifting  
A revivifying politics  
Above an approximated name,  
And the disembodied voice we share,  
Demands an act of seizure,  
And necessitates the deceptions  
Of public life we envisage our powers  
Of transformation oppugned against.

We are accused of anticipating  
How this conflict will be written  
Historically, certainly aware  
Of the duplicity such a tract  
Is premised on - doubtful principles  
Framed by the open-endedness  
Of a changing exegesis.  
Our reply is simply this - that some of us  
Still surrender to ideals.

That, they tell us, is the impotence  
Of history, a void where action  
In the world cannot be conceived.  
It justifies the sordid practicalities  
Desirable goals require - where the words  
And weapons of radical change  
Are a fabric of lies and the soldiers  
Of coercion - but then what else  
Is the ascendancy of power?

It makes our detractors' aims  
More dutiful than ours, and viable,  
When after all we remain without an identity.

But enough. A city stood here once,  
Where now with you, my friend,  
I contemplate our manifesto hours.