



Endquote

The Purse Seine

*Lately I was looking from a night mountain-top
 On a wide city, the coloured splendour, galaxies of light: how could
 I help but recall the seine-net
 Gathering the luminous fish? I cannot tell you how beautiful
 the city appeared, and a little terrible.
 I thought, We have geared the machines and locked all together
 into interdependence; we have built the great cities; now
 There is no escape. We have gathered vast populations incapable
 of free survival, insulated*

*From the strong earth, each person in himself helpless, on all
 dependent. The circle is closed, and the net
 Is being hauled in. They hardly feel the cords drawing, yet they
 shine already. The inevitable mass-disasters
 Will not come in our time nor in our children's, but we and our
 children
 Must watch the net draw narrower, government take all powers
 or revolution, and the new government
 Take more than all, add to kept bodies kept souls—or anarchy,
 the mass-disasters.*

— excerpts from a poem by Robinson Jeffers