



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