

# D.O.T.

Ella Otomewo

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.