

Freedom of a Certain Kind

by [Graham Cunningham](#) (November 2018)



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Was it a golden age

of freedom of a certain kind

and were we then the lucky ones

the unchained, in my terms?

The next utopia may be rich and sweet

a virtual paradise perhaps

and honeycombed with images but

from which there is no escape

no vantage point

or cold light of day.

From restless souls are we come
from buccaneers with fast boats
their oak planks formed by those
press-ganged, more rooted souls
content to bend to greater wills.

From obsessive engineers,
gentlemen with wide eyes
freed now but driven still
upward strivers; always
in pursuit of superhuman strengths.

Children of Renaissance Man
it is perhaps a wondrous thing
that we—beyond the buzzing hive
where myriad small desires
are swallowed into black holes
beyond the four-cornered, transfixed
medieval firmament—
that we survived for so long.
The desire for freedom such a scarce
mutation of the tribal norm.

My golden ark of freedom
is twisting in the wind
My finely schooled opinions now
mere relative to Thine.
twitching tabloid mind.
Captain Ahab and his whale
seemingly both hunted down
just preening and penned
celebrities now. And Ahab's men
embraced by nanny's sweaty palms.

From moody loners are we come?
Contrary souls on horse back
disappearing hungry out of sight
exiles from the feeding pack.
Returning Heathcliffs saying I am
no mere link in survival's chain.
Lone stars defying fate
the dance of death that used to wait
on mutant children of the tribe
and may be on its way back?

Graham Cunningham is a retired British architect. He is also a writer of occasional essays—and even more occasional poems—on aspects of political correctness and mass media group think. His work has been published in a number of online journals in Britain and the USA. This poem was originally published in 2014 in *The Imaginative Conservative*.

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