

*from* THE GEOMETRIC KINGDOM

Rupert Loydell & Maria Stadnicka

THE RUIN OF HERE

'the future is a monotonous instrument'  
– Frances Picabia, 'Blind Man's Bluff'

But we still want to get there,  
try to climb the stairs too early,  
reach the lighted birds, escape  
the ruined castles of our lives.

It looks as though they are flying  
but it is only projected shadows  
on the bare stone walls. It seems  
there is a way out but there isn't:

these earth steps will crumble,  
turn the power off and the light  
will fade. We are not suited  
to the dereliction of today.

**Visiting Hours**

I  
they no longer  
drink tea, listen, squeeze swearwords

at the top floor, a paper-girl tries on black dresses  
her teeth bite the blue,  
scream; window left open...

life rolls over naked avenues  
with a visiting ticket

the nurse comes closer  
I collar her, state I am  
not through yet

II

they covered orange:  
broken, candle holder,  
climbed ladders,  
loose living-room socks  
hanging  
warm neck...  
tic-tac! tic-tac!

III

they whisper and nibble and cough  
trapped without oxygen masks

silence crumbles,  
cars move in the same direction,  
well dressed;  
my funeral goes ahead

#### LIVE FOR TODAY

I am trying to read about death  
and our attitudes to it; to listen  
to the radio discussing a musician  
whose name I haven't heard yet.  
It's impossible to juggle and balance  
any more: life is too complicated  
and I enjoy too much. Music, books,  
art and film – I want to see and listen  
to them all. The music on my radio  
repeats and changes, changes  
and repeats, chimes into Sunday.

It's Monday and the pianist plays on.  
I don't want to move, don't want to  
live here, need to go right away;  
any day is as good as any other day  
for dreaming and planning my escape.  
Life's too short and we trap ourselves  
with money, houses, things. I have  
little to my name, am caught in  
revision and reworking of the same.  
Today is shot to pieces and time

is running backwards, standing still.

### **Punctus Contra Punctum**

From time to time,  
we stand between  
a wolf and a dog. We germinate  
inside tightly zipped handbags  
falling into a moment of muteness.

We are expected to root  
given the choice of death.

A step closer, a level higher  
in a battery operated game:

nobody comes in  
without prior agreement.

The recoiled bows springs out  
unleashed by a howl.

At a steady pace  
we catch a moving train.