

THE EDGE

'noting all the built-in mustn'ts herein laid
no system to these days'

– Clark Coolidge, 'Stayed'

Understatement. No system at all,
just terminal drift and desperation,
abandoned emails and some books
I cannot focus on. Mixing colours
is about as far as I can go, words
are elusive, whether I try to read
or write. Luke says caffeine highs
are a form of extreme zen, but
coffee just gives me a headache,
Greek yoghurt has turned sour
in my stomach, another empty
day yawns ahead. I'm bored
and am not that kind of guy,
but the slow movement of time
we are forced to endure, my
one walk a day, too many beers
and Facetime conversations
become a repetitive blur that
hardly starts to occupy me
or fill the days. 'How lovely
to have the time to paint',
'How's the writing going?'
It's not, it's an interlude,
an interruption, an unseen
problem designed to test
us all and push me over.

© Rupert M Loydell