

## SHORTWAVE RUINS

Warm drones layered on cold textures  
filled with radio chatter, distorted  
vocals that sound like a whipping wind,  
signals drifting into a place of comfort.

A burned out car lies under my pillow  
as I slowly turn the dial, searching  
for volunteers to patrol these remains,  
all the *ruined* cities of the world.

Potential anomalies on our maps  
indicate a fictional, virtual landscape  
where hoodoos cower in horror,  
shuddering at what might have been.

I come from nowhere and only know  
one language, had problems with speech  
from the start. I have learnt to mistrust  
what is said then abandoned around me

and to watch what I say when others  
are about. Voicing oblivion is what  
we must do, I need to tell you about  
all the things I have not heard or seen.

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