

AN INTEPRETATION BEYOND UNDERSTANDING

We are visibly fading where exposed  
to the sun. I have slapped myself  
in the mouth with my mobile and still  
can't shut up. I like to hear voices

offering an interpretation of the universe  
which is beyond understanding; we have  
exceeded ourselves to no useful purpose,  
given ourselves to an end we're as yet

unfit for. Layers of glass and shades adjust  
and direct the light forever if you've got  
any sense; too much light can damage  
or destroy pigments. Everybody needs

to unbutton, have an uneasy relationship.  
Sometimes I think people make things up,  
especially words. You do the past and present  
as well as the future if you're in the know.

Too much echo, too much up; too much  
echo, too much sound; I would really like  
to hear voices. Measuring the change  
was challenging, the results impressive.

Light can be used to restore the appearance  
of lost colour without touching any of  
the senses. Optical trickery has brought  
five faded masterpieces back to life, an end

we're as yet unfit for. We are visibly fading,  
went downhill fast: too much echo, too much  
light, and I still can't shut out lost colours  
without touching the canvas. I would like

to hear voices but we are sticks and sawdust  
stapled to the canvas, echoes in the dark.  
I think they call it the Golden Section,  
which can't be seen in ordinary light.

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