

A MONSTRUOUS DIGRESSION

In a world not immune from quotation,
art is a background for endless selfies,
a tool for imprinting future memories,
the beginning of something sublime.
No different to rock's stadium shows
or scratched and crackling vinyl
wearing away time's spiral groove.

Strategic intertextuality offers us
the chance to be connected to all
things human and otherworldly.
Audio-foreshadowing feeds us
information before we understand it,
documents experiential mapping,
embraces chaos and nonlinearity

as we turn film into an exhibition
and vice versa. If you have displaced
your working relationship with technology
then imagining spam and miraculous voices
may offer a solution. In this twisted version
of things we must let what will happen
happen, accept there is no hidden content.

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WHAT IS INSIDE

Museo di Palazzo Poggi, Bologna

'The detached eye is a dangerous instrument'
– Bill Viola

Waxworks show us what is inside:
threads of blood and twisted muscles,
organs you can remove and replace,
with scientific instruments next door
evidencing what we now know is wrong.

Anatomical models were a way
to understand what cannot be seen;
the ineffable is found in paintings,
hidden or left to weather on a wall.
No-one ever modelled what we call soul.

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SIDESTEP

Oscillations subside. The noise
we heard has stopped, gulls
screech and scrap over bread,

my afternoon slips away, the
drone of overcast minutes giving
me a headache. I want to drive

to somewhere else, see a film
or art, live music, but distance is
against me, we live too far away.

I try to be content with what
we know and have, but fail,
find only disconnect and dread,

distraction and depression;
have learnt to step around myself
when I get in the way.

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CHILD OF LIGHT

It is warmer away from the water;
the flickering sun does its best
to find a path through the clouds
and persuade me it is spring.

Maps of the area do not show
all the footpaths we walked
during lockdown, nor mark
where animals or strangers live,

paint peels and shadows hide.
My default mood is melancholy,

my favourite time is sleep. If you
walk me home I will kiss you

goodbye, gathering love and light.
The dream is gone, I do not want
to live here any more. The sky
is dark, time is stretched too thin.

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