

NIGHTTIME IN THE SPASM OF A MUSCLE

'it will be a wonderful surprise...'

– Mike Ferguson

Restless iteration and sleepwalking
do not soft footfall make. Transcend
the unsung lumber of everyday and
waking is estranged from body, mind
and the sensorial mapping of morning.

The time between sunset and sunrise
is also time between dusk and dawn,
the point of contact with dreams
when old age enters the body. Skin
sloughs as memory exits and escapes.

I abandon the idea of being human.
Flung clear of day, transactions occur:
intelligible words for nameless fear,
vigour for pain, arthritis in any joint
you care to name. Held together by

language, children and ambition,
we fight to combat helplessness,
find our place in the world, even as
friends and colleagues leave, migrate
towards uncertain burial or flames.

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