JUST THIS SIDE OF PRAYER  
  
Nobody wants to claim ownership   
of something so unclear, although   
there's sometimes science involved.  
  
Diminished hope and reversed thunder;  
complicit in the institution of doubt,  
we continue to orbit a different source.  
  
Even a few of our keenest apologists   
are starting to move to the dark side  
of information technology and doubt.  
  
  
 Rupert M Loydell  
  
  
  
  
  
COLLAPSED SENSES  
  
Windows propped open to mist that tastes of salt.   
It is always a shock to the body, the way autumn   
arrives one summer night like an old friend.  
  
Winter will be next, scavenging for food  
in a poorly secured lunchbox. Persons unknown  
are recently departed, a door swings on its hinges.  
  
Nights are floodlit by stars as it turns cold  
and I am looking for possible exit strategies,  
dreaming of sunshine and a paradise breeze.  
  
  
 Rupert M Loydell  
  
  
  
  
  
DRIVING AWAY FROM HOME  
  
Private gardens, life far removed:  
walled gardens and woodland walks  
the buffer. I get lost in landscapes  
without hills and memories, do not  
want my phone to track me down  
or find me, nor tell me where to go.  
  
Yesterday we said goodbye, today  
we say goodbye again and make   
our way back home. It is always  
a long way, longer now you are   
not here to wave to us as we   
drive off into the distance.  
  
  
 Rupert M Loydell  
  
  
  
  
  
EXIT SONG  
  
Thunder in the ambient mix  
and gulls crash landing  
on the studio roof for bread.  
  
Hard to know what to say,  
better to say nothing at all.  
Everyone's private despair   
  
gets in the way of conversation.  
Synthesizers swell as sun arrives  
and the idea of home disappears.  
  
  
 Rupert M Loydell

HALL OF MIRRORS  
  
'They find no utopia there'  
  
in the process of optimism  
music came to visit  
 (rewind)  
  
local customs   
indistinct characters  
(final final edit)  
  
and a collaged baritone  
(phrase unclear)  
 (applause)  
  
  
Rupert M Loydell

SACRED SONG  
  
I am totally caught up in the music on my radio:  
songs sung by a choir, mesmeric and ghostly,   
hallowed even, this close to midnight.  
  
The announcer says it is Holy Week,   
but my daughter complains it is 'not very nice'.   
It is time to surrender, turn off and go to sleep.  
  
  
 Rupert M Loydell  
  
  
  
  
  
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