

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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