

from THE GEOMETRIC KINGDOM

Rupert Loydell & Maria Stadnicka

THE RUIN OF HERE

'the future is a monotonous instrument'
– Frances Picabia, 'Blind Man's Bluff'

But we still want to get there,
try to climb the stairs too early,
reach the lighted birds, escape
the ruined castles of our lives.

It looks as though they are flying
but it is only projected shadows
on the bare stone walls. It seems
there is a way out but there isn't:

these earth steps will crumble,
turn the power off and the light
will fade. We are not suited
to the dereliction of today.

Visiting Hours

I
they no longer
drink tea, listen, squeeze swearwords

at the top floor, a paper-girl tries on black dresses
her teeth bite the blue,
scream; window left open...

life rolls over naked avenues
with a visiting ticket

the nurse comes closer
I collar her, state I am
not through yet

II

they covered orange:
broken, candle holder,
climbed ladders,
loose living-room socks
hanging
warm neck...
tic-tac! tic-tac!

III

they whisper and nibble and cough
trapped without oxygen masks

silence crumbles,
cars move in the same direction,
well dressed;
my funeral goes ahead

LIVE FOR TODAY

I am trying to read about death
and our attitudes to it; to listen
to the radio discussing a musician
whose name I haven't heard yet.
It's impossible to juggle and balance
any more: life is too complicated
and I enjoy too much. Music, books,
art and film – I want to see and listen
to them all. The music on my radio
repeats and changes, changes
and repeats, chimes into Sunday.

It's Monday and the pianist plays on.
I don't want to move, don't want to
live here, need to go right away;
any day is as good as any other day
for dreaming and planning my escape.
Life's too short and we trap ourselves
with money, houses, things. I have
little to my name, am caught in
revision and reworking of the same.
Today is shot to pieces and time

is running backwards, standing still.

Punctus Contra Punctum

From time to time,
we stand between
a wolf and a dog. We germinate
inside tightly zipped handbags
falling into a moment of muteness.

We are expected to root
given the choice of death.

A step closer, a level higher
in a battery operated game:

nobody comes in
without prior agreement.

The recoiled bows springs out
unleashed by a howl.

At a steady pace
we catch a moving train.