

## BETWEEN REVOLUTION AND EXILE

Although it's difficult to see the hills  
beyond the towers, anyone can borrow  
a bicycle and attempt to leave. Between  
gestalt and empathy lie cultural remains,  
secreted in various grottoes created as  
a result of vigorous urban renewal.

Buy a ticket, advance yourself a loan,  
and give yourself a holiday in the past,  
remembering that meaning remains open  
to interpretation and must be extracted  
by those who are indifferent or might be  
vulnerable to collage and democratic song.

Life is confusing for those conflicted by  
or unresponsive to the experience of war.  
Between technology and abstract forms,  
entropy dictates disintegration, often  
becomes actual: the Cathedral of Misery  
has no shortage of worshippers, although

it is a rickety monument to volatile self,  
intentionally kitschy and stuffed with  
sublimated souls eager to take charge  
and make things worse. But the wind  
of zeitgeist is in our pockets and  
mimetic acerbation fills the sails

as we make our way across the spectrum  
of the avant-garde. It is not far from  
indifference to interwar modernism,  
impoverished exile to flea-market life.  
If you oscillate between guns and art  
you end up with a version of dissent.

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