

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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