

PHANTOM LIMB

Let us offer a curt rejoinder
to the reframing of magic
and outsider art, instead turn
back to constantly changing
air currents, winds and tides
and rain. Neither weather
or enchantment comfort me
and neither does disease.

The radical undoing of structure
is at the heart of many projects
that embrace post-humanism
in culturally disturbed states.
Try any long-distance romance
and childhood summers return,
along with your forgotten lies.
Do not expect forgiveness

any time soon, I continue to
feel sensation in places that
no longer exist. You have to
understand I am not crazy
but have always excelled
in social commodification,
where growth is stunted
and nothing flourishes

apart from implausible ideas
and back row snide. We can't
fulfil our destiny without pain
and grace, need solutions to
deal with the mind behind
what keeps us awake at night,
the violent pendulum swings
inside our decaying house.

MORAL SOUNDTRACK

Why do we draw triangles,
create art
or keep on writing poetry?
I forget.
It might be personal release
or a way

to let ourselves be heard,
might be
making sense of the world
or non-sense,
self-referential composition
or habit.
All we do is process text,
produce patterns
without logical concerns
for what
is said or can be inferred.
It may be
the more you pinpoint
emotion
the more it becomes
absent.
Your brain should be asked
to work hard,
listen to sound, look at words
on the page
or passing signs, make its own
connections
to others waiting on the platform,
those angry
at the wait or who have lost
their luggage.
The pursuit of self-esteem
only leads
to tyranny over the mind of man;
corrupted
metaphors and energies expended,
privileges
withdrawn. Consider the world
transformed,
song as both balm and cure.

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