

## IMPOSSIBLE DELAYS

(Relentless Irrational Remix)

'Poems from poems, songs  
from songs, paintings from paintings,  
always this friendly  
impregnation'

– Adam Zagajewski, 'River'

I have never felt the threat of poverty  
or resisted incoherence. It is all talk  
and communal provocation, all the same  
but different, a swerve of understanding  
so we accommodate impossible delays,  
endless understanding and cancellations.

If you refuse to use the magical recipe  
and flee Paradise, then good luck with  
the struggle. I've never had much money  
but it is too late for tears or gratuitous  
introductions. I defer to tramps, barmaids  
and utopians, arrange my words by rules

of my own invention, all borrowed from  
transcendence or folklore. No more baubles  
or autobiographical squibs, no procedures  
which don't assist us to respond to human  
experience. We need to know what we are  
crying for, it is a joy to be incommunicado

and forget the things I can't forget. There's  
little to be lost by discarding what we seek:  
unknowable truths and conspiratorial webs.  
Disreputable fictions are beaten and tortured  
as the future performs its vital operations  
without any fuss or lasting repercussions.

© 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

#### REINVENTING THE WHEEL

I never developed conversational skills,  
which explains a lot about my memoirs.  
They have an exaggerated sense of scale,  
gradually became encrusted with fiction.

Mistranslation means miscommunication,  
which means I often misunderstand,  
end up mapping hedgehogs in the garden  
or teaching neighbours to suck eggs.

I have learnt to drive several times  
and can fall off my bike as easily as  
limping to the doctor's or attracting  
the attention of a lifeguard at the pool.

It is all so suburban and manageable.  
I emerge from hibernation every Spring  
and start work immediately: bike tyres  
to be pumped up, guttering to clear,

windows to be cleaned. Soon, I will  
rescue the garden chairs from the shed  
and get to know the sky again. Our cat  
is seldom amused, rarely deigns to be

sociable, especially late at night.  
If I am good I may get to sleep inside,  
if not I go for long walks and acquaint  
myself with myself, have a good chat

and listen to tomorrow silently arrive  
before we finish talking for the night.

One day I will reinvent the wheel,  
circle the square, and then depart.

© Rupert M Loydell

#### CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

Language migrates into dregs of being  
as the postman puts a letter through our door.

Cut open, it spills selected art reviews  
and new poems onto the dining table:

sometimes you discover more than  
I thought I'd said, sometimes you

miss the point. I will write a letter  
all over again, it is like going into fog

and wondering what I've confessed,  
is about chemistry and shadows,

cuttings filed in appropriate books,  
and the mixing-up of stuff. If you can

sidestep the life of Riley, words  
may then arrive from out of the dark

and say hello. My theory is that poets  
but not poems have always existed,

that the distance between stars  
is no more than wishful thinking,

a desire for conversation and new vistas,  
the only place for our dismantled dreams.

© Rupert M Loydell