A MAP TO GET LOST BY

I have been sleeping with books
because I am in post-op recovery
and my house is full of pain.

When I wake up, words ask me
how I slept and then suggest a
story I might like. I have read

about Ezra Pound and fine art,
David Bowie's final years, and
letters from Venice to a friend.

It is easier than reality, trying
to unfeel hurt, forget stitches
and bloody dressings, escape

from fatal car crash lives and
near misses, the inner workings
of other minds. My attention

has been lost or misdirected,
perhaps was never there.
Is this crisis in care or a way

to rejuvenate Western aesthetics
and subvert political culture?
*Seems nobody knows I'm here.*
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