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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THE LAST OF US  
  
Did we ever think we'd make it to 2023?   
The incomprehensible future was just that,  
incomprehensible, but here we are anyway.  
  
Well, you're not, but the rest of us are,   
give or take new joints, our missing hair,  
illnesses and attitudes, how we've all  
  
moved away, apart. Our lives unravelled  
from each other's, we all live elsewhere,  
with partners not girlfriends, speak on  
  
the phone, if at all, and try to stay in  
touch. We manage odd visits, snatch  
a drink or meal when in town, send   
  
recommendations of books and records   
others might like, emails we don't read.  
I do not want to be the last of us alive.  
  
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INFORMATION DUST  
  
'I scatter my selves across poems.'  
 – Josh Bell  
  
Gridlock. Everyone tried to arrive  
and watch take off but something   
went seriously wrong. No satellites  
found orbit and the debris burnt up   
before re-entry occurred. There will   
be another attempt and the chance   
of a ghost in future years to come.   
  
Everyone had a last minute change   
of heart but was unaware of why   
their moment in the sun was gone   
or why the rocket failed. The launch   
was going so well until the narrator   
told us it had all exploded in space.  
I sense a moment gone, any idea  
  
of coherence and going-to-plan is   
make-believe, something to aim at  
rather than hit. Desired success only  
leads to failure and misunderstanding,  
beauty is disposable: throw it away   
today and pick up more tomorrow.  
No-one is available for comment.  
  
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