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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