NOT A POEM BUT A STILL GLASS OF WATER

 writing to you i should be going to the library
 now soon am going to the library

 this will all be over will all be over in weeks
 then i'll be unhinged any advice?

 in the forefront of our mind enjoy the day
 today it is clouds watching people cycle past

 there is cryptic in a good way and cryptic
 that some sensible no one understands

 i should have trusted made those changes
read it and left it read it left it to go mouldy

 think the poem is nonsensical enough
speaking into an endless void just blah blah blah

 am sat at clouds am not fully happy not a poem
 i sort of meant eventually will write more

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ALPHABET

 as if i am learning a new language
 i've not quite got the hang of where to stick the verb
 or the pronoun be myself

 i'm not quite ready everyone rearranges my words
 it seems i have the correct words all in the wrong order
 here is the great pretender alive or dead

 my dodgy friends know everything almost
 i am not a poet am a closed book
 perhaps i will meet the creature behind the disguise

 the book is a cave i do not want like time
 closed books caves i do not want to enter
 what lurks in the dark will never come back out

 i have not yet done the thing of letting the words
 know everything about everyone
 let's rearrange the words and also the pigeons

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