

## 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

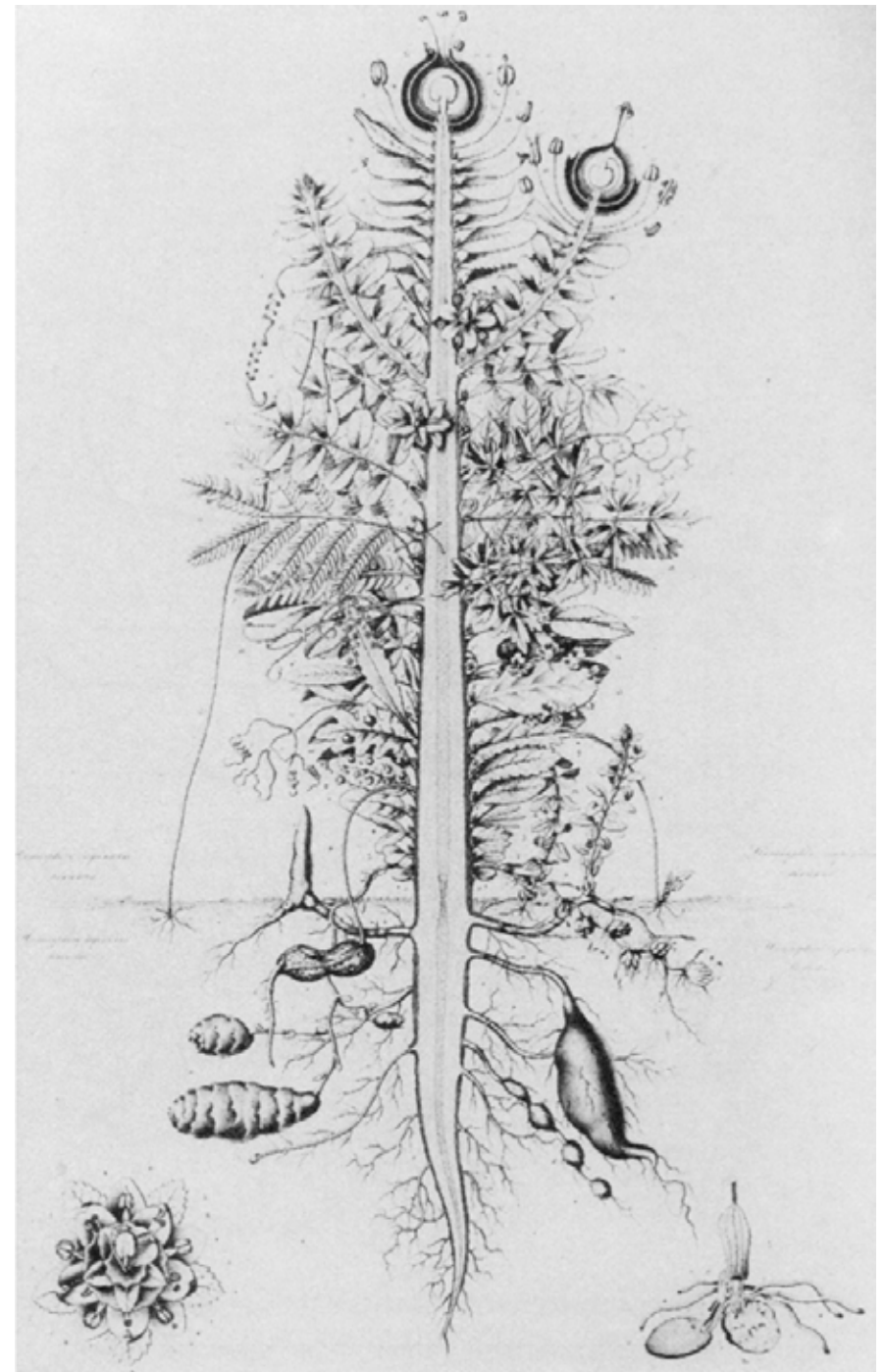
there is cryptic in a good way and cryptic  
that some sensible no one understands

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

Rupert M Loydell



*Depiction of the original plant*, woodcut by Pierre Jean François Turpin, 1837, based on Goethe's idea of Die Urpflanze