**Three from Rupert Loydell**

**IMPENDING DOOM**

Tea or perhaps go buy a kite
and stand for weeks until
my body eats itself so that
I am light enough to be.

Need fizz and sugar, alcohol,
to supplement my learning,
instead eat brown banana,
draw anatomical pictures,

pretend that I don’t wish
to be elsewhere. Maybe
I will go someplace and
start a murderous cult.

Is your day sunny and
running away from you?
My world is ending but
I am not surrendering

to anyone, just holding
the handle of self-control,
reading a poem about me
I did not know you wrote.

**FOUND AND ENABLED**

She likes the fact her emails
end up in my poems, sense
disrupted, words disordered,
taken out of context; likes

that all the poets she knows
take their coffee black, aren’t
intellectual, but happy to help
dissect reality and pay the bill.

It’s easy to underestimate
how comedy and satire remain
enmeshed in the controversy
of our endlessly awkward lives.

Irony was hardly an invention
of the postmodern though;
most informal investigations
are consummately poetical.

Because of patient dissection
we now know it is as likely that
our work will be met with boos
as with cheers and wild applause

and that duration alone produces
a distinctly physical experience.
Even in a clean room full of quiet
you cannot escape from yourself.

**BLOSSOM HIBBERT IS NOT YOUR FRIEND**

Could she be a 21st century Selima Hill?
I certainly hope not, one is enough.
As invasive as Japanese knotweed,
as knotty as a peacekeeping mission
she is a bright sounding sustained note.

Blossom Hibbert is not your friend
but she might be Charlie Baylis,
Martin Stannard or Alan at Leafe Press;
a fig marmalade of their imagination,
each busy in multiple dimensions.

If you swap O’Hara’s coke for a bathtub
you end up with a clean stomach. If
you seek a puerile thrill in silliness,
strange pictures of seagulls, toilets
and washing machines, she’s your girl.

Blossom Hibbert is not your friend.
Her profound sense of tenderness,
jumbled together with the excitement
of being in in the modern world
comes with accompanying scribbles.

“It is too late for yesterday to begin.”