**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.”