PLEASURE TO BE GONE

It's a pleasure to be gone,
swept away in the night
by armed police with dogs
and vans, their weapons out.

Nobody can save me now,
I liked being there but
now I prefer being here,
though I'm not sure where

that is. I am too far away
to be close to you, too
near to what's happened
to know or understand.

Friends tell me that I'm lost
because I've gone missing
but there is no time to lose:
it's a pleasure to be gone.

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