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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