BEDTIME READING  
  
A hardback about mystics and  
a guidebook to Hell share space  
on the carpet beside my bed.  
Poetry books are all around,  
my favourite writers revisited,  
  
new ones investigated, discarded  
or ignored. Words don't go away  
and somehow I must make sense   
of them: sculptural manifestos,  
songs of love, despair, dubious  
  
lyrics and reports from war zones  
we've forgotten, blurred together.  
Information waits to be excavated:  
bookmarks in what I want to read,  
have made a start on or piled up.  
  
There is no map of Hell, it is just  
a collection of stories about what  
goes on there, in contrast to the  
delights of being human, watching  
dust and language drift and settle.  
  
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