THE SECRET HEMISPHERE

‘Dismiss this fantasy in favor of our startled shade.’  
   – Elizabeth Willis, ‘Primeval Islands’  
  
Dark ops, however, usually refers to a much wider strategy  
of checking anyone for something so as to not miss anything.   
  
Let’s order a migraine cocktail, let’s do antibiotics in case of   
possible bubbles and swarms. Organic manifestations of liquid,   
  
a squirming abundance of squelching lifeforms, confirm there is   
no atlas for the constellations, only something like a star chart.  
  
Navigate by that for now, you’ll get somewhere eventually,  
new places teeming with previously documented conjecture.  
  
We remain scared of music and language, prefer unclear   
diagnosis to any aggressive or strict forms of leadership,  
  
regard eternal change, self-discovery and new science fiction  
as fortune cookie wisdom; both the voyage and destination   
  
seem deep. Same goes for seemingly brave and edgy jazz,  
those hypothetical laments for musical attacks and conquests  
  
which once threatened to invade the city with new sounds.   
Orchestrated, it became completely ineffectual for launching   
  
an offensive, instead gave way to the sociologically inevitable:  
pretensions of substance with empty space and empty forms,  
  
ultimately irrelevant window dressing, dreams of a new genre,  
a rejection of transcendence, let alone the secret of salvation.  
  
Coincidence gave birth to the book which isn’t about specifics   
but exists to challenge world security and repudiate all power.  
  
  
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