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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