I'M NEVER YOU, YOU'RE NEVER ME  
  
She is travelling the world, cigarette in hand,  
unsure where she will be sleeping next or who   
she might be sleeping with, knows there will be  
coffee and light reflecting on the sea, that it is  
warmer there than here. Everything’s up for grabs  
and she will grab it if she can, cigarette in hand,  
iPhone or ice cream in the other, leaving photos  
sprinkled across several social media accounts  
along with poems, stories, notes and thoughts  
she might one day edit into shape. Possibly.

She prefers to write words down as they arrive,  
to let them speak for themselves, likes the fact  
she is always passing through, knows very few  
of her email friends. No-one believes she’s real  
or has met her, she is poetic invention, smoke  
in the air, a literary ghost, the reincarnation   
of a writer we have not read but possessively   
cling to, namedrop. We imagine we could be   
like her, sunburnt and free, cigarette in hand.  
She is travelling the world, unsure who to be.

Rupert Loydell