**A CONFUSION OF LIVING**

'When the mind's an empty moon

The clear days come.'

– Wendell Berry, 'The Clear Days'

**Low Life**

squatting and hanging out

leave you feeling dirty

anger beginning to bite

**Ideas of Time & Space**

not only misguided but pretentious

a new symbolic object

no matter what the meaning

**Absence**

the body closed off from others

a series of particularly personal letters

she began to weep hysterically

**The Word Memory**

waymarkers in a cognitive map

pulled taut and stretched indefinitely

closed spaces populated by nomads

**A Single Context**

growing up on the future

we sat defiantly in our cars

all of the words spoken

**The Picture Begins to Cohere**

the real interpreter of experience

might be god overshadowed

look me straight in the eye

**The Active Imagination**

a time of dramatic tension

pinpricks of light in a patch of darkness

nature is not so mechanistic

**Clear and Bright**

the popular response

idle and luxurious irrelevances

a more tender voice

**Scrutinise the Darkness**

establishing a protective distance

reconstruction of the cityscape

hard work but revelatory

**Define the Terms of the Contract**

watching a story being told

absorbing even echoes of narrative

forcing myself towards the use of images

**Automatic Landing System**

forgiven for feeling powerful

instinctively nervous about

like a double negative

**Burned Papers**

our story is becoming lost

a muttered construction of doubt

we must be confident in our path

**My Own History**

the black square to the left

and the black painting hung next to it

are different from each other

**Without Some Sense**

the journey to understanding  
seemingly impossible

how far away the ends of the earth

**Indeterminate Form**

the past can be fully intelligible

scooping up water with a spoon

bringing us all into harbour

**The Difference Between Images**

it is about retention

seeds of new memories

things we have never seen

**Basic Gestures**

witness the destruction

they can do nothing

have to be restrained

**A Problem to be Solved**

thrown out of the museum

an element of wonder

from the moment she awoke

**Voices Punctuated by Whispers**

a painfully unsettled score

faces that passed through our lives

compared with the purity of silence

**Empty Deliverance**

our future has been stolen

stand above the past

carve an aesthetic of insurrection

**Fun to be Alive**

a magic lantern show

can’t remember how it happened

nor the place it was

**New Megastructure**

evacuated and bombed out

we roamed the streets

jittery with anticipation

**Plotting in Earnest**

chalked across the ceiling

every word has meaning

you have to say it for others

**Word of Mouth**

on the other side of the world

things going on all the time

people hear stories

**Illegal Occupation**

a confusion of living

lost myself there

avoiding my reflection

**Dangerous Chemical Reactions**

the last link in a chain

a trick done with mirrors

the sun itself ablaze

**The Return**

not only the backdrop but foreground

opportunities taken and missed

a retreat into fantasy land

**Know Your Limits**

lured by curiosity and desire

the hollow construction of love

little wounds are the most painful

**Signifiers of Decay**

chalk dust on my fingertips

symbols painted on broken windows

prayers before childhood meals

**Crackly Language**

a machine renewed

sermons about the state of the world

never learnt when to shut up

© Rupert M Loydell