ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD

Imaginary friends are leaving us

and it's about time. Let new love

start and the city deconstruct

itself before evolution begins.

The architect of ruins has quite

a job, with a pay packet to match,

but he is a two-headed snake

and you should avoid listening to

his hollow lectures and preambles.

From here to there and then on

to everywhere, there is no time

or way to assure our future.

You say that angels weep in heaven

and that we can awaken elsewhere

in golden light and rainbows,

but shadow voices suggest otherwise:

there is no far away and you cannot

carry me to safety or change

what we have become: adrift, bereft,

in need of salvation and song.

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