POEM WITH LINES STOLEN FROM PETER DENT

They're building new futures over what I saw as mine,

territorial claims involving self-pity and a quiet life,

events foreshadowed by imaginings and shouted warnings.

Self-medication was nothing, a world walking endlessly

towards more of the same, seasons going out of fashion

as dreams swing this way and that. It's no wonder

things don't change, they're not worth second opinions.

I was surrealist before that school opened its doors;

put it down to time travel and synchronicity.

Unless I speak don't join in. Existence is nothing,

do not dream me up. It's not a question of belief,

more about millions of words spoken in dismay.

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