

BEFORE IT STARTS TO RAIN

Let me say this, before it starts
to rain: I have a fear of mirrors,
am afloat in a lake of distortion.

I know how strange this sounds
but I am a master of destruction
and music is how I avoid

the cartoon madness I draw
for myself. The flickering images
will not go away, torn pictures

are scattered on the floor until
a time when I will sellotape them
back together, a present for myself,

an aid to regret and self-forgiveness.
The elephant in the room
has taken control of the stereo,

and I am inclined now to silence.
We are all in the same boat,
which we are using as an umbrella

because there is no wind. In fact
nothing floats my boat any more
and I have seen this all before.

I know every secret I ever made,
the then and now is gone, inertia
creeps towards the forgotten answer.

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