

TALKING TO THE DEAD

It's a year or more now. I remember
you knew Mike Scott from Findhorn
and I'm listening to his albums now,
caught up in the vague spirituality
of his songs, visions and signs
that evaporate as the music fades.

We used to argue about your poetry,
how you had a pick'n'mix philosophy,
plucked ideas and rituals from wherever,
as long as they didn't hurt, demand
obedience or have rules. You didn't like
the idea of service or sacrifice,

were more a being-one-with-the-universe
kind of guy, a smiling man who drank
from the well of happiness and thought
everyone could write or cure themselves
with their own words, especially if
they'd paid for you to be involved.

That's harsh and cruel but you did
attract the needy, confused therapy
with poetry, creative urge with editing
and form. I shouldn't speak ill of the dead
but your religious poetics didn't suit
the publishing world you aspired to.

I prefer to remember you as a person,
loving and engaged, rarely the bringer
of personal revolution or a prophet
improvising banal lyrics on the beach,
creator of new epic myths. I miss you,
my foolish prophet, poet and friend.

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