

FAKE BRAIN MAPS

Small electrical fragments, found in the street,
do not rewire my thoughts. Optical trickery
has brought five faded masterpieces back
to life, but does not make my daily routine
any easier. If you believe what Peter says
the past has been rewritten according to
fugitive and rather lovely principles.
It took a month for the inks to dry
and the scan to be processed but I was
signed off in the end. All clear! Or not so
clear: I can't see where the tumour isn't,
nor where the probes went in. Angels
and devils stay in orbit and out of reach,
all that heaven allows is hot chocolate
and a singsong. Faith is just a sound
in the night, the same rituals re-enacted
time and time again; radio voices mutter
as you play with random images onscreen.
Something has gone horribly wrong,
this story is made up, there is nothing
wrong with me at all; I am merely riding
a wave of discontent and hoping for
better things to come. Editing isn't
an option: compare the restored photos
with the faded paintings on the wall.

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