



AN INTEPRETATION BEYOND UNDERSTANDING

We are visibly fading where exposed
to the sun. I have slapped myself
in the mouth with my mobile and still
can't shut up. I like to hear voices

offering an interpretation of the universe
which is beyond understanding; we have
exceeded ourselves to no useful purpose,
given ourselves to an end we're as yet

unfit for. Layers of glass and shades adjust
and direct the light forever if you've got
any sense; too much light can damage
or destroy pigments. Everybody needs

to unbutton, have an uneasy relationship.
Sometimes I think people make things up,
especially words. You do the past and present
as well as the future if you're in the know.

Too much echo, too much up; too much
echo, too much sound; I would really like
to hear voices. Measuring the change
was challenging, the results impressive.

Light can be used to restore the appearance
of lost colour without touching any of
the senses. Optical trickery has brought
five faded masterpieces back to life, an end

we're as yet unfit for. We are visibly fading,
went downhill fast: too much echo, too much
light, and I still can't shut out lost colours
without touching the canvas. I would like

to hear voices but we are sticks and sawdust
stapled to the canvas, echoes in the dark.
I think they call it the Golden Section,
which can't be seen in ordinary light.

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