ASSIGNMENT

Sudden thunder prompts

realigned associations

with islands of light

across shadowy creek.

Real time assignation

leads to twilight demise

and slow walk home,

curlews calling out.

It's hard loving here

during winter's grip,

darkness mirroring

resented adoration.

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RANDOM DRUM, LOUD SUSTAIN

In cloud cuckoo land everything's ok.

Water flows, food grows itself, Spring

arrives early and evenings are always

warm and light. It is never winter and

nobody outstays their welcome when

they visit. Cards cannot lie because

they have no intent or voice, are only

cards, newly delivered in a nice box.

Turn them over and think about what

they say: *Silence*, *Pause*, *Melody*, *Rise.*

What seemed so important on the way

over is just plastic junk as I walk back.

We live in chaos, nothing makes sense,

and using prompts does not really help

finish my paintings or poems. I have

run out of friends to email for ideas;

this is just one suggested way to use

inspiring words or phrases, each of us

will find our own. Take note, choose

and then react: *Divide*, *Forever*, *Pause*.

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SELF-CONSCIOUS

for/from Lawrence

A mystery with no solution

transcribes definitions on to skin

whose bruising has expanded.

Salvaged clocks from mapped stations

and rusty enamel signs remind me that

not just the route but memory is lost.

Without aim or target destination,

narrative has become nonsense,

a texture in the weave of language,

histories which never happened,

heritage plaques in wooded fields.

Loss of speech and creep of damp:

you speak in riddles and cannot

say what is already written down,

fail to fill in any of the blanks.

Time and the future go their own way;

growing trees don’t answer back.

Do not call me until tomorrow ends.

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REVOLUTION

Garlic flavoured Bakewell tart,

meaty icing with a cherry on top,

abstract paintings on the wall:

several bold colours of dissent

Gestures and pour become capital

although it wasn't him on the train,

just looked like it from behind.

White sun low over silhouetted hill

(retinal burn if you look direct) and

British Rail snacks as the evening

begins. If you aspire to rebellion

you will be neutered, if you don't

you are as bad as them, maybe worse.

The anarchist poet left a wife behind

as well as his ex-lover, although she

does not wish to offend. Screw this

complicity, this tepid beer, the very

tiredness of being. There must be time

to start the revolution and become

active again; must be cheaper drink

available and a quicker way home.

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