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.

© Rupert M Loydell

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.

© Rupert M Loydell