

RUPERT LOYDELL

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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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.