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THE SECRET LIFE OF A WINTER ANGEL

The old man of winter reaches for immortality.
His name is a colloquialism for the winter season
derived from ancient mythology. Transformed

into a modern adaptation, he rides upon icy winds
with a lengthening shadow, explores the aging process
and presents darkness as a comfort rather than a fear.

A blue vector explorer, he milks the sky of cobalt,
recreation and adventure as I proclaim: *He's a comin'*
he's a comin', on a cold and frosty morning. I chant,

sing notes only dogs and my secret demon can hear,
am the original angel who fell and fell. I offer you
my free song of the month: *girl singing, singing,*

singing, and am renowned for quick response time,
excellent communication and warm winter clothes.
Lost heaven is never further than a breath away.

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PROVISIONAL PSALM

Down by the creek we remember the lost:
those who have died, those who have been
carried away by families or removal vans.

I saw David earlier in the Spar, wasn't sure
whether he recognised me or not, but he was
happy to chat without making much sense.

The radio is discussing migration, suggesting
we are all on journeys to elsewhere, that home
is always provisional. Why don't you ever call?

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