A MAP TO GET LOST BY  
  
I have been sleeping with books  
because I am in post-op recovery  
and my house is full of pain.  
  
When I wake up, words ask me  
how I slept and then suggest a  
story I might like. I have read  
  
about Ezra Pound and fine art,   
David Bowie's final years, and  
letters from Venice to a friend.  
  
It is easier than reality, trying   
to unfeel hurt, forget stitches   
and bloody dressings, escape  
  
from fatal car crash lives and  
near misses, the inner workings  
of other minds. My attention   
  
has been lost or misdirected,   
perhaps was never there.  
Is this crisis in care or a way   
  
to rejuvenate Western aesthetics   
and subvert political culture?  
*Seems nobody knows I'm here.*  
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