NOT A POEM BUT A STILL GLASS OF WATER  
  
 writing to you i should be going to the library   
 now soon am going to the library   
  
 this will all be over will all be over in weeks  
 then i'll be unhinged any advice?  
  
 in the forefront of our mind enjoy the day  
 today it is clouds watching people cycle past  
  
 there is cryptic in a good way and cryptic   
 that some sensible no one understands   
  
 i should have trusted made those changes  
read it and left it read it left it to go mouldy   
  
 think the poem is nonsensical enough   
speaking into an endless void just blah blah blah  
  
 am sat at clouds am not fully happy not a poem  
 i sort of meant eventually will write more  
  
  
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ALPHABET  
  
 as if i am learning a new language   
 i've not quite got the hang of where to stick the verb  
 or the pronoun be myself  
  
 i'm not quite ready everyone rearranges my words  
 it seems i have the correct words all in the wrong order  
 here is the great pretender alive or dead  
  
 my dodgy friends know everything almost   
 i am not a poet am a closed book  
 perhaps i will meet the creature behind the disguise   
  
 the book is a cave i do not want like time  
 closed books caves i do not want to enter  
 what lurks in the dark will never come back out  
  
 i have not yet done the thing of letting the words  
 know everything about everyone  
 let's rearrange the words and also the pigeons  
  
   
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