

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Listen, I'm not crazy,
I want you to save something

by Sally Handford

Listen, I'm not crazy, I want you to save something
Clare held out her hand
loosely gripped
as if holding something, carefully.

As you do, I cupped my
two hands - to receive
I felt a soft weight
fall into them

An invisible weight
so light, imperceptible
What is it?
It's my heart!

Your heart, but
it's so light
I can't see it
I see nothing

Isn't a heart
Sort of heart-shaped
Red and glistening
Bloody

This is an invisible heart
All I can feel is the heft of it
like a butterfly,
caught in my hands

You need to be careful
I assure you,
it is my heart
My beautiful heart.

My sad, sad heart,
Please keep it safe
Save it for me
I'm not crazy

With that she left me
standing with my
cupped hands
outstretched.

What do you do with something
you know you have,
but can't see?
What does one do with the heart
of a friend?

How do I keep it safe?
Where do I save it
Her heart of no substance,
Un-material, immaterial?

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My arms ache
Cupped hands tiring,
The sun is going
from the garden
The heart is chilling

I think of a butterfly
Fluttering in my hands
Although, I feel
No flutter from this.

I bend and upturn my hands
onto the white
face of the
Peace rose.

Maybe the heart
will be safe there
Saved from danger, loss, death
Heartbreak

None of us can ever
Truly protect our hearts
I have done my best for
my crazy friend Clare.