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## I Keep a Diary

by Hugh O'Neil

**I keep a diary.** It's written in the memories of others and looks on their faces. Tracks in their minds I have ploughed or etched. Known well they are furrowed. In passing they are touched. Lighter on those I like and heavy, darker on those I have crossed. My diary is floating in time and memory. I've never written a word but lived full sentences, deft paragraphs, or tomes of fraught verse depending on how long relations held us bound.

My diary is written in the eyes of others and perhaps their hand. Probably their curses. I doubt any verses. Depending on them I exist or don't as playing with letters isn't allowed. Time is compressed, pressing the best from us. Days bind me busily chasing reality, while nights find me smashing through reflections. Trapping the time to capture it all is impractical. The market for slain moments is slim. Properly mounted, industry approved, wages might trickle in; just enough for cheap gin and thin tears wept for what little it all amounts to.

Ink I think is the embalming fluid, killing thoughts totally and only then rendering dead my experience. Don't want the blood on my hands. Won't write. Appalled at murdering my moments, I let them grow. Floating out of proportion and never managed, in billowing clouds of unprocessed happenstance these bloom strangely in mind, enriching every experience through vaporous layers of unexamined obscurity. Afflicted with still living instances long since passed, I careen with the past like cataracts fogging my soul.

Fumbling for what's before me, mind full of what's happened, flying blind I hurtle towards what shall be.

Perhaps the diary keeps me.