

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Some of these things

by Victoria Cooper

Some of these things are true and some of them lies.  
Where sepia photos show smiles.  
Were they lies or were they truthing?  
Memories we hold dear are moulded to values we sit upon  
It is shocking when we find them false.  
They can so easily disappear in a conjuror's puff of smoke.  
With a slight remark or a hand wave of dismissal.  
The brown pinafore or the paisley shirt help us slip back in time  
But did these memories ever exist?  
Were they lies we were told to make us believe?

The greatest lies are the ones we tell ourselves of course  
They slip down easy and though they may sit heavy on us for a while  
Soon they need no tonic to take the bitterness away.  
As a child mine were strawberry creams  
The shiny pimpled squares that sat in the chocolate box.  
Clasping the sickly-sweet stickiness, I knew they were saved for me.  
They gave me place.  
They gave me memory.  
But I don't like strawberry creams. I never have.

We lie to our children as soon as they believe us  
Control them with tales we were once told.  
Do we stop and ask ourselves not to?  
Do we burst bubbles with morals and liberalism?  
Stand strong and brave out the ugly truth?  
Of course not, we make sure they swallow it down  
And make up more while we are at it.

When you told me you loved me were you lying?  
Or did you mean it with all of your jagged heart?  
I hope you believed it as much as I did  
For we both know the scarred truth now, don't we?  
Even in this alien world of court rooms  
I stand on oath and swear to a God I do not know.  
I puzzle over whether I am lying or not.  
Does it even matter, I cannot tell.  
So the lies will have to fall where they are  
Stepping stones for us to walk over.