

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

## My Inescapable Self

by Saffron Swansborough

I keep leaving my various selves  
In different rooms, like apparitions  
In vases, hoping no one drinks ghosts any more.  
It is as though small pieces of me  
Are torn rose petals lying on a snowdrift of confetti.

\*

Piles of dust are mounting on  
The snapped bones of the ejector seat  
That parachute's still not breathing  
Two clocks in the room both chime in time,

but

tock

together

tick

not.

can

\*

Splice the room like a shadow

Too dark to find a way out

A drape, held together by mahogany dust and nicotine, parts

Between them, the fear in the eyes of a marble raging horsehead  
bust

Points to the exit.

\*

There are shards of myself under every floorboard.

\*