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Woe is Me

by Sho Botham

I moved through the days like a severed head that finishes a sentence. This is what becomes of us when we are dumped in the bin like an old, tossed salad that's lost its crispness to a degree of limpness that's too far gone, even for family to eat.

Woe is me. I hear this phrase rattling around in my cluttered head, as if, reminding me over and over that my life is no longer desirable. Would they miss me? Would it matter if I were gone? Would anyone care? Would anyone notice?

I moved through the days with limbs so heavy, it was like walking through treacle. With an equally heavy heart, I knew it was time for me to go. For the first time, in I don't know when, I felt a bubble of joy rising at the back of my throat. I felt the corners of my mouth trying to lift upwards to make a very small, smile.

It was news to me when I discovered I was still alive. I didn't understand. I was sure I was dead. It felt like I was dead. If I wasn't dead then I should've been dead. Surely, I didn't mess that up too?

Woe is me. I hear this phrase rattling loudly around my empty head.

Stop it, I shout to myself. Stop it. Stop it.

I move through the days because I've been given a second chance. Is it a second chance? They tell me it is. They tell me I need to find a positive phrase to fill my head. They tell me to enjoy life, to enjoy being alive. It doesn't feel very alive. It doesn't feel very enjoyable. For now, I cannot fulfil my desire.

Time passed and I'd had to accept that we can only die in the future, I thought; right now we are always alive. We are always alive whether we want to be or not.