

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

## Memory

by Karen Akroyd

Memory is the thing you forget with

And I wish I could forget  
Forget and forgive

All those things I got wrong  
Misunderstood  
There's no point in regretting  
Wishing things to be other  
They just are

Surely a Buddhist said that  
Or a Christian, or some such

As I near the end, my memory fades  
Is that good?

Are there things I wish to forget?  
Too painful  
I have no wisdom for you my friend

No silver bullet  
No good advice  
wrapped, and passed to you for contemplation

You probably fucked up, as did I  
As did we all  
There is nothing more to say