

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

What Would I Say

by Martin Bourne

I just found out
An Unexpected clout
Now I'm in a quandary

Hey D N A
mum didn't say
Suppose I weren't meant to be

So what a surprise
Years and years of lies
You had your opportunity

My head is a tumble, my beliefs crumbled
the by-product of an old Christmas fumble
The case is traces of two entangled laces
leaving me a jumble of unknown faces
Did you tell the truth, did dad hit the roof?
was a blood test done to give you the proof?

So how did you live?
Suppose you sieved the fib
Was memory the thing that you forgot with?

Now I just sit and think of your lust
For a man in my past someone of trust
Everybody's dead they've turned into dust
My brother says now don't get fussed

I'm a jigsaw piece in the wrong puzzle box
A combination key that won't unlock the locks
And when you knew you wished me gone
You tried hot baths and gin on a tampon

So where am I now?
What would I say?
If you were alive
And I had my day
Would I forgive
The lie you lived?
Or reflect that
Memory is the thing you forget with