

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Achilles Wong-Side Up

by Mia Sundby

I think I think too much, I think
It's something of a flaw.
Mum is in the kitchen telling me to let it slaugh
Off me, like water sliding over feathers.

I've never worked out how feathers can be waterproof.
I was made for land.

I'm in the mirror telling myself to calm the fuck down,
And I'm trying, I really am, but I can't stop thinking nothing round and round.

I'm tired and trying to be kind,
Crystals,
Showers,
Joggers,
Cups of tea.
Something has to stick, and I have tried it all.

My acupuncturist closes the curtain of the bed, as my tears dry under my mask,
And I tell her I'm fine
And she tells me to meditate.

I try.

But the needles are sharp and invasive, and my skin is soft.
I was made without proofing, I think.

I think that if I were a squalling, screaming child, and if someone had dipped
me in the River Styx,

To paint me immortalised,

I think they dipped me from my toes;
They must have known
The story of a golden warrior dropped in battle by an arrow
To his left foot's throat.
I think they forgot to dip my head, I think
They thought I'd drown.

I think they fucked up; my Achilles is my crown.