

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Erasure

by Fran Duffield

I have to remind myself to breathe
almost to remind my heart to beat
suspended in time, my eyes don't blink,
making the picture is all there is:
I am erased, released from myself

but those pictures I can't escape
are all impossibly wrong,
all the close detail cuts my mind
like fine sawtooth blades
no scrawled rainbow is enough
to erase them

but the year still quietly erases itself,
the seasons ignore our stupidity,
our sorrow, trying to choose
between sobbing, screaming clamour

or a deafening silence
days wind themselves into celtic knots
without beginning or end

It can never be truly erased
I can neither go back, or go forward:
when we walk the same street again
exchanging smiles at the flower market
will never be the same smiles
because we know too much
because we have to remind ourselves to breathe