

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

## How not to disappear

by Janie Reynolds

There was no easy way to say goodbye  
knowing she would not survive the night

and that all this was temporary  
even love  
and heartbreak and sorrow.

But it was *the mending*

*over and over*  
she couldn't do anymore

her fingers trying to halt the spokes of an  
overwhelming wheel  
powered by her own footsteps.

And even now as a body  
lodged between the trunks of two trees  
she redirected the tide

and just having a corpse  
tore the hearts and souls apart of those who loved her

and none of them would know of the tears  
she'd cried into the river as she drowned

she'd been an empath  
unfit for this violent life

and the choking fumes  
of her burning ancestors

but unfit, too, for the pain  
she knew she had caused

she would have turned her face in shame  
but she was just a heavy head

and as they scooped her body out  
she realised

this was only the beginning