

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

## My Meat May Be Useful

by Mia Sundby

one of these days, I shall leave.  
it may be tomorrow, a sudden reprieve;  
if I stick a fork in the toaster to wrestle with god  
    --or maybe it was to wrestle with bread?--  
    if I walk into a bonnet with teeth made of wheels,  
    to a soundtrack of how a complete stranger feels.  
it may be next week, if I tight-rope with darkness,  
underestimating the cruelty that some men can harness.  
    it may be next year, as some plague coats my lungs,  
    a new form of crisis, my body undone.  
    it may be next century, with hands holding mine,  
    or maybe alone, in a chair, coloured lime.  
but one of these days, I shall have to go.  
i'd rather not, but I'd rather you know  
    that I meant what I said, except the bits that I didn't,  
    i loved and I hated, except what I couldn't.  
    i'd like you to know that I did my utmost;  
    i tried to be good, I tried not to boast,  
        i tried to be kind, I tried to be firm,  
        i tried to be open and i tried to learn.  
one of these days, I will have to pass.  
it makes you think, doesn't it --what will outlast;  
    out of all the days where I sat on a couch,  
        or slept in, or felt sorry, or sobbed in a crouch.  
all the days where I shone, where I laughed and I knew  
that none of it matters, and all of it too.

a story can end one of two ways;  
artfully or truthfully, comes end of

days.

i'd like to think that when my time gets here,  
there will be people who end it without a veneer,  
who remember my faults and my bad and my good,  
who remember I did everything that I could.

i'd like to end artfully; I think we all would.

but I'd rather end truthfully, and be understood.

and so that is why, for all of my ramble,

i'm leaving my bones and my brain all a-scramble,

i'm leaving my heart and my lungs and my nose

to people in lab coats who'd like to suppose

that it all can be solved, that the future is bright;

with cures and with answers and fluorescent light.

i hope that you know, i hope that you care,

that my meat is now useful, that no one is there.

sometimes I wonder if I used it the

best;

i worried a lot when I needed more

rest.

but I suppose that's it, really, at the end of the day.

we don't know what we're doing, then we all go away.

it's sort of a comfort, to know I'll be useful.

in the meantime I'll enjoy being

artful and truthful.