

**Every time I thought about absorption
the concept would not go in**

I was already saturated

full of everything that had been maintained
like ground that presses on wall
like wall that presses on earth

walls stay up for years
built on nothing but clay
until I decide not to have an inherited polycarbonate roof
decide to let it fall inwards

a road gives way
and a void driven over for months, years
without realising

opens

the council cordons off
the sink hole

to take the smell of untreated sewage
seriously

and reveals that nothing much holds anything up.

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Here is my frame.

A space, presumed bad, and a thin line of resistance.

There are parts of me that do not speak to each other.

Some parts of me do not speak at all.

Meaning

is slow raindrops on glass.

It slides and pools

and with the wrong gradient

drains full of debris

it floods.

After a village protected a child

through silence

the well drowned a child

for the village's own safety.

Stories repeat until the shock has passed

when the shock has passed

death is only in a film

and in my dreams full of collapsed walls and floors

full of walls and floors collapsing.

This is too shallow.

I lie on the floor of a ventricle in my own chest

I see that there are high windows that over-look a back-alley

and in the distance there is something

I can't see it yet

but it slides over my eyes.

After completion on the house sale I realised it was a mistake

To place
destruction outside of me

inside a wreck

my insides could not be responsible
for the mess.

Thought centred on not knowing
why.

The reason for
a poor choice of husband
an abortion
someone being a dentist instead of going into the arts
may go back several generations
you cannot have what other generations before did not have
a life of your own choosing:
a live baby, a secure child, a home.

There is always a fracture

that I have caused.

I am not developing properly
but I don't know it yet
and begin something else
like that can be a virtue

like order after the chaos that I create
and each is as real and necessary as the other.

As it was

Child makes scrapbook of why she hates her mother for making her move

Mother asks child to unpack her school bag and set the table for dinner

Child says she is going home to previous address

Mother cries

Child says she will try to be more helpful in the shitty kitchen

Child kneels on a chair and washes up

Child says she still wants to go home

Child asks if she can visit the new people in our old house

Mother cries and says that she wishes we could go back

Child begins to choose which room she wants when the new house is renovated

Mother tells child to hang her school bag up and put her washing in the washing basket

Child says she hates it here and hates her mother and her sister

Child goes to room, puts on her electric blanket and cries under the duvet

After doing a load of laundry, making dinner and washing up pack lunch boxes

Mother goes upstairs to stop her child from crying

By saying why didn't you put yesterday's knickers in the wash

Child said that there is only one train to the washing basket and she missed it

Mother talks toy animals by the neck. The animals mostly ask for food.

Child starts crying and asks can she really never see her room again

Mother agrees that she can never go back and see her room as it was

With her arrangement of toys and bed and books

Child cries

and cries

for the things that are lost forever

that you can't go back and inhabit

that has become a perfect childhood home

where she was never frightened

or lost

or fought with her sister

the little girl that she left behind

to inhabit her old room

cannot go forwards

cannot even think about forwards

because she never has to go forwards.

Losing contact with a good object

When my father was away
I shared my mother's bed

my limbs were absorbed by her
competition for space

and I stayed undeveloped,
mind linked to everything in her
that had poured into her
that now poured
into me.

She lost out on space too
her mother had the biggest story of all

even without being spoken of
it grew to immense proportions
and became like sun

getting in everyone's eyes

my hand got tired of being a shield

and I wanted more room
and to be in a confined space.

When in a confined space
you can tell if you are missed
or if a bad object has forgotten about you
or if you have forgotten the object
that used to be good
but was left to go bad

like the figs that were left to ripen
in a bowl
and then it was too late
and they had to be thrown out.

Cantilevered beds stacked on one remaining supporting wall
dangle their eiderdowns above a packet of seeds on a table
too late to sow blue flowers in spring
and I don't know what to do with them.

There are many beds that I have left empty.

