

Loss

Lost the blue teddy bear in Chapel-St-Leonards indoor market,
I cried, so the woman on the knitting stall gave me an octopus.
I lost that too, but cried for blue bear, I didn't like octopuses.

I lost 4 rings in the last year.
Don't care about 3, but my great-grandmother Mary Ann Cardoll's
engagement ring with its red stones
slipped from my finger during my sleep
and the little girl that haunts my house has mischievously
hidden it. I am going to ask politely for its return.

I lost my best friend to her lesbian lover.
I lost my horse at 11, another at 17.
Lost my owned virginity at 17 to an Italian Stallion
but my other one at a much younger age.

Over the years I've lost letters, photos, books, poems,
even words – those I've read, those I've written.
Sometimes they come back to me in dreams
or wine stooped flashes.

I lost my son to another woman,
but he never really belonged to me.

I've lost weight, lots of it, time and time over
but it always managed to find me.

I've lost friends and found new ones
but never lose friendships.

I lost my Grandparents who raised me
and it left a gapping hole.

I've lost writing and poetry competitions
but I've won my fair share.

I've lost inhibitions and shackles of self-doubt
not all of them, just some.

I've lost bids on EBay, yet won loads a shit
I didn't need simply because I didn't want to lose.

I lost a baby, but she didn't belong to me, not really.

I've lost keys, cigarette lighters, fights, arguments,
boyfriends, races, my heart, money – lots of money.

Poisoned my body with vanity drugs and almost
lost my life, I'm slowly gaining it back,
Some days I lose the will to fight,
others I shake off the darkness and climb on.