

"The Lifeline" by Pádraig Ó Tuama

Here is what I know: when
that bell tolls again, I
need to go and make something,
anything: a poem, a pie, a terrible
scarf with my terrible knitting, I
need to write a letter, remind myself
of any little lifeline around me.

When death sounds, I forget most
of what I learnt before. I go below.
I compare my echoes with other people's
happiness. I carve that hole in my own
chest again, pull out all my organs once
again, wonder if they'll ever work again
stuff them back again. Begin. Again.