

No Good

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*How can a person walk in a shroud
all the miles of their life. But how
can they shrug it off.*

—Emily Berry, ‘Unexhausted Time’

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Poem in Which I Am Good

Everything will be good, and the trousers I left
to blow in the wind and rain and lemon leaves,

them too. The linen will keep its soft thatching.
The hamsters I saw on the internet

are certainly alive still,
though the video was taken years ago.

Everybody I love will live forever.
Everybody I love will love me.

My shoes are clean and comfortable.
My body does not matter.

Everybody's toes fall off in the winter
and nobody smells perfect

even if they're Claudia Schiffer and everyone
forgets to cut their nails. See that girl there.

I know that she is perfect.
I know therefore that I am perfect.

I am a comma in a sea of them.
I am a tennis ball in a field of them.

I am ready to be chosen. I am ready to be left.
I am ready to be taken into space

and tucked into an asteroid belt
until I reach the morning.

All the large rocks will know my name.
I could be good at so many things.

I am loud in the car park and in the bird park
and in certain beds and this is good.

I am good and loud.
All the dead people in my life

watch me with vested interest.
They hold my arms over my face

to save me from the rain. I walk with purpose
and I smell so, so good. I am full

to my fingers of lettuce and iced water.
In summer when I picked dandelions

for the geriatric guinea pig I changed the world.
I killed a weed. I filled a mouth with gold.

I made the joints of Sandringham click like a neck
to loosen in a satisfying and healthy way. I am kind.

I am that kind of person. What do I deserve?
The same as all of us. Everything.

Everybody I love will live forever.
Everybody I love will live forever.

