

You

You said yellow was your favourite, it was sunny like my hair and you bought me a jumper, high-necked, long-sleeved, exactly the right type of yellow, and I bought a yellow cushion but not the right kind, and you threw it at me but only joking, it was only a cushion, it could be sent back, tomorrow.

You said I was fatter, too many lattes, and you made me small lunches to eat at my desk. I didn't feel fatter but you had taken our long mirrors so I didn't have to see myself, to suffer and upset myself, you were considering my feelings, just being kind.

You said I looked tired, my family were draining, they were too demanding, my sister especially; they couldn't be trusted to take care of me, only you cared properly, you knew me, really knew me. We were both lucky to have each other, weren't we?

You talked about children, said it's safer when younger, that we should start trying right away. You couldn't understand it, why it wasn't working, you didn't see the tiny pills I hid under the floor. You took me to doctors, arranged clinic visits, counted and mounted, sealing me in.

And I sit in this white room and pull at my yellow cuffs, bubbles falling like pollen balls, as busy as a bee. I've made a long trail of them, from here to there, and if they were bread-crumbs they would be more use.