

Clare Bowditch

"When I Was Five"

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If life were like a mountain, did you, did you not fall?
I have missed you since I was five.
And I don't recall your eyes but your hands I do recall,
and I know how you smelt when you were alive.

You died - like we're all gonna go someday.
You died. I was five and I wish you'd stayed.

They say you crossed a river to touch God's hand
but I did not understand where he lived.
So I tried to write him letters - letters of demand,
saying "She's my sister - back you give her"

You died - like we're all gonna go someday.
You died. I was here and you went away.

I didn't see you die, I didn't see your casket.
Don't remember if I cried, but I never quite got past it.
You're fragile like a bee, and skinny as a steeple,
and all these memories - are they mine or other
peoples?

When you died - like we're all gonna go someday,
I was five and I thought I could make you stay.

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