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SHAZIA HAFIZ RAMJI

POEM OF FAILED AMENDS (AMOR FATI)

I’ve put the oats in a jar,
with yogourt and seeds,
left it in the fridge
overnight. The fruit on top
will thaw, dripping
sweetness
into the rest.
I want to remember
I’ve done this
for myself in the morning,
because I’ve been surprised
by my own innocence:
I cried silent and easy
when my amends were
refused.
I was expecting to know
friendship.
As I was crying,
I made a note
about what I have to do
the next day.
I could do this.
I could take care of myself.
I did.
“I’m okay,” I thought,
“I’m okay.”
I've brushed my teeth,
washed my face, and am
ready for bed. I try to think
of how many other people
there are, not just in my life.
I can’t know them all.
I cry again.