



HA!

HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS

AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



AMNESIA III

I have to write everything down now,
make notes in my diary,
then make a note saying,
'look in your diary'.

I make lists, lists of lists,
lists saying 'make a list,
daily organising lists:

1. Bank, take out fifty pounds.
2. Buy a card for Rose.
3. P.O. stamps and post.

I forget the list,
go straight to the P.O.
don't know what I've come for,
go back home.

If I'm just going for one thing,
say a Battenburg cake,
I don't make a list, but that's a mistake.

I see ripening peaches
fancy a few grapes
wonder if I'm out of bleach,
am tempted by the fillet steak,
leave the shop with a carrier full, but no cake.

I keep pens and paper by my bed
for when I can't sleep.
Last night I scribbled,
I. Crackers.

But are they for Christmas, for cheese,
or is it someone I know?
I don't know.

If ever I find I've written,
I. Get up.
I'll give up!

Pauline Prior-Pitt