

Things You'll Find When She Dies

From *'History of Present Complaint'*

HLR

Rusty hoop earrings—various sizes. Melted daffodils in a Kronenbourg pint glass. Note that reveals the secret ingredient of her guacamole. 2 x winning scratch-cards. Hunting knife wrapped in a bloody tea towel. One million kirby grips. Punnet of overripe nectarines. 3 x deer skulls. Pile of cigarette ash. Several hundred books. Diet pills. 5 x rabbit skulls. Flutter of coke on a copy of *Vogue* (Paris, Dec 2015). Rosary blessed by Pope John Paul II. Her Hit-List. Fancy dresses that she'll never get to wear. Emergency £50 note. 1 x Black Ibex horn. Tangle of leggings. Custard Cream crumbs in the bed. Array of plastic carrier bags—various sizes (under the sink). Bowl of rotting “easy peelers” that are not easy to peel in the slightest. Shoebox of acrylics, watercolours, inks. Academic records, including her prize-winning essay on poetic energy in William Carlos Williams' *Spring and All* (the one piece of writing she ever asked you to read) (but you didn't). Shrine to her father. Screwdriver under the pillow. Broken Rimmel lipstick (colour #30). Box file containing a lifetime of cards and letters from family, friends and exes. Navy blue 'Proper Cornish' jumper with holes burnt by hash hot rocks. Enough filled journals to (hopefully) explain her away. Damp box of matches. 4 metres of fake ivy. Freezer that needs defrosting. And finally, a locked wooden box containing The Truth—her truth, and yours, too. The keys are inside the Buddha.