

It was at art school, for an end of year exhibition when I stretched my body up and placed my head on a plinth - ready for it to be chopped off. It was to be kept for display. I am not sure whose idea it was. I was about to sacrifice myself on the showcase altar but at the last minute I knew I had to flee with my head intact.

I ran and ran to the outskirts of town, as that was the best place to lick my wounds. There are scars on my neck where the blade scraped but I diverted in time.

Keeping my pelt and my speed I darted into the fields with a fox running by my side, along hedgerows.

*I still have my head I still have my head.*

Now in order to pass through the centre of town I put on pretty clothes so nobody balks. I tone down the hunger in my eyes and hide my teeth especially at the buffet.

Who doesn't want to have a seat at the table? I can sit beautifully. Even in a chair.

This bolt likes a bit of glamour. Some gold earrings distract from the matted hair. I can do a great job - well done - something shiny-

The more I put on these clothes the more I hide my real coat.

*Remember why I ran away -*

*Remember what I ran away from.*

Ultimately I know sitting at that table for too long is stiffening for the joints. So I retreat back to the hedges. This becomes a familiar dance over and over in order to sup on a tortilla chip without offering my neck.

The irony is I ran away from the house of cold and struggle, young and eager in order to climb on the plinth and well I fled from that too. But I have tried to keep all of my wildness plus the scars for my work - I just want to do this like everybody else. I tried to tame it at some point, edging closer to another plinth or a lavish feast but I keep retreating each time. This does not mean I am laying down I am just trying to be.