

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

‘Anyway, that’s my story. So, tell me yours.’

by Steve Brown

Who lurks at the threshold? The poet, young  
But strangely aged into authority; his glittering eye  
Seizes and commands, can blank the song  
Of common feast, fold up the one shared sky  
And, like a magician with whirling hands,  
Can bind you and loose you in far other lands  
Where the Moon sweats red, the Sun’s about to die.

He comes to speak from chasms of the soul; his word  
Is unearthly, forced up from below, and hard  
To disremember; he has a direct line to the third  
Of life spent in the coloured dark, and shared,  
Though each lives in that house alone,  
Clutch closely private sins they can’t atone;  
His words spring open to a Paradise Repaired.

But who knocks at this other threshold? A man,  
Insistent on his business, plodding down  
From Porlock. So, the flat world intrudes; it can  
Not so easily be floated from, its gravity undone.  
The poet wants enchantment like an ancient bard;  
He wants his payment for a tub of lard.  
Pegasus comes tumbling, his future flights unflown.

The seer aims at sense beyond the common known,  
Hands playing up and down the mystic notes.  
But the self-elected prophet festers on his own;  
Setting out to sea, he ends by burning all his boats.  
The short cuts – opium, snuff – to inspiration  
Result in puffy eyes and constipation;  
Ariel finishes in saggy flesh and tattered coats.

The monologue-conversation ends  
In the solipsism of the goldfish bowl. He, too,  
Must learn to speak in common prose, make friends,  
Invite them in – they have their stories too.  
So – write your story in the space below. It's free.  
Then ping it back. Yours ever, STC.  
And here it is, the non-hieratic ending – it's up to you: