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## Bexhill

by Lisa Guile

There's magic in the world. I look up and see the blue sky, its deep richness sucks me inside, and I'm carried away with blue sparks surrounding my body and dancing in my hair. I feel like shaking people, saying, 'stop and look up! The blue of the sky is the most miraculous event happening in the universe, right now!' How will they take that? They'll look at me like I'm a lunatic, and they would be right. People like private miracles.

It's not that I dislike grey skies. I enjoy their even drabness, and the way they wash out a landscape, as if someone's scrubbed all the life out of the world with an old, rough cloth. Grey skies often mean stormy weather around here; and on these days I'm more struck by the wind than the sky, which pushes and shoves at me, passing me from one gust to the other like a kid being pushed around in a playground.

Blue transports me. Whatever my mood, if I stop and look up, it will seep into my bones and become me. It can never escape this role; there's no hiding place for an expanse of sky. It's laid out, naked, before us, millions of greedy eyes burying themselves in it.

I look down at my feet, in search of more magic, and I see a tightly woven pattern of browns, creams, and greys, pebbles made into a path, which the recent rain has varnished. This one small patch contains a whole world, and my eyes explore the intricacies, following paths round and about, back and forth. The sky is a blank sheet, and the path is an intricate weave: Stillness and movement; simplicity and complexity.

There's a woman on the beach looking at me. I wonder whether she saw how I fumbled through my purse, searching for a piece of paper. I write, 'the miraculous blue' on an old receipt. The woman continues to stare, but I turn away; this is my miracle. People can be less interesting than things.