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Letter to a Past Love

by Gill Kane

I imagine you're surprised to hear from me after all these years. You probably wonder why, after decades of silence, I should get in touch. But the truth is that I think of you often and what happened lies heavy on my conscience. It's become important to me to explain how it all came about and I thought now, with the passage of time, you might be able to hear what I have to say.

I knew as soon as I met him that he was a threat. The attraction between us was instant and binding. He radiated charisma, personality, confidence. He was spellbinding. I wasn't the only woman affected, nor the only man, but for some reason I was the one he wanted. In the early days I tried to warn you. I told you of his approaches, his declarations of love desperately hoping that you would intervene, put a stop to it and remove me from danger. But no, in your goodness and naivety you put your trust in my loyalty, unaware of my weakness.

I knew he wasn't a good man and I don't think I ever really loved him. Like the devil of the tarot enthralling and binding me in chains to keep me close. He was my addiction. I lived for the sound of his voice, the touch of his skin, the smell and taste of him. And like all addicts I lied and stole, stole time to be with him. Time that belonged to others, time that belonged to you.

Of course I tried. I tried to stop, to break the chains but mesmerized I went back time after time in a fever of destructive madness. Until nothing mattered, only him. I had to feed my addiction. And we became greedy, the minutes and hours were no longer enough, we wanted weeks, years, a whole lifetime together. I didn't care, not for you, not for anybody. I was consumed and I think for a while I lost my mind.

Of course, they warn that addictions are not good for you and, so it turned out, my addiction was not good for me. But that is my story and this is yours. I hear that you married again and have children, perhaps even grandchildren and I hope in them you found the happiness I took from you.

So why am I writing, what is it I need to tell you? Well I suppose, I just wanted to let you know that I always loved you and I never meant to leave you.