

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Clocks Stopped

by Caroline Sims

The clocks stopped.
No light chiming from the nearby church bells.
Not even the voice of a bird,
or the sound of footsteps.

Faintly, in the distance,
a voice on a radio becoming audible.
A strange dialect, becoming louder,
a sharp tone.
a harsh voice
becoming louder.
Piercing the solitude of the evening.

A grey radio carried by an elderly man,
walking along a quiet street.
This portable voice his only companion.