

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

## Poems

by Jane Griffiths

### Flint

Why should I blame myself if all my sparks could draw no fire in  
you?  
If the kindling is too damp, too wet behind the ears,  
Too green to know what wonders love can bring?  
I could have been your teacher, but the pupil was too dull.  
You could have grown, not shrivelled in my heat.  
I do feel loss, but why should I feel less.  
My fire's not quenched, but no fuel awaits me here.

### More or less

Because you would not let me know you, I diminish you.  
If you were less than I thought, still you are more than I guess.  
Can I taunt you to let me know, what you have chosen to withhold?  
You are a rock, which my rushing current cannot move.  
The turbulence you cause resembles life.  
But elemental we remain – and separate

## Someone else

I should love someone else instead!  
But no-one has your teasing eyes,  
Your perfect teeth, your taste in hats,  
The energy which shakes the furniture  
and me, but only in my mind. You will not touch me!  
Why, apple of my eye, do you not love me?

## Ghostbuster

Am I this ghost who haunts you night and day?  
You see her but you cannot touch.  
She doesn't know she isn't of your time.  
Must you find her skeleton bricked up behind the wall?  
And then will she know she's dead?

## Rain after drought

A sudden surge of happiness, now rain begins to fall  
Floods my being, as it did for farmers now and all.  
If I were with you, we could have run outside  
Leaping with mad joy, soaked to the hide  
And kiss wet kisses with the rain,  
That takes away the heat and even pain.  
How can I, when can I share with you  
Life's celebration as is due.

## Tuesday

I hate you on a Tuesday, it's always just the same  
You come in, in a rush, and you hardly know my name.  
I know you're very busy, but I wait and wait all week  
And only on a Wednesday do you have time to speak.  
You wouldn't think that Friday nights we talk at length by phone  
And tell each other secrets nobody else has known.  
This isn't true! I tell you things and feel you want to hear,  
But you don't tell me anything, you really don't want me near.  
You're like a psychoanalyst, but what d'you think you'll solve  
By letting me spew out this stuff? D'you want to get involved?

## Dear John

I guess my "dear John" letter's on its way.  
But I don't need to know just what you'll say.  
It's true – the pleasure of your company is fun,  
But not the waiting in between for you to come.  
Life is too short, and I should know  
To spend it waiting for some guy to show.  
You might regret, I'm sure you will some day,  
Not knowing what my body had to say.  
Just say "goodbye" and let me live my life.  
It's been too long. I cannot bear the strife.

## Out of Love

Falling out of love is not so bad,  
Finding friends I'd forgotten that I had,  
Not just the ones who quietly stood by,  
Distracted as I was and boring them with why  
You treated me the way you did -  
Not listening to a single word they said.  
Now their sweet conversation entertains  
And fills the spaces where there once were pains.  
But other friends besides are here  
In books and trees and birds to cheer  
Me at my every turn. But still  
Your shadow falls on me and leaves a chill

## Unrequited

I loved you more than I can say  
But unrequited love can never pay.  
It leaves me full of sad regret  
And feelings that I never will forget.  
Falling in love is when your heart  
Is like a runner waiting for the start.  
But when the signal never comes  
He must relax and stretch, then runs  
to keep the fitness for another race.  
Still I shall not forget your face  
Nor look to see another like.  
For I have learned to love the man  
You really are and love you still  
But expectations have I none.

## Rogue Asteroid

For eons I've run my orbit true  
Until you came too close to me  
And drew me out of line by my magnetic force.  
But were you stopping? Not a chance!  
My moon and sun you gave a passing glance  
Was this the sun you sought?  
I blocked the view of this, my sun,  
Too drawn myself but not afraid for her.  
She might not even notice you, Passing her  
or entering, consumed.  
But I might have passed into my next evolving state  
Or been destroyed with you.  
Now all that's left is the wobble in my gait.