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## Wake up Dead Man

by Stuart Carruthers

The underworld in my world won't give me access to the gates of the promised land. I've accepted that and here I find myself again under the arch of the mainline with strangers that I call family. Their stories from today are repeated from yesterday and recited tomorrow, frustrated angry minds desperate for love. Not all will wake tomorrow, unnoticed for days until the smell seeps into your clothes and a new roommate takes their place.

I've succeeded in being considered totally uninteresting for the majority of my life. A young educated confidence-shattered boy, dressed like an old man who quickly learned that friendship wasn't an experience I craved. No one noticed when the front door closed, the key carefully placed under the mat, that's how they liked it. Then as now I remain unnoticed to the many, it's easier that way.

The lady in the blue linen dress passes and I know the summer is coming. Soon the night sky will protect me. Its angles ensuring everything will be ok. Bloodshot blue eyes smile as the Swans emerge from the Willow tree. Home can be a variety of places. Anywhere is better than a railway arch, dripping with yesterday's rain.

Wake up dead man.

The words that reverberate around my head.

The words that keep me alive.