

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Two Minds

by Stuart Carruthers

I've often fantasized about finding a massive stash of cash

Haven't you?

What would I do with it

Well that's another question.

But without fantasy

how boring would life be?

Who would I tell?

What would I buy?

I bet Emily Jackson would return my calls

if I said I was rich, the bitch

They say money doesn't bring happiness

It would in my case

No more early morning alarm calls

No more Mr Lighthouse and his obnoxious wife

Or credit at The Roundhouse

Dinner at the Oriental Sunrise
extra spring rolls and drinks all night
Flights to Uncle John in Mexico
New windows for No 75
Braces for sister Mel's teeth
A new lawnmower for granddad
Who cares who lost it
Or the pain it may have caused
Guilt sits well on my shoulders
A place of my own
Maybe a car or two
If I fund a stash of cash
You can have what you like
But in the meantime
See you in the morning usual time