

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

## Words

by Ros Jones

Words like snowflakes appear from the blackness and land on my eyelashes. I try not to blink them away.

Others rush through my body with the force of an Autumn gale. I sense them coming but cannot step out of their path.

Some drift like the scent of jasmine through my open window and caress my dreams. In the morning I cling to them before they disappear in the day.

I find others stretching awake as if from a deep sleep. I wonder why they've been hiding from me for so long.

And all the while I labour, and slowly, like clay on a potters wheel, I mould them into something that resembles my heart.