

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

## After the Party

by Debbie Holden

He grins just like a cheshire cat, the one that got the cream.  
Is this really happening, or am i in a dream  
He says nobody forced me, I came here on my own  
I feel ashamed, have i gone mad, why do i feel alone ?

Its after the party  
The party that went mad  
Its after the party, and  
I feel afraid, and sad

Shes also staring at me, pretending to be shy  
Quiet as a door mouse, but oh so full of lies  
Come, have fun, let down your hair, lets drink the night away  
Your confidence will grow, improve, get bigger day by day

Its after the party, and  
the truth is sinking in  
Its after the party, and  
I hate his cheshire grin

She said "they're all so friendly", my worries she ignored  
Yes maybe their reality is different to yours  
Don't be so timid drink it up, you'll soon feel 10 feet tall  
Then its all just such a blur, I drink, I spin, I fall

Its after the party  
My head is in a mess  
Its after the party  
Ive got rips now in my dress

In the corner sits another, his stare is like a rat  
He winks, he looks me up and down, and tips his dirty old top hat.  
The shy one gives a knowing nod, as if to say good job  
Have I gone mad, whats happening, this is all so very odd

Its after the party  
Im scared for what? cant say  
Its after the party  
Im lost, need help, must get away

Ive fallen into terror, of what has really happened  
How long though is forever, sometimes just a second.  
I see a man among the shadows, looking at the clock  
Is he late for something, killing time, tick tock, tick tock, tick tock

Its after the party  
Why am I lying here  
Its after the party  
My head so filled with fear

I do remember falling, my legs becoming weak  
The stupid little door mouse, watching, looking and pretending to be meek  
The top hat brings back flashes of some ugly dirty things  
So many awful memories, no floaty angel wings

Its after the party  
How can i now escape  
Its after the party  
Where they bound my hands with tape

He walks into the light, and i recognise his gait  
curiouser and curiouser, Im feeling such deep hate  
Thank you Alice, for your time, we hope you too, had fun  
The party now is over, but come again sweet one

The quiet door mouse, cheshire cat, and ugly sly mad hatter  
get up to leave, insipid stares, my perfect world in tatters  
They follow him, he checks his watch, come team we have a date

another party with new friends, we mustn't be too late

Its after the party

my clothes all ripped and torn

its after the party

Im lost, alone, forlorn

Its after the party

So next time I take a drink

I' ll be more careful, follow rules, use my head and think.