

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

After the Party

by Jo Loader

Silence and stillness settle carefully once more across the house
the rooms still carry an echo of the life that was held within them just a few hours before
The roar of folks celebrating, the laughter, the clink of glass, the chatter of gossip
the swell of congratulation and the spread of noisy ego
all competing with each other above the throbbing beat of the band
Silence and stillness settle carefully once more across the house
After the party.

A breeze wafts in through an open window bringing freshness to clear the air
rooms smell of booze, of wine, of sickly sweet cocktails and of spilt beer
They smell of perfumed girls and of youths over-eager with their newly purchased aftershave
The stale aroma of piled high ashtrays and of fag butts shoved into empty cans drifts guiltily
around the halls
A breeze wafts in through an open window bringing freshness to clear the air
After the party.

Morning curls around the edges of the garden & the secrets of the night retreat from its
light.
What was once wild, dark, dangerous and exotic is gone.
What happened here in the small hours is now just a memory, a whisper, a dream.
Gone is the magic, the secret kisses, the promises made in a moment & the beautiful people
Now the trees hold those secrets, telling no one what they saw, the house stands silent and
still.
Morning curls around the edges of the garden & the secrets of the night retreat from its light
After the party.