

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

West Pier

by Steve Brown

Quite like old times these old rooms say:
all the familiar, lost worlds – those past lives
here, and all those possible lives you might
have been. They're both the same: spectral,
both here and nowhere. Loss gathers in dark
corners like dust, swirls as if disturbed,
then settles: mere hauntings.

Outside

the world is always summer, a turning-into
autumn, day lowering shutters into night.
The trees are insubstantial: the world becoming sepia.

And then a fling of birds across the sky:
a smash of wings like panicked breaths.
Above the ruined pier, like memories of forgotten dancers,
they gather into cloud, each bird an atom
lost in a common swirl; it moves and divides,
mimics a sickle moon, a helix, sways, so moves
the time away. It's as if you had god's eye,
and history had become air, all past pleasures
marked, accounted, unforgotten. Time has moved to music
- and then stops. The dust motes settle,
roost, but with the promise: free,
the same and different performance tomorrow.
Something to see: be content with that.