

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Walking Home

by Stuart Carruthers

I stood patiently like a soldier to attention
my heart racing
Staring intently
Into the middle distance.

Over the hill
Came a noise like no other
Light pierced the late evening sky
Like the death fields of Flanders.

As they filed past like returning heros,
my brother came into view.
His face black
From the earth's heart.

Boys among heroes
Desperate for acknowledgement.
My hand clasped lovingly
to his black bicycle.

Standing guard outside a porterhouse
my pride at his achievements.
Yesterday's songs warm the night air
As I await his return.

The bicycle big and strong
Once my fathers
Moulded leather saddle,
Tyres with miles and song.

His bicycle
One day it will be mine
One day it will be yours
Take care of it.