

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Feet, Tapping, Stepping. Shoes Wet

by Tilia Guilbaud-Walter

She could hear her heart beat in her chest in a rhythm that matched the way her footprints fell on the hard concrete ground. Her brown hair falls in waves from a hairband at the nape of her neck. Her breath catches on the way to her mouth before flying away in a puff of dragon's breath. Its raining, the rain falls in large drops soaking her hair and running down her face. The rain blurs with her tears.

One, two, three, four; A pattern. She's trying to breathe in a pattern. Her thoughts still run wild, this has been too long, She has run out of power. This search has gone on too long and the end isn't in sight. In a way the search is "who am I?" Its been hard. People talk about the journey to self-discovery; they never say how it really feels, she was never warned. Sometimes she wishes to stop thinking, sometimes she wishes she never knew.

Sinking onto a bench the waves in the ocean are loud to her ears and she can almost taste the salt on her teeth. Her hands are frozen; they tremble as they hold her cell phone. 07977 017090 the numbers are the numbers she knows, the numbers that link her to him, the numbers that clear mind. *Bring bring* "hey" his voice falls into her ears. His voice is a light, its fairy lights in the dark or it's the dark that needs lighting. His hair, the softest thing she ever felt; it's a pale colour but not quite blond. His hands are dry and cracked. His arms are strong, they are safety. "Hi" her voice is mixed with tears. She, in broken words, speaks her thoughts; they echo like a thunderstorm and snap like a shattering glass.

I looked at my computer screen. The keyboard had felt hard under my fingers as I typed out the same words in the different forms hoped for a better answer. I had utilised YouTubes Sources, I had scored instagram for someone who maybe felt the way I did.

She's rambling words at him! She's begging him to catch her!

"And what if there is no me?"

"Special Snowflake"

"I'M NOT WORTH IT"

Hitting the red button on her screen. Her voice reaches a sound that cracks the sky. And the sky cracks; in a fire of frustration and anger, of pain and forgiveness, of emptiness. She is the sky and she falls because he didn't catch her. Some times broken people fall in love with broken people and nice people don't always fall in love with nice people.