

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

## They

by Sho Botham

They watched the setting sun glisten on the water

They didn't need to speak

They sat side by side lost in their own thoughts

They didn't need to speak

They knew that the night air would have a chill to it

They didn't need to speak

They knew they would have needed jackets to cover their shoulders

They didn't need to speak

They witnessed the rising moon in the darkening sky

They didn't need to speak

They tasted the salt in the night air as darkness fell

They didn't need to speak

They wished that things could have been different  
They didn't need to speak  
They sat staring into the black void listening to the waves  
They didn't need to speak

They stood up at the same time staring ahead in a strange kind of way  
They thought it could never happen  
They thought  
We were rich. So rich we could never die.