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## I'm tired of words

by Sue Thompson

I'm tired of words. I sink back into the quietness of my mind, there no one can laugh or poke fun at me. Words torment me, they play tricks on my mind. I jumble them up as they go from my brain to my mouth, they come out all wrong somehow. Sometimes I wish I had a sign on my forehead, 'This person is not right' 'This person is not as normal as you think'

I watch people intently so that I can tell if I use the wrong word, I can tell exactly when I have replaced a word, first they stare in disbelief as if I am mad, sometimes they stifle a laugh, the worst thing is when they know that I know a wrong word has been used, then comes the awkward silence, they wait for me to correct it, but what they do not realise is I have no idea what word I have used in its place.

I would love to spend time in a normal person's brain, one where there are so many words, it must be wonderful to put your hand on a word at a moments notice, to pluck whatever word you need without a second thought, like picking flowers, just taking the ones you want, because there are so many to choose from.

The best thing is the people who love me and know me just laugh or ignore me. They love me for who I am and except my craziness.

We take words for granted don't we? They spue from our lips without a thought, without a care. I strive to be accurate, then words come along and falsify everything. They lie to me. I feel cheated that my brain does not work, it is empty of words, empty of thought.

Facts are not retained, oh they go in and spend a bit of time running around my

brain, trying desperately to find a filing cabinet deep in there somewhere, then they give up and die, as if they are somehow unwanted, not needed. But they are so wanted, so needed, I do not want them to escape.

'Oh write it down' helpful people shout, keep a book for words, for thoughts, for appointments. Oh how wonderful that would be and so easy. Except there is one flaw, I would not remember where it is written.

So I stumble from day to day. Looking normal, feeling anything but, the silent disease that no one knows about.

The lost words that no one can see.