

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

In the end it didn't matter of course

by Hilary Cole

But in the beginning it did matter.
It mattered a lot.
They spent so much time together. Got together. Became together.
Breathed in the same space.
The same air.
They shared exquisite moments. Simple moments.
French bread and cheese in a warm, honey coloured field. Early
morning misty walks . Golden peachy sunrises. Heard the welcoming
notes of the dawn chorus. Watched fiery coloured sunsets on a breezy
cliff top. Swam in ice cold mountain lakes. Soaked up the sound of
rain pattering on tent canvas. Drank homely afternoon tea in an
airy vintage cafe. Waltzed around an old theatre dance floor .Held
their purring calico cat . Exchanged village news with smiling
neighbours .Facetimed their two faraway sons.
So many moments.
Breathing the same air.
Don't they say Life is not made of the breaths you take , but the
moments that take your breath away ?
This is how they lived.
Each day held these moments. The moments made their lives richer
and warmer.
Each day began with a smile and ended with a smile . Like bookends
to the days.

Then his health changed.
The moments changed too.
Became richer . More golden .
Burnt life embers to glow in their souls.
Sights and sounds were tuned to a higher frequency.
To relish .To absorb.To Be.
Their past was a foundation for more layers of life and love . Minutes
from each precious day and night became more gentle. Not so frantic.
This was their time together.
Another time.
No one else shared . But they all cared.
Because in the end it didn't matter that no one else shared these
moments .
They all breathed the same last breath.
The same air .