

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

## Memory Flash

by Stuart Carruthers

The story of my childhood is a complicated sentence  
that I am always trying to finish.  
But maybe I just don't want to.  
Will it bring closure to the many unanswered questions?  
Or I am just scared?

Years running away  
Desperate to forget  
No calls or letters from lands afar  
No connection available

The guilt you carry  
Characters that came and went

Unashamed love  
Friends nor family

You never took me in your arms  
But left me to drift among my piers  
A soulless wind blows  
Through my heart

We used to meet under the lemon tree  
You and me in the rain  
Now the devil won't have me  
Nor you

I walked out the door  
And threw away the key  
For the first time  
I was free

One day  
A familiar face walked bye  
Not seen in years  
Silence

House to house  
Neither called home  
The characters, they came and went  
The story of my childhood is a complicated sentence  
that I am always trying to finish.