

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

A Pennyworth

By Steve Brown

(‘For What It’s Worth’ – Buffalo Springfield, 1967)

And so, dear children, once upon a time
we all have lived in fairyland, that kingdom
tucked under the hill, where at least some
of what we have lost breathes still within its tomb,

plays in its fetid air. We might have kissed
the Fairy Queen – but know: no one returns
untouched or untranslated in their wits: it burns,
that kiss – a fata morgana above all we’ve missed.

The streets are full with children stumbling in the night,
crying for what they’ve lost but never had,
the shouting angers of the furiously sad –
and, over there, a gun, just hovering out of sight.

Stop, hey children, what’s that sound? The provoking cry
that unicorns must make when they all die.

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