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## I Have a Secret

by Sue Thompson

I held the words in my mind, whirling around, making me dizzy. I hadn't wanted to hear what she told me, I wanted to close my ears, but they were open and reached out and plucked at her words, drawing them in. My ears were almost laughing at me. "Come on" they said "Let's hear what she has to say" And so I had them in my head. Now I knew her secret, it was mine to do with what I wanted. Yet I didn't want it. I had too many of my own secrets, I didn't want hers too.

I have a secret, It's not mine to tell.

It was almost too much to bear. No one wants to know, but they ask anyway. "What's her secret?" They plead. Please tell. I try so hard not to let it out. I close my mouth so tightly it hurts. The words want to jump from my lips. I change the subject but it doesn't work. They shout and beg, wearing me down.

I have a secret, It's not mine to tell.

We are bound by the secrets we share. I know something about her that I must keep to myself. I feel as if I am in solitary confinement. Alone and desolate. Why did she tell me? What purpose did it serve? I now have a piece of her life in mine and I don't want it, I don't need it. I am her prisoner.

I have a secret, it's not mine to tell.

She can look into my soul and know who I am. If I don't tell her secret then I am trustworthy, a good person. If I tell I am a gossip, unconstrained a loose canon. The burden is too heavy for me. I twist and turn her words over in my mind. I don't want them anymore.

I have a secret, it's not mine to tell.

And so in the end I pass it on. It is only to one person after all. What harm can it do. They won't tell. The relief is instant. I have shared it. I have a moment of euphoria, and then the guilt sets in. The instant disliking of myself. How could I have told the secret. Once out we cannot take it back. It has been done. There in that instant, that moment, that is all it takes. We open our mouths and there it is, out.

I had a secret and now it is yours.