

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Tormented

by Sho Botham

She stood with the wind in her face looking out to the horizon. Her skin felt alive as the wind battered against it again and again. Her hair tangled as it swirled around on a journey, she was unaware of.

She looked upwards to the sky with its white and grey clouds dancing together above her head. She tried to look beyond the clouds for a sign of something more. But only the clouds were there.

She moved one foot on the grass and then the other trying to imagine what it would be like. Trying to imagine taking another step and then another until she was closer to the edge. How could she do it she thought to herself at the same time as the feelings of guilt overwhelmed her? How could she separate herself from the guilt?

She turned her face out of the wind and saw a couple far in the distance walking hand in hand. They don't know what it is like, she thought, they don't know how it feels. She was envious of their freedom to enjoy walking together in the wind. Walking together without worry, without guilt.

She felt the guilt lie heavy on her soul. She could have left an email or a text. She could have admitted how she felt. But she didn't. Now there was need to be here, to feel closer to the sea beckoning below – to try to understand the solitude of guilt that drove her daughter to ride the wind on the way down to meet the rocks below.