

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Necessity, Shame.

by Steve Brown

'my eyes have seen what my hand did,' – Robert Lowell

Of this shame comes: what is great is fragile,
what comes out of necessity destroys,
and those moments of mercy, when history
can seem unspun, the consequence
unravelling, the grace of re-invention,
lie out of reach. Moral accountancy
by day, the tragedy each night, and us,
with the little birdwings of imagination,
aiming to flit beyond the blackness.
And Alcestis, and all the other women
left standing for the vulnerabilities
of flesh, as the stage falls dark,
like a stone plunged into water
with its soundless spreading ripples,
disturb, with their furious, throatless silence.