

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The 3's

by Melody Bertucci

The Tree

My ever-changing greenery sways in the wind, rustling and whispering
My ever-growing height towering and extending, upwards and outwards

If only words could be created within this deep, rooted wood
If only my efforts of seeking their attention were understood

Who knows, maybe then the unknown would become known
And the darkness would become lit

I stand firm to the ground embedded in the soil
My wisdom unheard, my wisdom uncomprehended

Oh, if only they understood there's always more to it.

The Door

The upstairs landing had always been alluring to me. Its long corridor, dark purple doors and deep crimson red walls enhanced by mysterious portraits within oval gothic frames. Then, the last of four doors and the one that called to me the most...the black door.

I've lived in this house for all my nineteen years of existence and never have I stepped foot beyond that black, stern, solid wooden door.

Often at night, the tree branches would seem to be tapping on the window at the end of the landing, right next to "the" door. It felt like the tree was searching for my attention, saying "Go on, go inside!"

But it was easy for that tree. His ancient and expanding branches could see into the mystery of the room that remained locked away from my eyes, day and night.

I'd consistently believed there's always more to it.

The...

Rustle, rustle, rustling. That darn tree's always there.

Tap, tap, tapping. Will those branches ever be tamed from the glass it persists to tap.

Rustle, Rustle, Rustling. Tap, tap, tapping.

Some footsteps come and go

Some footsteps will never know

Rustle, Rustle, Rustling. Tap, tap, tapping. Step, step, stepping.

Footsteps loud and heavy

Footsteps quiet and light

Rustle loud, tap quiet. Step heavy, step light.

The footsteps that question, are the ones that tread their lightest. Those are the ones that search for the meaning of the silence, for the meaning of the obscured secrecy.

The footsteps that alarm, are the ones that tread their heaviest. Those are the ones that shake the walls, that rattle the silence and withhold the knowledge.

Rustle, Rustle, Rustling. Tap, tap, tapping. Step, step, stepping.

The wanting to know is palpable and those quiet and light footsteps understand there's always more to it.