

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Architecture

by Steve Brown

The same old story, you may think, beneath the different words:

‘The preponderance of dark tones: like a city  
arrived at in the evening – its dark squares,  
few scattered rooms still lit; no one about,  
no one to ask for some directions. We are homeless

within these old, intentional constructions, our tongues  
glued. Can we thread our way through what we quickly  
call: ‘The alleyway of assassins’? Can we eat  
or sleep – or must the purple promises consume us?

Somewhere a temple chimes. Is there always something upward?  
I lose track of you; I’m lost in some black square.  
The surrounding city has no shape: the smells of cooking  
are fading on the air, steel shutters slamming down.

Have we arrived too early or too late? Certainly  
nothing has been prepared or booked. I try to clutch your hand

like the orphans we always were.’