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Asking for Trouble

by Melody Bertucci

I'm relinquishing myself to my inner voice. I'm allowing it to enfold me within it. It's all I breath, see, feel and hear. Nothing else will claim it now. I simply must let it go at once and learn to trust it.

The sun blinds me as it slowly rises in the sky, peaking through from behind the wilting skeleton of a wise tree.

One seems to learn when all else seems to be falling around them. One understands when they accept living amongst their own solitude.

You want to ask questions, you have so many of them. You have an eager need now to stop stalling, you need to fill in all the blanks at once as the clock of life is overwhelmingly audible as it persists its ticking away. Although, you already know deep down all the answers you're searching for.

That's when you feel that sudden urge bubbling underneath the surface. And before you realize it, you run.

The sun, although now low on your back is pushing you further. You don't know where you're going. But your legs are doing the work for you. You run past one tree, around a bush, you jump to avoid a puddle, you stop, gaze behind, when you remember. You'll no longer look back.

You're running faster now, faster than ever before. The wind brushes your cheeks and sweeps your hair in all directions.

All this running and you now want to hide. You're asking for trouble here You're in uncharted territory. But you're now seeking for hiding grounds. Who or what are you running from?

The sun has now departed, substituted by the powerful, enchanting moon that glistens the dew that drapes the naked trees.

You're lost in the depth of the forest. You're conflicted and no compass can help you now.

Feeling the strength of the moon, I'm relinquishing myself to my inner voice. I'm allowing it to enfold me within it, its all I breath, see, feel and hear. Nothing else will over-claim it now. I simply must let it go and at once learn to trust it.