

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Same Old Story

by Melody Bertucci

You're always rushing around never sitting still for more than a minute, but I see your brain working away.

You're here but you're not fully present you've become nebulous, who's wondering mind is elsewhere. Your brain is composing. It's soaking in colours, sounds, smells, faces and places. You're working on something and although you might not even realise it a first, I know.

You've got that stare. You hear something that causes a spark that only you have a way to fuel and ignite. When you realise what you have been unconsciously compiling, you frantically search for a pencil and paper to write it down and you're away lost in your world, lost in your thoughts. You're speaking your mind with your ultimate weapon. A pencil.

The more you read, the more you look at life. You actually really start to look around at the world that is passing you by and you do it all with new eyes.

You're curious about everything, it doesn't matter how big or small something might be. Your freshly gained like new baby eyes want to learn all there is to learn about it.

You listen to music and you listen to every word. You try and find their meaning and when you do, you truly connect. You find it amazing how a song that means one thing to you, can mean something completely different to another.

You love the power of words and the new world it opens up to you. Submersing yourself within it, you become free, you lose yourself.

When all the words have spilled out and your hands ache, you catch yourself in the mirror, and you ask, *who am I?* The reflection tells you all you need to know, and your hands feel it too.