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The Same Old Story

by Stuart Carruthers

It was a misty morning and for some reason I was walking in the dark side of town. Television's screamed, dogs licked broken bones and up ahead I saw the devil take her soul.

The man with the newspaper under the broken street light, oblivious to me while coins fall effortlessly into his dreams. Litter strewn walkways buckle under foot, their owners too busy to notice his tobacco stained fingers turn the broadsheet pages.

Ambling between twittens, church spires and breaking waves, maybe today you'll believe or I'll leave. We let people see what we want them to see. I fancy a tea by the sea.

Friendly lost words between smiling strangers, I didn't bother to write them down. Accidental encounters, I remember her red shoes, his funny hat and the dog walking its owner.

Eric Bridge, the wind took him away past me, at least he was smiling. I couldn't help as my bus was due. I never tire of the mid-afternoon view, its changes daily.

It was far from the same old story.