

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

## The Arrivals

by Steve Brown

The arrivals came, carrying hot news  
of all that had displaced them. Some of fires,  
some others, seas, or salt, the winds which ripped  
the harvest roots from ground. We listened, struck  
by how fortunate we were, History's gold coin  
securely in our pocket. We enjoyed  
the frissons of future ghost stories, as if  
around a campfire we never believed  
would burn us: the horizons in our view  
remained secure; we were safe behind walled mountains.  
We passed these strange storytellers onto others  
as we could; they had surely eaten enough  
of all our meals to recompense their tales.  
It was only later that the mountains wavered,  
and we ourselves became the new departing.