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Beautiful Scar

by Maureen Marsh

She softly traced the outline of the scar with her finger. It was long and faded, slightly discoloured on the edges and tapering from shoulder, disappearing into his armpit. He was asleep next to her. She would have to ask him about the scar sometime.

What hidden story lay behind it? Was it some heroic tale of man saving child from Beast or devil? Some impressive sporting event gone wrong or operation that saved his life? Perhaps an utterly mundane event like something fell on his shoulder?

She felt moved by the innocence and vulnerability of that scar and instinctively kissed it very lightly.

New love is so fragile and precarious. An embryonic potential that could go to full gestation or more likely fail and miscarry early on. So much to ask, to find out, to be curious about. Scars outer, and more interesting, the inner scars. Those that cannot be seen with the naked eye, only the inner eye has a chance of following the trajectory of those.

But these early days, these halcyon days, where the human beast is on full alert to cover tracks, to show best face. To present the angel and keep the devil quiet. To show their enlightened self and keep the sad, miserable goblin in a cage somewhere out of sight...for now!

Her own wounds and scars seemed only too apparent. They had turned her into a mushy soul...a shaken, humble beast. A far kinder person than her younger and apparently more confident self, but it was a false confidence, full of brittle ego and self directed pleasure. This new her, this less sure specimen no longer saw the story of life as just a story of 'me'. It was now a story of discovery and recovery. A story of error and redemption. A story of battles fought and battles horribly lost...and finally realising that the only battle was with herself. So, holding up the white flag and retreating from the battlefield, her scars had begun to form beautiful patterns on her heart.