

**Bourne**  
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## Habits

by Maureen Marsh

She viewed his profile through the half open door to his study. The evening light was settling in and creating a softly focussed image of his profile. Long elegant fingers tap tap tapping on the computer keyboard and a lost gaze in his pale green eyes. His handsome face offset by a tight mouth and jaw revealing a stubborn nature.

A beloved face.

A beloved presence.

Love becomes a habit.

Life becomes a habit. A habit you never get good at and yet never want to loose, and despite your very best efforts, life can fall apart.

She continued to stand there watching him, not alerting him to her presence, enjoying this eery peace after so much war.

10 years of weaving in and out of each others space. Watching films together, taking holidays (sometimes disastrous) together. Eating and shopping, taking care of the cats, taking care of elderly relatives. Arguments over money or him smoking.

Helping each other through the travails of life's bitter sweet gifts.

Tender moments, sweet moments, moments that jump out like a splash of colour on a monochrome photograph.

Habits of conversations, beloved conversations taken out of the drawer like old chestnuts to be relished once more.

and life became a habit that felt good to share.

Now this habit of sharing, this habit of loving, about to end.

He had met someone and was leaving after months of indecision.

new habits. Habits of rows, of crying, of despair. As the song goes 'with these rocks in my heart'

And finally defeat, and defeat watching as Hope walks out the door, leaving nothing behind.

Life becomes a habit that one day insists on changing.