

Bourne
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creative writing
workshops

Life Becomes a Habit

by Tilia Guilbaud-Walter

7:17 the dull ringing. I ignore turn over, push away.

8:32 it's eight thirtyish, "FUCK"

Stress, entanglement, how quickly can I reach the shower with out a head rush. "FUCK"
Dungarees, half dancing turning grabbing for a bundled up shirt. Over my head, pens in the pocket.

8:47 "FUCK" small click of seeds into a box. 'you didn't give me a goodbye hug' says the little voice and I hug her very tight then even if I miss my train, small kiss on the top of her head.

9:02 grab my shoes. Hood on my head juggle and dance, "come on dad"

10:04 the numbers on the car clock read the wrong time and my hand rapidly tie laces into lopsided double bows. "have a good day, I love you, I'll text about lifts" pulling the belt cover down. Bag on to shoulder.

9:09 ticket through the machine, smile at the guys familiar face.

Wait. Life becomes a habit.

The sliding doors and regular beep, the stubborn face. I want my seat. Feet are up and the gamble of the on board supervisor.

Life becomes a habit. I no longer question the heavy weight around my neck. Or the slowly disintegrating crystal around my neck. Surfaces waiting to be chipped by teeth. Chipped by the stress of the white lights.

Life becomes a habit.

The bounce in my step as I walk along by the sea