

Bourne
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Modern Love

by Liz Ryan

What was I thinking? Boxed out on Game of Thrones last night followed by too much wine with Amy. Amy is my oldest friend and occasional lover. She is getting married on Wednesday. Tomorrow!

She has organised, in her own words “the perfectly imperfect Wedding and is walking up the aisle to “Modern Love” by David Bowie. Christ what was she thinking?

“Never gonna fall for (Modern love)

Walks beside me (Modern love)

Walk on by me (Modern love)

Gets me to the church on time (church on time)

Terrifies me (church on time)”

Christ what is she doing? She has so many friends who were lovers and so many lovers who became friends and now she is marrying Nigel – calm but boring Nigel. He was never a friend and certainly not a lover. Why? I tried to broach this with Amy who refused to explain. All she said was “Nigel is Nigel and that’s why I love him.

I’ve known Nigel forever but don’t actually know him. He plays a fiddle at weekends at a local pub and never sings. He does something bookish in the bowels of the British Library as a job and spends his spare time stuffing birds. There is nothing to overly like or dislike about Nigel. Nigel is reassuringly invisible in life’s dramas.

Amy on the other hand is Drama personified. From her mad-cap ideas for making money which have been surprisingly successful, her adventures into art and poetry, and of course her need to love and be loved which has led her like a roller coaster into other people's lives.

"I know when to go out

And when to stay in

Get things done I catch a paper boy

But things don't really change

I'm standing in the wind

But I never wave bye-bye

But I try – I try"

She nurtures experiences and people like children. Keeps them close and watches them grow and change. She can never wave bye-bye!

"It's not really work

It's just the power to charm

I'm still standing in the wind

But I never wave bye-bye

The roads around the church are packed with cars – swanky ones mixed in with vintage and a fair few old bangers. There is even a tandem tied to the railings. Good God! I enter the church and am surrounded by the A-Z of Amy's life each one holding a glass of champagne as Bowie's "Modern Love" blasts out from somewhere behind the alter.

Amy and Nigel stand serene and silent in the midst of this cacophony. Nigel is holding a silver violin and on top of Amy's head is a stuffed Bird of Paradise.

"No confessions (God and man)

No religion (God and man)

Don't believe in modern love"