

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Fresher

by Liz Rider

She was nervous about the future. Nervous about how she would feel
Without the tender kisses,
Warm caresses, and familiar faces,
Comforting smiles, shared joys and expectations.

Blowing kisses as she stood watching,
The car drive away,
She needed those comforting faces and familiar smiles,
She wished she could go back there.

She knew, as she stood at the entrance,
With her map and instructions,
Familiar faces were not in this place and,
Smiles would not be the same.

As she dragged her suitcase, and her last-minute carrier bags,
With her nearly forgotten treasures,
To the meeting place with new faces and new smiles,
She thought of her choice and future.

With the entrance behind her, in this place where lives are changed,
Remembering nothing is forever, and the future unknown,
But she was nervous about the future.
She was nervous of being alone.