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The 'I' they don't mention

by Janie Reynolds

I have everything in life I ever wanted, yet I weep with envy at the sight of lovers on the beach and other people's houses. Adrift on Facebook, I have no regard for my opulent surroundings. Instead, I'm drenched in lack, magnetised by tanned Californians, hysterically peddling cut-price happiness packages.

I have everything in life I ever wanted, yet my husband makes me angry and my children make me cry. Each morning, God hands me a clean sheet of A4, to paint whatever colours I choose, and I choose grey.

I have everything in life I ever wanted, yet all day my computer tries to console me with recommendations from a world I didn't know existed.

I have everything in life I ever wanted, but I forgot to save up for the 'I'. It should read, 'Have everything in life ever wanted.'

I have a friend. Her name is Felicity. She was born again and is now in a relationship with Jesus. Her slow, steady breaths calm me down. I sense no lack behind her words and there's a smile in her eyes which I trust.

I think the answer may be, not to have more, but to believe there's more, than this?