

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Story

by Marion Umney

“Would you like to share your story with me?”

She was drunk and it was a quarter to three

She told him her story, She told him it all

Didn't notice the notebook, or didn't recall

Till morning, when the paper arrived on her floor

He had twisted it, broken it, made it a sham

Her memories as flotsam caught in a dam

She wept and she worried, what would folks say?

Would they know it wasn't really that way?

Then came the ominous knock on her door

“Would you like to share your story with me?”

I need to know if I'm to help you, you see.

We can twist it and break it, make it convincing

The truth doesn't matter when you're in danger of sinking”

She didn't care, the story wasn't hers any more.

“Would you like to share your story with me?”

She had no idea what it was supposed to be

Twisted and broken like her spirit and mind

Her memory lost in the trauma of time

But she tried for this therapist whose kindness she saw

They took her story, therapist and client

They made of it something a little more reliant

Was it the truth? Neither knew

But it sufficed and back into herself she grew

The same, but different to before.