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Don't look back

by Sho Botham

Don't look back. You might like the view but don't look back. You've been there. You've felt it. You've tasted its presence. You've been embraced by its atmosphere. You know what it's like.

I remember well how it felt. How it tasted in my mouth, the fresh smell of mountain air.

Don't torture yourself by gazing at that view each time you sit down. You know it too well. You don't need to be reminded of it. Don't look back.

I see it in my mind. Every peak, every dip, every tree, everything. I don't need to look back. It's all here in front of my mind. It tortures me all my waking hours.

Don't look back in your mind. You need to see a new path. A path that respects the view but lets you see other views and a future. You can't sit here day after day sipping tea that burns your lip causing blisters of pain.

The pain reminds that all is not what it seems. There is hidden depth below the surface of the view. Where tragedy hides its wickedness from all who gaze at its beauty. I can't help sitting here each day. It's solace for my distress. They said time would heal. They were wrong. I've been sitting here too long and still the healing eludes me.

You need to move on from your daily ritual of sitting. You need to open your heart to healing letting time remind you of all that was good. You want to look back but you don't. The view can never look the same again now it holds him deep in a crevice that no one can reach.

You know I can never move away from here. I like a view but I like to sit with my back turned to it. Never again can I look a view straight in the eye and not see the danger that it offers – the sorrow and the suffering that is endlessly all around. I should feel joy that he left us doing what he loved. That he is with his beloved mountain. But how can I be happy for him when each day is the same. Sitting with my back to his view, desperate to look back at it. But if I did, he might be gone forever. So, I will continue not looking back, not confirming in my heart that he's gone. In this way, I keep him alive, he's just a turn of the head away in the view, his view.