

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Lament

by Saffron Swansborough

I am running through the arteries of Prague  
Across coal cobbles  
Back to the heart,  
Balancing a book on my head  
Stopping sheafs of knowledge  
From fluttering over the bridge  
Rubbing blood blister eyes  
As memories pierce like gnat bites.  
I am sprinting across iron thumbprint thought patterns  
With bound feet, then stumbling smack  
Into the thing I'm avoiding  
Big fat block type 'Obvious' in neon-neon  
Below, the River is Contrition  
I stare down at its cutglass mirror skin  
And see how shards of regrets reflect,  
If I hadn't got involved under the berry bushes  
All these wildfires wouldn't have started.

Fruit ash enters this runner's squeezed lungs  
And orbits the pair, as feet pound the bridge, which is starting to spin  
On an axis of Life Choices.  
Bone marrow is whispering, did she do the right thing?  
While each bootstep hovers above the rotating pavement;  
Decisions are not made and done. They rain down like  
Gunpowder on a bridge, unceasing detonations.