

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Half a breath past 5:30.

by Stuart Carruthers

It was within the glance of a stranger
that I saw you.
A sharp intake of cold air
Awoke my heart.

In a time of strangers
You said hello.
For the first time
I found love.

I had a lover,
She was like no other,
Soft hands
healed a rogue skin.

Running amongst towers
lost to temptation.
A fatal love, offered no
escape.

Why didn't you call on me, on your
day of trouble?