

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Shoe Doesn't Fit Anymore

by Stuart Carruthers

I was dreading this day.

You called.

With few words and

No promises.

An inner pain, not felt

Since childhood.

A southerly wind

Cautiously led me up Canal Hill.

The boy returned.

I knew a cold hand

Awaited me.

An uncomfortable silence

in familiar surroundings.

I sensed you're anguish,

But I wasn't minded
To seek comfort.

They seemed greater strangers than before.
Or was that just me?
Retracing my steps, the wind dried
tears were not for them.
There will be no next time.

I'll forget this day, one day soon.