

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

There is no Wrong Turn

by Stuart Carruthers

Tuesday 10:03

While walking to work one day, an Italian tourist stopped me and asked for directions. His Italian/Irish/English pronunciation was one of the funniest things I'd ever heard and after five minutes of me desperately trying to understand him and not laughing into his face, I didn't want to come across as being rude, I just said,

“Head down Oliver Bond Street, you can't miss her.”

And away he went a breakneck speed, weaving his way between the early morning city folk.

*

Later that day I took that same path as my Italian friend.

A path walked by many, a path walked with you I seem to remember.

It feels like yesterday that you left me and my sister to sit in silence, while you cleaned the office building around the corner. You put the fear of god into us. We sat in silence terrified of the man with the white collar, not to mention the numerous unknown figures staring down from on high.

*

It was built with hands from foreign lands. As one fell, they were quickly replaced by another uneducated navy. That's what I've never really understood. You preach that he cares for the underprivileged yet beneath your privileged feet lie the souls of the forgotten. You're greeted with lies and love beyond these solid oak doors. Once inside, the first thing you notice is the individual pews that are as close as lovers. A sanctuary for troubled souls or just peace of mind?

*

Winter, summer, day or night.

I come here.

Just me and the faint sense of incense. Often with feelings that follow me. After a busy day I often like to sit in silence. Different people come here at all times of the day. Some to pray, others bury their heads in their hands or roll their fingers over their rosary beads. I often stare and wonder what their thinking. Who are they talking to?

*

I don't believe in you,

Yet I enjoy your company, despite the cruel glorification
that adorns your home.

I often wonder what brings me here. Maybe in some towns
the Devil's out of fashion.

But not here.

*

Christ Church Cathedral.

The oldest lady in town.

Not everyone's cup of tea, but my Italian friend was desperate to see it.