

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

## Gutted

by Gill Hilton

A chance, stolen kiss.  
Quickly, I could not get enough of her.  
No question of being without her.  
I looked forward to nothing  
But a state of bliss.

Time, however, went by.  
Things slipped and shifted.  
Perfection lost its glisten.  
Mediocrity pushed in.

And now she was not so giving.

I could not take this  
In my stride.  
Losing the comfort of my life,  
I found that my distaste grew.  
I felt as if ill.  
No ease  
To be had.

I hurled some words,  
Chosen to seek and flush out  
All that she had hidden.

Once I smelt a rat:  
She took a cryptic phone call  
And gave no explanation –  
Despite my efforts.

All she could do was look at me  
As if she could not see her blame.  
As if she cared too little  
To take away my pain.

And then she took her own steps  
Back, and beyond,  
Into the shadow of my doubt,  
My loss.

I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.  
That's what she said  
In the note that she left.