

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

It Was Just A Thought

by Stuart Carruthers

Striding purposely up Crescent Drive, it came at me from all angles.

It was endless, but I didn't care.

Looking around as people dispersed

I just had to laugh.

Dressed just as you expected, all black, no colour.

And still it came.

A soft rain

In horizontal sheets

Encircles me like a lover would

Cleaning my red eyes of yesterday's sins

Cleansing my soul of wrongs, that I can't tell you.

How does it feel to be followed?

As the rain falls.

Overhead a sudden break in the clouds,

Yet still she falls.

Turning into your street I see him leaving,

Yet I don't feel welcome.

Autumn leaves gently pass between my feet
as the rain intensifies.

We kissed like we meant it.

Perfect weather for pounding the streets,
with time on our hands and his words
ringing in your ear.
I didn't notice your hand slip from mine
As the drizzle distracted me.
Awakening to the sound of rain on a thin roof
O friend it's been a while.