



## Nothing that cannot be turned back

by Stuart Carruthers

The storm wreaked havoc amongst the deserted streets.

Broken bins crashed off deserted cars as waves of muddy rainwater washed down Tumbling Drive.

With hands buried deep inside his jean pockets and his face hidden within his red hooded top, he was in no rush to emerge from the shop doorway.

The last of the embers cast a dim shadow on the kitchen wall.

It was eerily quiet.

Buried beneath their grandad's working coats and the chequered blankets they brought back from school, for now they were safe.

Upstairs in the single room, Maria gazed at her breath as it drifted upwards into the freezing night air.

Her bags were packed.

She was dressed ready to go.

Dreams are what you wake up from.

It's what she always said.

You want to believe it's true, not because she said it, but anything's got to be better than this.

The problem is, I just can't remember any of them.

I could never understand why they said, "have a good night",

You close your eyes, try and convince yourself to sleep, but you never can.

Carefully placing the last of the broken wooden pallet onto the fire, it was her last loving gesture.

Safe beneath his protective coats. She could only imagine what they were dreaming about.

Maria tiptoed between the kitchen furniture, the pile of siblings and before the flames of the fire had time to flicker she was gone.

Everyday day is like yesterday.

Desperate to avoid reality.

Hiding within my dreams, as you sing me to sleep.

I don't want to wake up on my own.

Does that sound right?

It wasn't his car, but she didn't care.

The streets were deserted.

The rain was restless.

This is what she had always wanted.

Keep singing to me in my sleep.