

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

## Delicate Dreams

by Stuart Carruthers

It was the best of times,  
It was the worst of times.  
It was good to see the city in shadows  
It was good to see you.

Walking under arches.  
Walking hand in hand.  
Walking below towering skylines.  
Walking, talking, laughing out loud.

It's not like it was before.  
It's not that they don't know.  
It's not.  
It's not like we had a choice.

Emma wears her red velvet coat.  
Emma who I met standing in the rain.  
Emma, it's that smile  
Emma.

22:03 heading home  
22:03 walking without fear  
22:03 lost in your brown eyes  
22:03 are we dreaming?