

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

## Something I Don't Know

by Stuart Carruthers

It all started with a dream.

Tuesday, 11:46, double English.  
Mr Coughlan is late, no surprise there.  
Outside, October rain lashes the cracked crittal windows.  
Maria is entertaining the crowd. Screams of laughter  
ring out and the conversation  
turns to Saturday's night.

Cracked pot eyes.  
Sculptured chin rests between idle fingers.  
An imaginative mind in a room of stunted imaginations.  
Outside a robin and her lover  
meet for a brief second.  
Tuesday to Friday its all just the same.

The door opens, unnoticed.  
Brown corduroy jacket, unkempt-hair  
Bookies' tickets offers a dream worth chasing.  
Untidy desk, last week's cardigan awaits attention.  
His genius was in the words he spoke,  
yet the book remained closed.

Day dreaming.  
A million miles from home  
I don't know what road I'll walk down  
But I'll leave the key in the door  
And a note you won't understand.  
It all started with a dream.