

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Secret Notebook

by Stuart Carruthers

Loose stitching in my autumn coat,
allows the morning chill to grip my skin.
Walking without direction
I pass few faces of interest.
Overhead a rook cries as it defends
its stolen breakfast roll.

Thank you for not returning my call.

I stare at my feet as the street cleaner
flicks yesterday's butts in my direction.
Why should I move?
Everyone is very much alike, really.
But fortunately, they don't realise it.

Rustic leaves cover me in love
And I see your smile
Scribbled words of no meaning
Try my patience.
I thought you were different
Like the seasons we grew up in?

The church on the hill, our hill
Welcomes the morning sun
Are we throwing it all away?
Or just me?