

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

This is Not Here

by Stuart Carruthers

Nothing travels faster than the speed of light
with the possible exception
of bad news,
which obeys its own special laws,

It was gone 2am when the knock on the door came.
The lady who called was wet through from the sudden downpour,
She couldn't stop talking.
Unhooking his grey coat, there wasn't much time.

Up ahead no one was moving.
Rolling down the window, a sudden rush of cold air awoke
the occupants of the small red car.
Kate lit another cigarette.

Across town there wasn't a taxi in sight.
Carefully removing the bike from behind her neighbour's hedge,
Emily knew she only had ten minutes to reach her destination.
The streets were hers.

The traffic was backlogged beyond the rail bridge.
Kate didn't want him to leave.
After a brief conversation with the other drivers,
Paul turned and scrambled up the wet grass embankment.

Driving wind and rain made visibility almost impossible.
As fast as she cycled, he ran faster.
Blue flashing lights lit up the streets.
A lonely church bell rang out in desperation.

Red bricked street devoid of love.
Chaotic upbringing, sanctuary in a field of yellow.
Stolen grey coat, oversized shoes.
Secrets for another day.

Droplets of rainwater explode as Hobnail boots
land in the numerous puddles scattered along the street.
Paul was moving at pace
despite his heavy grey coat.

Time stood still.
Her eyes fixed on the ceiling.
The house was silent. Her heartbeat
focused her mind, but for how long.

The table was set for two.
Upturned cups, dripped brown tea
onto her favourite rug.
Was it something he said?

Jumping kerbs, rounding blind corners.
Peddling hard as her emotions ran wild.
Emily was too engaged to notice the blood dripping from
her inner leg as the chain worked hard.

Guilt.
Who was to blame?
If only she'd called.
What did she do?

At the turn of the street, they slowly disappeared
out of view. Running up the steps as Emily dropped her bike,
the grey coat dropped to the floor.
Inside, high-pitched voices, flaying arms and broken dreams

Hysterical with emotion, strangers offered unwanted love.
Two parallel worlds engulfed the house behind the Oak tree.
Running room to room, screaming her name
Where has she gone?