

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

I Feel The Devil's Love

by Stuart Carruthers

Lies.

Beautifully crafted lies

As easily dispersed as seeds exploding
from a summer pod.

Facial expressions just like grandad's,
everyone believed him,
except you.

Mingling amongst strangers like
they were old friends.

Laughing at jokes that I didn't
really understand or
politically correct.

Temptation in crystal glasses
pain's my mind.

I know how to say no.

I just want to be loved.

Don't you?

It's like opening doors to a place
you wouldn't understand, with

emotions alien to you, but not me.

One, two, too many.

I feel your eyes burn a hole
in the back of my head.

Me in my smart suit, open neck collar,
Catches her eye, your disapproval
is welcome.

Let go.

Empty sleeves await the return of his vinyl.

Half empty glasses are running dry.

Your unease is visible my dear.

I moved through the days like a severed head
that finishes a sentence.

Its sweet taste brings out the inner me.

Stories filled with untruth's that draw them in,
while you stand in the corner

blowing smoke that barely hides your red eyes

We can only die in the future, I thought;
right now we are always alive.

From the floorboards up, an energy
you envy.

Outside, lights expose naked streets
and dreams washed down road gullies in
the pouring rain.

My love is at the bottom of the next bottle

I keep telling myself, it's how I survive.

Noise levels rise, dancing soles stick to liquid
stained floors,

let go why don't you?