

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Thanks for nothing!

by Stuart Carruthers

Just another day in St Ann's.

A red squirrel carefully climbs down from an overhanging branch and curiously looks in my direction.
Boys climb a tree and fall and try again under a cloudy sky, while their mothers talk materialistic rubbish and play with their phones at the same time

The walking group settle down into their routine.

Cups of piping hot tea squeezed onto a plastic tray momentarily stop the conversation, as Tupperware boxes are brandished and prizewinning cakes are displayed.
Sparkling sugar cubes suffer instantly as they drop into toffee coloured tea.

Childhood memories, what use are they now?

The seat by the oak tree with a view down to North Bull Wall. Driving lessons on the grey wet sand sitting on her knee. Mary-on-the-sticks, overlooking the bay as yet another generation pass her by seeking their fortune elsewhere.

I'll make a move, any minute now.

Struggling to keep warm.
Hands buried deep into old pockets,
Fingertips play with her unbreakable stitching.

Inside breast pocket, hides a letter that took
Years to write.
Seconds to deliver.

New life replaces old.

Effortlessly, the man in the green jacket
pulls dead life from the bed, as his friend
breaks earth and hides dried up seeds deep
into god's ground.
The boy in the red jumper appears by their
side, bag in hand and a message from his mother.

The truth will out.

One seldom was able to do her a good turn
without some thoughts of strangulation.
Words that inspired no-one but her.
The stubborn attitude, the shoes that didn't fit,
the home that fell apart.
Couldn't bear to look in those pitiful eyes.

The gates are closing.

Promises are made to meet up again.
Trollies of unwanted tulips await their fate.
Children's feet return to earth, cups returned,
Sweet crumbs for waiting birds.
With letter in hand,
It is but a two-minute walk away.

Crying softly.



